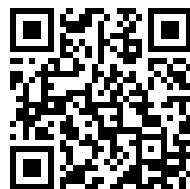

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“She saw reflected in the mirror the figure of a man, carrying a formidable knife, advancing around an angle of the room behind her.”—Page 38.

HOME MAGAZINE

EDITED BY

T. S. ARTHUR

MIRIAM WOODFORD, A. S. OWNERS.

VOL. XXXV.

January to June.

PHILADELPHIA:

T. S. ARTHUR & SONS.

1870.

THE HISTORY OF THE
TOWN OF HARTFORD

1794

5-12-

L **A R T H U R ' S**

H O M E M A G A Z I N E :

EDITED BY

T. S. ARTHUR

AND

MISS VIRGINIA F. TOWNSEND.

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**VOL. XXXV.**  
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January to June.

PHILADELPHIA:
T. S. ARTHUR & SONS.
1870.

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TO VNU
AIRPORT

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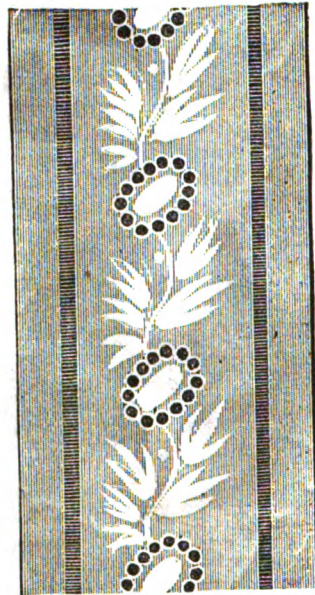
BATHING COSTUME

of flannel; trousers fastened at the knee by a strap braided with a Grecian pattern in black. Peplum blouse, with short sleeves, with a Grecian pattern, buttoned on each side and on shoulders.

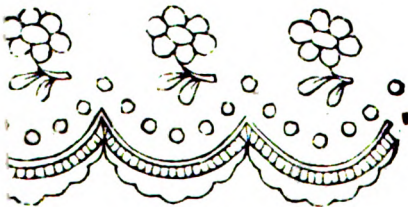


JACKET FOR A GIRL FROM SEVEN TO NINE.

This jacket is made of the same material as the frock with which it is worn. It is double-breasted, and has revers. The frill is cut on the cross, and box-plaited. The trimmings and buttons are velvet.



EMBROIDERED INSERTION.



EMBROIDERY.



LACE EMBROIDERED EDGING.

T.



ELFRIDA BASQUE (front and back views).

is made in heavy, black grosgrain, trimmed with satin folds, and leaves
 No. 1.—The in addition, on the back of the basque, guipure lace falling from under
 folds and r appropriate style for any other goods, without the lace, and with foldings and
 views, the cos

No. 2.—An e
 with ruffles ed
 ment of the ru
 mented with
 the skirt. A
 back with but



SLEEVE.

No. 2.—THE "LETITIA."

se with the flowing sleeve. The lower part is trimmed with a bias band of
 et, and the upper part with machine fluted ribbon, held in place by a nar
 he material, also edged with velvet, are placed on the upper part of the

able for thin goods. It descends nearly to the wrist, and is just flowing
 n the way. The puffs are each eight inches deep, including the narrow
 No. 1.—A pise, a little narrower at the inner seam. The space between them is five
 the wrist is v it is ornamented, the same width. The width of the flounce at the bot
 edged with five and a half inches.

No. 2.—A p
 our illustrati

error of *Fashions*, the standard fashion magazine of the country, tells us that "summer toilets marked change from those of the six months preceding. The short overskirts, very bouffant, bunched-up sashes, although seen, perhaps, more extensively than ever upon the street, more private circles, to softer, more flowing and graceful styles. The introduction of crepe de the most important fabrics for dressy toilets, has created or revived the taste for yielding, and supplanted the stiff stuffs, which hardly required the addition of patent linings, to make cape or form required. The change is decidedly advantageous, so far as simplicity and the dials required are concerned. Overskirts are longer; but they do not cut up, or cut into, or d in bunching up, as the short ones did. Moreover, they are more confined to ceremonious le garment simulating an overskirt upon walking-dresses.

ing style of the summer walking-dress is the simple and convenient one of three years ago—maise. Silks, mohairs, poplins, as well as linens and piques, are made in this style, and with and comfort to the wearer.

novation is announced in Paris by the new leader of fashion, Mme. Ollivier—that of high-evening wear. The lady, it is said, not only wears them herself, but has intimated her de-ho frequent her salons should follow her example."

omewhat larger than heretofore, but are of all shapes and styles. Some of the imported ely odd in form and trimming. The popular styles for the present season are, however, very ere last, except, as we have remarked, a tendency to greater apparent size, an effect produced the quantity and arrangement of trimming, and the addition of a scarf veil or lace lappets, largement of the bonnet.

ta and bonnets are as much worn as last season, and can be worn with all toilets. They are d with lace and flowers.

sionable flowers this summer are peach-blossoms, apple-blossoms, roses of every species and sprays of grass. Pinks are much worn. They are made in every color: red, citron, white, k or orange, or pure white; in short, every conceivable variety.

reath is restored to favor, but it is not worn in the same way as heretofore. It now forms a ced low on the forehead, where the flowers are disposed very full. This style is called the n, and is exceedingly pretty when made of various hues, or of very large pansies. The cir-metimes made of roses and orange-blossoms, the flowers of the latter being full blown, not id red roses combined together are extremely fashionable. White and blue lilac blended to-nake a charming wreath. Wreaths are occasionally formed of daisies, combined with jon-

etty ornaments for evening headdress have been introduced. They consist of flowers (as lils), combined with glow-worms, scarabees, and butterflies, made in gold and enamel. They just above the bandeaux of the front hair, and are arranged in the form of a coronet or is at once novel and becoming.

e fastened by four or five buttons, and are without any trimming at the top.

of blue China silk, the skirt ornamented with four pinked ruffles, arranged in festoons, and into by rosettes of silk. High waist, with coat-sleeves, trimmed in cuff shape. Overdress of sing two sash ends in front and three in the back, with broad bretelles looped on the shoul-ress is trimmed with scalloped ruffings, and is ornamented in each sash end, and on the ettes of blue.

for a girl of seven years. Plain, gored dress of gray French poplin, with sailor jacket slashed lightly looped at the sides. The trimmings consist of ruchings of light green silk, headed yet two shades darker. Full sash to correspond. Straw hat, trimmed with a rouleau com-and ribbon, of the two shades of green on the dress, and ribbon streamers.

be made of white pique, trimmed with bands of buff Chambray edged and strapped with d—the straps confined by pearl buttons. The suit consists of a dress with Gabrielle front, at-sleeves, and a short mantilla cape with the tabs belted down. White straw hat, trimmed and daisies.

r a boy of four years. Knickerbocker pants and belted blouse, to be made of blue twilled with narrow black braid, and gilt, or pearl buttons. Black leather belt with gilt buckle. is ribbon band.

Dress of lilac silk, a pet of two and half years. The dress is cut after the pattern of the "Arthur" dress quilling. The upper number, and is very pretty made either in white pique or buff linen, trimmed with narrow part puffed in a peamberg, stitched on by machine, and crossed at intervals by bands of the same material, with lappels, trimme bottom of the skirt, and extending nearly to the waist. The bands are pointed at the up-of satin between. ched with small pearl buttons. Little sailor jacket to correspond, cut away in the front.

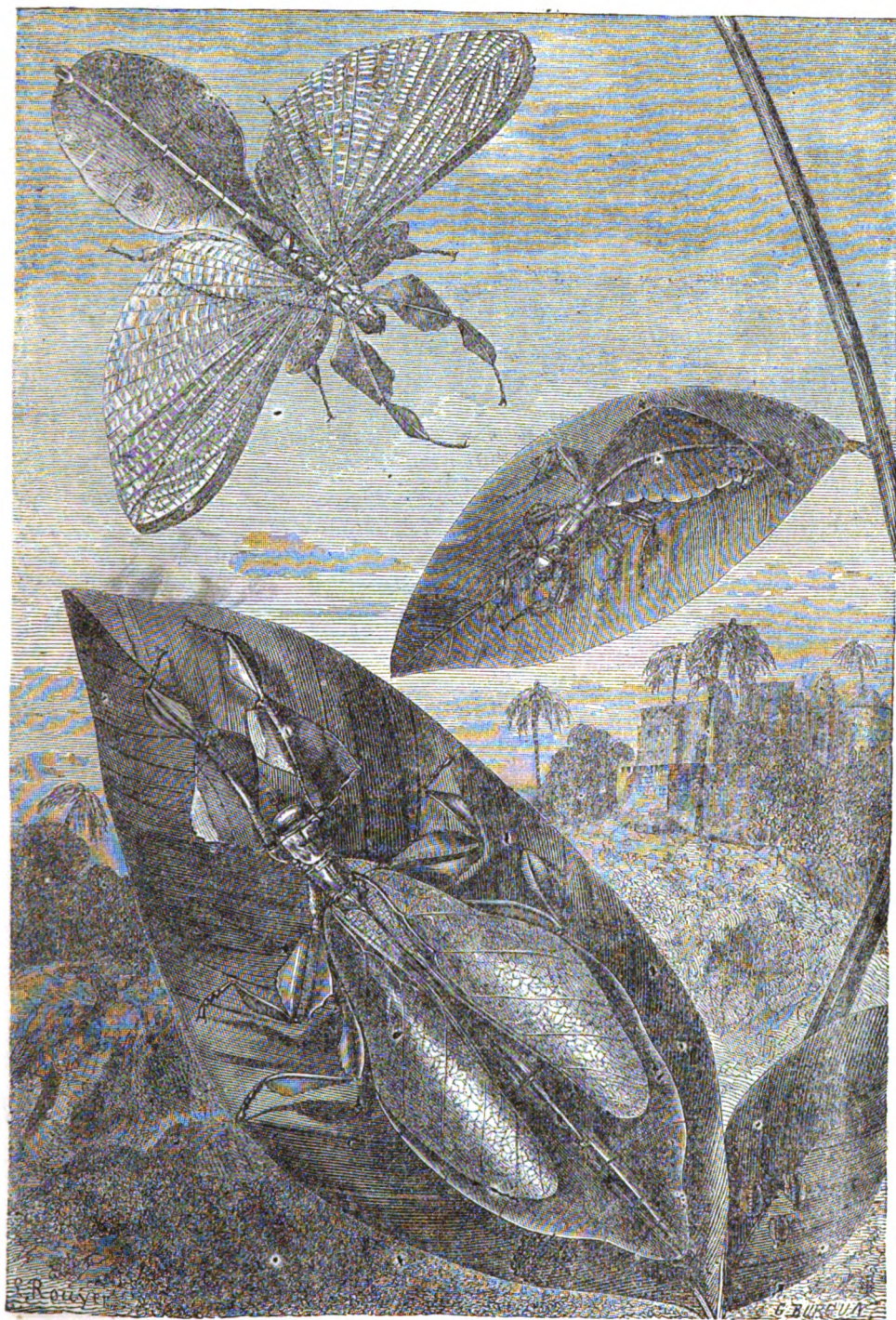
ress is made of changeable summer poplin, blue and gold, the skirt trimmed with three nar-silk, and bands of double ruching of blue silk placed perpendicularly at intervals, and fin-ends with blue silk bows. High waist and coat-sleeves, trimmed to correspond. Overdress, peasant waist, the skirt forming a round apron front, and three distinct puffs at the back, bordered with folds of blue silk, the puffs separated with ruchings of blue silk, and ruching e neck.

e suit, a stylish little costume for cool days in early summer. The dress is made of bright all-wool delaine, the skirt ornamented with five narrow bias ruffles, edged with narrow wick-er than the dress. Plain waist and coat-sleeves, trimmed with velvet. The outside garment ck, with coat-sleeves and shoulder capes, and is made of drab cashmere, trimmed with blue ented up the back with blue velvet rosettes. Drab straw hat, trimmed with blue velvet.





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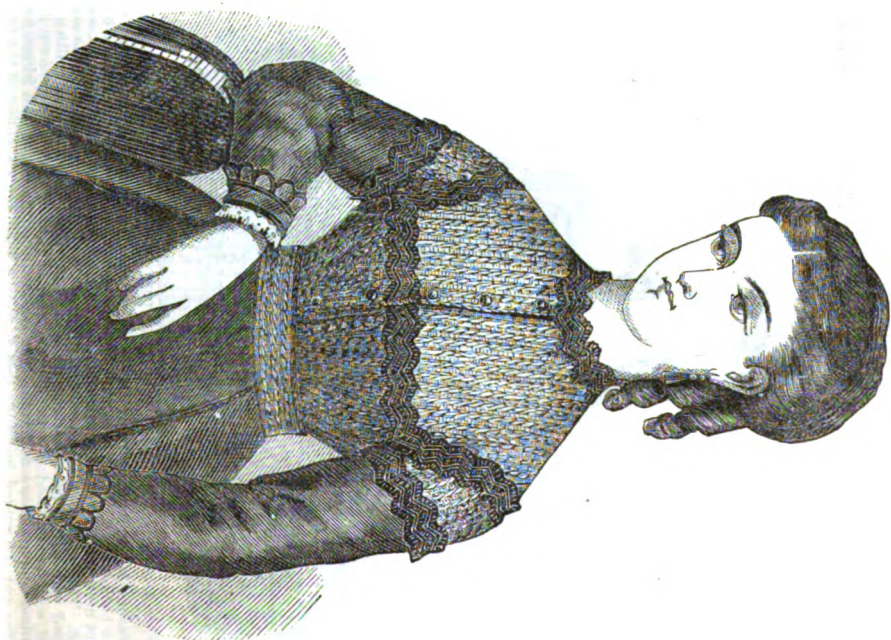
THE WALKING-LEAF OF INDIA—FEMALE AND YOUNG. (*Phyllium siccifolium*.) See page 57.
VOL. XXXV.—1 (5)

70. VIKU
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CROCHET FICHU.

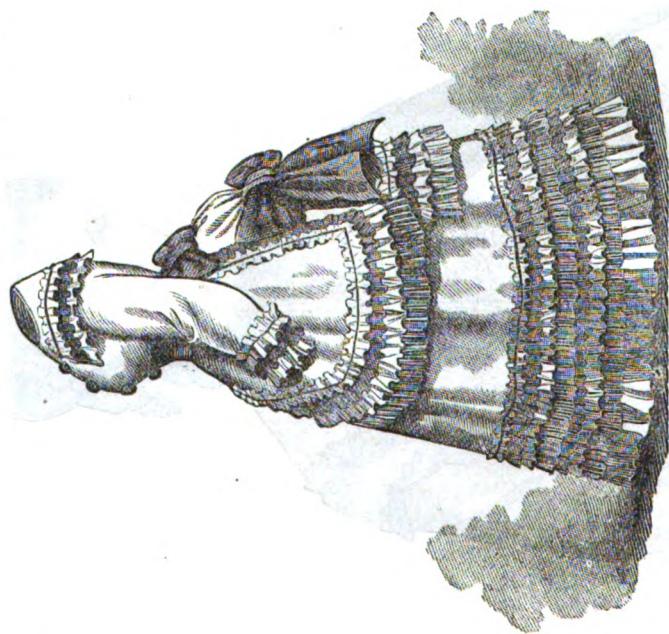
This fichu is worked with white zephyr wool, in Tunisian stitch. The border is in white, green, red, and black zephyr wool, in Tunisian (bobbin) crocheted stitch.



CROCHET JACKET.

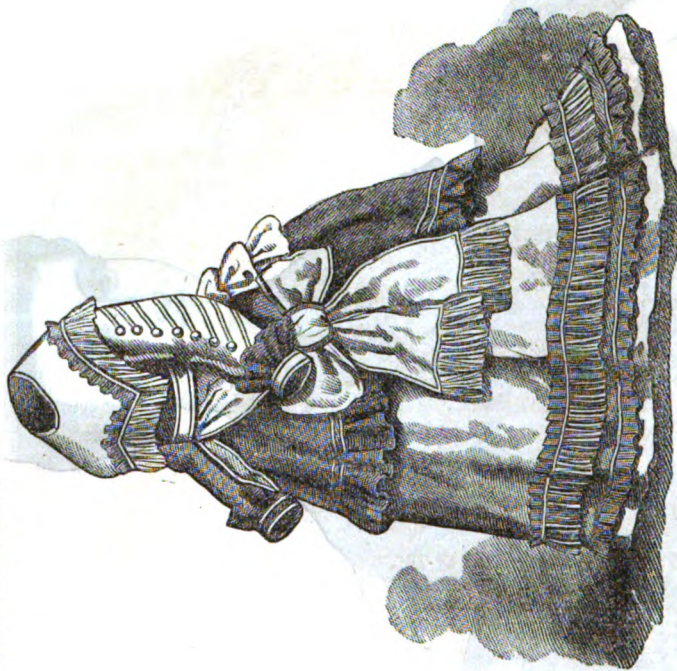
This jacket is worked in two colors of zephyr wool, and ornamented with a crocheted pointed border. Begin the fronts and backs from the under edge on a suitable foundation, making each separate, and joining them afterward. Begin the sleeve on the under edge, with a foundation of the requisite length. Crochet the belt like the jacket, trim it, and line with muslin.

FASHIONS BY MME. DEMOREST.



WALKING-DRESS.

The basque is very long, forming an overskirt—the front and side-forms being shorter than the back-breadth, which is gathered into the centre of the tight back of the corsage, and kept in its place by two ribbon-sashes, which are attached to the side-forms, and tied across it. This suit should be trimmed with narrow flounces or ruffles of the material, alternated with silk fringe and flounces of a darker hue, headed by a quilling of the material, with a piping laid through the centre. The bodice is very scanty, and has six flounces and two rows of fringe. The basque, which is edged with fringe, has only two flounces and the quilled heading; this trimming, with the exception of the fringe, is continued up the back of the side-forms to the waist. The collar and cuffs are ruffled to correspond with the rest of the costume. Mohair, merino, and poplin-alpaca make up handsomely with black silk.



EVENING DRESS.

The long dress of white silk is trimmed half a finger from the bottom with a five-inch wide band of blue silk, which is edged on both sides with narrow box plaiting of the same; white silk fringe is then laid over the plain blue band, and piped with white silk where the box-plaiting is sewn on. A Spanish bodice of blue silk, trimmed with box-plaiting and fringe, is worn over the high, closely fitting corsage, the sleeves of which are neatly finished with buttons, straps and cuffs of blue silk. The overskirt of blue silk, is edged with a box-plaited flounce, and simply trimmed with two rows of white piping. No less than five sashes are attached to the white belt. The three at the back form loops; under the back width the overskirt is laid in plaits, to give a slight fulness. The two other sashes are festooned from the front, terminating each side in large bows with fringed ends.

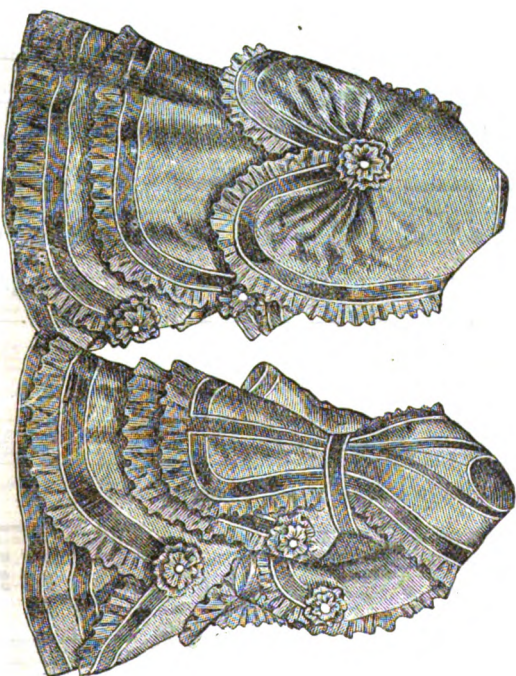
FASHIONS BY MME. DEMOREST.



STREET COSTUMES.

No. 1.—A short, closely fitting basque, with serrated edge, an upper and a lower skirt, is the peculiarity of this costume. Made of the buff-colored alpaca and trimmed with milliner's folds of black silk and handsome fringe, its both stylish and sporty. The flat vandyke trimming on the skirt, which forms a heading to the fringe, may be entirely of black silk or of the alpaca, edged with folds of silk. The back of the basque is quite short, and serrated to correspond with the front. The overskirt is only serrated in front, the back being bouffant, edged with fringe and trimmed to correspond with the lower skirt; at each side is placed a bow, with two long fringed ends. A belt terminating in a large looped bow without ends, is worn with this costume.

No. 2.—Consists of a corset skirt, a long basque, and a fan-tail tablier. The deep scalloped outline is laid in large box-plats, at wide intervals, and between each is a bow, with ends of black velvet. The tablier is covered with rows of milliner's folds, and very narrow



LITTLE GIRL'S SUIT.

black velvet. The basque is made with wide sailor collar, and is trimmed with scalloped flouncing and narrow velvet to match the skirt. A bow of alpaca, with two long ends, is placed on each side of the basque.

Nos. 3 and 4.—A little girl's suit of merino or empress-cloth, consisting of corset dress and mantilla. Two narrow box-plated bonnets of the material are arranged (see illustration) so as to give the effect of two long overskirts; bands of velvet, with white edges, are attached above each bonnet and round the bottom of the skirt; the corset is high and of very deep back-pleated bonnet. The mantilla, which is quite narrow on the shoulders and of a very deep back-pleated bonnet, is laid in plates at the back, under a posette, and attached to a velvet belt which flounces, surrounded by a black velvet band similar to the skirt trimming. Rosettes ornament the sides of the skirt and the sleeves.

Music selected by J. A. GETZE.

THE LITTLE DROOPING FLOWER.

WORDS BY G. W. MOORE.

MUSIC BY CHARLES BLAMPHIN.

Grazioso.

Once in the spring-time of my life, When all a - round was clear, There

came a little, drooping flow'r, Who wept a bitter tear; Her

cres. *dim.*

fa - ther gone long, long ago, Her mother, too, is dead. "Oh!

f *dim.*

The musical score is written for voice and piano. It features a key signature of two flats (B-flat and E-flat) and a common time signature (C). The tempo/mood is marked 'Grazioso'. The score is divided into four systems. The first system is an instrumental introduction for the piano, with a treble and bass staff. The second and third systems include vocal lines with lyrics. The fourth system also includes vocal lines with lyrics and dynamic markings: 'cres.' (crescendo) and 'dim.' (diminuendo) above the vocal staff, and 'f' (forte) and 'dim.' below the piano staff. The piano accompaniment consists of chords and arpeggiated figures.

rall.

pity me, poor little one!" Were all the words she said. Oh!

rall.

heaven bless the little ones, She raised her drooping head; "O

mother! dearest mother, dear!" Were all the words she said.

rall.

I took her soft and snow-white hand,
And led her to the door;
Ah! bitterly we both did weep,
As never wept before;
She raised her little hands and cried,
"Can this be true they're dead?
Oh! would my time was come to die!"
Were all the words she said.
Oh! heaven bless, &c.

The time roll'd on; I prized and loved
As never loved before,
And oftentimes think of when I met
My love at father's door.
Those days are past, we're happy now,
Our sorrows they are fled,
I wish'd her mine, she answer'd, "Yes;
I'm thine alone," she said.
Oh! heaven bless, &c.



VELVET ROUND HAT.



BLACK VELVET HAT.



ARTOT BONNET.



DUCHESSE BONNET.

ARTHUR'S HOME MAGAZINE.

JANUARY, 1870.

CROWNS FOR YOUR BROWS.

BY MARY HARTWELL.

CHAPTER I.

A GREAT many women (I am thankful to know) have earned halos in their time. Some we have heard of, and some we know nothing about. Women's faces with the aureole shine out of history, but oftener they shine out of human hearts, wherein they were photographed long after their materiality had passed away.

There are men who profess they "do not believe in women." And they do not lack sentimental imitators, devoid of their vices because devoid of their fibre, to cry the fallen sentiment. The two hands of a man's spiritual body seem to me to be faith in God and faith in woman. If he is maimed of these, wherewith shall he work strongly and worthily through his duration? I know some women are coarse, but I know (and again render thanks for it) that some rise up and earn halos—women of warm blood, and tried flesh, and many faults, whose aureoles were visible within the doors of their homes before they were set to shine on the doors of their tombs.

Margaret Amyrillis did not know she was earning one—it is a remarkable fact that those who are thus illuminated seldom know it—she was so occupied with doing her duty and growing lovely thereat. To grow lovely at duty, to make our actions rebound upon ourselves, is the hardest, but the noblest part of all.

The western wind blew, and the western sun shone upon her prairie home; but potent as are such wind and sun, they never could spoil her face that set itself bravely to them as it set itself bravely to life. She had been born in England. Mr. Amyrillis was a gentleman. He could trace back his ancestry through generations. Margaret had been an heiress. But Mr. Amyrillis was weak. He bowed under

misfortunes, and the tide swept him, almost destitute, to America. He brought his delicate wife and daughter to the prairies; and rearing such a home as he could afford, and which he would not have considered fit for a tenant in England, he began—not to toil manfully, like many another ruined foreigner, up the free terraces of American promotion, but—to vegetate. And beside him, a woman who refused to be comforted, like Rachel, for the loss of her first-born ambitions, vegetated also. He grew like cypress, poor man, breathing and nourishing himself, but always sighing; while Mrs. Amyrillis, like ivy, clung tenaciously to all the ugly and disagreeable parts of their situation, and luxuriated solemnly over the whole.

Between two such parents, with her tastes put behind her and her fate to face, Margaret Amyrillis lived and toiled. She often had ugly thoughts in that closet which Mrs. Stowe places behind the human intellect, and which she says is often filled with mean guests, while the brain's front parlor is more properly occupied. But blessed is the soul who can keep these thoughts in the closet. There is more hope of expelling them by the way they came in.

The Amyrillis home was a wooden building, with one room below and a loft above. These Margaret wrought skilfully with. They could not afford "help;" besides, "help" was not easily found. The girl studied to become a clever little housekeeper. She made the rooms as pretty and convenient as possible. She planned and helped her father to make a folding screen, which at night separated her mother's bed-corner into a chamber by itself. She curtained the walls with some old tapestry, and hung her own pictures here and there. And in a little shed behind their hut, she did the

meaner drudging, with hands you would have shuddered to see in relations to dishwater and soapsuds, though you read in the placid forehead above them a conviction that this was appointed, and, therefore, consecrating work.

Margaret was not a beauty. She had shapely hands and bright hair; her eyes were blue and clear; she was small, and had a sweet dignity. In the sphere to which she was born, she would have been a charming woman; in the sphere to which she was led, she became a sainted presence. You and I might develop thus through our vexations, sister. We have just as much capital to begin with as had Margaret Amyrillis. And she is not a phantom of the brain, but to-day exists a living soul among God's millions. Her winters were cold, and her summers hot, and her toil wearying, like ours. She hungered for society, and received a stone; she thirsted for tenderness, and had vinegar to drink from her fermenting parents. She almost suffocated in her life, and used to look through the loft window at the stars, her bosom bursting with its throes. And sometimes the selfish question filled her, "Why must all this come upon me? I would rather be blotted out than live so! Why, I wasn't made for this!" the indignant nature would add, till she remembered that the servant is not better than her lord; and believing herself over-brooded by love, this devout little woman would turn back from rebellion, confident that her being would yet reach its symmetry, and find its answers. God never made a germ to grow hid-eous for want of its proper food.

One hot July morning, she stood churning her butter in the shed, and soothing her mother in the house. The churn gave forth a pleasant sound, but Mrs. Amyrillis uttered most dolorous ones. She lay in a rocking-chair, fanning herself with one languid hand.

"Oh! I can't stand this," said the poor lady; "these things are wearing my life out. I wonder what your father ever intends to do. My health has been sacrificed; all your prospects have been sacrificed. I do not see now any worse things can befall us. It would be well if we could all die in a heap now. Margaret, you are growing to look like a milkmaid!"

"Do you really think it is not worth our while to live, since no worse things can befall us, my mother?"

"You seem to enjoy degradation! I do wish, Margaret, you would remember you are a lady. How large your hands are becoming!"

"They are not so large as to be unwieldy, dear mother," laughed Margaret. "I do think,"

she added softly, with emphasis in her lambent eyes, "that there is no degradation in my trying to comfort my father and mother."

"It's poor comfort," fretted Mrs. Amyrillis, "to see our daughter toiling and coarsening, with no hopes before her." Margaret had "hopes," but her mother would have regarded them as simply "religious feelings," which were made for use in the temple, like the precious vessels thereof, and with reverence only to be spoken of elsewhere.

The cream had not yet yielded its rich secret, but was foaming and swelling therewith. Mrs. Amyrillis, crying behind her nervous hands, was not likely ever to yield a secret that would enrich anybody. Margaret applied herself more energetically to both cases. She hastened to show her mother an amusing article in the one newspaper they afforded; she kissed the lady's heated temples, and crooned a pretty air to give her reading a pleasant undertone. Then she dashed the churn-handle with firmer hands. In her neat dress, whitely banded at neck and wrists, with her hair smoothly arranged, and her noble eyes shining, she did not look like a coarsening woman.

The paper dropped, by and by, into Mrs. Amyrillis's lap, and she slept through the languid hours till Margaret's hand was laid on her forehead at noon.

"Dinner is ready, you see, mother dear. I have carried yours up into my room. The men are coming from their threshing to the table. Will you go up-stairs now?"

"Yes. Ugh! those dreadful wretches! What customs do not the Americans have! And you have to serve them, Margaret?"

"Yes. Father would be but a bungling waiter, you know."

"Your father, or you either, serving a lot of reeking boors at our own table! Oh! what is the world coming to?"

"To dinner, my mother. At least, a sufficient part of the world to demand my attention at once. I do not mind it, and father does not serve. He sits down with them, you know."

"Yes, he sits down *with* them," fumed Mrs. Amyrillis. "The representative of a house who no more allowed their dependants to sit above the salt than they allowed the dogs!"

"But these men are not dependants, mother. They are free-born American citizens."

Mrs. Amyrillis put out her hand in scorn to repel the free-born American citizens. Her daughter arranged her seat, and found a little shawl to keep her from the draught.

"I will bring your dessert as soon as they

have begun eating," then promised the girl, turning to go down-stairs.

"I suppose," queried the mother, with some indefinite qualms, "I hope they are—not insolent—toward you? Perhaps I ought to stay down there?"

"Oh! no," replied Margaret, her sweet dignity becoming apparent, "they are very respectful; they could not be otherwise."

The threshers crowded from out-door world upon her white floor, just as her own foot, descending from the last step, pressed it. She nodded quietly to those whom she knew. They all recognized her presence. Some of them were hulking fellows, who had never before been so courteous to a woman. Thus imperceptibly she broke the ice between them and a sex they dreaded. For having greeted a woman properly once, they would experience less terror at the next trial. Their burnished faces, just purified from Margaret's bowls of cool water and fresh towels, encircled the table. Mr. Amyrillis sat piteously at the head, trying to assimilate himself to his companions. His face was a comical mixture of horror at western freedom and a servile desire to conciliate. He shuddered, cypress-like, to hear his old and gentle name maimed until it was "Armless." And he was obliged to feed the very hacking lips that maimed it! He looked stupidly at the men taking their cups of coffee from his daughter's high-bred hands, and wondered if they knew she came of a line three times as old as their monstrous government! Poor man; there was less beef and wine, and more pastry and bile, in his make-up than formerly; he could not become healthfully Americanized. He could not see, as his daughter saw, "men and brothers" in these stalwart specimens. "Men and brothers" they did indeed prove themselves not long after in the war against the Rebellion.

"Is Miss Armless onwell to-day?" asked one neighbor, handing back his cup for the fourth time. "I don't see her knockin' round."

Mr. Amyrillis stared fiercely, but recovered himself in a piteous grin.

"The lady—my wife—yes, she is quite well, thank you. Her health has never been poor."

"The heat oppresses my mother," put in Margaret quietly over her father's blunder. "I am afraid she will have fever."

"Sho!" said the neighbor, gurgling at his cup. "Now, this here's slappin' coffee!" he exclaimed gallantly. "I reckon you learned to make it in the old country, didn't you, Margey?"

"No. I have only learned to work since I came to America."

"Wuth your while to come, then. Girls allays ort to know how to work. Orten't they, Armless?"

Mr. Amyrillis whimpered, but finally came out with triumph in his sickly grin. "Exercise *was* healthy," he conceded.

"To be sure it is," said the stolid farmer. "Have you had any agur feelin's sence you come here?" he inquired.

The broken-down gentleman hesitated. He was almost tempted to a solemn pun. "Give me not poverty," had often been in his mind, but "Give me not riches" never. He thought his agur feelin's had only been partial. True to his cypress development, however, he sighed and answered literally that he had had one or two chills.

Margaret's eyes were drawn up during a jargon of talk to find one man reverently watching her. He was large and bronzed. She remembered to have heard him called Jack Warren. There was some breeding beneath his roughness. Seeing his gaze was noticed, he begged her for another glass of milk. She gave it, and finding a gap in her occupation, hastened to carry up her mother's dessert, innocent of having made an impression, so completely had duty taken the place of self-consciousness in her.

As she returned, a merry oath burst from this man's lips. He met her eyes and colored, exclaiming at once with Western frankness, "I beg your pardon, Miss Margaret. I am ashamed of that, and I'll try never to do it again."

"Thank you," said the girl gratefully.

Her look, he told the men afterward—"that look of her eyes went deeper into him than any sermon that any preacher ever pounded out of a pulpit."

Thenceforward Jack Warren, western farmer, loved the little English lady, and began to see the halo round her head, which is yet to him a star leading upward.

CHAPTER II.

In this community, Sabbath was a mere day of pause—a period at the end of the week, which they often ran over and rendered quite as busy as any comma preceding it. There was no church to attend. Once in three months an itinerant minister called a few worshippers together in the school-house.

Margaret missed so sorely the chime of bells,

her seat in the old church, and the beautiful lessons and service; she missed the light falling from stained windows, her father's tenants with their respectful looks, the sweet thrills of the organ; she missed everything but the spirit of devotion in her own heart. This she carried up to her chamber after the Sunday morning work was done—after the house was made trim, and her mother comfortably settled in the easy-chair, with Bible, Prayer-book, smelling-bottle, fan and George Herbert's hymns; and her father brushed and tidied like the infant that he was. And having carried it up, she turned the attic into a little chapel and worshipped. She had curtained in one side of the attic, and garnished it as prettily as she could. Without the folds the family stores were arranged; within was the maiden's bower. Her cot stood by the square hole known as the window, which she covered with mosquito-bars in the summer. Pictures, in fanciful frames of leaves or burrs, hung about. Here Margaret sat on Sabbath morning, and tried to believe herself in the old church. She read the prayers and the Psalter, and hummed the old organ notes, till all the former peace would come and encompass her. Here, also, on this day, she opened a locked drawer, and looked at the pictured face of a young man. She was careful on every such occasion to admonish herself concerning the owner of the face. She never kissed it and fondled upon it, as most girls do, but her lips and hands trembled.

"Now, Margaret Amyrillis," ran her sermon, "look at Mr. Walter Chevelier if you must, but remember he no longer cares for you. He will come back from India to marry some beautiful woman, and live in London. He is rich, and talented, and good. You are a poor farmer's daughter in the United States, with nothing to distinguish you, and are often exceeding sinful. But there can be no harm in your trying to become such a woman as he would approve of. Be careful, however, that you do not make an image of this little miniature, and play the papist, for then it will have to be destroyed, and you will see the friend who helps you so much no more."

The Amyrillis family were not troubled with Sabbath visitors, though all their neighbors went visiting on that day. Early in their sojourn, Mrs. Amyrillis had set the neighborhood on fire by her ejection of a good wife and brood who came to spend the day with her. Disturbed and exasperated, she resented the intrusion energetically, to the distress of her daughter and the horror of her husband, giving

"my good woman" quite as sound a piece of advice as if "my good woman" had been one of her cottagers, instead of her American equal. Margaret followed their indignant neighbor out, and begged she would not be deeply offended at what Mrs. Amyrillis had said, and that she would let her little children come some time to be formed into a Sabbath class. But, without a word, the neighbor drove off; and until long after, the Amyrillises were not troubled with visitors on any day.

"I think you were a little sharp, my dear," remonstrated Mr. Amyrillis. "To be sure, we respect old and time-honored customs, but we ought to try to conciliate——"

"Yes, yes, Mr. Amyrillis," replied the acid lady, nodding, "that's your policy, I know. It really seems to be your mission in this world to make way with old and time-honored things!"

Upon which Mr. Amyrillis looked around for his hat and sun-umbrella, remarking—"I believe I will go out among the sheep, my dear;" which very appropriate thing he did.

CHAPTER III.

So they lived on, a dull, same life, its only break being an occasional visit to the nearest village for supplies. Margaret seized on little things, and drew joy from them. A bird-song would make her happy for a day. Some pleasant tidings in the newspaper from the old land would unlock volumes of sweet thoughts for her. She saw all the tints of the landscape. And when Jack Warren brought her rare wild flowers, she was so delighted with them that he never afterward saw their delicate faces without being reminded of her delicate face.

This seemed the most languid summer Margaret had ever known. Her outer weariness was wearing in, and her inner weariness was wearing out; so the two seemed likely to strike hands and form an alliance over her slight body. But she was young and brave. She fought disease off herself, and wrought hard to cast it out of the house. Early rains on luxuriant vegetation made the autumn a sickly one. Mr. Amyrillis took the fever, and his wife groaned beside him in ague fits. The sloughs, whose growth of tall, dark grass had been the only thing to distinguish them during August days, turned to noisome ponds, and through them the doctor's horse often splashed.

Mr. Amyrillis sighed and meekly flomished on his sick-bed as he had sighed and meekly flourished in health and cow-hide boots. But

Mrs. Amyrillia, shaking through all her ivy leaves, became such a doleful reminder of church-yards and grave-stones, was so querulous and exacting, that she wearied her patient child more than any other trial.

Many neighbors, who had less sickness at home, came and offered their services to Margaret—western people do not carry their hearts in a tough pericardium—and she was grateful.

Margaret's head grew large and her neck thin; her eyes took vivid lights; time became to her a long-drawn crisis. The sky and earth looked so solemn that autumn. Her cat stalked about with a gaunt and solemn air; the very cocks in the barn-yard crowed with a solemn cadence. She had a fancy of calling herself the "Ancient Mariner," but shuddered lest her father and mother should become the dead upon the deck of her motionless ship on that motionless prairie sea.

She told the quaint story to Jack Warren one October morning, as he drove her from the village with her monthly supplies. Economy was then so important in the family, that she could not trust this mission to another.

"Ah! if father and mother should die!" she trembled. "That image of the 'Ancient Mariner' would not be a more desolate thing than I. And I have committed worse sins in my life than killing an albatross.

"He prayeth best who loveth best,
All things, both great and small,
For the Great God who loveth us,
He made and loveth all."

I'm afraid it has always been my fault to love some persons and things very much, to the exclusion of others."

Jack shook the lines and whistled softly. He could not tell her in delicate sentences all that was churning in his contained bosom, but he by and by brought forth the product of that commotion in a compact and manly proposal.

"I don't think there's any danger of your father and mother dying; but if they do, no family on this prairie will ever see you shelterless, Margaret Amyrillia. And there's more boys than this one would be glad to offer you a home of your own whenever you'd take it."

Margaret recoiled, as women are apt to do when an unwelcome hand comes knocking at the inner guest-chamber, and her recoil was greater because the man who had spoken for a place already occupied, was of what her English sense still denominated "the people."

She had always placed him beneath her, and regarded him with much the same confidence

and affection that she had given to the respectful laborers among her father's tenantry.

But "a man's a man for a' that," and when he comes with his heart in his hand, is not to be despised, though he were meaner than a landholding American voter, with the way to American kingship open before him.

"I know I'm not your equal," continued Jack. "I haven't the education and the manners, but I'll take care of you as the apple of my eye. I'm well off, and likely to be rich; and you could make such a man of me as a woman needn't be ashamed of."

As Margaret looked at his glowing face and clear, simple eyes, her heart was moved toward him.

"I can't marry you, Jack," she said with kind directness. "I love you a great deal for your goodness——"

"My goodness! I haven't any, excepting what you taught me, Margaret Amyrillia," he attested. "I never saw another woman like you!"

"But I cannot be your wife. Some one better adapted will fill the place you offer me. And I am always your friend."

"Which is about as much as a fellow like me ought to ask," resigned Jack sadly; "but I'd rather have you for my friend than many another one I've seen for my wife," he concluded, unconsciously repeating a compliment that men have often paid to excellent women.

As they rode on through the blackening twilight, he looked at her by turns, though more in reverence than regret. An earnestly good woman is not lost to every man excepting the one that wins her to wedlock.

When I think of those two, drawn through the sunless prairie air together—Margaret's pale face looking on and at the stars, Jack's turned aside to hers—and remember the struggle set before each, I wonder how any soul can imagine we came into this life for ease, and can make our tasks like cruel children.

CHAPTER IV.

In the late October days, Margaret fell sick. When Mrs. Amyrillia grew conscious of the fact—and she had to grow into consciousness of it—great was her rustling and wailing. In vain Margaret assured her she was not very ill—that she was only tired, and must rest. The lady felt sure the time had come for them "to die in a heap," and, from her manner, it did not seem the best thing that could happen, after all.

Margaret saw, through her loft window, the sere-grown prairies; no amber, and gold, and crimson frost-bitten leaves relieved their dullness; and her brain grew dull as the prospect. Day and day went rapidly by, leaving her weak and spiritless.

But one afternoon, in a time when October was about to give over his gleanings to the hands of November, Margaret staggered from her cot, dressed and wrapped herself, and sat down in her low rocker. The woman whom it had required both love and money to procure as her substitute housekeeper, came up, and lifted her hands in astonishment.

"If you wanted anything, why didn't you call me?" cried this Martha reproachfully.

"I do not want anything," replied Margaret weakly, "except to escape from that monotonous bed."

"I'll make it up," said Martha, going at it vigorously. "If your bed was uncomfortable, you orto have told me."

"Oh! don't mind it," pleaded Margaret, "I do not need any attention now at all, and you must be tired."

"And when I've done it," proceeded Martha, who worked all the harder for being asked not to, and was secretly pleased with Margaret's solicitude, "I'm a goin' to bring you up some chicken broth; your mother's had some, and she likes it. It's prairie chicken, and the broth's good, and I'll fry you some of the meat, if you'll eat it."

"I know your broth is good," smiled the sick girl, "and I shall like a little, but I do not want the fry; and, Martha, when you come back, I am going to make you sit down in that chair and not move until I have finished eating."

"He! he!" tittered Martha, her pleasure outshining the good nature in her face, "and I expect you'd take all the afternoon to eat it. No, you don't ketch me restin' till my work's done. I ain't tired!"

So Martha clattered down-stairs, with light heart, though heavy shoes, and the invalid turned her face to watch the dull square of prairie her window gave her. Suddenly a horse neighed, and directly across the dull square he carried his rider, a large man, with abundant whiskers.

"Dear me!" thought Margaret wearily, "I hope it isn't one of those cattle-buyers again. He will certainly work father up into a high fever."

She heard the stranger, after a little space, knock at the door; but she heard also her mother utter a little cry that shot through her

nerves, and shook her brain from its lethargy to the keenest sensibility.

She bent forward and listened, living a longer time in that suspense, so far as activity of the mind is concerned, than the last three months had seemed.

She was not trembling with surprise, therefore, but rather with the effort of self-control, when, through the gap in the curtains that her handmaid had left, she saw Walter Chevelier's head and shoulders appearing up the stairs.

Margaret tried to rise, but he put her gently back, and kissed reverently the white fingers she gave him. He then placed a chair for himself near her.

"You do not know how it pains me to find you thus," he said, turning his dark, tender eyes upon her.

Margaret curtained her own from their glance. "I must not let him see how utterly weak I am," she thought. "Though if he knew, he would be too generous to use his power. He was always noble."

"I shall soon be well again," she replied. "You see I am obliged to make haste in my recovery, for father and mother need me so much. You are making the tour of America?"

"Yes, and I could not forbear intruding on my old friends."

"You are heartily welcome, Mr. Chevelier, as my mother has no doubt assured you." ("I will give him my room, and I will go down to the settee," decided the provident little maiden, noiselessly.) "And now, what tidings for exiles do you bring from England?"

"I have not seen England since I last saw you?" replied the gentleman.

Margaret looked up in astonishment.

"Circumstances were such that I have not found it necessary to visit England for nearly three years."

"It was nearly three years ago that father was obliged to emigrate," said Margaret innocently. "I am afraid these years have told on my parents."

"I do not think," said Mr. Chevelier, "that Mrs. Amyrillis is nearly as much changed as you are, Miss Margaret."

The woman in her overmastered the woman. Pain at the loss of his admiration throttled fear that he should learn her secret; she lifted her suffering eyes with a look that made this man's next words decided.

"I have something to confide to you, my old playmate. I have found a wife."

Now the climax of all Margaret Amyrillis's trials was reached. She turned cold as stone.

Some women will understand what a volcano surged beneath her immovable crust. For, true to feminine instincts, she gave him such a calm and frank "I am glad, for you must be happy," and such a decidedly platonic touch from her cold hand, that he was disconcerted, but clung to the remembrance of that look.

"Is she beautiful?" asked Margaret, with brilliant spots springing to her cheeks; "and will you return to England after your marriage?"

"She is very beautiful," replied the gentleman reverently; "and whether we return to England will, of course, depend entirely upon herself."

"Oh! she is an Eastern lady, then? And of high rank, is she not?"

"Yes, she wears a coronet."

"Ah! I am glad you will have such a position," said Margaret, her eyes sparkling softly.

"It will be a fine thing for me, who have three great brothers between myself and the paternal estates," laughed Mr. Chevelier. "I am glad it pleases you, too. Everybody loves the lady I have chosen."

"But you haven't told me her name," said the young sufferer, leaning her weary cheek against her chair.

"It is—my little lamb! my Marguerite! my little, patient saint, whom I have sought so far and found so worthy!"

The reader, who cannot see the pantomime in an author's brain, is respectfully informed that during this rhapsody Mr. Walter Chevelier held Miss Margaret Amyrillis in his arms, where she found herself, with her midnight world inverted and turned to the sun a great deal quicker than such changes occur in Nature.

"But you said," trembled Margaret, almost absorbed into him, so closely did the ardent lover hold his little saint, "that she—had—a coronet!"

"And so she has," replied Walter, resting one hand around her bright head. "I have learned that every eye on this prairie sees a halo of goodness around her forehead."

"But they love me—they are partial—they are my friends," sobbed Margaret, quivering with excitement.

"And whom do we want to have partial to us but friends we love?" asked Walter, with a great deal of accompaniment of look and lip-pressure.

Martha's head appeared on the stairs at that instant, and was suddenly bobbed almost into the bowl she carried. The careful and busy damsel went tittering down. "That's 'nuff

sight better for her than chicken-broth," she announced to the slighted bowl, tittering over its very face as she set it on a cupboard shelf.

Do you see the picture? Do you imagine the rapture of heart melting purely into heart?

But I say reverently that this is not worthy to be a figure of the joy that shall crown those who do well in faith, when they are passed behind the Veil!

FALSE HAIR AMONG THE ANCIENTS.

THE Greek, Egyptian, Carthaginian, and Roman ladies, more than twenty-five centuries ago, made use of the most extravagant quantities of borrowed hair, and they wound it into large protuberances upon the back of their heads, and to keep it in place used "hair-pins" of precisely the form in use at the present time. The Roman women of the time of Augustus were especially pleased when they could outdo their rivals in piling upon their heads the highest tower of borrowed locks. They also arranged rows of curls formally around the sides of the head, and often the very fashionable damsels would have pendent curls in addition. An extensive commerce was carried on in hair; and after the conquest of Gaul, blonde hair, such as was grown upon the heads of German girls, became fashionable at Rome, and many a poor child of the forests upon the banks of the Rhine parted with her locks to adorn the wives and daughters of the proud conquerors. The great Cæsar, indeed, in a most cruel manner, cut off the hair of the vanquished Gauls and sent it to the Roman market for sale, and the cropped head was regarded in the conquered provinces as a badge of slavery. To such a pitch of absurd extravagance did the Roman ladies at one time carry the business of adorning the hair, that upon the introduction of Christianity, in the first and second centuries, the apostles and fathers of the church launched severe invectives against the vanity and frivolity of the practice. It must be confessed, the ancient ladies did outdo their modern sisters. The artistic, professional hair-dressers of old Rome were employed at exorbitant prices to form the hair into fanciful devices, such as harps, diadems, wreaths, emblems of public temples and conquered cities, or to plait it into an incredible number of tresses, which were often lengthened by ribbons so as to reach to the feet, and loaded with pearls and clasps of gold.—*Journal of Chemistry.*

WOMAN'S WORK AND WOMAN'S WAGES.

BY AN AMERICAN WOMAN.

DRESSMAKING AS A BUSINESS.

THE question of woman's work is one of paramount interest, not only as immediately concerning one half the human race, but as affecting seriously the interests and comforts of the other.

Long usage has restricted the field of woman's labor within somewhat narrow limits, while society has looked askance at such as have sought to go beyond the established boundary. The household, with all that pertains to it, has been given over to her care. Needlework is considered her especial employment, except in the department in which the tailor has taken her place. Teaching is the third and last feminine resource for earning a livelihood, though, as a general rule, only the inferior grades of this have been delegated to her.

Thus we find three, and only three, branches of labor to which women may turn with perfect "propriety"—teaching, sewing, and housekeeping—while the choice of employment allowed the other sex is far wider—in fact, limitless. If a man finds his education, tastes, and inclinations do not fit him or lead him to enter the school-room, or conduct him to a professor's chair; if the work of a tailor is too confining, or if he take no delight in farm-life, and cannot be made to view sawing wood, felling trees, hoeing, ploughing, and driving oxen, as conducive to the highest moral and intellectual status of which he is capable, he has still the world before him, a hundred diverse occupations to choose from, and no one to blame him or accuse him of unreasonableness. But a woman—God help her!—if she cannot teach, must sew; if sewing is killing her by inches, then let her go into the kitchen and revel in its delights amid pots and kettles—learn the mysteries of the stew-pan, and gain a glow of color, which may pass for health, over the cooking-stove and the ironing-board. But she may not want this either! How unreasonable! What will she have? Alas! there is nothing further; one of these she *must* do—so decrees Mrs. Grundy; and it is not a question which she prefers, which she is best qualified to do, mentally and physically, but which is the least re-

pulsive—the most endurable—followed as a life-long occupation.

Now, do not let my readers misunderstand me as sneering at these employments. They are very well in their way; and there are some women who are never so much at home as in the school-room, to whom it no doubt seems a sort of mimic empire, in which they reign absolute sovereigns; others who are born housekeepers, at whose mere approach dirt and confusion seem to vanish, and the work to do itself in some incomprehensible manner; others whose fingers, having been endowed with special gifts by some good fairy, can perform marvels of beauty and rapidity with the needle.

But the teacher is not necessarily a housekeeper, nor the housekeeper a natural seamstress; nor do I believe it impossible that there may be very good, very wise, very sensible, and not at all unreasonable women who must look for their vocation elsewhere, unless they would have their lives a constant weariness to themselves, a disappointment to their friends, and, from first to last, a failure. But, however much I would like to aid them in the search after their life duties, it is not my present intention to go far with them. Taking the world as I find it to-day, I wish to look at the recognized employments of women, and see if they make as much of them—make as much of themselves in them—as they might and ought to do.

The question first suggested itself to my mind a few months since, upon seeing a paragraph going the rounds of the papers, published as triumphantly as though a Daniel had come to judgment, and had settled the matter of woman's work and woman's wages at once and forever.

The paragraph was to the effect that, while there was such an agitation of the question of a more extended sphere of labor for women, that their present vocations were not half filled. It cited dressmaking as an example, and stated that while a good dressmaker received from one dollar and a half to three dollars per day, the supply was not equal to the demand. It therefore advised all women to become dressmakers forthwith, and think no further of turning printers, editors, lawyers, lecturers, tele-

graph operators, etc., etc. This paragraph created a temporary sensation in the newspaper world, and various and conflicting were the comments and conclusions. But all treated the matter more or less superficially; none seemed to probe it to the bottom, and discover why women should, or why they should not, all become dressmakers. One had a forlorn story to tell of young girls going into a decline from too close and too long application at sewing in over-crowded rooms, under the supervision of sordid and heartless taskmistresses, and of women starving in garrets on the pittance which the needle earned them. Another felt certain it was only idleness or a desire for notoriety which caused women to avoid their acknowledged paths of industry, and seek out untrodden ones. And so on.

Feeling it to be too serious a subject to be passed over lightly, if any amount of close investigation could arrive at the truth, I have made it an affair of long and earnest study. I began, I must confess, with certain theories of my own, which were, most of them, gradually swept away.

First, there is an indisputable fact for the grand starting-point: A competent dressmaker, who goes from house to house, can always command good wages, nearly, if not quite, equal to those of a man; while the mistress of an establishment, if she be capable, and possessed of good business faculties, is on the road to comparative affluence.

There is only one inference: as a rule—to which, of course, there may be exceptions, as there are to all rules—those who starve in garrets, and cannot make their needles supply them with the necessaries of life, are, unquestionably, poor seamstresses.

But while every year hundreds of young girls set out to learn the dressmaking business, how is it that we find so few really competent workwomen?

The answer is a long one, and it involves so many other questions, that it is difficult to go back to the beginning. My first impulse is to say it is the fault of the girls themselves; my second thought, that to their parents and friends the blame must be imputed; then reflection convinces me that society must be held responsible.

To go back to the beginning: Girls, from their earliest youth, in books, in schools, by their parents, their instructors, and by society at large, are trained to look upon marriage as their one certain and absorbing occupation in life. The fact is entirely overlooked that every

year the number of women who remain unmarried becomes proportionately larger. This training is not always direct, but its effect is felt all the same, until the young girl is as firmly settled in her convictions respecting the certainty of her future husband and home, as she can be of anything concerning her future. Whatever goes to fill up the interval of time preceding marriage, is regarded as merely a temporary occupation, to which she does not imagine herself required to devote her entire thoughts and energies. You might as well expect a boy of eighteen to strive to perfect himself in a trade, assuring him that at some indefinite period, at the end of a few years at farthest, but which may arrive at any time, he will be relieved from its performance, and promoted to a position which the thorough or imperfect learning of his trade cannot affect in the least, and which he has been taught to consider as the acme of human happiness. Say to him: "You are shortly to be called to the Presidency of the United States; meantime, as you ought not to remain in idleness, and as you really need a little spending money, you had better occupy your leisure of waiting in learning to make shoes, or in hoeing corn." It is not at all likely, after such an address, that he will be ambitious that the shoes he makes shall be found models of perfect workmanship, or that he will mind if there are here and there a few weeds left standing in the cornfield. But this is in substance what the mother says to her daughter—what society says to the young girl; only some feminine employment is substituted for the masculine ones, and marriage is the promised blessing. No girl, viewing an employment in this light, can enter with her whole heart into it, and bring into play her best efforts and best energies. Her mind is constantly taken up with plans and speculations having reference to the future, and the present is not to be improved—only to be got through with in the easiest and least troublesome manner possible.

I know I am writing no new thing; this ground has been gone over many times. But it must be "line upon line, and precept upon precept;" first to get people to hear, then to make them believe.

No one can do her best, can even do well, in any employment, unless she accept it as her life-work. Nothing is worth learning for less than that; and though circumstances, in the cases of both men and woman (though, perhaps, with the latter more frequently than with the former), may sometimes allow or compel

them to relinquish it, there is still every argument in favor of its being so received; not one against. The business will be better learned, and there will be more satisfaction in its performance; and if in after years it has to be returned to, it will stand in good stead, while a half-learned, carelessly performed trade will fail one utterly.

How do men learn a life-occupation? At the proper age they are apprenticed to some master, and are content, for three, five, or seven years, as the case may be, to receive apprentice's wages, meanwhile frequently performing, after the first rudiments of their trade are mastered, the full labor of a man. But men see no injustice in this, nor is there any. In six months or a year, an apprentice may, perhaps, acquire the main features of his trade; but every good workman in every branch of business knows that it requires years of faithfulness and earnest effort to become thoroughly grounded in all the delicate minutiae of any business—the apparently unimportant details—the knowledge of which is so absolutely essential to a skilled mechanic, and which entitles him to and will secure for him the best of wages. So the young laborer works patiently on through the years of his apprenticeship, content to make an apparent sacrifice of the present for a certain good in the future.

How is it with the young woman? She serves a six months' apprenticeship with a dressmaker, beginning not unfrequently in comparative ignorance of the plainest of sewing, so that much of her time is lost in mastering the rudiments, which ought to have been familiar to her before she entered the work-room. At the end of six months, she has learned how to sew a straight seam, can put a dress body together if it is properly cut out and basted, and, if she be quick and ready with eye and needle, can, when the pattern is plainly indicated, put on a fold or a ruffle. At the expiration of her so-called apprenticeship, she is astonished and indignant that she is refused the wages paid to the experienced hands who have worked years in the establishment, and whom the mistress can trust as implicitly as herself.

"I'll be afther lavin' ye," says Miss Bridget, who, six months before, scarcely knew the use of a needle at all, but who now demands eight or ten dollars per week: "Lave away," says her employer. So Bridget leaves, and hangs out a sign for herself of "Fashionable Dressmaking," and has possible thoughts of rivalry with her former mistress. Of course, she does not

succeed, any more than would the young carpenter of six months' experience, who should set up for an architect or a master builder. She gradually finds her level in the sewing-world, if she has ever got above it; and some day she serves as an excellent example to point some argument on the subject of the pitiful earnings of women.

Dressmaking, carried to perfection, is an art, in the same manner, if not in the same degree, as painting, sculpture, and architecture are arts. There are few women who can ever attain to perfect excellence in it, any more than can the majority of men in the arts mentioned. There is scarcely a faculty of the painter or the sculptor that is not required in the dressmaker; and, in addition, other qualifications not possessed by every one are needed. Yet, though the mass may not hope to reach perfection in this business, still many women, who have already, before they set out to learn it, consulted their tastes and inclinations, faculties and abilities, may become sufficiently proficient in it to meet the general requirements, and to secure to themselves a sure and sufficient livelihood. But no woman, even the most gifted, and with her whole heart in the matter, can hope to acquire this knowledge in the short space of six months. And if a girl cannot work patiently, after the expiration of her nominal apprenticeship, submitting herself to guidance, seeking information in all departments of her profession, and never neglecting an opportunity for adding to her store of knowledge concerning it, meanwhile content with less wages than a practised hand, the probability is that at the end of years she is still not worth the increased pay, and never will be.

I believe one great secret of the inferior wages of women can be discovered in this very fact. It is a rule in all departments of business, that that which is easiest learned commands the least pay. A woman assumes that she learns her trade in six months, and she has no right to complain if wages are paid her in proportion. Let her lengthen the period of her apprenticeship to three or five years, and as she raises the standard of her own labor, the standard of her wages will increase proportionately. Those who are now in receipt of liberal pay have virtually done this thing. They bring full knowledge and experience, acquired by long practice, as an equivalent for what they receive, and their wages compare favorably with those in most branches of masculine industry. Women should be required, not merely advised, to reach this standard,

when good seamstresses will be plentier, and the unfortunates more seldom referred to.

Another grievous fault is, the unreliability of women. I have tried to disbelieve it; to argue it away; have felt almost inclined to slur it over. But it stands out so palpably it will not be overlooked. A sewing-girl, working under an employer, seldom, if ever, remembers that her time is not her own. If she wishes a day, or a half day, no matter what the emergencies of business, she has no hesitation in taking it—too often without giving the slightest warning.

John Stuart Mill, in his recent excellent work, entitled "The Subjection of Women," says so truly:—"Independently of the regular offices of life which devolve upon a woman, she is expected to have her time and faculties always at the disposal of everybody. If a man has not a profession to exempt him from such demands, still, if he has a pursuit, he offends nobody by devoting his time to it; occupation is received as a valid excuse for his not answering to every casual demand which may be made on him. Are a woman's occupations, especially her chosen and voluntary ones, ever regarded as excusing her from any of what are termed the calls of society? Scarcely are her most necessary and recognized duties allowed as an exemption. It requires an illness in the family, or something else out of the common way, to entitle her to give her own business the precedence over other people's amusements. She must always be at the beck and call of somebody, generally of everybody. If she has a study or a pursuit, she must snatch any short interval which accidentally occurs to be employed in it. A celebrated woman, in a work which I hope will some day be published, remarks truly that 'everything a woman does is done at odd times.'"

We admit this quotation is not directly applicable to the case of the sewing-girl, yet in it is struck the key-note of the whole difficulty. While a man's hours of labor are considered sacred, a woman's never are—by others no more than herself. Not only should she regard them so, but those with whom she is associated, in all social and domestic relations, should have the same lesson impressed upon their minds. As it is, if she boards, she is required to have the care of her room—a care which is never imposed upon a man. If she lives at home, she must bear her share of the burden of family cares, while, perchance, her brother, who is expected to go to his labor no earlier than herself, and to return at the same

hour, is relieved from the discharge of all home duties. She must cook, must sweep and dust, make beds, do her share of the family mending, and relieve her mother, to a certain extent, during the hours she is at home, of the care of the younger children; and if there is a washing to do, and if it cannot be got through with before work hours, she must remain until it is finished, or, perchance, absent herself the whole day. Even if she take her accustomed place in the sewing-room at the usual hour, she is often wearied and jaded, and totally unfit for her labors, and her employer, who pays for her best efforts, is defrauded.

Having found that she can remain at home with impunity when outside work makes demands upon her time, it is but a step further in the same direction—while the principle is exactly the same—to now and then remain away from labor for purposes of amusement and recreation.

This cannot well be remedied by the employer, who is, as one might say, at the mercy of her employees. During the busy seasons, which number eight months in the year, the demand for sewing-girls exceeds the supply. Work must be done, and done promptly; and if competent, reliable hands are not to be found, a certain sort of dependence must be placed on inferior and unreliable workwomen, greatly to the annoyance of the employer, who finds it out of her power to do otherwise. She may threaten to discharge, but if she carry out her threat, it is at the cost of serious inconvenience to herself, and the delinquent, knowing this, repeats her offence as often as she likes, without check or hindrance.

Let parents look to this. Let them place the working son and the working daughter on the same footing, and require no more from one than from the other. Let them impress upon the latter, as the universally recognized laws of society and business have already taught the former, that a contract is sacred, and cannot be broken, or even temporarily violated, by either party with impunity; that if days for rest, recreation, or outside labor, are actually necessary, they must be chosen at a time that will least interfere with the convenience of the employer, and never taken without her fore-knowledge and consent.

It is folly to say that women cannot learn these things. No one has ever tried to teach them this, taking them as a class; and while the young girl has been so thoroughly impressed with the idea that, with a woman, affairs of a domestic nature should supersede

all others, it is not strange that, laboring under this belief, she should occasionally neglect for these that which she has never been taught to look upon as the serious business of her life.

There is one phase of the dressmaking business which it will not do to overlook, and that is, its effect upon the health. The confinement incident to it may, in certain constitutions, engender disease. To those who find they cannot endure it, I have but three words of advice: Do not try. But most girls of ordinary health will find, after the first few days or weeks of trial, that it is not so unbearable as many would have them think. Writers on this subject are apt to confound affairs in this country with those in England. It is beyond dispute that these sewing-girls are compelled to work an unwarrantable number of hours, and that many succumb under the hardships of their lot. But here the ten-hour rule is, I have been informed, carried into universal practice. The sewing-girl comes to her place of labor at seven or eight in the morning, can take exercise during her noon hour, if she desire it, and is allowed to depart at six in the evening. The working-rooms may sometimes be crowded and illy ventilated; but this is due more to a general ignorance of the laws of health on the part of both employer and employed, than to any fault which should attach itself to sewing, more particularly than to other employments. I do not think any girl of ordinary endurance, who takes proper care of herself in other matters, and out of work-hours, will find her health suffering in this employment more than it is likely to in many others.

So far I have referred only to dressmaking in its city aspect. There are numerous dressmakers all through our towns and villages, whose earnings, though, perhaps, not entirely unsatisfactory, are not what they should be. They labor hard, and frequently unassisted, and whether their work is done at their own homes, or at the houses of their patrons, consider they are well paid if they make a dollar a day. It cannot be hinted that any modesty in regard to charges is the characteristic failing of our fashionable city dressmakers, but our country dressmakers are as moderate as their city sisters are exorbitant. As the fashions now are, the greatest labor of the dress is really bestowed upon the garniture, and the advance in prices should be in proportion. But the country dressmaker hesitates and stands in doubt whether she shall charge five dollars even for what in the doing is well worth ten dollars. If the lady patrons were charged to the full

value for the work done for them, they would, undoubtedly, be highly indignant. Yet, let one of them try to complete, in all its details, a fashionable suit, and see if she is not satisfied before she is done that her dressmaker fully earns her money. She will find that it would be easier to make two or three plain, untrimmed dresses; yet she expects to get her panned, ruffled, flounced, caped, and elaborately trimmed dress completed for an advance of about one half on former rates. If ladies are not willing to pay the full value for this increase of work, they should either resolve to perform the extra labor themselves, or else ignore the fashions altogether. No people have any right to enjoy what they cannot or will not pay for. And dressmakers should be firm on this point. The matter of charges lies almost completely in their hands, and it not infrequently happens that those whose charges are the highest, have the best run of custom. They must say: "I will make your dress plainly for so much; and for all additional work I must be paid according to the trouble taken, and the time spent." This would be only justice to both parties—to the one that performs the labor, in securing her adequate compensation, and to the employer no less, enabling her to have a full comprehension of what she requires done. The charges of country dressmakers need not, and should not, be the same as of those belonging to the city. The requirements from them are usually more simple. They are not so often called upon to assume the responsibility of the making up of costly material; the modiste has not the same advantages for studying prevailing modes, nor is fashion so imperious in her demands; and the expenses of rent and living are usually far less in the country than in the city.

But can every woman become a dressmaker, as one wise newspaper critic would have us believe? Certainly not. There are women who might labor with the utmost conscientiousness and zeal, and yet, at the end of the years, any one who knew them would hesitate to trust valuable material in their hands. Labor, study, energy, and perseverance are invaluable aids in the acquirement of knowledge; but they are only aids, and if the capacity be wanting, they count for very little. There is an almost universal rule that can be applied, by either men or women, in the selection of a vocation. If they are peculiarly fitted by nature for any occupation, their tastes and inclinations lead them that way, and should be regarded as the sole arbiters in the matter. If they feel a repug-

nance, or even have no special liking for any particular branch of business, we may be certain that, though they may be forced into it, and even acquire a certain skill in it, they can never become superior workmen or work-women.

Thus, if you see your little daughter handy at an early age in the use of scissors, needle, and thimble, copying for her doll, with curious fidelity, the fashions of the day, and taking delight in muslins, velvets, and laces, set her down as a natural-born milliner or dressmaker; and, while you do not force her into the path, see that all obstructions are removed from it, and she will follow it as readily as though it were the pleasure instead of the duty of life to earn her living. If, on the other hand, she is awkward and clumsy, always calling on some one else for assistance and advice, never daring to undertake the cutting out of a garment without a *bona fide* paper pattern, and then making all sorts of mistakes and misfits, resolve that her blunders with needle and scissors shall be confined to the circle of her own family, and never send her out into the world to spoil other people's goods. Depend upon it, there is something given her to do, but that something is not dressmaking; and you turn into a wrong channel the whole current of her existence, and add another name to the unfortunate list of those who are to "struggle" through life, if you insist that it shall be so. Watch closely for her ruling passion, and if it be a reasonable and right one, gratify it. Do not be too shocked if she should happen to find her vocation outside the mystic three set down as woman's appropriate employments. But of this, more anon.

No; women could not and should not, cannot and will not, all be dressmakers, though there might, and ought to be, more and better ones than there are; and if each individual, and society in the aggregate, will go about in the right way to teach women what their duties are, or, as Mr. Mill would have it, remove all restrictions, and let them find out their capabilities for themselves, it is possible that in the next generation there may be less complaint of the exorbitant few, and the starving many, in the business.

KING JAMES I. was once entreated by his old nurse to make her son a gentleman. "Nae, nae, nurse," was the reply of the British Solomon; "I'll mak' him a lord an ye wull, but it is beyond my power to mak' him a gentleman."

SOME OTHER TIME.

BY A. B. D.—.

SOME other time, we softly say;
Our words are touched with hopeful trust,
And dreams, long hidden from the day,
Rise up again, as such dreams must;
For dreams as sweet as those we know,
Can never die, though care may hide;
As daisies nestle under snow,
They wait the spring's effulgent tide.

Some other day, we whisper o'er;
Sweet hope lifts up her face again,
And strong in their glad trust, once more
Our hearts repeat the sweet refrain.
Some other time! We dare not look
To see how far away it is,
But wait, and sing of coming days,
In low and hopeful cadencies.

Oh! hasten, time. We wait, and say,
To-morrow will most surely bring
The glad, the sweet, the longed-for day,
But doubt is with us while we sing;
So many morrows come and go,
Nor bring the time we dream about.
Ah! well. Some other time, I know
I shall be done with fear and doubt;
For hope is whispering in my breast—
"Be patient, 'tis not far away!"
Well, I will sit me down, and rest,
And dream about the coming day.

SHROUDED.

BY EMMA M. CASS.

TOUCH her very tenderly—
Let her last earth-vestments be
Meet for one as pure as she.

Bring the new-born violet,
With the night's cool kisses wet—
Weave a leafy coronet,

For her curls—the goldenest,
Death's harsh fingers ever prest;
Oh! 'twill make a fitting crest.

For a soul so whitely shriven,
Never yet from earth was riven—
Never entered God's dear heaven!

Lo! she lies all fair and stilly,
Where the winds come sweeping chill—
Pale as any water-lily.

So much loveliness, you say,
Hidden in the grave away—
Mouldering back to loathsome clay!

Make her grave out in the clover—
Let the willow—tenderest lover!—
Drop its sorrowing boughs above her.

CHARADE.

BLUEBEARD—IN THREE SCENES.

Characters :

COUNT DE BARBE BLEU.
MADAME MÈRE.

SISTER ANN.
FATIMA.

SCENE I.—BLUE.

SCENE—*A cottage parlor plainly furnished. Sister Ann seated at a small table spread with MS., pens, inkstand, &c.* [Enter Fatima.

FATIMA.

What are you doing, sister, seated here,
With frowning brow and pen behind your ear—
Dishevelled locks and wildly rolling eye,
As if you had the toothache on the sly?
Is it the bonbons that you ate to-day?
Or something in the literary way?
Perhaps 'tis *love*—though really I don't know
Where in this stupid place you've found a beau!
Ma bought it for a sweet, retired nook,
Where nought could draw one from their work or book,

And just for once the bill of sale was true,
It's so retired I don't know what to do!
There's not a masculine within five miles
On whom to practise e'en the simplest wiles!
No one for whom to friz or curl one's tresses,
To pinch one's cheeks, or wear one's pretty dresses.
Oh! dear, I think I'd really be in clover
If I could scare up only just one lover.

SISTER ANN.

There, child! Do cease that stream of silly prattle,
You quite distract me with your endless rattle;
I'm not to be disturbed, I'd have you know, sis,
I'm corresponding now with the Sorosis!
I have no time to waste in silly sighs
For beaux and lovers—I am far too wise!
I have a mission to my sex benighted,
To make them wiser, better, more enlightened—
In short, to elevate their general tone!
So pray shut up, and let me be alone!

FATIMA.

Well, really, miss, in face of such low rating
I might suggest you needed elevating!
A mission to your sex! Oh! what a bother!
I think I've got a mission to the other!
I feel within my breast the power to do 'em
Such lots of good—dear fellows!—if I knew 'em!
To soothe their sorrows, charm their griefs away—
Oh! dear, if Fate would send a few this way!
'Tis surely wrong, when one's an inward calling,
To pay no heed to its continual bawling!
One ought to use one's talents—that is clear;
But how can I use mine, imprisoned here?
To make man better I've a wondrous plan,
And long to try it—but, ah! where's the man?

ANN.

Still harping on that theme? I wish you'd drop it!

(26)

Your noise annoys me, so be pleased to stop it.
This manuscript requires my whole attention—
A memorandum for our great Convention,
Suggesting that the next improvement made is,
All public offices be filled by ladies!
And that the matter be conducted fair,
One placed at once within the Royal Chair!

FATIMA.

Good gracious, Ann, you've surely lost your reason!
First thing you know you'll be arraigned for treason,
Sentenced to spend your life in prison cell—
Then where's your chance of ever marrying well?
Or mine—in such a very odd position,
The sister of a crazy politician?

ANN.

I like your impudence to call me crazy!
'Tis wondrous sane to be both pert and lazy!
To think of nothing but your pretty features,
Or odious men—the nasty, hateful creatures!—
Who only live to make our sex their slaves,
To drive them, cowering, to untimely graves!
Who romp around like lions for their prey,
Seeking their guileless victims day by day,
Just to devour—

FATIMA.

Good gracious! That will do.

Don't be so fierce—there's no one after you!
With such a countenance and such an air,
The boldest lion you would surely scare!
Besides, you have a charm to keep at bay
The fiercest prowler that could come this way.
'Tis plain none would molest you, if they knew
Your temper and your stockings, both, were blue.
But here comes ma—and, see, she holds a paper.
Something is up! I'll really cut a caper
Of wild delight, if it's an invitation,
Or anything to break this sad stagnation.

[Enter Madame Mère, with open letter.

MADAME MÈRE.

Well, Ann! well, Fatty! I have news for you!
So strange a thing I can't believe it true!
I've rubbed my eyes until I've made them weep,
Feeling I really must be half asleep.
Guess who has written me—and what he states!

FATIMA.

He! 'Tis a man, then! my heart palpitates!
Is it some youth with system out of order,
Wants you to take him as a summer boarder?

ANN.

No doubt 'tis something from our last Convention,
Giving my papers "honorable mention!"
Do tell us, mother!

FATIMA.

Yes, dear mammie, do!
Patting her cheeks.

MADAME.

Ah Fatty! you've a coaxing way with you!
I'll tell you, dears—you're both of you concerned,
I know you'll be astonished when you've learned!
You know the count whose treasures' wondrous
board,

Through all the land has spread his fame abroad—
Who has more wealth than "any other man,"
Throughout the world, from Jersey to Japan—
Whose stately castle on yon mountain's side
Has been, for ages, all our duchy's pride!
Well! this great nabob—strange it is to say—
Has seen you both in some mysterious way,
And writes to me—as certainly he oughter,
To ask the hand of my "most lovely daughter."

FATIMA.

That's me, of course!

ANN.

Indeed, of course, it *aint*!

You'd really try the patience of a saint,
You silly thing! Of course, he's heard of me,
When the Sorosis had him in to tea.

FATIMA.

Heard of you, did he? Heard no good, I'll
bet!

MADAME.

There! don't be getting in a rage, my pet.
Your rival claims he'll settle very soon,
He's coming *here* to tea, this afternoon.

FATIMA.

Coming to tea! Good gracious! What a stew
I'm in! I've all my waterfall to do—
My hair to friz—my dress to take a stitch in—
The curling-tongs to hunt down in the kitchen!
If I can't find them I shall look so queer—
So come and help me, mamma—that's a dear!

[*Exit dragging off her mother.*]

ANN.

Perhaps 'twere better that I, too, prepare,
Don other robes and smooth my tangled hair.
For though external charms can ne'er prevail,
With sense and learning in the other scale—
And though, in abstract, I his sex despise,
And look at them with cold and scornful eyes—
And though I've heard some rumors rather queer,
Of how he marries just one wife a year,
And when he wearies of her tender kissing,
Some morn the artless creature "turns up, miss-
ing,"

To be a countess is a tempting thing,
With countless treasures at one's ordering.
And what's the use of my superior sense,
If I can't use it in my own defence?
A match for one poor pitiable man?
Of course, I am!—I'll catch him if I can,
Make myself mistress of his house and land,
Then use his wealth to aid our woman's plans,
And if he tries his "little game" again,
He'll find that *two* can play it, now and then!

[*Curtain falls.*]

SCENE II.—BEARD.

SCENE—*Same as last. The three ladies seated in stiff attitudes, richly dressed, Fatima in exaggerated style.*

FATIMA.

'Tis five o'clock—I wonder he don't come.
My heart's beating like a muffled drum.
My hair's so tight I cannot shut my eyes;
I'll have to wear a look of sweet surprise—
A gushing, girlish, and unconscious air!
Pray, Sister Ann, what are you muttering there?

ANN.

Nothing, Miss Pert, that you could understand;
I have so many ideas at command,
I thought it best to have a few collected
To offer him, "original and selected."

FATIMA.

Now, Ann! You *really* don't intend to bore him,
And all your oddities to set before him?
You'll scare the man!

ANN.

What with your frills and bows,
You'd scare not only men, but carrion crows.

MADAME.

Now, Ann! now, Fatty! Don't begin to wrangle,
You'll drive me crazy with this constant jangle!
It's quite unchristian—and it don't look well,
And—goodness gracious! wasn't that the bell?

FATIMA.

It was! Oh! dear. It took me unawares!
And now I hear him coming up the stairs!
The door is thrown open and a footman announces
"The Count de Barbe Blue!" [*Enter Count.*]
The ladies all rise and greet him with very low
courtesies, which he returns by numerous bows. Fa-
tima, after a glance at him, shrinks back.

MADAME.

Welcome, your highness, to our humble dwelling,
Your condescension sets our bosoms swelling
With warmest gratitude! If I'm allowed
To use a vulgar phrase, "you do us proud!"

COUNT.

Madame, indeed, the favor's all your own.
You really wound me by this humble tone.
In fact, I think I'd hit it to a peg,
To say, "the boot is on the *other* leg."
These are your daughters—charming, beauteous
creatures!

MADAME.

Your highness flatters!—They have so-so features,
Tolerable figures—skins quite good enough,
But *beauty*!—ah! your highness means to puff.

COUNT.

Nay—on my soul! And just to prove it true,
Allow me to state that they resemble *you*!

MADAME (*simpering*).

Well! really, now.

COUNT (*turning to Ann*).

And not unknown to Fame,
If I mistake not, is this maiden's name,
Methinks I read it on the list of those

Sworn to do battle to their sex's foes.
Amid that constellation none shone brighter,
As Sorosister and as Woman's Righter.

ANN (*exultingly*).

I told you so! Your highness gives, no doubt,
Your name's great influence all our foes to rout?
You're with us?—are you not?

COUNT.

Believe me—to the end!

(Which comes, my duck, as soon as you offend.)
The question's settled—pray, don't let us vex it
(Or else 'twill drive me to a speedy exit).

Turning to Fatima, who edges away from him.

Fair maid, whose beauty, shining from afar,
Beams on my sight like some effulgent star,
Why do you tremble in such seeming fright?
Why from my presence would you fain take flight?

FATIMA (*shrinking to the other side of her mother*).

O mamma! help me! I'm awful skeered!
I never, never dreamed of such a beard!
You know, although I am so fond of dash,
I can't abide the sight of a mustache.
A pair of whiskers sets my flesh a crawling—
And such a beard!—oh! dear—it is appalling!
My heart to love him it is no use tasking.
I won't accept him.

COUNT.

Better wait for asking.

MADAME.

You foolish girl! You've ruined all your chances;
Don't sacrifice your fortune to your fancies!
Pray, count, excuse her—she's a silly child—
Frank and good-tempered, though a little wild;
Speaks out her mind, whatever may betide,
A fault, you'll own, that leans to virtue's side.

COUNT.

Ah! yes. Such failings one can scarce be hard on,
And—pretty dear!—her beauty wins her pardon.
I have the honor, madame, to demand
The priceless treasure of your daughter's hand—
Your youngest daughter.

FATIMA.

O dear mamma! no.

COUNT.

Hear me, before you answer, "Not for Joe!"
I ask no dowry but her precious self,
But will endow her with my hoarded pelf.
A hundred slaves shall be at her command,
And she shall reign the proudest in the land.
In silks and laces she her form shall deck,
And as for diamonds—she shall have a peck.
An opera-box—a ticket to each ball,
A seaside visit in the early fall;
A dozen castles for her dainty choosing,
And every comfort for her constant using.
In short, her life shall be an earthly heaven,
If she'll consent to be my number 7.
I'll promise, too, to shave when we are wed,
(Perhaps my beard—most probably her head!)

MADAME (*aside to Fatima*).

My darling Fatima, you must hear reason!
Just think—'twould be the wedding of the season!
Nothing could be more splendid than his proffer—
You'll never have another such an offer.
Say yes—of course, I do not wish to force you;
And in your wishes I shall never cross you.
But if you *don't*—you stupid little fool,
To-morrow you pack off to boarding-school.

FATIMA.

Well, ma, your argument and his, combined,
Have half persuaded me to change my mind.

Hesitating.

ANN (*aside*).

If she refuses him, the chance is mine.
(*Aloud.*) You can't intend your freedom to resign?
And, Fatty, dear, you don't intend to leave us?
Just think, my pet, how very much 'twould grieve
us.
And, then, I'm sure you'd really die of fright—
To have that awful beard fore'er in sight.
Don't have him, Fat!

FATIMA.

Dear Nancy, "that's too thin!"

To miss such chances surely'd be a sin.
I know you wouldn't—not unless you *could*.
But as I have the offer—why, I *would*!
And so, your highness, pray, accept my hand.

COUNT.

My love, my life, my all's at your command!
And as I wish no shadow of delay,
Pray, name next Wednesday as our wedding-day.

FATIMA.

But my trousseau!

COUNT.

Never mind that! The dress
I'll order up from Paris by express.
The rest shall follow.

MADAME.

Your highness overpowers!

COUNT.

Suppose we take a stroll amid the flowers.
Offers his arm to madame and Ann, and leads them off.

FATIMA.

Well! all is settled, yet I'm not contented;
Already of my bargain I've repented.
To be a countess is all very fine,
And much I love in splendid robes to shine.
He offers me a thousand varied pleasures,
And makes me mistress of his countless treasures;
And yet—somehow—all other things being even,
I really don't like being—number 7.
I'm much afraid I'm in a dreadful fix—
I wonder what *did* all the other six!
I wonder if they choked—I shall, I'm sure—
That dreadful beard keeps sticking in my craw.

Goes out, wringing her hands.

[*Curtain falls.*]

SCENE III.—BLUEBEARD.

SCENE.—A room in the count's palace, handsomely furnished. Enter sister, with waterproof over Turkish dress, carrying carpet-bag, bandbox, and umbrella.

ANN.

'Tis just two months since Fatima was wed,
And for this castle left our board and bed.
No doubt she had her fill of every pleasure,
Feastings and follies without stint or measure.
At any rate, it seems she's quite forgot
The whilom sharers of her humble lot,
For since the day when at the church I kissed her,
I've never heard from my ungrateful sister!
So, seeing poor mamma quite in the dumps,
And feeling mad myself, I've stirred my stumps,
Packed up my things, taken the earliest train,
And here I am, and here I shall remain.

Sound of weeping outside.

Why, here comes some one, sobbing fit to kill—
Some poor afflicted servant taken ill!

[Enter Fatima.

What, Fatima!—his highness' happy wife?

FATIMA (*embracing her*).

I never was so glad in all my life!
You precious girl! you dear, strong-minded sis, you,
Put down your carpet-bag, and let me kiss you!
I'm sure some angel sent you here to save
Your little Fatty from an untimely grave.
Oh! dear; oh! dear; oh! dear.

ANN.

Why, highty tightty!

I really think you must be getting flighty!

FATIMA.

I've had an awful shock—you needn't doubt it!

ANN.

Come, let's sit down. Now, tell me all about it.
Are you not happy?

FATIMA.

Well, until to-day,

My time has sped quite blissfully away.
Sometimes, I own, I've trembled at the frown
His highness wore when he'd had news from town;
But there has been no serious cause for grief
Until this morn, when—oh! 'tis past belief!

ANN.

Go on! go on! What has this morn revealed?

FATIMA.

Something, alas! to keep my eyeballs peeled
Forevermore. Last night the count set forth
To settle up some business in the North,
And, ere he went, presented me his keys,
Saying, in his absence, I myself might please
By roaming through the castle at my will—
One room alone he must forbid me still,
For, if I entered it—I thought him joking—
It might subject me to a sudden choking!

ANN.

Of course, you entered it?

FATIMA.

Of course, I did!

Wouldn't any woman, if she were forbid?
I hardly waited till the morning's light
Before I oped the door. And what a sight
Think you I saw?

ANN.

Dear me! how should I know?

FATIMA.

His six wives' heads all hanging in a row!

ANN.

Horrible!

FATIMA.

Wasn't it? The dreadful man!

And now I'm in for it! Do help me, Ann!
When he returns, and finds that I've defied him,
He'll lose no time in hanging mine beside 'em!

ANN.

There! don't take on! The case, I see, is tightish,
But what's the use of being Woman's Rightish,
If you've not wit enough to plot and plan,
And get the better of the tyrant man?
I'll bring you safe through, Fatty—never fear.

FATIMA.

O Sister Ann! you are a blessed dear!
But hark! just then I thought I heard a hack!

Runs and looks out of the window or door.

Good heavens, Ann! the count is coming back.
What shall I do?

ANN.

Do nothing but receive him.

The key is stained with blood—you can't deceive
him.

I'll steal away—seek some secluded spot,
And in ten minutes will mature a plot.

There! don't be scary. And don't look so blue!

[*Exit in haste.*

FATIMA.

How can I help it, with such fate in view?
I'm all atremble! Wish I had Ann's pluck!
The monster's coming!

[Enter count.

Welcome home, my duck!

What blessed fortune sends you back so soon?

I dared not hope for you till Monday noon.

COUNT.

I'm glad my coming pleases you so well!
The news I had turned out to be a sell,
Got up to make the Wall Street gudgeons bite.
Of course, I "couldn't see it in that light!"
So hastened back as fast as steamboat paddles
Could bring me—to my darling ducky-daddles!
Chuckling her under the chin.

FATIMA.

Won't you have lunch? What would your high-
ness please
To order?

COUNT.

Well—first place, I'll take my keys!

Fatima hands him the bunch, but keeps one concealed behind her.

Thanks, madame, thanks! But stay, though, what is this?

From off the bunch one key, methinks, I miss!

FATIMA (*handing it tremblingly*).

Here 'tis, my lord!

COUNT.

Woman, what means this stain?

Has then, indeed, my warning been in vain!

Sorry I am to seem at all inhuman,

But really I can't stand a curious woman.

And therefore it becomes my painful duty

To cut your head off! So prepare, my beauty!

Draws his sword, Fatima falls on her knees.

FATIMA.

Mercy, my lord!

COUNT.

I really cannot show it!

All pleading's useless—you had better stow it!

FATIMA.

Think of my mother—pity her gray hairs!

COUNT.

There's half a bottle of King's dye, up-stairs!

I'll send her that!

FATIMA.

Cruel, heartless man!

Think of my fair and fragile sister, Ann.

COUNT.

I really would—but am afraid to stuff

My mental stomach—she is rayther tough!

Come, hurry up!

FATIMA.

Grant me but time to say,

A single prayer! (*Aside.*) Why don't Ann come this way?

If she don't hasten, it will be too late.

COUNT (*looking at his watch*).

Nay, madame, nay, I have no time to wait,

'Till you your battery of arts have tried!

Come!—Ha!

Seizes her by the hair and raises his sword—then pauses suddenly.

But stay! what was that noise outside?

Enter boy with despatch, which he hands the count.

What's this? A telegram—direct from Levy!

Gold fallen an eighteenth! Do my eyes deceive me?

I'm lost! I'm ruined! Where's my horse and carriage?

This comes from frittering one's time in marriage!

Madame, this interruption will delay

Our little matter maybe half a day.

"Business 'fore pleasure," always is my rule;

Meanwhile, I would advise you to keep cool,

Say all your prayers and put your things in place.

This afternoon I'll settle up your case!

Exit count in great haste. Enter Sister Ann by opposite door.

ANN.

Saved!

FATIMA.

For a time—only till after dinner!

ANN.

You silly child! Now, as I am a sinner,

You don't intend to wait his coming in,

Then to his sword meekly present your chin?

Come, bustle up! We'll catch the earliest train,

And your sweet lord shall seek his prey in vain!

I'll take you to the New York Woman's Club,

Or to the sister circle at the Hub;

There I defy his tyrant-ship to trace us,

Or, if he does, he'll never dare to face us

Backed by that crowd!—I think I've proved his match!

FATIMA.

Then it was you that sent him the despatch?

ANN.

Of course, it was! Henceforth you won't despise

Your sister's claim to being, sometimes, wise!

Had she not been strong minded and a blue,

She'd never found a way for saving you.

For Woman's Rights' intended just to teach us

Wisdom to act, when men would overreach us!

And keeping kindly watch o'er one another,

Defend our own sex, and outwit the other!

THREE PICTURES.

BY JOEL F. FILE.

CHUBBY Robert, three years old,
Gazing on the fire's warm glow,
Building castles in the air,

As the shadows come and go;
And he shouts in childish glee,
Like a little, laughing gnome—
Naught but gladness in his heart,
While the hearthstone is his home.

Manly Robert, forty-five,
With a sternness in his face,
And his forehead furrowed o'er
With the lines that sorrows trace;
All his castles in the air—
Lofty spire and noble dome—
All have crumbled into dust,
And he's far from childhood's home.

Aged Robert, four-score-ten,
Furrows deepened in his face,
Sitting in the old arm-chair
In the chimney-corner place;
Nearly at his journey's end,
Nevermore will Robert roam,
Peace again is in his heart,
And the hearthstone is his home.

MEN spend their lives in the service of their passions, instead of employing their passions in the service of their lives.

KATY'S SECRET.

BY MARY E. COMSTOCK.

"DON'T you wish you knew?" The words were upborne by a long ripple of musical, saucy laughter. "Don't you wish you knew, Seth Howe?"

The speaker stood with her hands behind her. Her shaker had dropped off, and hung by the strings below her matted, curling hair, which the last of the sunset rays were tinging with gold. The sauciness and glee of the bright, dark eyes were exasperating in the extreme, and Seth Howe turned resolutely away, and addressed himself to milking in a most energetic, business-like manner.

"Don't you wish you knew?" said the little girl, with a particularly tantalizing accent; and cautiously, without a change of position, she drew a long straw, and applied, with most delicate of touches, to the part of Seth's neck left exposed beneath the straight hair by the low collar.

The young man gave a shrug, and pretty soon a brush of the hand, and finally a sudden—"Is that you, Kate? Off with you! Quick, I say!"

And another prolonged rill of laughter bore up the words—"I knew I'd make you speak. I knew I would. Say, don't you wish you knew, Seth Howe?"

Seth had taken the milking-pails that night, and gone out in a rather humdrum mood. He was tired. He usually was tired at the close of the day. Seeing him thus in the broken straw hat and short working-jacket, you could not tell what style of a young man Seth really was at his best. To do that, you needed to see him coming home from prayer-meeting with pretty Jenny Halsey on his arm. Then his form was erect, his step, albeit a lingering one, was yet firm and graceful; his eye was bright, and his tone soft as a flute's. Everybody said he was engaged to Jenny Halsey, but it was only a tacit engagement. No formal words had ever been spoken. In truth, the two had been so happy together in silent, mutual understanding, that words had thus far seemed, unnecessary in the sweet, bright dream.

To-night, as Seth came out with the milking-pails, he caught sight of the whisk of a white pocket-handkerchief, and in imagination he caught a whiff of the delicate perfume his

brother used as Tracy Howe's quick step made progress toward Squire Halsey's.

Tracy was home for a long vacation now. Tracy had been for some years past a clerk in the city. Too close confinement, he said, had threatened to make him ill, and he had come home to rusticate awhile. Confinement to any kind of work in the old time, when the two had been boys together, had been wont to make Tracy ill. And, too, he had been such a pretty lad, his step-mother's favorite, and possessed of such a winning manner, that a great deal had never been required of him. Seth had been accustomed to taking his brother's burdens, and to seeing that brother preferred before him. The father had resolved to try to send Tracy to college, but before he was quite fitted to enter, study had proved as unsuited to his delicate constitution as other labor.

Seth watched him now as he crossed the fields. Tracy carried something under his arm. It was his flute snugly encased. Jenny Halsey loved music dearly, and Seth did not play, and very rarely sung. His eyes followed for a few moments his brother's moving figure, and his teeth were set, and his lips pressed firmly together, as he planted the three-legged stool with rather more force than he had intended, and addressed himself to his task with more than ordinary vehemence.

"Don't you wish you knew what I know?" sung out a voice from the old apple-tree—"don't you now, Seth Howe?" And looking up, Katy's face, peering down upon him from among the leaves, had been provokingly discernible, as, curled up, she half lay among the branches.

"What are you doing up there, I'd like to know?" was the brother's salutation in a quick, disturbed tone. Perhaps a sudden consciousness of the bit of pantomime just enacted came to him with the knowledge of an observer.

"Oh! enjoying myself, and watching you, mostly—you and somebody else crossing the field over there." And in some secret glee the small creature caught hold of an upper branch and swung herself in an ecstasy of satisfaction to and fro.

"Don't do that!" in a sharp, quick tone. "You'll fall and break your neck some day, Kate. You certainly will."

"That's news, now! People don't tell me that more than a dozen times a day. Some other folks might take a different sort of a fall that would hurt about as much. Don't you think so, Seth?"

The young man sought refuge in dignified silence, and the little girl, dropping herself to the ground, had come and stood beside him, as narrated.

"What is it you know, Kate?"

"Goody! I wanted to make you ask me. I knew you would. But I can't tell; it wouldn't be *honorable*!" and pronouncing the last word in a mock-serious tone, she hugged herself, and gave way to various ebullitions of self-approval.

"Go away, Kate, I don't want you here!"

"I didn't suppose you did. Thought I'd come all the same. Be magnanimous, you know."

"Where did you find that long word?"

"Ain't it a big one? I got it out of the book Tracy brought me."

At the mention of Tracy, the cloud came back to the brother's face.

"Tracy uses big words, lot's of 'em. I wonder if that's what makes Miss Martin say he is such an *a-gree-a-ble* young gentleman."

"Kate."

"What?"

"Will you go into the house?"

"Can't precisely say I will."

"Cherry won't stand still while you're dancing and capering round so."

"Oho! Cherry don't care for me. Do you, Cherry? I'll hold her;" and the child came and threw an arm, far as her low height would let her, over the cow's neck. "Be still, Cherry!" At which injunction the cow took a step forward, which movement necessitated a change of position on the part of the young man in the straw hat and short jacket.

"Kate, you are growing to be a very aggravating, troublesome girl!"

"I know it, and when I grow up I will not be considered a young lady. No one will like my companionship if I do not change my course, and I will be lonely and unhappy. I'll tell you the rest of it if you want me to. I know it all by heart. It'll save you the trouble!"

The little girl had kept her place by Cherry, and she leaned her head against the cow's neck as she spoke.

"I'll tell you who that is *about* if you want to know, Seth Howe."

"Who what's about?"

"Why, what you asked me, and I wouldn't tell you. Because it wouldn't be honorable, you know."

"Tell them, if you want to!"

"About"—and Katy paused, and the young man raised his eyes involuntarily—"Jenny Halsey."

The crimson tide that swept full into his face at the unexpected name, did not escape Katy's notice.

"That's all I can tell. But I advise you to go over there a little oftener now-a-days, I do," in a serious tone.

"One from the family is enough," escaped the young man between set teeth.

He would have given much to recall the expression a moment later, as Katy's serious eyes, slowly regarding him, took sudden inventory of a shock of hair that had somehow escaped through a rip in the straw, and recollection flashing back the dramatic look with which he had regarded Tracy crossing the field, the genius of the ludicrous inspired one of those sudden, rippling laughs, and caused him to spring suddenly to his feet.

"Off with you, Cherry! Kate, you're a witch. I should think you'd be afraid to go to sleep nights. Lucky for you that you didn't live in Salem;" and he strode down through the garden with the brimming pail of milk.

Seth communed with his own heart that night. Even that child, Kate, saw how matters stood, he reflected. It must be patent to everybody. Tracy should have the field, he resolved. If Jenny could be swerved by a trick of manner and a new face, why, it was time the fact was understood, and met. The matter should be tested. He was not one that would stand in the way of either. The glory of self-sacrifice appealed to inner consciousness as never before. But Seth fought a battle that night. Its effects were visible in his haggard face next morning, when, after an early breakfast and several hours in the field, he chanced to re-enter the house, and found Tracy in his dainty summer suit discussing his late cup of coffee.

"Beautiful morning!" offered Tracy in his pleasant voice—"I'm delighted! I have promised to take Miss Halsey after pond lilies. Would you go around the bend, Seth, or across the other way?"

Seth stood and looked down upon his brother. His own figure, with its broad shoulders and expression of sturdy strength, seemed to attain unusual height, as he regarded the slight, student-looking young man before him, and

calmly gave the pros and cons of the two routes in measured accents, then turned and left the room.

Tracy did not perceive anything unusual in tone or manner. He was not magnetic. He was never made unhappy by the crossing of spiritual currents. Let half a dozen persons be at swords' points with each other; and Tracy could come into the room and utter his little common-place pleasantries for an hour, and never perceive the lack of harmony, unless, indeed, wordy combat were raging high. Tracy never felt stifled by spiritual atmospheres.

Seth stood outside the old doorway, motionless a moment, after he had left his brother breakfasting in the cool, shaded room. Then he drew a deep inspiration, and there was unusual energy in his step as he crossed the yard under the elms. Evidently, Seth was one that would work hard under trouble, real or imaginary.

Katy, up in the garret poring over an antiquated volume of ghost stories, did not hear the little dialogue, but, peeping from the window, she did catch sight of Tracy as he set out with the ladies on their expedition.

"There's Tracy, and I do believe he's taking Jenny Halsey and Sid Bulkley after pond-lilies. Oh! won't Seth look fierce again!" she exclaimed. "Won't I have some sport! Serves him right. Why don't he act like a man? Before I'd give up in that way!"

Picnics, sails, and other parties, were in programme for the month, but pre-occupied when in Jenny's company with his brother, Seth's contribution to the general fund of entertainment seemed dull indeed, in comparison with Tracy's elaborate small talk and musical offerings. Seth was no dissembler.

"Don't look so glum, Seth," once expostulated fearless Katy in an aside. "It isn't the right thing for you to do. I'm posted, or I wouldn't say so. Why, I should think that Jenny——"

"You daring child, not another word!" interrupted Seth, laying a hand on her shoulder. "What is it you know? What is it you've got to tell? You said something of the kind once before. Speak out; I'm not to be tampered with."

Seth's temper had been not a little tried by Tracy's assumption of right to provide for Miss Halsey's comfort on all occasions. It was Tracy's way to render little attentions gracefully. Jenny accepted in her own sweet way. And Seth may or may not have magnified the watchful tact of the services rendered. Few

men can understand the individuals of the brotherhood denominated "ladies' men." Seth did not realize in what irritation he addressed his little sister.

"I can't tell, Seth," said the little girl. "I—I can advise you, though."

"'Advise,' you chit!" was the ironical expression of Seth's eye as he steadfastly regarded her a full minute, and the unabashed black eyes returned the gaze with interest. "Hear me now—I 'advise' you, Kate, to hold your peace. Not a word more; I'm in earnest."

A long, low, musical laugh was the only answer as the child broke from him.

"I believe the girl is a witch, verily," said Seth Howe.

Weeks sped, and village gossip said Tracy Howe had come home to good or bad purpose, as the case might be. Seth had evidently retired from the lists, and his brother, to general vision, enacted the part of accepted suitor. Tracy's gift of pleasing had won most of the village hearts, and Jenny was a favorite. There were surmises as to whether she and Seth had quarrelled. There were queries as to how Seth looked upon the matter. But no one knew. Few but Kate, who feared no one, could take familiarities with Seth.

Katy's unsuspected sympathies were being wrought upon more than she was aware. Night after night she had watched Seth leave the house and cross the field in the direction of Squire Halsey's. Kate felt dimly the spirit of the errand that took him thither, but she had no gift of clairvoyance by which she could see him stand there in the solemn night, with folded arms, under the tall pine at the edge of the grove, gazing from afar up at the lighted window of Jenny's room as a devotee might at a shrine. She did not hear murmured words that passed the young man's lips in the still night. But she had sometimes caught sight of the hard, determined face when he came back.

Katy decided to make investigations. She came into the cool parlor in the most matter-of-fact way one day, and, with hands behind her, walked up to Tracy, lying luxuriously at full length on the sofa.

"Tracy Howe, are you going to marry Jenny Halsey?"

Tracy put down the volume he had held in his hand, and surveyed the little figure before him; a supercilious smile slowly curled his thin lips.

"Upon my word!" And the tone said more than the words.

"Don't look so, you smooth, selfish Tracy."

"Upon my word!" once more ejaculated the young man.

"Tell me, because, because it ought to be known," and the little girl took a step forward, and her eyes were burning bright, "is it true what Mrs. Griswald was talking about—are you going to marry Jenny Halsey?"

"I advise you to investigate bureau drawers, Miss Kate, in pursuit of knowledge under difficulties. Listening at keyholes, perhaps, would be in your line of investigation." And the supercilious smile still wreathed the thin lips. "I certainly shall not take the trouble to inform you by ordinary methods, when you have such admirable means of eliciting information."

"You know, Tracy Howe!" began Kate.

"Yes, I know I spoiled a little investigation of yours one morning," running his fingers through his perfumed hair, and speaking with a very perceptible taunt in his metallic voice.

Kate's cheeks crimsoned, and she felt a choking sensation in her throat. She did not wait to hear more. Not the privilege of having a table at a fancy fair—which, by the way, had for a year or two past been an ambition making young ladyhood enticing—would have induced Kate to let Tracy or anybody else see a tear in her eye, and she sprang away excitedly as Tracy threw an arm out to detain her, and, like some hurt, wild thing, ran out, and down to the locust thicket.

"He knows better," said the little girl. "He might know better; but he never will believe me. Aunt Debby sent me to his drawer to see if any more of his socks needed mending, and the picture lay right there. It was so lovely, and I never thought what I was doing, how could I help taking it up. I did not know I had the letter in my hand. I did not, whatever Tracy may say. I took it up with the handkerchiefs to make room for the clean things. And to think he should have come in just then, and believed what he did. Oh! dear," and a great, suppressed sob shook the little girl, "I wouldn't have read that letter. Nothing would have tempted me to read it; but he never will believe it, and I cannot make him—never, never! Kate Howe."

Pronouncing her own name in a changed voice, with one effort she suddenly, resolutely checked her tears and calmed herself. "Stop this. You know you didn't do anything dishonorable. You know it. What a little goose you are to fret over what Tracy thinks, and you can't help. I'm ashamed of you. Go and tie up your sweet peas."

Katy was a lonely child this summer. Aunt Debby was always occupied with domestic concerns, any of which she would rather transact than interest that "piece of mischief, Kate," in them. Her principle playmate was gone away to spend vacation. Seth, who through the little girl's orphanage had always been her best friend, regarded her with displeasure, and, in his irritable state of mind, had less patience with her teasing moods than usual. Katy was getting to have spasmodic attacks of being miserable.

It was late in the afternoon. She had picked her dish of currants for tea, and had set it down in the shade of a big horseradish leaf while she went to make her daily visit to a nest of young birds.

Star, handsome, dainty-stepping Star, came trotting up with a low whinny, and put his head over the garden fence where she was standing.

Katy was up on the top of the fence very speedily, and both arms were around the horse's neck. "Oh! dear old Star, I'm glad to see you. You're the best friend I've got, Star. I wish I had some sugar for you. Aunt Debby won't give it to me, though; and if I do open bureau drawers when I'm told to, I don't take sugar lumps even for you, dear Star," and she laid her cheek on the white spot on the horse's forehead. "I'm wretched, really, Star. That blessed, cross, old brother of mine, he troubles me a lot. He is growing dreadfully thin, and he won't even eat potpie—Aunt Debby's potpie—think of that, Star! He don't eat or sleep, and all because he's such a foolish fellow—such a very foolish fellow." And the little girl, suddenly overcome with merriment, laughed one of her long, rippling laughs, and the horse lifted and bowed his head in apparent sympathy or approbation. "He's *such* a foolish fellow, and I can't tell him, and he won't let me advise him. I'm always getting into wrong places, and finding out what I ought not to. I wish I didn't live with grown folks, Star. When May Halsey left me up-stairs alone, and I got out of the window to have a good slide down the roof, I didn't know I was going to hear them talk my brothers over, did I, Star? I didn't know I was going to hear Jenny Halsey say Tracy was an agreeable, gentlemanly fellow—that's what everybody says, you know—but that my good old Seth was worth half a dozen just like him. That there was more of a man about Seth when he was seventeen than there had been about Tracy all his life."

The little girl did not finish her communication to Star.

"Take care there, Kate!" said a voice in such close proximity, that, with a violent start that nearly threw her from her balance, the little girl gazed around, vainly seeking to discover from whence it came. But a moment intervened before Seth sprang from the clover-bloom, where he had been lying close by the fence, and stood before her.

Katy, whose every instinct was concealment where feeling was concerned, sat confounded, staring mutely with her great, dark eyes. Seth put the dark curls back on either side, and stood gazing down into the non-committal face.

"Kate, you gypsy, did she say that?"

"Who say what?"

Not a quiver of an eyelid betrayed the Kate of two minutes before and the present Kate to be identical.

"Did I dream what you said to Star, little sister?"

"Maybe you did. Very likely. Let go my head, Seth. I never said anything to any person any young lady wouldn't want me to. I wouldn't," said the child stoutly, "if I burned my hand off. But I'm always finding out what I ought not to. And now you're just as bad. Why don't you take your naps on the sofa the way Tracy does, and leave out-doors to me. There's one thing, Seth Howe," and the dark eyes brightened, "you are not to remember one minute if you've heard anything Miss Halsey would not want you to know. I am only twelve years old, but I know how young ladies feel about such things, and you have treated her shamefully, Seth Howe. You are a great, big coward to stand back so. You put me out of patience, you do. There, I haven't got another word to say. Let me go. Aunt Debby wants the currants for tea."

And Seth, letting her go, began a sort of apology. "I have been cross to you lately, Katy, I have"—but he did not get further. Picking up her dish of bright fruit, Katy threw back her head for one of the old laughs that had been less frequent lately.

"Don't practise apologies on me now, Sethy, don't. You'd better make 'em to somebody else. Don't be a goose!"

And Seth, watching the little figure flying down the garden-walk, exclaimed—"What a child it is, to be sure!"

The swallows had sought their nests, and the whip-poor-wills were uttering their plaints,

when—Tracy having one of his severe headaches—Seth walked alone over to Squire Halsey's, and found Jenny opportunely quite by herself.

The young lady met him with gentle dignity, quite unlike the old-time, pleasant freedom before Tracy came. But out there in the vine-wreathed porch, with sweet odors coming to them borne on the soft night-air from Jenny's flower-garden, with moonlight radiance around them, and only the stars and guardian angels looking down upon them, how was it possible that they should do otherwise than come to an understanding?

When Seth found how Jenny Halsey had grieved over his changed manner, how she had questioned her own conduct to find a reason for it, and how bravely she had striven to win him back by cheerful kindness, and bright good nature, yet without intruding the old understanding upon him; when he knew how she had feared some dark shadow of trouble had come upon him which she might not share, and had conjectured in vain its character, and finally, in maiden delicacy, had conformed herself to his own cold manner—when he knew all this, together with the explanations of various little scenes between her and Tracy, his conflicting emotions of joy, sorrow, and self-disgust found limited expression in the one ejaculation.

"I have been a great fool, Jenny!"

Had Katy been there, which she was not, her straightforwardness would have expressed itself in the words—"Precisely what I thought all the time, but how was I to help it!"

"Had Tracy confided to me the fact of his engagement to Miss Williams, it would have been different. However, in that case, I should not have known what an easy dupe I am capable of becoming to my own weakness," said Seth.

"I was at fault," yielded Jenny. "I was glad to entertain Tracy as your brother, of course, but I should have understood afterward how it was."

"It is all the more to your praise that you did not," acknowledged Seth. "I hope you never will understand my stupidities, Jenny."

But all shall not be told that they said there in the moonlight.

That night, when Jenny made an entry in the diary she kept locked, day by day, in her rosewood writing-desk, the last lines ran—

"So no more sleepless nights, and perplexed mornings now. I never would have supposed my noble Seth had an atom of jealousy in his

disposition—must I call it by that ugly name? But it is well to know it thus early, that I may guard against the brightening of the little spark. Perhaps it will die utterly for want of fanning. It has been hard for us both all these weeks, but I will not dwell on what is past.”

Jenny and Seth were married in the autumn, and Tracy was groomsman. Katy, now in young womanhood, retains all her childhood's straightforwardness and delicate sensitiveness to honor, together with her propensity to merriment and latent love of teasing, but she is greatly toned down and softened. Katy has personal matters of her own to be interested in, and to keep silent about. She is spending some time at brother Seth's now. He gives her occasional pay in her own coin on old scores, when he inquires the contents of certain letters that come up so regularly from the city, but more particularly when he alludes to the subject of a private interview solicited by one of Tracy's friends, from which Miss Katy came with a troubled look and crimsoned cheeks. Finding the young lady firmness itself on this topic, he demurely inquires whether she "might not be induced to confide it to Star."

ROAST GOOSE AND APPLE-SAUCE.

"DID you ever hear, sir, how it was that Edwards, the mason, gave up drinking?" said a workingman to my father one day when he was talking to him about the evils of intemperance.

"No," said my father; "how was it?"

"Well, sir, one day Edwards was drinking in a public house when the landlord's wife came to call her husband to his dinner."

"What's for dinner?" said the man.

"Roast goose," replied his wife.

"Is there apple-sauce?" he asked.

"No," she answered.

"Well, go and make some; *I won't eat goose without apple-sauce.*"

"What apple-sauce is," said the narrator of this anecdote, "I don't know, but I suppose it's something good they eat with goose."

When the woman had left the room to prepare this wonderful delicacy, Edwards was so impressed by the scene he had witnessed, that for the first time in his life he began to think, and his eyes were opened so that he was enabled to see clearly what a fool he had been.

"Here's this man," said he to himself, "can't eat his dinner off *roast goose without apple-sauce*, while my poor wife and children at home are glad to get a herring for their dinners, and very often can't have even that. Whose money, I should like to know, goes to provide this fellow with good things? *Mine*, and that of other poor fools like me. Well, what's done can't be undone. It's no use crying over spilt milk, but that fellow shan't dine off roast goose again at my expense." So he paid his reckoning, and walked out of that public house never to enter it again.

This happened many years ago, but the same thing is now going on in thousands of public houses all over the country—the landlord and his wife and children feasting on the best of everything, and the poor tipsy fools who pay for it having scarcely enough to keep themselves from starving.

Every poor wretch, who sits drinking away his earnings in the public house, sees this going on before his eyes, but he is too stupefied with drink to apply the lesson to himself, as that poor mason was enabled to do.

Reader, are you one of the number? Thank God, if you are not; but if you are, the next time you visit the public house notice the nice, hot, savory meal that is preparing for the landlord and his family, and then contrast it with the wretched food that is being prepared in your poverty-stricken home.

Suppose you were to be told that a family were coming to live in one of the most comfortable houses in the village, and that every workingman was expected to give a large portion of his earnings toward the support of these people. Why, the whole village would be up in arms to resist such tyranny. Fancy the commotion there would be! Can you not hear the people saying—"We have scarcely enough bread for our little ones, and are we to be taxed to keep a parcel of lazy, idle vagabonds?" Yet you know perfectly well that all this time you and your companions are supporting two or three such families in your village, aye, and pinching yourselves, too, that they may have all the comforts and luxuries you can give them.

God grant that your eyes may be opened before it is too late to the folly and misery of your present course, which is leading you on by sure and certain steps in the path to destruction. The way of the transgressor is hard, and harder you will find it the longer you continue in your evil course.

THE MARQUISE DE CHAUTONNAY.

AN EPISODE OF THE FRENCH REVOLUTION.

Adapted from the German.

BY E. B. D.

"**H**ELP me from my horse! Good-evening, all. What times are these! what times are these! You should go to the city, if you would see what France is coming to!"

With these words, Master Jacques dismounted from his black, foam-covered horse, in the courtyard of the Chateau de Chautonnay. He had ridden, without halt, the entire distance from Saumur on the Loire, eight leagues, through a wild and brushy country cut up by hedges and ditches. From the stables and the kitchens the servants had flocked to the yard; the field hands had left their labors, and, with the peasants from the neighboring village, were streaming in, all clamorous and questioning. Standing somewhat above the others, on the stone steps of the chateau, was a young girl, whose jaunty costume—that of a lady's maid—was in marked contrast with that of her fellow servants and the peasant women.

"I told you how it would be!" cried she. "The hail did not break in the church window for nothing—the fine-painted window that was a thousand years old and more! They have murdered the king!"

"Silence! silence!" shouted the others. "Let Jacques speak. He has been to the city—let him tell us how it looks there."

"Ah! it looks gloomy enough there!" exclaimed Jacques, with a shrug of his shoulders, "and heathenish, and wild! You would no longer know the good city of old," he continued, wiping the sweat from his forehead. "The townspeople run about as if they had lost their senses. Not a man is at work. 'Long live the republic!' they cry, and 'Arms! arms!' roar the beggars and idlers on the streets. From the window of the town-hall floats a long black flag, and on the market-place they have raised a wooden booth, over the entrance to which they have written,—'Our country is in peril! Volunteers wanted!' and around this place there is always a crowd of fellows in their shirt-sleeves, and with red caps on their bustling heads, while a dozen hand-organs grind out 'Ça ira! Ça ira!' all day long. And then they have taken the bells out of the churches, and

made them into cannon. They have broken open the shrines in which the sacred relics were kept, and sold the gold and silver and precious stones, and trodden the bones of the saints under their feet!"

A fierce murmur of indignation ran through the crowd.

Jacques resumed: "Why make such an ado about this! there is much worse to come. An order has been sent from Paris that every young man in the country shall be stuck into uniform, and marched off to the borders."

Jacques was in his element as a dispenser of information, and his listeners eager for news, so he remained deliberately, mail-bag in hand, replying to their questioning, deeply enjoying the dignity his superior advantages had temporarily secured for him.

The sun was setting, its ruddy, golden reflection gleaming in the windows of the chateau, a structure dating from an early period in the sixteenth century. At one of these windows on the second floor of the edifice, sat the Marquise de Chautonnay, a lady not yet past the bloom of youth. She was busy at a cabinet, looking over papers and letters, and documents of value, and devising means for their safer keeping, for now precautions were required which were unnecessary in peaceful times. Glancing from the window, she perceived the group in the courtyard, and rising hastily, rang the bell to summon her maid.

"It is the courier with the letter-bag," she said half aloud; "he brings news of my husband, and all the gossips of the village will hear it before me."

The Marquis de Chautonnay had hastened to Paris at the first warning of danger, in order, if possible, to serve his king.

It was now late in August of that year of terror, 1792. Undefined, panic-creating rumors, each succeeding one surpassing its predecessor in horror, flew from mouth to mouth. As if borne upon a flash of lightning, the tidings of the downfall of the monarchy, on the tenth of August—of the massacre of the heroic nobles and the faithful Swiss while defending the

Tuileries against the fiery assaults of the populace—of the erection of the republic, and of the convocation of an assembly, had been carried even to the remotest villages and the most retired chateaux. The world seemed to have turned to that primeval state of nature in which, in the struggle for existence, one man's hand was lifted against the head of another. Even the provinces of Anjou and Poitou, those thickly wooded and hilly districts, which derived their name from the river Vendée, fell into the new movement. As the nobles of these provinces had not forsaken their estates for the gayeties and dissipations of Paris, as had been too much the case throughout the rest of France, their patriarchal rule had not yet been shaken. Nevertheless, the principles of republicanism were gradually advancing from the large cities to the north and eastward—from Nantes and Angers, and from Saumur and Tours. The cry—"Liberty, equality, fraternity, or death!" began to grow loud. The Jacobins did not despair of finally bringing over to their doctrines the people even of this corner of France. The uneasiness and anxiety which all felt led them to surmise that some new calamity was impending. It was as if the air smelt of blood.

Minutes passed, and Elise did not appear, and again the marquise rang, this time impatiently.

"It is useless, I know," she exclaimed. "The chattering hussey is with the crowd in the courtyard, and I may wait, as best I may, until it suits her pleasure to come to me."

As she sat, waiting anxiously and listening intently for the coming of her maid, her mind strained with the dreadful suspense of the moment, she fancied she heard a slight noise in the room. It was as if a door, ordinarily swinging noiselessly, had creaked faintly from the very excess of care in opening it—a noise so slight, indeed, that if she had not been intently listening, it would have escaped her notice. Again her ear caught, or fancied it caught, the sound of a muffled footfall. In those dreadful times the senses were on the alert for the slightest hint of danger to life or property.

For a moment, terror was the reigning feeling in the breast of the marquise, and she half rose in the sudden impulse to spring to the bell and sound a peal of alarm. But she immediately checked herself with the thought, that, as her two former summons still remained unanswered, a third would be equally useless, and any overt act on her part might hasten the catastrophe.

Escape from the room was impossible, for to gain the door she must pass the spot where the intruder—if such there was—stood. In the dreadful emergency she retained her self-possession, and summoned all her courage and energy to her aid.

Immediately in front of her, resting on the top of the cabinet, was a mirror. Her glance fell by accident on this mirror, but before it was withdrawn she saw reflected in it the figure of a man, carrying a formidable knife, advancing around an angle of the room behind her.

Quick as thought, yet with a slightly perceptible motion, with her right hand she seized a pistol which lay in the open drawer before her, while her left hand she placed as quickly over the eyes and mouth of the tiny spaniel which lay in her lap, lest she should discover and resent the appearance of the intruder.

The man paused, as if deliberating on his next movement, and she turned her eyes from the mirror, so that he might not perceive she had discovered him. Meanwhile, her thoughts were busy with the perils of her situation and devising the course she had best pursue.

At that moment footsteps were heard ascending the staircase and advancing through the hall toward the door of her room. A quick glance in the mirror showed her that the rufian had disappeared; and as the maid entered immediately, and gave no sign of seeing anything unusual, she knew that the man must have retreated through the same door by which he entered. And this door opened into her bedroom. There was no means of egress from the chamber, except through the room where she was sitting, or by the window to the court below. To make use of the latter was impossible, crowded as the court now was by servants and villagers.

The marquise was pale and trembling when Elise entered, but the maid was too excited herself to take note of any excitement in others.

"My lady," said she, "here is Jacques, who has brought you the news from Saumur, and they do say there are dreadful doings in Paris. They have murdered the king and put everybody in prison——"

The marquise, by a gesture, silenced the volubility of her maid, and turned to the courier with—"You have come at last, Jacques. What news do you bring me of my husband?"

Jacques shrugged his shoulders. "I cannot tell," said he; "no good news, certainly. They say he is put in prison, and one knows what

that means now. The blood-thirsty villains will not be satisfied until all but themselves are dead."

"Have they killed the king?"

"Not yet, madame; but one cannot tell what they will do."

The marquise silently reached her hand for the mail-bag, and nerved herself for the dreadful ordeal of finding, perhaps, her worst fears realized. There were papers of the day, and one or two letters, the latter written in a guarded manner, as if their writers feared to compromise themselves if their productions should fall into the wrong hands. But from them she learned her husband had been arrested, and was now awaiting his fate, a fate concerning which there could be little doubt. She gave one cry, but quickly regained her composure, as the thought of her own peril—a peril which, for the moment, in her anxiety for her husband, she had forgotten. Now was no time for weakness. She must be strong and wise. Should she tell Jacques of her danger, and bid him summon the servants to secure the ruffian? She would not decide on the impulse of the moment. She had the man secure—no, he was not secure; the door was unlocked, and the key on the inside, and if she were left alone for a moment, she might be subjected to a worse horror than that through which she had just passed.

Rising resolutely, she went to the door of her chamber, and opening it, she held it ajar for a few moments, while she paused on the threshold further to question Jacques. Having allowed sufficient time for the man to secrete himself, as she felt sure he would do if he had opportunity, she boldly entered the chamber, crossed it, made a pretence of taking something from a table, and as she passed out again, by a hasty movement secured the key of the door. As she re-entered the room, she inserted the key in the lock on the outside, and turned it, unnoticed by Jacques and Elise.

Then she sat down, and spent some moments alternately indulging her forebodings concerning her husband, and considering what she should do with her prisoner. As the word prisoner occurred to her, it suddenly seemed to be fraught with a double meaning. Her husband, too, was a prisoner; and as she prayed for mercy for him, so would she also be merciful, unless the man proved utterly unworthy. In her hasty view of him, she had recognized him as a former resident of the village, an idle, good-for-nothing fellow, but one whose worst crime had hitherto been that of poaching.

The evil influences of the times had probably had their effect upon him, and in the general anarchy and blood-thirstiness, he had found a broader scope for the exercise of his misdirected faculties.

"Elise," said she, rising with a sudden determination, "go with Jacques to the next room, and remain until I call you. And here," she added, by a sudden after thought, as the maid was leaving the room, "poor Fidelé can wait no longer for her supper. Take her down and attend to her wants."

The maid looked surprised at this care for a dog at such a time; but it was with the view of having no troublesome intruder in the interview which she contemplated that she sent the dog away.

As she heard the door of the adjoining apartment close, she paused a moment to collect herself. Then, taking her pistol again, and advancing to the door of her chamber, she said in low, yet distinct tones—

"Godfrey Chassong!"

There was no reply.

"Godfrey Chassong," she repeated, "you see that I am aware of your presence, and you cannot but know that you are completely in my power. I can, if I wish, deliver you over to the servants and villagers who are collected below, to be dealt with as they see fit. The wisest thing you can do is to submit to me. You hear me, Godfrey?"

There was a moment's pause, and then came the reply, "I hear you, madame."

"Then tell me what was your purpose in coming here to-day."

There was another pause, and then came a second reply—"You are a brave woman, madame. You remind me of Citizeness Capet, who calls herself our queen. You have every advantage of me, and I am forced to submit and answer your question. You are suspected of being in communication with the royalists, and I was sent to see if I could find any evidence against you. I found you busy with your papers, and I thought if I could get behind you unseen, I might find out all I wanted with your aid, but without your knowledge. Otherwise, I should be obliged to search the desk myself. But you must have seen me in the glass."

"Yes, I saw you in the glass. But what were you intending to do with your knife?"

"Madame, when one undertakes a dangerous affair, it is necessary for one to go prepared."

"Then it was not to murder me?"

There was undoubted genuineness in the tones of the voice which replied—"Heaven forbid! I might have frightened you, and in the cause of our republic have borne witness against you, for a patriot must not let himself be influenced by private feelings. But if you had let me pass unharmed, you would have been equally safe from harm from me."

"What will you do if I let you pass unharmed now?"

"*Mon dieu!* I cannot expect that."

"Answer my question, if you please. Will you go peaceably away?"

"I would be a worse man than I am, madame, if I did not."

The marquise summoned Jacques from the adjoining room.

"Jacques," said she, "you were a faithful servant of your old master, were you not?"

"I was, madame."

"And you are ready to serve me as faithfully, if I desire it?"

"Most certainly, madame."

"Even if it went against your conscience?"

"Madame would not ask me to do anything wrong."

"But suppose, Jacques, I should wish you to do something that you disliked very much—as much as you would the rescuing of a Jacobin—would you not do it for me—for the sake of the marquis?"

Jacques hesitated, and muttered between his teeth—"Those infernal *sans-culottes!*" He was evidently struggling between duty and inclination. He finally answered, reluctantly, to be sure—"Whatever madame wishes me to do I will do without a question. She cannot certainly want me to put on a red cap and cry, '*Vive la republique.*'"

The marquise unlocked the door of her chamber, and called Godfrey forth.

"Jacques," said she, "I want you to conduct this man quietly out of the house, and safely off the premises."

"But, madame," stammered Jacques in astonishment, as his eyes fell upon Godfrey, "you do not know who he is. He is one of the *sans-culottes*. You surely do not mean—"

"I mean, Jacques, that I wish to be obeyed," replied the lady with dignity.

"And I will obey you," returned Jacques, recalled to himself; but he shrugged his shoulders, and muttered in an undertone, "What strange freaks ladies take! Can madame be turning Jacobin, I wonder? Or has she lost her senses?"

"Godfrey Chassong, this man will see you

safely out of the neighborhood. I have spared you once. Do not be sure I shall be so lenient a second time."

"Come along," said Jacques surlily, casting a scowling, sidelong glance at his companion. "I'll do what I'm ordered now; but if I ever have a fair chance at you when I'm not under commands, we'll see who is the best man—a true royalist who stands up for his church and king, or a rascally, cut-throat republican, who gets into people's houses no one knows how, and who has to be got out again on the sly."

Godfrey lingered in hesitation for a moment, and then, sinking on his knees before the marquise, seized her hand and kissed it reverently.

"I cannot thank you now, madame," said he earnestly, "for your generosity to me. But if the time ever comes when I can prove my gratitude to you, I shall not fail you."

"Better not trust him," said the incorrigible Jacques, and together they disappeared through a winding passage which led to a back entrance.

As the door closed after them, and the necessity for calmness and self-control was no longer so imperative, the marquise was overcome by sudden weakness, and staggered with difficulty to a seat. Her maid found her utterly prostrated in mind and body, and it was days before she became herself again.

The weeks went on, until it was the middle of September. An ominous sultriness brooded over France. From the mighty volcano of Paris a terrible something had shot up—a cloud of fire and blood, it might be, which, spreading out its gloomy canopy, had, at last, well nigh covered the whole land. The world seemed to have been driven from the poles on which it had so long revolved, and chaos to have come again. Now that the altars of God and the throne of the king had been overturned, whose property, whose life was any longer safe against violence?

Already the marquise was aware that the Jacobins of the city had marked the Chateau de Chautonnay as the rendezvous of those "sworn foes of the people," the "aristocrats." By certain information received, she was left scarcely in doubt that the republicans intended to make an attack upon the house during the coming night. With the undaunted intrepidity of her nature, she resolved, if possible, to hold out against them.

Jacques had again just returned from Saumur with the precious letter bag.

"One of the letters," said Jacques, "was brought by a traveller to our tradesman's."

In those days of suspicion and treachery it was dangerous to trust letters to the post. The heart of the marquise throbbed more violently, yet no outward sign of emotion disturbed the gravity and composure of her mien. Turning toward Jacques, she asked—"Is everything prepared?"

"Everything, just as your ladyship directed. The firelocks are all loaded, and the peasants are ready to spring up at the first stroke of the alarm-bell. There are forty of them—strong, resolute men. They have arranged a fire-signal with their neighbors, if the sans-culottes should come this way. Your ladyship can rest easy in this matter. But if you had only taken my advice, and not let that rascal Chassong go, all this might have been saved."

"How so, Jacques?"

"Everybody knows, madame, he is at the bottom of this attack. He is such an ungrateful, cowardly dog!"

If Jacques had not been restrained by the presence of his mistress, it is highly probable that his indignation would have found vent in far stronger language.

The marquise opened the bag and took out a newspaper. It was a copy of *The National Gazette, or Universal Monitor*, for Thursday, the 9th of September, 1792, "the fourth year of Liberty, and the first of Equality," as the title announced.

Of all the newspapers that sprung up during the Revolution, the *Moniteur* was considered the most fair and reliable. In it one beheld the destinies of France—tragedies innumerable, and more terrible, even, than those of Cornille and Crebillon. A few moments the marquise silently looked over the sheet, and then read to herself the following:

"The report that the royalists confined in the various prisons of the city had resolved upon a general rising and attempt to escape, inspired our good citizens with an ever-growing apprehension. These reports, indeed, at last gained such strength and wide-spread credence, that patrols were sent out to guard the prisons. But the fury of the people had now risen to the highest pitch, and the rashest and most terrible purposes were already contemplated. At this moment a citizen, who had just enrolled himself as a volunteer, cried out in a sort of frenzy:

"Shall we, who have left our homes, carry with us the fear that those in whose charge we have left our wives and children shall not be able to guard them against new conspiracies?"

Death to all traitors! Let the prisoners die!"

"The effect of this appeal was instantaneous. From every quarter of the city there was a sudden rush upon the prisons. In vain the authorities strove to restrain the mob. But if the justice of the people was terrible, it must yet be said that when it had nothing further to punish, it broke forth into the loudest jubilation. Such of the prisoners whose innocence was assured were set free at once, and borne off in triumph, amid shouts of 'Long live the people!' Those not deemed innocent, yet culpable in a less degree, were taken to see the destruction of the criminals, and the fearful spectacle they were thus made to witness was the prelude to their liberation."

The newspaper closed its recital of the magnanimity of the mob with the following horrible and cold-blooded paragraph:

"The next day they cut off the head of the Princess Lamballe. The dead body was dragged around the city, but first of all, around the Temple."

It was in the Temple that the king was confined.

The marquise emptied the mail-bag of its contents. She threw the newspapers upon the floor. "I cannot read them," she said; "there is blood on them."

With trembling hands and blanching face she opened the letter of which Jacques had spoken.

"Not a word to console you," wrote her friend. "All is over! I believe that the end of the world is at hand. At midnight of Sunday the slaughter began, and continued till Tuesday. Alarm-bells pealed from every steeple. The houses were all closed. Only the armed bands of murderers paraded the streets. Three hundred of the boldest were sent to the prisons. It is said that Danton himself selected them for the bloody work, and paid them for it. Civil functionaries, wearing tri-colored sashes, marched in advance of them. Fifteen hundred persons were put to death by these ruffians. Among the victims were many harmless women, and many priests, whose sole offence was that they would not take the oath to the new constitution. You recollect my niece, who was maid-of-honor to the queen, and was captured at the storming of the Tuileries? She is now no more. Fortify yourself with the courage of a Christian. Your husband, the Marquis de Chautonnay——"

The marquise could read no further. The

letter dropped from her trembling hands, and with a gasping sob she sank back in her chair.

Suddenly, in the courtyard below, was heard a loud uproar, together with a hammering at the outer gate. At this noise the marquise arose, every trace of weakness and apprehension gone from her face and bearing. Reaching the courtyard, she found the entire force of male servants under arms. A few torches and stable-lanterns diffused a flickering and uncertain light.

"Open the gate, will you?" shouted some one on the outside. "Open! we have caught a thief—a spy!"

"It's that villain Chassong, I am certain," was the remark of Jacques, who had followed close at the heels of his mistress.

"Open!" commanded the marquise, from her position on the stone steps.

There was some little delay before the servants could take down the iron bars, shove back the heavy bolts, and turn the key in the lock. A number of peasants armed with pikes and firelocks rushed noisily in, dragging in their midst a man, the first noticeable peculiarity in whose clothing was the tri-color sash across the breast, and the national cockade in his crushed hat.

"A Jacobin, who wanted to set fire to the village! kill him! Down with him!" clamored the peasants, whose courage had evidently been heightened by a too free use of brandy at the inn.

Little by little the marquise gathered from the confused talk the particulars most essential to an understanding of the matter. Apprehensive of a sudden attack, the peasants had resolved on a thorough search of the neighborhood, during which they had encountered this man, who, at sight of them, would have fled to the bush. They had fallen upon him, however, and, in spite of his entreaties, brought him with them. Amid their scornful laughter he had at last called upon them to lead him into the presence of the Marquise de Chautonnay.

"Bring him into the house, that I may see and question him," was the marquise's command, as she ascended the steps.

Jacques shrugged his shoulders. "I knew it was he," he said; "I can recognize him in spite of his disguises—that wretch Chassong. He will not get off so easy this time."

No sooner had they entered the chateau, than the stranger, having already, by a powerful jerk, broken away from the two men who held

him, now dashed aside his hat, and the black bandage which had concealed a portion of his face, and revealed the form and features of the Marquis de Chautonnay!

What a meeting was this! Unexpectedly, unobserved, Joy, the daughter of heaven, had descended, and now stood there in all her beauty. He whom his wife believed to be dead, was with her again, delivered from a thousand perils. Passionate embraces alternated with eager questionings.

And this was his story: "Bleeding from a severe wound, he had fallen into the power of the people at the storming of the Tuileries, and had been carried a prisoner to the Abbey. Here his wounds were carefully examined and dressed, and he received from his jailer a certain kindness of treatment. At last came the terrible days of September.

"It was late in the evening of Sunday," said the marquis, "we were all prepared for the last extremity. The day previous I had been removed to the little chapel, which was already occupied by several prisoners. Outside we heard the yells of the murderers, the groans of the murdered. At ten o'clock my name was called, and I went out. A savage-looking fellow, bespattered with blood, and brandishing a bloody sabre, seized me by the arm.

"To the tribunal, aristocrat!" he shrieked. 'To the tribunal.'

"Pray, sir," I politely rejoined, 'only show me the way, and I will go alone.'

"Then a singular circumstance happened. At the sound of my voice the murderer started. He turned with an impetuous movement toward a lamp which was burning in the dark and narrow hall.

"You are the Marquis de Chautonnay," said he.

"And you are Godfrey Chassong," I returned."

"I knew it!" broke in Jacques impetuously. "I knew there would mischief be done when madame set the vile sans-culotte at liberty!"

The marquis turned with a questioning glance to his wife. She took no apparent heed, except to bid him proceed with his narrative.

"Well, with that he squeezed me into a small closet, and shut the door. 'No noise,' he whispered, and I was alone. About midnight, when the butchers had completed their bloody task, or desisted from slaughter through exhaustion, he returned, wrapped a mantle around me, and brought me thus disguised in safety from the Abbey. For three days I shared with him his miserable home in one of

the remoter suburbs. In the meantime, he procured for me a certificate, which, stamped, sealed, and signed by Danton himself, bore testimony to my republican principles, and opened to me the gates of Paris. Once in the open country, I gave Chassong half my remaining ready money. We parted; he to join the forces under General Dumoriez, and fight against the Prussians, whilst I made my way hither on foot, not daring to risk the chances of the Jacobin emissaries by travelling in the post. But the strangest part of all was, that Chassong would not confess to me his motive for saving my life, and whenever I spoke of gratitude, his invariable reply was—"You must thank the marquise, your wife, not me." Is it possible, my dear wife, that you found means to hire this ruffian to rescue me from the jaws of certain death?"

"My heart did not err, after all!" said the marquise, with a significant smile. But before

she had time to reply to the question of her husband, Jacques interrupted with—"That is it! What a fool I was not to see it before! Those sans-culottes are ready to betray their own cause for a few francs. The mean, cowardly, treacherous dogs! Yes, milord, madame hired him, and sent him to Paris to save you, and I myself let him secretly out of this house and started him on his journey. I can tell you all about it."

"It is true, and yet it is not true, my husband," said the marquise solemnly; "I sent him to you, but it was all unknown to myself, and there are other obligations stronger than those of mere money. Let us remember that in even the vilest of men there still remains a spark of goodness which may be kindled into a flame—that none are so base as to be incapable of gratitude. Let us give God the honor for your deliverance! His be the thanks and praise!" "Amen," was the reverent response.

SOUTHEY.

BY C.

THE ancestors of Robert Southey were not particularly celebrated, except that some of them had risen in rebellion with the Duke of Monmouth, and had narrowly escaped such law as was administered by the harsh and austere chief-justice of the last King James. The father of Southey was, when quite young, sent from his native county of Somerset to London, to a kinsman of the family, who was engaged in trade, in order that by some easy process he might attain wealth and dignity. The young farmer was not pleased with the city, being very fond of rural affairs and field sports, and he often sighed for the green pastures, running streams, and shady orchards of his native shire. But the relative died, and he transferred himself to Bristol, and entered the store of a linen-draper, the principal shop in that rich old town. While he was here, it was his fortune to become acquainted with the son of a widow lady, who resided on a small estate that had belonged to the family for many generations. He formed an intimacy with the family, was their regular Sunday guest, fell in love with one of the daughters, married her, and commenced business on his own account. This daughter of the widow lady was very well educated, and refined in taste and manners.

Such were the father and mother of Robert Southey, who was born August 12, 1774. By the time he was two years old, he manifested a very sensitive disposition, and was often affected to tears by the songs and stories which were sung and recited to him. When still less than three years old, he was removed from the influences of his amiable mother, and placed with Miss Tyler, his mother's half sister, at Bath. She was a person of imperious will and of violent temper. The discipline of the young poet was now irksome and despotic, but being much in the company of sensible people, he mused and romanced at an early age. As soon as Southey had learned to read, his mother sent him a number of children's books, which were much prized and eagerly perused. At the age of six he returned to his father's house, where he was at liberty to walk in the fields, which was the greatest of pleasures to him, and he rejoiced exceedingly to be free from the incessant vigilance of his aunt; he now enjoyed comparative freedom. Southey now became the pupil of a Baptist minister for one year, and then spent some time at a boarding-school. Before he was eight years old, he had read with avidity the works of Shakspeare, Beaumont, and Fletcher,

and his fancy glowed with romantic and beautiful thoughts and charming visions, and he even now wrote some pretty poetry. One day he said, It is the easiest thing in the world to write a play, for you have only to think what you would say if you were in the place of the characters, and make them say it. During his twelfth and thirteenth years, Southey, ever eager in his beloved pursuit, exercised his poetic powers with much industry and enthusiastic perseverance. He searched and labored diligently to make himself master of the necessary historic facts and information relating to the particular subject about which he was writing. Even at this early date, he was fitting and accomplishing himself, by solitary and unaided study, and by practice in the coining and structure of sentences, for the career which he selected.

Southey had a genuine love for poetry, and studied with an ardor, patience, and resolution in the highest degree creditable to himself, rarely if ever equalled, and never surpassed by any one. When he was fourteen he was sent to Westminster School, and a clergyman, his mother's brother, offered to defray the expenses of his education. About this time his father died, and left but very little property; but Miss Tyler, by the death of her mother, had come into possession of her father's estate, and flushed with pride at the acquisitions of her nephew, took him under her protection. After leaving Westminster, Southey passed some time at Oxford, and in 1792, when he was eighteen, entered Balliol College. On becoming acquainted with Coleridge, they formed a romantic scheme of organizing a colony on a thoroughly social basis. They were to purchase land in America to reside on, and all were to be married men. He soon engaged the affections and hand of his amiable Edith, with whom he lived so happily; she was willing to accompany him to the land of promise which his fancy had pictured. But when Miss Tyler was informed that he had selected a partner for life without consulting her wishes, her sudden and merciless wrath fell upon him. The night was rainy, but she turned him out of doors, and never saw his face again. Southey was now, for the first time, dependent entirely on his own resources. After wasting much time and care, the scheme of a colony was abandoned as impracticable. With a view to his welfare, his uncle, Mr. Hill, urged and persuaded him to go with him to Lisbon, where the clergyman was chaplain to the factory, his reverend patron thinking that a change of scene and society would dissipate

and banish all his fine visions of love and emigration.

On the eve of his departure, he led his adored Edith to the altar, and received her as his bride, thus uniting their fortunes forever, but parted with her at the portico of the church. He also made arrangements for the publication of "Joan of Arc." The poem appeared while the author was absent from the country. He returned in 1796, after an absence of two years. He immediately prepared for publication his "Letters from Spain and Portugal." He was then duly entered as a student at Gray's Inn, and made an attempt to study law, but he soon discovered that either law or poetry must be given up, so Blackstone was neglected, and poetry chosen for the business of his life. He now took a small house in the beautiful village of Westbury, where, with his amiable wife, he was very happy. Trusting to his pen for support and distinction, he was one of the most industrious of men.

He published a volume of minor poems—"Madoc," "Metrical Tales," "Thalaba, the Destroyer," "The Curse of Kehama," and "Roderick, the Last of the Goths." Also, in prose, his "Life of Nelson," and "Life of Wesley."

In 1801, Southey was appointed private secretary to the Irish Chancellor of the Exchequer, and accompanied him to Dublin. Soon after this a pension was bestowed on him by government. He pursued his avocations with keen and constant diligence. He wrote perpetually. He contributed to "Lardner's Cyclopædia," and in 1809, when the "Quarterly Review" was established, he furnished several of the most prominent articles. In 1821, the degree of LL.D. was conferred on him by the University of Oxford. On the death of Mr. Pye, the poet-laureate, Southey was appointed to the place. He was offered a baronetcy, and a seat in Parliament, but declined them both. He acted with wisdom and prudence, and left a considerable fortune, the result of his industry. He died March 21, 1843. An inscription to his memory was furnished by the venerable Bard of Rydal Mount, who succeeded him in the laureateship, and was soon laid at rest near his former compeer.

DELAFIELD, WIS.

RUST ON DINNER-KNIVES.—Cover the steel with sweet oil, well rubbing it on; let them remain forty-eight hours, and then, using unslacked lime finely powdered, rub the knife until all the rust has disappeared.

JACQUELINE.

BY VIRGINIA F. TOWNSEND.

"... Like a voice from the grave, saying, 'Here dwelleth some sadness, but no despair.'"

CHAPTER I.

SHE came over the bridge, a little out of breath with her rapid walk, for it was getting dark and chilly now; heavy, blackish clouds, like the hulks of old men-of-war, had anchored themselves low about the horizon; going down behind them, half an hour before, the sun had a last, dismal, anxious outlook, and the earth, in its turn, looked up at the sun with something pitiful, haggard in its face. It had done its best for that year, and now the frosts had come, and crisped, and withered, and blackened everywhere.

Faded leaves still hugged the branches and shivered in the winds, clinging forlornly, one with a little imagination might fancy, to happy memories of great, cool depths of greenness, and winds rustling and birds singing across them, through pleasant June mornings.

What a wide, dismal gloom the landscape had, with the slow mists crawling up like unclean spirits from the distant swamps, and the murk of evening settling drearily upon everything; yet the year had only grown what we all must in a little while—old! old!

Some thoughts of this sort passed through the mind of the young woman as she moved across the long, covered bridge rather too rapidly for grace; yet you could never have mistaken her for anything but a lady. I use the word in its old, fine meaning, not in that modern, vulgar, indiscriminate one, which takes no account of anything but a fair, showy outside, no matter how essentially coarse and hard may be the nature underneath.

Everybody at Hedgerows knew the gray wrapping shawl, and the simple brown hat above it, for they were out in all weathers, off on long walks among the country roads and hills; and there clung to the wearer a slight reputation for oddness and independence. People had vague notions that she did not square her opinions and life after received patterns; and, if the truth must be told, were a little afraid of her, or, at least, were afraid of petty disguises and affectations before her, for she had a glance that dived deep into things and souls, and a sudden irony that could smite strong and deep, only this lay on the surface—

a little, thin, rough rind after all, beneath which lay the sound, wholesome ripeness of her character.

This young woman, Jacqueline Thayne, whom I want you to know and to love, and whom, with what power of heart and brain I have, I shall try to make clear to you, had one of those faces most difficult to write about, fair and delicate; yet its charm does not consist in its being these. An earnest, thoughtful face, with a wonderful sweetness which comes into it at times like the spirit of its lost childhood stealing back and looking out of it; a low, broad forehead under its crown of fine, dark hair; eyes in whose dark, luminous browns, and in the flushed lips beneath, you touch the secret power of the face, one which—and this, after all, is the best thing to say of any human face, whether it be beautiful or homely—to know it best is to love it most.

Just as the girl reached the end of the bridge, something stumbled upon and nearly upset her. It proved to be a small, shock-headed boy, with a heap of yellowish, whitish hair, looking much like "a pile of badly picked oakum." The face which looked up at the girl had an old, wizened look—a child's face, yet it seemed with all the childhood long ago oozed out of it, and left, instead, a sharp, pinched, wilted sort of mask, that made you think of fruit withered long before it was ripe.

In the single instant that followed their collision, when both involuntarily drew back, Jacqueline took it all in, the small, shambling figure, the dirty, whitish hair above the young, wizened face, like fruit withered before ripeness, the startled look in the dull eyes that seemed of no particular color. And the boy, in his turn, saw for one moment the wide, beautiful eyes, the flushed lips, the delicate face under the brown hat. And then they passed on out of the covered bridge and left him.

The girl went on more rapidly than ever down the steep slope of the road, as though she was anxious to get away from some disagreeable thing. Then, of a sudden, she stopped short. Look at her there, the chilly wind making sudden dashes at her hair, the live

flushes in her cheek, the fair, oval profile cut out darkly against the gathering murk—if anybody chanced to be standing on the river bank, far below, in the shadow of the bridge—it would be worth looking up—the sight of that girl's face.

It stands there a moment, doubtful, irresolute, behind it, busy thoughts moving on.

"You'll only make a fool of yourself, Jacqueline. Where's the use? You can't carry the world on your shoulders now. It's late, and cold, and you're fagged out and chilled through, you know you are, with this imprudently long walk—as though this miserable old world wasn't full of just such forlorn little wretches as that one. And how are you going to help it?"

Behind these thoughts, which came up swift and clamoring in the girl's soul, slipped some other ones, with tones as soft as the singing of night-winds among the tops of a forest of furs. After all, it's only a little sacrifice—a few steps backward, a few moments, and a few kind words, and it's most likely the only chance you'll have of doing a generous act this day. Perhaps it will send a ray of comfort into the heart of that poor, little, forlorn wretch—who knows? It's a poor muddle of a life, in which everybody seems to have lost his way. Ah! your old, grand dreams of blessing and elevating your race won't stand the test of one poor, haggard beggar on the highway—a faint smile, with a touch in it of scorn and sadness, catching itself about her mouth.

Meanwhile, however, she had turned back, hurried across the long, covered bridge again, and found the boy at the other end of it.

There was a light, imperative kind of touch on his shoulder, and, turning, he saw the brown hat, and the face of the lady under it.

"Here are some pennies, child." She had been fumbling into her pocket-book as she walked. "Go right up to the baker's now and get you a card of fresh gingerbread. It will taste good, won't it?"—dropping half a dozen nickel coins into the grimed, scrawny palm that stuck itself out.

"Yes'm," answered the child, down his throat and through his nose; but into the dull eyes, watery with his cold, there came a sudden light of startled pleasure.

The woman saw it. She had a heart easily touched. She put her hand out now, and laid it on the dirty pile of hair, her thoughts going again—"Lousy, I dare say, or scald-head; but, you miserable little ragamuffin, I'm sorry for you. God made you, as well as me, and I can

take no especial credit on my side for the difference between us; yet, having made you—for what reason, He knows, I don't—it's natural he should care for you more than He does for me, as I've had the best chance thus far."

You see, now, that the people of Hedgerows were right when they thought Jacqueline Thayne a little odd. How many women, stopping a beggar on the highway, would have had precisely such thoughts as these!

Whatever the boy may have felt in view of the pennies and the prospective gingerbread, I think the touch of that woman's fingers on his head, and her pitiful, half-absent, "Poor child! poor child!" which was all of her thoughts that got as far as her lips, went deeper than the sight of the pennies or the cravings of his stomach, although, to tell the honest truth, this latter was in a half-starved condition at that particular moment.

He looked up with a glimmer of intelligence and feeling through the heavy mould of the features; beyond that, something, half-awed and half-furious, in his face, which was more pathetic than all the rest, showing how a small, kindly word or act was something quite strange to him. Jacqueline noticed it, and, with her, to notice such a look was to feel it.

"I see you are poor and forlorn, and must have a hard time of it"—going straight to whatever wit or heart there was in the child. "I see your clothes are old and ragged, and not half warm enough for such a night. I'm sorry for you, from my heart; but never mind. Boys have worn just such old clothes, and had just such a long, tough time of it, and yet come out braver and better men in the end for all the poverty and struggle. Don't you give up now. Keep a good heart, do what is right, and make up your mind that a good, honest man shall come up one of these days out of the old clothes and the hungry little boy."

The big mouth wide open, the eyes on the woman's face, drinking in every word that she spoke, as though she were some beautiful sibyl, her lips freighted with solemn prophecies of his destiny. She noticed that, too.

"The boys laugh at you sometimes, for your old clothes, I suppose. It would be like some of them."

"Yes'm—they make fun of me."

"I wish I could hear them once. I should like to tell them how far you, in your old clothes, were above the mean, cowardly souls that could make sport out of your poverty, and that all their fun was shame and disgrace to them, not you."

There was a real light now in the rough cutting of this boy's face, which had something of faces you sometimes see on coarse pottery, with this difference on the boy's side—there was a soul behind it, and it came into his face now.

It did not into his words, though, for he only said "Yes'm" again, and clutched the pennies tighter in his little, dirty palm. But Jacqueline did not want any words. At her own, she had seen the boy's soul grope and glimmer up into his face.

"Next time you are very hungry, and see no way to get your dinner, come up to the great, gray-stone house behind the hill, and I'll give—no, I won't promise that, but, at least, I'll see that you earn your dinner. It will taste sweeter for doing that; and you don't want to be a beggar when you can help it. Now go and buy your gingerbread," and she turned again and went over the bridge, and the boy stood still, gaping after her.

I suppose the whole talk had occupied less than three minutes. Whether it had done any good—well, Jacqueline Thayne had very little faith in that. She had had her grand dreams, as she called them, once, of having a career, and doing something for her race which should shine resplendent through all time, like Jeanne d'Arc or Florence Nightingale; but the old dreams and visions had paled slowly, leaving a vague sadness and impatience in their stead.

Somebody did happen to be standing on the river bank under the shadow of the bridge, at that particular moment, when Jacqueline, having crossed, paused a moment on the road, and somebody, looking up, caught the sight of the profile that had such a rare, finished look under the brown hat, against the gathering murk of the night.

He turned to his companion, who had just secured a small rowboat to the bank, touching his shoulder, and pointing to the figure above, saying, in a low tone—"See there, Draper."

So both of the young men stood still, and looked at the face until it turned suddenly and disappeared upon the bridge.

The first speaker turned to the other then. "Fine, wasn't it?" he said. "If she had been studying that effect for a day, she could not have made a better thing of it."

Sydney Weymouth had at times a flippant way of speaking which jarred on Philip Draper, a little like a sudden discord across some general harmony; for, that there must have been some superficial harmony between them, such as lies in tastes, mutual cultivation, and things of that sort, was proved by the fact that for the

last fortnight the young men had almost daily found time for a short tramp in the woods, or an hour or two's fishing down the river, or a brisk trot over to the Bend; and they talked books, and birds, and dogs, and horses so well together, that one might have fancied—that is, I mean one whose plummet did not go to any profound depths—that they had a good deal in common.

"Studying effects, Weymouth, I should as soon say that of one of Raphael's Madonnas," answered young Draper; and then they both stood silently watching the two figures on the bridge.

Of course, they were quite too far off to catch even the faintest murmur of the voices, but the gestures of the two had a language of their own. There was a mute pathos in the boy's face which never could have groped its way out from all his want and misery to his lips, as he stood there, looking up at the lady with her hand on his head—that action, too, having an eloquence of its own which needed no words.

The two young men, standing below, watched the shawled figure as it returned at last over the bridge and disappeared down the road out of their sight. Then they turned and smiled one upon the other. And this time young Weymouth did not have anything over about "studied effects."

"Do you know that lady?" asked Philip Draper, showing by that question that he was comparatively a stranger at Hedgerows.

"Oh! yes—Miss Jacqueline Thayne. She is one of our old neighbors. She lives with her uncle in the odd-looking, gray-stone house on the back road behind the pond, a regular greenery of hedges and shrubs in front. The outside of the house, even, is worth seeing. It has a curious effect on me—always has an air of hoary antiquity and silence about it; although I played blind man's buff among the foundations when they were being laid."

"Oh! I remember the house perfectly," answered the other, with animation. "I came upon it suddenly coming out of the pine woods the other day. The whole house has a curious, peaceful, Middle Age air about it that seems singularly out of place in this brisk, hurried, little New England town; something wonderfully comfortable and homelike, too, about it all. I remember this struck me so strongly at the time, that I thought I'd give almost anything for permission to go and lie down for an hour, in the afternoon sunshine, under one of those young larches in a corner of the grounds," speaking half to himself.

"You'd only to ask the owner, and he'd have lifted his hat and asked you in with a smile and an air that would just suit the owner of that house and those grounds."

"What is his name, Weymouth?"

"Algernon Thayne, a scholar and a gentleman—an old bachelor, too; something a little odd about him; you'd know it from that house—in the veins of the race, I fancy. He is a kind of gentleman farmer, has some splendid acres in the low land beyond the pond, but an overseer has really the charge of men and work, and the owner gives more time to his library than to his fields."

"A rich man, then?"

"Well, he passed for one at Hedgerows before the war; but his figures wouldn't foot up heavily now outside a country town. Not exactly the stuff, you see, out of which great fortunes are made. A man must love money to make it."

Young Draper stuck the heel of his boot into the wet sand by the river. He had had of late a good many perplexing thoughts on this same subject of money. He fancied he was growing very hard and material, and that, on the whole, there was nothing better for him to do.

In a moment he looked up. "Miss Thayne is an orphan?"

"Yes; and her uncle's idol. She has lived with him from a child. I have not seen her for years. College, and going abroad, and all that sort of thing, has quite put the old townspeople out of my horizon. But Jacqueline and I are old friends, for she was the only little girl at Hedgerows I cared to visit before I was started off to fit for college. I was ready to give up a nutting or sail with the boys any day for a visit to the stone cottage and its piquant little mistress, she was so bright, frank, honest; none of those airs and affectations to which the feminine mind and character takes so naturally before it is out of long clothes."

Young Weymouth laughed so good-naturedly, that, though the words jarred again a little, Philip Draper smiled in turn, and then the former went on.

"I should have expected something of the sort we've seen, from the kind of little girl Jacqueline Thayne was. She's turned out a fine-looking woman, too. I ought to go round and see her, for our old friendship's sake. Strange I haven't thought of it before."

Philip Draper found a pang of envy shooting across his soul at the "Open Sesame" which his companion possessed to the gray-stone house. It seemed to him, for the moment, that all the

ripe plums fell to young Weymouth's share, while only sour, gnarled, tough-rinded ones fell into the cap of his life.

I will do Philip Draper the justice to say here that envying others' good fortune was not a frequent frame of his mind; but there were a good many reasons why his courage and his native good spirits, nay, his very moral tone, had sunk to an unusually low temperature at this time.

I suppose the devil is always on the look out for any cranny through which he can whisk himself into our souls.

The two young men form a strong contrast as they stand side by side on the river bank, with the little rowboat, almost like a toy, keeping time with the throbbing of the tide at their very feet.

Young Weymouth would, I suppose, be called the handsomer man of the two by most young ladies. He himself has no doubt on that subject, having a secret conviction that, in mind, body, and estate, he, Sydney Weymouth, has been especially favored by the blind goddess; yet he is too shrewd, and has too good taste, to let his vanity show much on the surface. A rather tall, well-built young man, with a carriage that sets off the figure to the best advantage; abundant dark hair, and dark eyes, too, with a gleam of shrewdness and good-humor in them; a dark, clear complexion, and a handsome mustache; and altogether a rather prepossessing presence and air. "What more in the world could you ask of a fellow in the way of looks?" Sydney Weymouth would wonder.

His companion is several inches shorter, and several shades lighter; a broad-chested, rather stalwart-looking young man, nothing striking, as I know of, at first. His head and his face, come to look steadily at them, are on rather a Teutonic mould; thick, fine, brownish hair; large, intelligent features; clear, gray eyes, that will bear searching steadily into, and that, carrying no shame or cowardice in them, will look steadily back in turn; a mouth not hidden by any mustache, and that has, when quite closed, a certain grim resoluteness about it which does not add to the attractiveness of the face, but which, after all, gives you a key to unlock one side of this man's character; and the smile, when it comes, clear, warm, and pleasant as a child's, gives you a key to the other side.

"Well, Weymouth," glancing at the basket in one corner of the boat, "there's our trophy of perch and trout. You're welcome to my share of the plunder."

"Oh! no, Draper; that isn't fair. We'll divide."

"In that case, I should have to put my portion into their native element again. My landlady wouldn't look benignly on a present that involves broiling and a red nose for her share. You've a home where you can carry whatever falls into your net, Weymouth."

He spoke the last words in a very light tone; so light that it seemed to form a contrast with them; and one on the watch for signs might have fancied the lightness covered some ache or loneliness beneath—which they did, sure enough.

Perhaps it struck young Weymouth, also. He was a good-natured fellow. All his college chums would take their oath, if necessary, on that. Always ready to do a crony a good turn, in his easy, off-hand way.

"Come home with me and eat your share, Draper. Peggy will serve them up brown in a trice, at my asking."

"Thank you, Weymouth, sincerely, but I've some matters to send off by to-morrow's mail, and that is made up early. So, good-night."

They had been gathering in their fishing-tackle while this talk was going on. It was growing dark now, and occasionally a star put a shy, frightened kind of face outside the gray clouds for a moment, and then disappeared as suddenly.

Each of the young men shouldered his rod now, shook hands cordially, and went his way—Weymouth trolling some old English ditty to himself, and Philip Draper, not humming any ditty at all, but, with an underlying feeling that fortune had made a kind of football of him for the last ten years, and that it would go on so to the end. He should never get into the good graces of the blind woman; but, for all that, he would never put off the harness or give up the fight—his large-moulded jaws setting themselves more grimly than ever.

In a few moments, however, the scene came back to him which he had witnessed on the bridge that night—the jaws, the whole face even, slowly relaxing, and a smile coming about the mouth—a smile that brought up along with it something from the man's soul—the sight of a generous deed always inspires a generous nature. Somehow the murk of the night, the world itself, and his own part in it, did not look so dark afterward to Philip Draper, going home to his boarding-house that night.

CHAPTER II.

In the library of the gray-stone house, that evening, the uncle and the niece sat together. It was the pleasantest room in the house to both of them, and was a little odd, like the inmates. I cannot tell in precisely what particulars, only I know you would at once have felt the occupants of that room must possess some native individuality.

A moderately sized apartment, with dark wainscoting, plethoric book-cases on two sides; on the others, a few choice engravings and landscapes in oils, a cabinet of rare shells and minerals, with two or three small marble groups and statuettes, and pretty, rustic baskets here and there; a long, green library-table, with books and papers scattered over it, and a carpet in dark green, too. This library was evidently put to daily uses, and was pervaded all through with some sense of human life, and cosiness, and home. You knew, by some instinct, that a daily life went on here, of thought, feeling, enjoyment.

The central features of the room to-night, however, are the two figures before the fire—a man, well-looking in his face, you feel he may be all the way from fifty-two to sixty-five. His hair is quite gray, but under it what a fine, strong face there is; not handsome, exactly, but better than that; a thick beard, too, like Hamlet's father's—a sable, silvered; and such keen, pleasant eyes, of a dark grayish brown; a large, stoutly built man, growing slightly corpulent with years; the spring and the summer of his life are passed now, perhaps were a good while ago, but the autumn is full of a strong glow, like wine, full of ripeness, and strength, and sunshine; an autumn whose peace and blessedness has far more real happiness than the fire and panting restlessness of youth; such a hale, vigorous, ripe autumn, as can only follow a youth and manhood pure and sweet, and filled with good uses.

By the man's side sits his niece, in a low, favorite seat, a sort of hybrid between a camp-stool and an arm-chair. Overhead, English ivy trails across the mantle, and winds its cool, green fibres over the ceiling, and makes a kind of bower of shadow and greenness there. Indeed, it is astonishing how much of outdoor life, of woody scents, and browns, and greens, has managed somehow to get into this library. Through all the indoor warmth and homelikeness you have a vague sense of the quivering of leaves and cool, shady depths of greenery, with winds singing their own tunes among them. Yet, when you come to look around to find the source of this feeling, there are only rustic

baskets depending here and there, filled with mosses, and leaves, and claspings vines, and glittering berries in the corners; and through all that strange, sweet scent of woody growths, as though it had trailed in from the forest on some autumn noon, and clung there ever afterward.

For a full quarter of an hour, by the Swiss clock on the mantle, the two sitting there have not spoken, gazing into the depths of the fire—a bright wood fire, sparkling and humming up the chimney like a hive of crimson bees, filling the room with heat and glow, so that one could dispense well enough with the soft moonlight through the shaded lamps on the table.

At last the man leans down, places his hand on the girl's hair, and says—"Well, Jacqueline?" and he need hardly say anything more to convey to you a sense of the warm place that girl has in his heart.

She looks up now; her face is always like some of his favorite books to him, wherein he can read sundry and fresh meanings, and it is worth seeing just now, this face of Jacqueline Thayne; the light has been growing up slowly to it, as you have seen the moonlight grow slowly over the mountain tops, and fill the sky all around it, when, as yet, there was no sign of the risen moon, yet her first remark, outside of its tone, is a very commonplace one—"O Uncle Alger! how pleasant the fire is."

"Very. What has it been saying to you, my child?"

"Many things; a very singing of thrushes among my thoughts. If it had been a coal fire, it would have been so different. There is always a great silence and heat about that, which suggest to me the still caverns and the long, dark cycles where the fuel has lain, but a wood fire is always full of quivering life, sparkle, motion, like the woods that made it. One feels in it, somehow, the very quiver of the sunshine, the thrilling of sap in the strong, old veins, the flutter of leaves, the song of birds, and the swinging of mighty storms through the branches. After all, this fire seems a fitting death for the trees. It doesn't hurt one as so many things one has to put up with in this world do."

"That's a pretty thought, little Jacqueline," said her uncle. "The poetry was always in you from the beginning, and it will be to the end."

She smiled upon him now, such a smile as no other human being had yet the power to draw up into the face of Jacqueline Thayne. Outside, there was a clattering of winds like horsemen going to and fro, and making ready,

in hot haste, for the battle, and suddenly a wrathful dash of rain against the windows.

"What a night this is outside!" she said, yet she did not say it, as most young women would, with a shiver, drawing nearer the fire, but with a flash of strong enjoyment in the words. "How I do love these wild, wrestling nights, the tempest and the darkness. I fancy my feeling approaches, as nearly as a woman's can, to that

"Stern joy which warriors feel"

in the tumult and heat of the battle. Uncle Alger, were there any gypsies among my ancestors?"

"Not a ghost of a legend of one, my dear."

"Not a chance for me, then. I wanted to feel that I came honestly by this passion of mine for all out-door moods and things, this love of nature in all her moods and frenzies."

"Never mind hunting up any title-deeds to your soul's rights among your dead ancestors. You came honestly by the love, Jacqueline; it is your nature's own birthright. That's enough for you, and all the rest of your kind."

She smiled up at him again, that sweet, thoughtful smile, in which eyes and lips held their own part.

"Uncle Alger, you always find just the wise, kindly words that clear the way out of my doubts and perplexities. What should I do without you?" and she leaned her arm on his knee, and looked up in his face.

"Without an old man like me, child? Sometimes I'm half afraid that I've made some mistake—that it wasn't the best thing to give all those fresh years of youth and blossoming to a prosy old fellow slipping out of his prime, and a bachelor at that."

"Uncle Alger, how could so sensible a man have so silly a thought?"

He laughed at her way of turning on him. He knew the little sharpness of wit which lay on the outside of the warm, sunny, healthful nature. It gave a kind of fine pungency, he had often thought, to the sweetness of her character. Still, when the laugh was done, he looked at the face upturned to his in a trust and sweetness that seemed, as I said before, the lost spirit of its childhood looking out there again, and his eyes grew serious.

"Sometimes I think I'm a selfish fellow to stay here at home and not start off to show you more of the world; but as a man gets old, inertia of body and brain grows on him; and I like the dear old rookery here so well, I can't make up my mind to leave it and go tumbling about the world, even to show you all the grand sights; and there seemed such very good rea-

sons for putting it off until next year, as each came along, and each one I've grown a little older, and a little less inclined to move."

"I'm in no hurry, uncle, only I don't like to hear you talk about growing old."

"Why not, child, with this gray mane of mine?" running his fingers through his hair, while the silver glistened like hoarfrost.

"But growing old means a great many things I never like to dwell on. O uncle! it seems as though you and I must always live together just as we do now," and she drew closer to him, with a little gesture not just like her, for it hinted at dread or fear, and she was a brave woman, this Jacqueline Thayne.

The man looked at her with something in his eyes, I fancy, such as Prospero's must have worn when he said to Miranda:

"Oh! a cherubim
Thou wast that did preserve me."

"Don't trouble yourself about the future, dear child; God will take care of that."

Her eyes went off again to the fire—to the swarming and the buzzing sparks up the chimney.

"But God has such a strange way of caring for His world, Uncle Alger," she said, and the vision of the little, ragged, wizened, shock-headed boy, who had run against her that night on the bridge, came up once more.

"A strange way," repeated her uncle; "as far above our ways as the heavens are above the earth; but sometime we shall find it is the only way of love and wisdom."

Jacqueline did not reply. She had begun to feel these days that she was dreadfully wicked; the old, perplexing problems of human life and immortal destiny, weighed heavily upon her soul at times. The sorrow and suffering, the sin, too, she met on every side when she looked out in the world, distressed and tortured her; and for her own soul, it seemed at times to have lost its way, and to go shivering and groping through the wilderness, and there were no lights shining from her Father's house into the dark. And Jacqueline's soul wanted what all human souls do, what hers did, with a vague, conscious ache and yearning—God.

Sometimes she could talk of these things—sometimes she could not. This was one of the latter times. But again she sat still, looking into the fire, and listening to the clatter of winds outside, and the passionate plunges of the rain, and wondering what she was in the world for, and whether she had any work set her to do here, whether she was ever likely to find that out, or whether death would not come

some day and find she had failed to do the thing that was set her to do; underlying all, a restlessness, dissatisfaction, and weariness of life, which was natural enough when one does not feel certain that God has not left one out of His general plan; has a cold, shuddering doubt at times whether He had any general plan at all, but left His world to grope and stumble along, like most human beings, as best it might.

Her uncle suspected pretty nearly what was going on in the girl's soul. He would have been glad to help her, for he had been through the same desert of drouth and gloom; but there are times when it is wisest not to speak. Fortunately, Algernon Thayne knew what these were.

At last she looked away from the fire, and regarded the man sitting there with some curious, intent look, half amused, half puzzled, too. The riddles had not ceased to perplex her. But one cannot always grope among mysteries, and it was pleasant, after all, to come back to the warm human presence and human love in the library that night, while outside the rain and the wind held their long battle. What if, after all, this was the surest way to finding an answer to Jacqueline's problems?

"Well, what do you think of me on the whole?" Mr., or Squire, Thayne, as the farm hands universally called him, came up suddenly out of his book, in which he had been buried for the last half hour.

"I was contrasting you just then with the world's notion of an old bachelor. You know what that is—made up of crustiness, fussiness, whims, oddities, and selfishness."

"Yes; I know, Jacqueline."

"Well, uncle, I'm not sure it's not the true one in most cases. The world blunders and bungles toward a good many sound conclusions, and I know you have a fervent faith in the blessings of matrimony."

"Fervent! the man or the woman who misses that, misses the best thing in life, although I think usually the man, in that case, is worse off than the woman, because he is more material, perhaps, and gravitates lower without her influence, sympathies, help. We've tried the thing pretty fairly in the early settlements of California and Australia, and with all our outlying territories; it's the old story over again. If you will keep us from sinking into brutes, let us have our wives, mothers, sisters about us."

Jacqueline laughed a little, yet she said gravely enough the next moment—"But there are men, occasionally—at least, I might name

one—who do not seem to lose anything by having forsworn matrimony. I think, however, that can only be said of rare and exceptional natures."

"No," said Squire Thayne, looking absently into the fire. "The man himself, who has gone through this life without a woman to shelter and to love, to trust always, to lean on sometimes, knows better than any other what he has lost; how much poorer and weaker he is in many ways than he would have been with her."

"And, Uncle Alger, if this be the dreadful fact with old bachelors, what do you say of old maids?"

"My remarks hold measurably true in the case of your sex; yet, with yours as with ours, only one thing justifies marriage, and without that, man or woman is better going alone."

She leaned toward him now, a little rose-flush dawning in her cheeks, a very decided expression around her mouth.

"I shall do that, uncle. I have made up my mind to old maidenhood."

"O you foolish child!" tapping her on the cheeks, "I hope not—I pray the best good may be in store for you."

"I shall never love anybody as well as you, Uncle Alger. I don't want to, even," pursing her lips very decidedly.

"Silly child!" he said, "silly child!" But she knew he meant something very different from that.

"Yet I cannot understand, Uncle Alger," speaking half to herself, "how, being precisely the man you are, and holding the theories you do, you have never loved any woman enough, at least, to marry her?"

"You cannot, Jacqueline?"

Something struck her in the tones; and she drew her breath to listen, rather to them than to the furies of winds, and the heavy tramp of the rain outside.

(To be continued.)

TWO LIVES WRECKED.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "TEN NIGHTS IN A BAR-ROOM."

"YOUR story has done me no good," said a gentleman with whom I fell recently into conversation.

"What story?" I asked.

"The one called 'NOT MYSELF.'"

"It was not written for your edification," I answered.

"Would to heaven it had been written, and that I had read it twenty years ago!" he said with an emphasis that startled me. "Then it *might* have done me good; *might* have saved me from a life of wretchedness; and not me only, but another who was dearer to me than life."

I knew something of the man's history. After living with his wife for nearly twenty years, he had separated from her, and was now divorced. The application came from him on a charge of infidelity.

"That story," he continued, "came to me like a revelation; but, alas! too late. As just said, it has done me no good—has only filled my soul with exquisite pain. I see, as I never saw before, the cause of a momentary folly that ruined my whole life. 'I was not myself.' That, I knew; but the origin of that strange hallucination in which I acted the poor, weak

fool, I did not suspect until your story made it plain. I thank you for others, whom it may do good; but not for myself."

His concluding sentence was spoken with much bitterness.

"You know my wretched story," he said, after a little while. "It is public property."

"So much of it as is public property—no more," I replied. "And that is not much."

"Not much! Heaven knows that!" His eyes gleamed, and I saw him shiver. "Twenty years of a married life that ends in divorce is no child's play, my friend!"

He drew his arm into mine, saying, in a low, muffled voice that he steadied with difficulty—"Come! I want to talk with you. Maybe it will do me good. But I don't know."

He was a lawyer of considerable ability, named Austin, and had once been in good practice at the Philadelphia bar; but of late years had neglected his business, and fallen into bad habits.

I went with him to his office.

"No child's play, my friend," he said with less agitation of manner, repeating the words spoken a little while before. He had offered

me a chair, and then taken one directly in front of me. "And to think," he added, now speaking very calmly, but oh! so bitterly, "that all this wretched life turned on the pivot of a single moment; a moment when *I was not myself!* a moment when wine took the place of reason. Shall I tell you the whole story!"

"It may do you good," I replied.

"Ah! so I thought when I asked you to come here. Have you patience to listen?"

"Go on."

"I shall make a clean breast of it," said he.

"Maybe it will do me good; maybe it will not. You know Mrs. Akers?"

"Yes."

"Do you remember her as she was over twenty years ago?"

"Very well."

"Before her marriage?"

"Yes."

"She was not regarded as either brilliant or beautiful; but to me, there was a charm and grace about her that drew me irresistibly to her side. I was a young, ambitious man, and before meeting with Miss Clayton—afterward Mrs. Akers—had looked to marriage as a means of social and worldly advancement. No such advancement could result from an alliance with Miss Clayton. Her family had neither large wealth nor high position. So, at first, I did not think of her as other than a pleasant friend; though every time I met her in company I felt the sphere of a sweet attraction that steadily grew stronger and stronger.

"Suddenly I awoke to the fact that Annie Clayton was more to me than any woman I had ever met. Then, worldliness, ambition, and other meaner influences sought to put out the fire of love which had been kindled in my heart. But this heavenly fire cannot be extinguished; for it is fed with divine substances. I believed it then—I know it now.

"Another fire, less pure and not divine, began to send up a dull light in my soul. It never burned with a clear flame, nor with intense heat. It was the love of myself transformed into the appearance of love for a beautiful maiden. She was fair, and brilliant, and rich; but oh! so infinitely below Annie Clayton in all that goes to make up true womanly attractions, that I can find in my thought no ratio of comparison between them. Fascinating she was; for she knew by instinct the arts with which we are so often led blindly captive by woman. Why she laid her snares for me, I know not. It was the great error of her life, and the curse of mine.

"Steadily, and growing stronger day by day, burned in my heart the heavenly flame of love for Annie Clayton, until its delicious warmth pervaded and penetrated my whole being. I never felt so happy as when in her society. There was an atmosphere of peace and purity around her that always tranquillized my spirit, and awoke into life all the better impulses of my soul. Ambition felt the inspiration of nobler aims and truer ideals.

"How different were all my feelings when in the society of the brilliant and fascinating Margaret Claire. To be rich, to be honored of men, to have equipage and eminence, seemed, of all things, most desirable. I looked at her radiant face and queenly person, and thought of the éclat her possession would bring, or the envy it would excite. I knew, from her eyes and tones of voice and manner, when we were alone, that I had but to offer my hand. Only one thing held me back, and that was my love for Annie Clayton. Was that love returned? I believed so—nay, I was sure of it.

"One fatal evening I met them both at a grand entertainment. My head was cool and clear when I went there, and my heart true to its higher instincts. I knew that I should meet Annie, and the thought of her gave anticipation its highest pleasure. Toward Margaret I felt an unusual indifference.

"Early in the evening I met Annie, and never felt more strongly drawn toward her. The brilliant Margaret flashed before my eyes, but failed to win me from Annie's side. How poor and meagre seemed all her rich attractions to the simple grace of my heart's idol!

"When supper was announced, I gave my arm to Miss Clayton, and went with her to the supper-room. On leaving this room, half an hour afterward, Margaret Claire was on my arm.

"'It is so hot here,' she said, leaning heavily on me as we entered the half-deserted parlors. I drew her into the conservatory, where the air was cooler, and, seating her in a chair, stood and looked down into her dark, weird eyes, that were upturned to my face. I shall never forget how beautiful she looked, nor the strange fascination there was about her. As for me, I was like one in a bewildering dream. I saw nothing, felt nothing, cared for nothing, outside of this region of enchantment. And so, in a mad, blind impulse, I spoke a few hasty words that wrecked two lives.

"When I went back to the parlors, with Margaret leaning on my arm, the first eyes that met mine were the clear, tender, half-startled eyes of Annie Clayton. My own

dropped away from hers instantly. On lifting them again, and looking at her, I saw that a swift pallor had swept over her face, and that her eyes had a wild look of pain. My bewildering dream was over! I was no longer in a region of enchantment. My hot pulses lost their fever heat. A chill passed over me.

"I am a man of honor; and so there was no escape. I had offered myself in marriage, and been accepted, and nothing was left for me but to consummate that marriage.

"I never called again upon Annie Clayton. All the pure, tender, heavenly states of the soul she had awakened were buried out of sight, and the nobler aims she had inspired put far from me. I was to be of the earth, earthy, and the service I had to give must be for the god of this world. Ah me! what a service! And what a reward!"

He shivered as he said this—sat for a few moments, like one stunned into silence by the shock of some great emotion, and then went on:

"My next meeting with Annie was memorable. It occurred after my engagement with Margaret was known. I had gone to a summer boarding-house in a lovely region of country, fifty miles away from the city, to spend a week or two. On the morning after my arrival, I strolled into a neighboring wood, and soon found myself in a charming valley, through which ran pleasant paths, crossing and recrossing a stream that made the scene beautiful with tiny lakes and waterfalls. The hushed quiet of the woods, and the strange, breathless sense of isolation we sometimes feel when alone with nature, softened my feelings, while it strained every sensitive nerve to unwonted tension. Turning a sharp angle of the path in which I was walking, I came upon a rustic bench, on which a lady sat alone. I was only a few yards distant. My step startled her, and she looked up. It was Annie Clayton!

"The meeting was too sudden. We were both off guard. For an instant I stood as fixed as a statue, and she, half rising, startled, and pale as death, held me with a look that betrayed her passionate, hopeless love.

"There was only one right thing to do, and she did it. I would have been too weak. She drew herself up with sudden strength, bowed slightly, and then, with quick but steady steps, moved past me in the direction from which I had come. My strength was gone, and I went unsteadily to the seat from which she had arisen, and did not leave it for an hour. On the next morning I went away and spent my summer vacation in another region of country. Annie, I learned, was taken home a week afterward, very ill.

"In the winter I was married to Margaret Claire. I think she loved me as well as women of her nature, education, and false views of life, usually love their husbands. Perhaps she would have loved me in a deeper, truer way—been more a wife to me—if I had felt any love for her; and so we might have been indifferently happy together, instead of wretched, through many, many miserable years.

"Every now and then I met Annie Clayton. It seemed as if some malignant spirit, that took delight in torturing us both, would bring us suddenly together in ways that made it almost impossible to prevent a mutual betrayal of our feelings. But I was honorable, and she was pure and good; and so we stood far apart from each other, cold in exterior as ice.

"For ten years Annie remained single, and then became the wife of Mr. Akers, a man as little fitted to become her husband as Margaret Claire was to become my wife. I know something of his mean, hard nature, and irascible temper. If reports are true, the union has been far from a happy one. When I heard of this marriage, it filled me with bitterness of spirit; I cursed myself and my own wife, and the evil hour in which, '*not being myself*,' I had steered the life-bark in which God had placed two human souls, and given me the helm, right among the seething breakers.

"'*Not being myself*!'" He repeated the little sentence in a tone of mingled bitterness and scorn. Then, speaking slowly, and with a hard deliberation of utterance, he said—"That is, after firing my blood, and confusing my brain with wine (I see it all now as I never saw it before), I laid my head in the lap of another Delilah, and was betrayed!"

"As thousands of others have been, and are daily being betrayed to one kind of ruin or another through the confusion of wine and strong drink taken socially, and, as the phrase goes, temperately," I replied.

"No truer words were ever uttered!" he said, with strong excitement of manner. "And yet, strange to tell, until now the truth never flashed across my mind. The thought startles and appalls me! What sorrow and wretchedness! what wrongs and crimes! what life-long experiences of misery! what hopeless anguish and maddening remorse! what frightful disaster of body and soul!—have their origin in a social glass or bottle of wine. It is all a new revelation to me, sad and terrible!"

"Then," I answered with solemn earnestness, "let me conjure you, by the suffering of years, by the hopeless anguish of two precious

souls; and by the wreck of dearest hopes, to put far from you that which has so cursed your own and another life!"

For a little while he sat looking at me with a surprised, uncertain expression of face.

"It has been your deadliest enemy," I went on—"has done you the greatest of all wrongs. And still you suffer its evil presence; nay, court it, and consort with it as if it were the friend of your soul!"

He started to his feet as if struck with a sudden pain, and grasped my hand with a tight, nervous grip.

"Loathing and disgust are the more fitting sentiments with which one ought to regard such an enemy," I ventured to say.

"Thank you, my friend," he answered, after a little pause, repressing his agitation, and speaking with calm deliberation. "I will be, from this day forth, like a Jew of the olden time, loving my friends and hating my enemies; and this one enemy shall be hated with a perfect hatred!"

"Hated unto the death?" I said.

"Aye, unto the death!"—speaking with energy. And so far he has kept his word.

MARVELS OF THE INSECT WORLD.

By J. B. D.

THERE is no study more delightful, none which brings nearer to us the marvellous in nature, or for the pursuit of which more abundant and convenient opportunities are afforded us, than the study of insects. A knowledge of the general habits of insects is a necessity to us if we would guard ourselves against and put an end to the depredations so many of them commit. Their curious structure, their brilliant and varied hues, their graceful forms, wonderful instincts, and strange transformations, supply us with an inexhaustible fund for admiring observation.

Of insects, more than a hundred thousand species have been described. These have been divided into eight principal orders, severally represented—somewhat loosely, it may be—by those insects commonly known as fleas, gnats, bugs, butterflies, grasshoppers, bees, dragon-flies, and beetles. Other and different classifications have been made, but the one we have given seems the simplest, and has been adopted pretty generally by naturalists.

The word insect means, literally, *cut into*. Examining, carefully, an insect in its perfect state, we find its body divided, or *cut*, as it were, into three parts—the head, the chest, and the abdomen. The cut between these parts is often so deep that the slenderness to which the body is there reduced is truly wonderful.

The body of an insect is composed of thirteen segments, or rings, generally of a horny consistency, united to each other by a membranous skin, giving flexibility to the whole. One of these rings forms the head; three make up the chest, and nine the abdomen.

The head is generally the hardest part of an insect. It is a kind of box, formed of a single piece, and bears the eyes, the antennæ, or horns,

and the organs of the mouth. The eyes, which are among the most wonderful objects in nature, are almost always of the kind called compound, or eyes made up of many lenses, united at their edges, and forming little six-sided facets, each of which is a true eye. The number of these minute organs is sometimes immense—the compound eye of the common house-fly containing four thousand of them, whilst no less than twenty-five thousand have been counted in that of a species of beetle. Besides these compound eyes, many insects also possess two or three simple eyes, very similar in construction to the separate facets of which we have just made mention. They are generally round, more or less prominent, black, and frequently placed in a triangle behind the antennæ.

The antennæ, called horns, are two flexible appendages, exceedingly variable in form, and composed of a number of joints, each having the power of motion. Their office would, in most cases, seem to be that of organs of touch, though their conformation appears to indicate that they are the organs of some special sense, whilst different observers have even attributed to them the functions of smell and hearing. But the truth is, little is really known as to the office they perform.

The mouth of insects is formed after two general types, which correspond to two general requirements. It is suited either for gnawing, cutting, and tearing, or merely for sucking, or for all these purposes. The same organs, however, really exist in all, modified in appearance, indeed, so as sometimes to be scarcely recognizable. Taking the parts of a masticating insect's mouth, we find them to consist of an upper and lower lip, moving up and down, and an upper

and a lower jaw, moving from side to side, as it were. The lips meet when the mouth is shut, and are as hard as the jaws. Inside the lower lip is the tongue. This is frequently very different from the same organ in the larger animals. In the grasshoppers, and in the dragon-flies, however, it is rounded and fleshy, not unlike that of quadrupeds. The dragon-flies have, besides, a sort of square, fleshy, cushion-like palate, set like the upper surface of the tongue, with minute black papillæ, or tasters, ending in short bristles, and supposed to be mechanically useful for securing food. Many of the beetles have the hairs on their tongues bent back, like the rough coating on the tongue of the cat and the lion, which we know to be used in filing down, as it were, portions of their food. The tongue of the wasp is forked, not unlike that of a snake, while in other insects it is either three-pronged, long, and tubular, or bristle-shaped and sharp.

The upper jaw or mandibles are usually very powerful, and often strongly hooked and toothed. Sometimes they are scissor-like in their operation, and sometimes suited for bruising and grinding. They perform an important part, also, in the wonderful cutting, tearing, building, and plastering operations of bees and other insects. In some insects they are enlarged into organs for seizing their prey, the lower jaws alone being used for eating it. To the lower jaw and lip are attached certain thread-like and very delicate feelers, supposed to be organs of touch, as their common name implies.

The thorax, or chest, the second primary division of the body of insects, plays a part almost as important as that of the head. It is formed of three rings, to each of which is attached one of the three pair of legs which all insects possess. To the two posterior rings are attached, also, the wings, two or four in number, as the case may be. In two-winged insects, the place of the second pair is occupied by two little threads, terminated by a knot, called balancers. All insects, however, are not winged, the absence of wings characterizing the first order in some systems, which comprises the flea and other similar parasitic insects. The absence of wings is sometimes a distinctive mark of sex, as in the glow-worm.

The variously formed wings of insects are often of immense size as compared with the body. The membranes forming them are filmy expansions of the outer of the three layers of tissue which compose the skin of insects. The ribs, or veins of the wings, are hollow tubes, filled with air, and serving a similar purpose

to that of the hollow bones in the wings of birds. The bodies of insects are frequently covered with long, thick hairs. These hairs, on the wings of butterflies and moths, are flattened and spread out so as to form scales, often of the most brilliant hues, and displaying a wonderful prismatic reflection or iridescence in changing light. The first pair of wings, in the beetles, is represented by two hard wing-cases, or elytra, as they are scientifically termed. In the grasshoppers, these elytra are softer, and more leathery and parchment-like.

All insects, as we have already said, have six legs. To this rule there is no exception, though the whole six may not in some cases be developed. In walking, says a distinguished French naturalist, insects sometimes move their six legs successively, or only two or three at a time without distinction, but never both legs of the same pair together. The walk of insects is frequently very irregular, especially when the legs are long; and they often hop rather than walk. Others have one kind of step, and walk very regularly. Running does not change the order of the movements, it only makes them quicker, surpassing in speed, comparatively speaking, the motion of all other animals. Some insects, however, rather crawl than walk. In swimming, and also in jumping, the hind legs play the principal part. Insects that jump, as the grasshoppers, for instance, have their legs very largely developed.

Of the thirteen rings forming the body of a perfect insect in its normal condition, nine are found in the abdomen. They are much more separate and movable than those of the chest. No appendages are attached to any but the posterior ones, which often carry small organs, which, from their use and appearances, have been called saws, probes, forceps, stings, augers, and the like.

The outer covering or skin of insects is to them in a great measure what the bony framework of the skeleton is to man and other animals. Generally it is of a hard and horny nature, but more or less flexible.

The knowledge that insects breathe is quite a modern acquisition. In the soft membrane between, and connecting the rings to which we have referred, are minute pores or air-holes, by which air is conveyed to the organs that answer for lungs in insects. After entering these breathing-pores, the air is conducted by elastic tubes to all parts of the body, and even through the delicate structure of the wings, just as in the case of birds, so that the whole frame is rendered lighter and more buoyant.

The number of air-tubes in the body of an insect is very great. Patiently examining the body of the goat-moth caterpillar, Lyonet found that it is traversed by more than fifteen hundred, which are visible by the aid of a magnifying-glass, without taking into account those which may be imperceptible. Insects breathe an immense quantity of air in proportion to their size. Those which live in the water are either provided with gills, or come to the surface to take the air of which they are in need.

The digestive apparatus of insects usually consist of a crop, with the known functions of the crop in birds, a gizzard, and other organs performing the offices of stomach, liver, kidneys, etc. The gizzard, the only one of these resembling in appearance like organs in the larger animals, is extremely muscular, and well fitted for the labor it has to perform. Its interior walls are furnished with a grinding apparatus, consisting either of teeth, or plates, or spines, or notches, which convert the food into pulp. This organ is absent in sucking insects, and such as live on soft substances.

Insects possess an organ analogous in its functions to the heart, though there are neither arteries nor veins, the blood, which is thin and colorless, being freely diffused in the interstices between the muscles and the gaps left between the different organs.

The metamorphoses or transformations of insects have always been a source of wonder, and were long regarded as, perhaps, the most marvellous phenomena in nature. Of these transformations we can only say at present that they are of two kinds—complete and incomplete. In the former of these, the insect passes through four successive stages: the egg, the larva, the pupa, nymph, or chrysalis; and the perfect insect, or imago. In each of these stages, the appearance of the insect is entirely different from what it is in the others. There are certain insects, however, that show no difference in their various stages except by the absence of wings in the larva; and in these the chrysalis is only characterized by the growth of the wings, which, at first folded back, and hidden under the skin, afterward become free, and finally fully develop themselves. This partial transformation is what is termed incomplete metamorphosis.

Among the insects whose metamorphoses are incomplete, is an order of which the grasshoppers, the cockroaches, and the crickets are the more familiar types. The organs of flight distinguish them from all other insects, the

second pair of wings, with their large, straight, stick-like nervures, and folding together lengthwise, exactly in the manner of a fan, being especially characteristic, and giving the order its name—Orthoptera, from *Orthos*, straight; and *Ptera*, wings.

In this order we meet with some of the largest insects, and particularly those which are of strange and extraordinary shape.

Among these is the mole-cricket, which, in its appearance and habits, and with its powerful fore-legs armed with broad, hand-like claws, bears such a strong resemblance to the little animal from which it receives its common name. In this order, too, we find the odd-looking praying-beetle, so hypocritically solemn in its attitude of devotion, so cruel and bloodthirsty in its habits. Then there are those strange, rather unpleasant-looking, but perfectly inoffensive creatures, called walking-sticks, of which few of our readers, we imagine, have not occasionally seen specimens. Destitute of wings, they resemble so exactly dry twigs, that it is scarcely possible to tell the difference. Though with us they seldom attain a length of more than two or three inches, the walking-sticks of other countries are among the largest known insects, some of them being nearly a foot long.

But, perhaps, the most remarkable among the members of this order, are those curious tropical insects properly known as walking-leaves. The wing-cases, or elytra, of these insects, not only in color, but in texture, and even in veining, are so exactly like leaves, from the fresh green of those newly unfolded to the faded brown of those withered and fallen, that botanists themselves might be deceived if they were detached from the insects and shown as leaves. Among the various species of these insects we find many whose wing-cases resemble, in this manner, the leaves of the laurel, the myrtle, the citron, the lily, the sage, the olive, the camellia, and of thyme and grass.

Specimens of these curious insects have been brought living into Europe. The exquisite engraving which we give this month represents a female insect with her young. It was drawn from living specimens in the Garden of Acclimation, near Paris. The insect figured in it is the walking-leaf of India. These curious creatures, however, are not confined exclusively to the tropical countries of the East. Very many species are natives of Australia, where the largest, the most strangely shaped, and more brilliantly colored of all the known kinds have been found.

THE HOME CIRCLE.

EDITED BY A LADY.

PAPER DOLLS.

THESE pretty little toys are inexpensive, and furnish a vast fund of amusement and occupation. The little ones can become the possessors of large families—of whole neighborhoods, in fact—with full changes of wardrobe and complete sets of household furniture, at the cost of a single wax doll with an appropriate outfit. It is true, mamma must sometimes relinquish her fashion-plates before she has bestowed more than a glance upon them, to be out up into dolls; and the sitting-room and library-table and floor occasionally present a distressful appearance from the littering chips of the young work-women. Nevertheless, paper dolls furnish a pretty and quiet amusement for the little girls, and will keep them busy for hours on rainy days.

But there is one thing that, in their introduction, has been overlooked. In the times of the old-fashioned dolls, that had to be dressed and worked for, the little girl served her apprenticeship to many womanly duties. She learned to cut, and plan, and contrive; to sew, to knit, and to embroider, that her doll might make as creditable an appearance as its neighbors. And she who had acquired the art of fitting Miss Dolly a dress or sacque with neatness and precision, and who could make the same little lady a fashionable bonnet, found it very easy, when the day for dolls was past, to do the same things for herself and her sisters.

We remember, when a little girl, spending many happy and busy hours with an obliging milliner and dressmaker, who gave us scraps of straws, ribbon, lace, and calico, and copying with the utmost care, for our doll's benefit, whatever article of apparel we saw our hostess engaged upon. But paper dolls were not invented in those days. If they had been, the pencil, scissors, and box of water-colors would probably have obtained preference over the needle and thimble.

Nowadays, we occasionally meet a young lady who is sadly unfamiliar with the use of the needle, and who seems to hardly regard it as a necessary womanly accomplishment. To be sure, sewing-machines have done away with its necessity in a degree, still, it can never be superseded entirely, and no woman seems quite womanly who cannot sew rapidly and neatly. When we meet a girl whose education is thus deficient, we cannot help thinking—"Alas! she was born in the era of paper dolls!"

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A CERTAIN CURE FOR EARACHE.

WE have recently seen several receipts published as beneficial in cases of earache; but one who has a severe attack of that malady will, we think, soon find the inefficiency of them all. There is, however, one remedy which the experience of twenty years has taught us is unfailing. We have seen it repeatedly tried in our own family, and have frequently recommended it to others, always with the same satisfactory result.

No house should be without its bottle of arnica. It is indispensable in cases of cuts, burns, and bruises, and in earache it is a sovereign cure. As soon as any soreness is felt in the ear—which feeling almost always precedes the regular "ache"—let three or four drops of tincture of arnica be poured in, and then the orifice filled with a little cotton to exclude the air; and in a short time the uneasiness is forgotten. If the arnica is not resorted to until there is actual pain, the cure may not be so speedy, but it is just as certain. If one application of the arnica does not effect a cure, it will be necessary to repeat it, it may be, several times. It is a sure preventive for gathering in the ear, which is the usual cause of earache.

We have never yet known any harm or serious inconvenience to attend this use of arnica; though if the spirits with which it is made are very strong, it may be diluted with a little water, as the spirits—not the arnica—will sometimes cause a temporary dizziness of the head, which is unpleasant.

SUGGESTIONS TO HOUSEKEEPERS.

A WRITER in the *Mother's Journal* makes some excellent remarks on the subject of the over-tasking of women in household duties, and suggests means by which this can be remedied in a certain degree. She says:

"This is pre-eminently an age of inventions. How to save labor and yet enjoy its results, how to animate the dead forces of nature and make them do man's work for him, are the great problems toward the solution of which the inventive genius of the century is most especially directed; and horses, pulleys, condensed air, and steam are made to do almost all kinds of man's labor.

"But thus far how to save woman's work has been left quite in the background of inventive

thought. We are all familiar with our grandmothers' adage, 'A woman's time is nothing.' From this as a text, sermons written and unwritten have been preached into our lives and breathed into our customs, until even the spirit of invention has come, unconsciously, to recognize that devices to save woman's kitchen work will not pay; and so here is a sphere on which the curse, 'In the sweat of thy face shalt thou eat bread,' still rests in literal, primitive fulfilment.

"We would not, however, overlook or forget the sewing-machine. In that invention, woman's time has been counted as something, and in it we recognize a great advance step toward the coming of the day when a woman's work shall, in its importance, be placed more nearly on a par with man's work, and when the genius of invention shall be directed toward labor-saving kitchen machinery; or when it shall be considered as well worth while to invest money in co-operative industrial establishments, whose object is to save woman's labor, as it is to invest money in manufacturing reapers and mowers, corn-drills, cultivators, and whatever machinery saves the labor of men's hands and diminishes the sweat of their brows.

"Upon a recent visit to New England, it was very gratifying to me to note the direction that the progress of the times was taking toward the relief of hundreds of farmers' wives, in the establishment of numerous cheese factories throughout the grazing districts in Vermont.

"I visited some of these factories and noted the cleanliness, facility, and comfort with which, by the aid of steam and a little simple machinery, three or four persons were doing the work of ten times that number under the old *regime* of cheese-making. In their homes, too, I saw the rejuvenated wives of these farmers, living with no more drudgery on their hands now, than falls to the lot of other women.

"And, recalling the slop and suds—the cleaning up of heavy tubs and buckets, the scrubbing of whey-slopped floors, the carrying of barrels of whey to distant pig-pens, the turning of heavy cheeses by the mere force of the strength there was in a woman's arm, recalling, in short, cheese-making as I had seen it carried on but a few years ago, in the same districts, and comparing it with the present way of making cheese, in the co-operative factories, I was thankful that some of the inventions of the age had reached this sphere of women, and lightened the toil of Vermont farmers' wives.

"And just in this way I am convinced, from careful estimates and investigations made by persons who have taken everything into consideration, that our washing and ironing can be done in a co-operative laundry better and cheaper than we can possibly have it done in our houses. So with our baking. Bread made by women, with good hop yeast, made as we like to have it made at home; also cookies or cakes and pies of any kind (though

if we did without these, we should be great gainers by the sacrifice). But if we wish them, they can be made out of the house more cheaply than we can make them in our kitchens; for machinery, steam, and the proper appliances for doing things on a large scale, always diminish the price of labor.

"Now, with the washing and ironing taken out of our houses, that terrible drag taken off a woman's life, and a place of resort at hand where we know a good meal for an unexpected guest can be furnished on short notice, it seems to me that a good share of comfort and repose might come into a house, and for as little money as for any investment we could possibly make with money.

"I visited, during the past summer, the community of Shakers at Mount Lebanon, New York. I went over their laundries, their dairies, workshops, kitchens, and bakeries. I ate of their delicious bread—the sweetest, it seemed to me, I had ever tasted—their wholesome cakes, their fruits, so perfectly preserved as to retain the flavor of fresh fruits—of their simply, but most excellently prepared dishes of various kinds. The neatness, wholesomeness, and thoroughness of their domestic *regime*, was a rest and refreshment to body and spirit. There was no hurry, no jostle, no anxious looking toward kitchen door while entertaining a guest; there was no distracted mind divided between half a dozen things of equal importance that we housekeepers, who must be economical of time and money, feel during three fourths of the hours of all the days of our lives; and feel, too, that such a state of things is wearing our lives away, making us old before our time—sending us to our graves, having spent the whole of this poor life in consideration of what shall we eat and what shall we drink, and wherewithal shall we be clothed; and having, meantime, invested so very, very little intellectual or spiritual capital for the other side.

"Under such considerations, the spirits of women may well droop. Life but drags on to its close. Our houses are not homes, but places within whose walls are enclosed scrubbing, scouring, eating, and preparing to eat, and the spirit of worry and discontent presiding over all.

"My friends, I am persuaded that we can live better than this. Let us put some of this work off our hands. Let the women in our small villages unite in establishing a village laundry. Let country neighborhoods unite, as the Vermont farmers have united, to make their cheese. Here is an undoubted 'proper sphere' for woman to work in. She can talk *feelingly* on this subject.

"We owe it to ourselves, to our souls—to that part of our being that will exist when fleshly eating and dressing shall have ceased, to see that some time is reserved for the education and entertainment of that higher part of the life that God, in giving us being, bestowed upon us."

GARDENING FOR LADIES.

BY MRS. E. B. DUFFEY.

WORK FOR JANUARY.

BEGINNING, as we do, our directions for gardening in the depth of winter, there is little that can be suggested, except as regards the proper care of the plants and flowers which we must suppose are already transplanted and housed for the season.

It is not too late, however, to begin the cultivation of hyacinths, either in pots or glasses. This may be undertaken any time between the first of October and the first of February; the earlier it is begun, the earlier the bloom, of course.

HYACINTHS IN POTS.—For pot culture the best bulbs should always be selected; the soil used should be about one part decomposed stable manure, to two parts sandy loam, mixed by passing through a coarse sieve. The pots used should be from five to seven inches in diameter. Put the dirt in loosely to the rim, the bulb pressed down so that only about one third of it remains above the top of the soil. The pot is then struck smartly on a bench, so as to give the soil the proper degree of firmness, which will bring it down to an inch or so below the rim of the pot. Water freely, when potted, to still further settle the soil. Then put the pots in a cool, dark place. They may be put in a cellar with four or five inches of sand over them. When they have fairly started to grow, they may be brought to the light, and watered freely, for if stinted in water while growing, the flowers will be small and not brilliant in color.

HYACINTHS IN GLASSES.—Dark-colored glasses are best, as they protect the roots from the light. Fill with rain water, and place the bulb so it barely touches the water. Place the glasses in the dark until the roots reach the bottom, when they may be exposed to the light. As soon as the leaves of the plant assume a healthy green color, they may be placed in the window. The water should be changed once a week, and the fresh water should be of the same temperature as the old. Single hyacinths are better adapted for glasses than double ones.

For giving vigor to the plants, and color to the flowers, a solution made of an ounce of guano, and a quarter of an ounce of chloride of lime, in a quart of rain-water, may be applied at the rate of two teaspoonfuls to each bottle or pot, twice a week, after flowers begin to appear.

Most of the spring-blooming bulbs can be grown in pots the same as the hyacinth.

GENERAL CARE OF HOUSE PLANTS.—The room where flowers are kept needs thorough ventilation daily. They do better in rooms not lighted by gas, as it is always escaping more or less, and is injurious. Give plenty of light, the more sun the better, and turn the pots about frequently, so that all sides may share it. Stir the surface of the soil often.

Water when the surface of the ground looks dry. Too much watering causes the leaves of many plants to turn yellow and fall. The pot should be laid on its side in a sink about once a week, and both sides of the leaves sponged or syringed. In sponging plants that are very dusty, lukewarm water may be used to advantage, but they should be showered afterward with cold water.

Watering with weak lime-water will not hurt the plants. Smoking with tobacco removes the green fly or aphids.

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POTTING OR PLANTS.—It is best to place a plant first in a small pot, and as its size increases, change to larger sized pot. Even when it requires no increase of size in the pot, the plant should be frequently repotted, to give it the advantage of fresh ground. The pot should be perfectly clean, and if new the better. We learn from a new work on "Practical Floriculture," prepared by Peter Henderson, and published by Orange Judd & Co., New York, that it is highly advantageous to the plants to be removed carefully from the pot, and have all the soil washed from their roots, then repotted in fresh soil.

DEGREE OF HEAT FOR HOUSE-PLANTS.—As a general rule, a day temperature of sixty degrees, with a night temperature of forty-five degrees, is what house-plants require. Verbenas, carnations, fuschias, geraniums, azaleas, and camellias, require a lower temperature than bouvardias, poinsettias, begonias, or lantanas.

THE CULTURE OF FLOWERS.

THERE is no occupation so conducive to health, so delightful in itself, so satisfactory in its immediate results, and so encouraging to the growth of all the finer sensibilities, as the out-door culture of flowers. Every woman, whatever her other employments may be, should try to spare time for its indulgence, if only in the most limited degree. Those who fancy they have little taste for flowers, will find that, by fostering it, that little will grow in them until it bids fair to become a passion.

There are few objects in nature so beautiful as flowers, and, though but short-lived, and the frailest of all created things, they atone for this by their abundance and variety. Still, to cultivate flowers successfully, there must exist a love for them. It will not do to treat them like step-children, or, rather, as step-children are popularly represented as being treated. They must be watched, and tended, and nourished, their wants foreseen almost before they are felt, and immediately supplied. They must be protected from cold and sheltered from heat; they must be fed and watered—an all this not spasmodically, but day after day, from the time of the first planting till the frost claims them. And under this fostering care they will thrive, and seem to so enjoy life—to so exult in their existence—that, as their only mode of expression, they burst out into a luxuriance of bloom that ends only with their season.

The love and the culture of flowers is not so general as it ought to be. There are many homes, with every requisite as regards space, where no flowers are to be seen—where the grass is left to grow rank, and where unsightly weeds spring around the door-step. With a honeysuckle trained over a rustic porch at the door, and a veil of morning-glories screening the window; with a bunch of pinks and roses for June, and a display of hollyhocks and lilies for July; and with sweet-williams and larkspurs blossoming the summer through, the humblest cottage can be made an attractive object in the landscape.

It is the general impression of dwellers in a city that they have no space nor opportunities for the culture of flowers: but this impression is an ill-founded one. The tiny back yard, if there be any, and if it receive any sun during the day, can be turned into a

flower-bed. The fences can be fairly hidden with festoons of morning-glories, nasturtiums, and other vines; and even in the damp, shaded corners, where nothing else will grow, violets, pansies, and nemophilas will thrive and be grateful for the shade and moisture. If there is no yard, there must be windows, beneath which, outside, shelves may be fastened to accommodate boxes for flower culture; while, inside, the hanging-basket, and ivy, and the whole race of house-plants and flowers find plenty of room.

And there is something contagious in the manifestation of an attempt to beautify a premises in this simple, yet elegant manner. One house in a street, which displays in front of it a yard, be it ever so small, rich in floral treasures, will, in all probability, make every other house in the square emulous of a like distinguishing beauty. One woman of taste, who displays a hanging-basket, or a vine at her window, is undoubtedly morally responsible for a score of baskets and vines that soon appear at neighboring windows.

EVENINGS WITH THE POETS.

THE KING'S PARTY.

"THE King has a children's party to-night,
Your little girl is invited guest;"
A great fear froze to my very brain,
A great pain smote to my very breast.
"There are plenty of little ones out in the cold,
Why not gather them in?" I said;
"Leave you my little one safe at home!"
But ever she shook her shining head.

What dress shall she wear to the King's high Court?
I searched her wardrobe through and through,
I tossed her little dresses about,
Till they lay like a heap of sparkling dew.
I came to a little robe, so white,
It looked like a snow-drift laid with care;
This shall she wear to the King's high Court,
With its dainty tucks and laces rare.

What gems shall I set in her silky hair?
Go bring me the casket inlaid with pearl;
The diamonds shine like the morning dew,
But they shine too much for my little girl.
I came to a dainty string of pearls,
That were fit for a king's own child to wear;
These shall she wear to the King's high Court,
On neck and arms, and golden hair.

What flowers shall I put in her waxen hands?
Go bring me some valley lilies fair,
For they droop their heads as she did hers,
When she knelt to say "Our Father's" prayer.
And o'er her bosom strew many a bud,
That lies in its casket cool and sweet,
That went to sleep in the early morn,
And never felt the dust and the heat.

What shoes shall I put on your darling's feet?
Go bring me her satin slippers bright;
The tears would come from my bursting heart,
As I thought of her dimpled feet so white;
Dear little feet that would never ache,
Rambling o'er His pastures green;
And a great peace came to my aching brain,
As I thought of her garments, always clean.

"Your child is robbed for the party," they said,
And I went to look at my darling's face;
It was lying cold, and white, and still,
Among soft pillows of snowy lace.
I knew that up in the King's high Court
The angels were singing glad and low,
And that it was over my little girl,
So I left her up in heaven to grow.

New Jerusalem Magazine.

MY LITTLE WIFE.

[The following exquisite love story, from *Blackwood's Magazine*, is by a new poet—DAVID WINGATE, a collier from his ninth year:]

MY little wife often round the church hill,
Sweet little, dear little, neat-footed Jane,
Walked slowly, and lonely, and thoughtful until
The afternoon bell chimed its call o'er the plain:
And nothing seemed sweeter
To me than to meet her
And tell her what weather 'twas likely to be,
My heart the while glowing,
The selfish wish growing,
That all her affections were centred in me.

My life once 'tis strange, but 'tis true,
Sweet little, dear little, love-troubled Jane,
So deeply absorbed in her day-dreaming grew,
The bell chimed and ceased, though she heard not
its strain;
And I, walking near her
(May love ever cheer her
Who thinks all such wandering of sin void and free),
Strove hard to persuade her
That he who had made her
Had destined her heart-love for no one but me.

My little wife—well, perhaps, this is wrong—
Sweet little, dear little, warm-hearted Jane,
Sat on the hillside till her shadow grew long,
Nor tired of the preacher that thus could detain.
I argued so neatly,
And proved so completely,
That none but poor Andrew her husband could be,
She smiled when I blessed her,
And blushed when I kissed her,
And owned that she loved, and would wed none but me.

VICTUALS AND DRINK.

"There once was a woman,
And what do you think?
She lived upon nothing
But victuals and drink.
Victuals and drink
Were the chief of her diet,
And yet this poor woman
Scarce ever was quiet."

AND were you so foolish
As really to think
That all she could want
Was her victuals and drink?
And that while she was furnished
With that sort of diet,
Her feeling and fancy
Would starve, and be quiet?

Mother Goose knew far better:
But thought it sufficient
To give a mere hint
That the fare was deficient:
For I do not believe
She could ever have meant
To imply there was reason
For being content.

Yet the mass of mankind
Is uncommonly slow
To acknowledge the fact
It behooves them to know;
Or to learn that a woman
Is not like a mouse,
Needing nothing but cheese
And the walls of a house.

But just take a man—
Shut him up for a day;
Get his hat and his cane—
Put them snugly away;
Give him stockings to mend,
And three sumptuous meals;—
And then ask him, at night,
If you dare, how he feels!
Do you think he will quietly
Stick to the stocking,
While you read the news,
And "don't care about talking"?

Oh! many a woman
Goes starving, I ween,
Who lives in a palace,
And fares like a queen;

Till the famishing heart,
And the feverish brain
Have spelled out to life's end
The long lesson of pain.

Yet, stay! To my mind
An uneasy suggestion
Comes up, that there may be
Two sides to the question.
That, while here and there proving
Inflicted privation,
The verdict must often be
"Willful starvation."
Since there are men and women
Would force one to think
They choose to live only
On victuals and drink.

O restless, uncraving,
Unsatisfied hearts,
Whence never the culture
Of hunger departs!
How long on the husks
Of your life will ye feed,
Ignoring the soul
And her famishing need?

Bethink you, when lulled
In your shallow content,
'Twas to Lazarus only
The angels were sent;
And 'tis he to whose lips
But earth's ashes are given,
For whom the full banquet
Is gathered in heaven!

Mother Goose for Old Folks.

OUR NEW COOK-BOOK.

CHAPTER I.

THE ENTRANCE UPON DOMESTIC LIFE.

"NOT for the summer hour alone,
When skies resplendent shine,
And youth and pleasure fill the throne,
Our hearts and hands we twine;
But for those stern and wintry days,
Of peril, pain, and fear,
When heaven's wise discipline doth make
This earthly journey drear."

"Happy in this, she is not yet so old,
But she may learn; and, happier than this,
She is not bred so dull but she can learn;
Happiest of all is, that her gentle spirit
Humbles itself enough 'to be directed.'"

It is proper to take a view of the new condition of life in which a young wife is placed as soon as she enters on her own household, her duties being varied by the fortuitous circumstances of possession and fortune.

An immense difference exists between the condition of an unmarried and a married woman. She who but an instant before glided calmly along life's pathway, having every wish gratified, ministered to by anxious and devoted parents and friends, suddenly finds herself at the head of a family, and upon her rests, in a great measure, the responsibility of its future well-being.

"The married, as well as the single state, equally demand the exercise and improvement of the best qualities of the heart and mind." Self must be entirely laid aside, and every endeavor be made to secure the comfort of all who are brought within the precincts of home. In order to maintain the happiness of the home circle, temper must be effectually restrained, and that blessed "CHARITY, which suffereth long, and is kind," must be allowed full scope.

A young married woman ought to carefully examine her new condition of life in its every phase, penetrate fully into its several relations, and so prepare herself to "lead, regulate, and command." Her chief aim should be to continue to cultivate such pursuits and tastes as are refining and improving in their influence, and best calculated to render their own fireside the spot most attractive to the husband; and these refinements should be the more ardently pursued as life advances—thereby winning and attracting within the magic circle of home those nearest and dearest to a wife and mother's heart.

The husband should be the centre of a woman's thoughts and feelings—in a household view—and his well-being, in every point, her chief aim. She should endeavor to secure his esteem as well as his affection, and seek to be made his only confidante.

Having become the head of a family, she is to conduct herself so as to prove a worthy example, both to those brought into immediate contact with her, and to those who regard her afar off. A woman increases, by marriage, relationships of various degrees. The

cultivation of amicable feelings among the several connections of a family, has an important bearing upon domestic bliss, which may be greatly impaired by injudicious conduct—causing petty jealousies and much uncomfortable and cold restraint.

Regulated temper in a wife is indispensable to conjugal happiness. Should the proper regulation of temper even be delayed until after marriage, a true woman—one who possesses energy of mind, and exercises her knowledge of right and wrong—will not rest satisfied until she has attained the mastery of her disposition; and unless this victory be gained, the happiness of her family will be destroyed.

Example—not merely precept—influences children, and gives a mother that command over them which she ought to possess. The little ones soon learn to discriminate and comment upon the conduct of parents, and unrestrained temper fills them with abhorrence, and causes them to lose their respect for those who should be regarded by them with reverence.

Temper should not only be restrained before the husband and children, but also in the presence of servants. A generous, forbearing disposition, maintained on the part of the mistress, will, when servants are not utterly worthless, not only secure esteem, but, in addition, prompt obedience and a more faithful fulfilment of duties.

Mistresses of households, in view of their responsibilities as wives, mothers, and controllers of those around and under them, should particularly strive to cultivate *firmness*. A temptation, on the part of a husband, even, to too lavish expenditure, to too gay society, &c., should, whatever it may be, if it conflict with *principle*, be decidedly and at once resisted; yet this should be done with perfect good humor and in the spirit of charity. Obedience on the part of children should be *unhesitatingly enforced*; and if punishment be *deserved*, a threat to that effect should be promptly fulfilled—not angrily, but sorrowfully, so that the child may perceive that whilst the parent is *firm*, grief is also felt for the *necessary infliction of punishment*. In like manner, obedience on the part of domestics should be *enforced*; a command once given, its neglect should not be lightly overlooked, but be met so firmly, yet at the same time so gently, that a repetition would not be attempted. We should deliberate well, before hazarding an opinion, maintaining a position, issuing commands, and executing punishment, and then firmness may be displayed without the fear of reproach.

Unbiased judgment ought to pervade all our actions. A woman should strive to "subject her mind and affections to reason," and, above all, *prayerfully endeavor* to regulate her own conduct, and be ever on the watch to reform in herself whatever may seem apt to prove a barrier to domestic happiness.

SOUPS.

CALF'S HEAD SOUP.—Procure a head and liver. Clean the head thoroughly, and split it in two; remove the brains, and lay them in cold water. Put the head into boiling water, with some pepper and salt, and let it boil till it is soft enough to take the bones out. Then, whilst the head is out of the water, put in the liver and boil it until it is quite done, after which it must be chopped up very fine, together with the head, adding some onions, parsley, and thyme. Then put it on to boil awhile, with a few pounded cloves, a few potatoes, and some small dumplings. Make a thickening of two yolks of eggs, and a piece of butter about the size of a walnut, all beaten well together. A little vinegar or lemon juice may be added, if de-

sired. When sufficiently cooked, take the soup off the fire, strain the brains through a sieve into it, and stir it well. Better put the head on to boil early in the morning, as it requires long cooking before the bones can be removed. Boil gently.

GUMBO A LA FRANCAISE.—Cut into small pieces three quarters of a pound of fresh beef, a slice of ham, and a small piece of codfish, or the meat of three crabs, and fry it all well. Brown an onion and cut it into small pieces; cut into small, thin slices a quarter of a peck of okras; tie small bunches of thyme and parsley together, and remember that these must be taken out of the soup before it is served. Take the seeds out of half of a green pepper. Put all the ingredients into a saucepan, add as much salt as is agreeable to you, and cover them with boiling water; stew them slowly for five hours, stirring frequently with a silver spoon, and occasionally adding boiling water to them.

GUMBO SOUP MADE WITH GUMBO POWDER.—Make a nice broth (using whatever meat you please), and season it with fried onions and spices. Just before serving it, stir into it, well, some of the gumbo powder—about two tablespoonfuls for three persons—and keep the pot over the fire until the soup thickens; then, if you have them, add some oysters or the meat of crabs.

GUMBO OR OKRA SOUP—AMERICAN.—Put five pounds of lean beef in a pot, with one gallon of cold water; boil it until the scum rises, and then skim it thoroughly. Next add three peeled and sliced tomatoes and a small, finely chopped onion, two small green peppers, and a quarter of a peck of gumbo, cut into thin slices across the grain. Salt the soup sufficiently, and let it boil slowly, but steadily. The beef should be set to boil about half-past nine o'clock, and the soup should cook from five to six hours. Skim off all the fat very carefully.

GUMBO SOUP—GENUINE WEST INDIA.—Boil four crabs; when cooked enough, take off the claws and outer shells, and whatever is considered unsafe eating, but keep the bodies whole. Place a pot over the fire, put into it a tablespoonful of lard, and then add the crabs, with a portion of some fat bacon or ham, cut into squares an inch thick; let the whole simmer and fry, *without burning*, until handsomely browned; then add two tomatoes, two peppers, a small onion, sliced, and some salt. Have ready some boiling water, and pour a small portion of it in with the ingredients for the soup. After the sputtering subsides, continue to add the boiling water until you have about three quarts of soup in the pot; then add a quarter of a peck of chopped gumbo, and boil it five hours. Serve it without the bacon. Be careful to skim it, so as to remove all the grease.

MOCK TURTLE SOUP.—Prepare a calf's head very nicely, add three or four quarts of water to it, and let it boil until it is perfectly cooked; then take out the bones and cut it into fine pieces. Put it in the water it was boiled in, adding mace, cloves, and pepper, to your taste, and let it boil well. Prepare some well-browned flour (this ought to be attended to previously), adding as much butter as will make it rich, and some chopped onion-peel which has been browned; also, small portions of thyme and sweet marjoram. Stir all together, put it into the pot containing the calf's head, and when you think it is enough cooked, add some vinegar or lemon-juice to it; or, if you prefer, it can be served without the wine. Two or three hard-boiled eggs, chopped, and stirred into the soup, is a great improvement.

TOILET AND WORK-TABLE.

FASHIONS FOR JANUARY.

We have from the best authority, that in Paris—the city which governs the world in these matters—there have been very few changes in the fashions since last winter. As a rule, the dresses made then serve very well for the present season. The Watteau style continues to reign; paniers at the back, skirts looped up at the sides, and richly trimmed petticoats, are still as popular as last winter. The leading modistes try in vain to introduce new styles, but the fashionable public cannot be induced to adopt them.

Worth introduces into his toilets the points, the ruffled sleeves, and the frills of old. He has a manner of draping trains over dresses which is inimitable. Van Dyck himself never draped the queens and princesses he painted more gracefully than does the famous English man-milliner of Paris.

The same authority tells us that in Paris, for outdoor costumes, there is nothing more distinguished at the present season than those made of pearl-gray cloth and trimmed with bands of curled feathers. The trimming is arranged as a double band at the top of the flounce and round the edge of the tunic, which is simply looped up on the hips. The bodice is in the "Amazone" form, and has a large basque; the feather trimming descends the fronts, and simulates a waistcoat. A "Franc Tireur" hat, made of pearl-gray felt, with a bow of gray velvet and a tuft of feathers, completes the costume.

Frills made of muslin and trimmed with Valenciennes lace, have quite replaced plain linen collars in Paris.

The form of the chignon is changed entirely. Instead of being perfectly round, and worn on the top of the head, it is now long, and, though worn high, extends down into the neck.

Very large gauze veils are now worn as long as scarfs; they are frequently arranged so as to go round the face and neck, being loosely tied either at the back or side. These veils are generally made of the color of the hat.

BASQUE FOR WINTER WEAR.

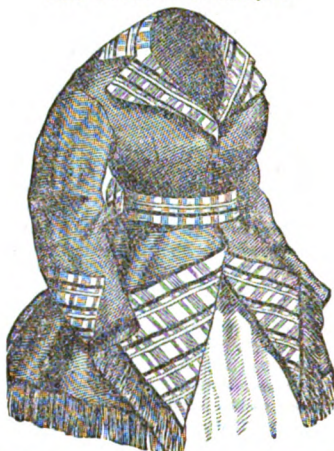


The front of this basque buttons closely over the chest; the side-pieces are cut very wide, rounded

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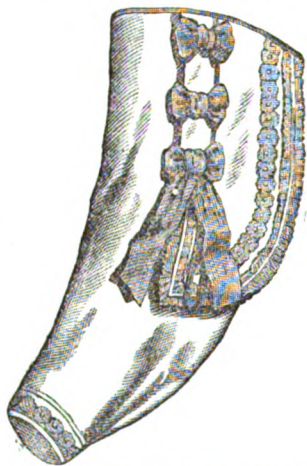
and trimmed up to the waist, at the back, and laid in plaits under a four-looped bow. The trimming consists of fringe and narrow velvet. The deep cuffs are trimmed with velvet, and the collar with velvet and fringe. The dress worn with it requires no overskirt.

THE LOCHINVAR BASQUE.



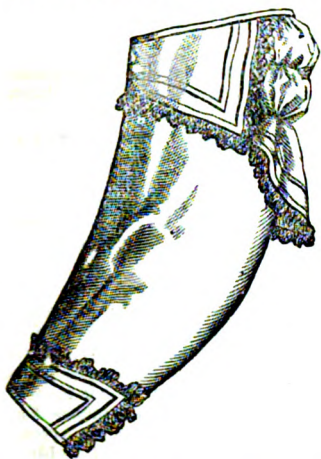
Cloth, lined with plaid flannel, made up after this model, is comfortable for winter wear. The sailor collar and revers are of plaid, as are also the sash and the trimming on the sleeve. The bottom of the Lochinvar basque should be edged with deep fringe.

PATTERN FOR SLEEVE.



The front of this sleeve, which is cut considerably wider than the under side, is laid in wide box-plaits in the centre, and ornamented with bows; the outer edge is trimmed with ruching, and braid or gimp; it is gathered or plaited at the wrist.

ANOTHER PATTERN FOR SLEEVE.



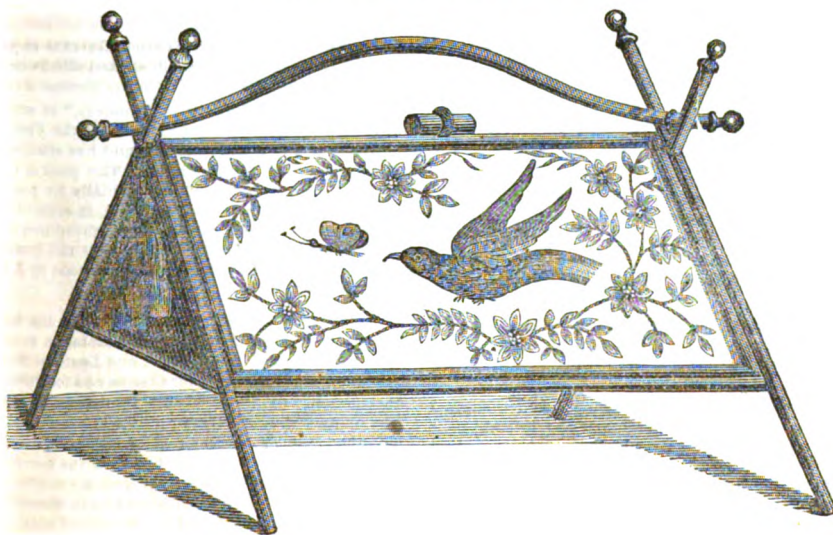
A fresh variety of coat sleeve—a double puffing and frill being inserted between the open points of the epaulet, which gives a graceful finish and additional width to the upper part of the arm. The cuff, epaulet, and frill are edged with black lace, and trimmed with velvet ribbon.

IN-DOOR COIFFURE.



Composed of two strips of lace insertion, joined together and ornamented with loops of satin ribbon placed in the middle.

PORTFOLIO IN SHAPE OF A HAMMOCK.



This pretty portfolio is worked on canvas in satin stitch with wool and silk. It is worked in six shades of brown, from very dark to very light; the last shade is sand-color, and is worked with silk; one single stitch of the same silk is worked in the middle of each of the small leaves over the wool. The bird is shaded with the same colors; the eye is a red stitch, edged with a white circle. The butterfly is worked with red and black silk ground in a fancy stitch with green silk. Both sides of the portfolio

are made exactly alike. The wooden stand is nine and three fifth inches high, and twelve inches wide. The canvas is lined with cardboard and satin; the latter must be slightly quilted and stitched with silk in the color of the ground of the embroidery. Silk tassels or satin bows are fastened at the corners, as can be seen on illustration. We give in the front of our magazine, in nearly full size, the pattern for embroidery of the portfolio.

NEW PUBLICATIONS.

THE HOLLANDS. By Virginia F. Townsend, Boston: A. K. Loring.

We once more call attention to this volume of Miss Townsend's, and to the opportunity which it affords my friends of hers to possess themselves of this favorite work in a substantial and elegant form.

It may be well to state here that, at the importunities of many readers, a new chapter has been added to the former conclusion, thus giving finish and completeness to many details.

As Miss Townsend has a copyright interest in this volume, her friends will do her a service by promoting its sale. \$1.50 sent to A. K. Loring, publisher, 319 Washington Street, Boston, will secure to the sender a copy by return mail, post paid.

THE ATLANTIC ALMANAC. For 1870. With Illustrations by Darley, Gilbert, Eytinge, Brown, Fenn, Du Maurier, Homer, Fredericks, Hennessy, Hoppin, Perkins, and others. Boston: *Field, Osgood & Co.*

This very pleasing annual is, in most respects, quite up to the standard of its predecessors. The woodcuts and the reading matter are all that could be asked. The illustrations, printed in colors, have, however, a very cheap appearance, and scarcely meet the commonest esthetic requirements of ordinary picture-lovers. For sale in Philadelphia by Turner Brothers & Co.

THE YOUNG DETECTIVE; or, Which Won? By Rosa Abbott. Boston: *Lee & Shepard.*

A very well-told and interesting story, which boys, especially, will be delighted with. A detective story for the young folks is a novelty, however, we are not quite sure that we like. A similar doubt seems to have troubled the author of this little book, as we infer from the juvenile casuistry she has put into the mouth of her youthful hero. For sale in Philadelphia by J. B. Lippincott & Co.

HOW CHARLEY ROBERTS BECAME A MAN. By the author of "Forrest Mills"—a Prize Story. Boston: *Lee & Shepard.*

HOW EVA ROBERTS GAINED HER EDUCATION. By the author of "Forrest Mills." Illustrated. Boston: *Lee & Shepard.*

We know of few books—the one for boys and the other for girls—we can more heartily recommend than these. Strong, earnest, and healthy in tone, and inculcating lessons of the highest practical morality, they are never dull or uninteresting. And though written in a style that will command the interest of matured minds, they are yet within the comprehension of ordinarily intelligent boys and girls. Of the story of Charley Roberts, the author, addressing the boy reader, says: "I have written it, hoping that you may gather, as you read, true ideas of manhood; that you may never aspire to profanity, vulgarity, tobacco, wines, stubbornness, self-assertion, or self-conceit, as many things. *Manly* they are—*manly*, never. Self-respect, self-control, and respect for others, are manly virtues. But self-respect must fade before habits of profanity or vulgarity; self-control will not indulge in tobacco and wines; and respect for others, and for the right, moderates all stubbornness, self-assertion, and self-conceit into a proper firmness or independ-

ence." Other stories of this series are announced as in preparation. For sale by J. B. Lippincott & Co., Philadelphia.

DOTTY DIMPLE'S FLITAWAY. By Sophie May, author of "Little Prudy Stories." Illustrated. Boston: *Lee & Shepard.*

The sixth and last of the charming "Dotty Dimple Stories," which have had so many admirers among the little folks. For sale in Philadelphia by J. B. Lippincott & Co.

THE BOY FARMERS OF ELM ISLAND. By Rev. Elijah Kellogg, author of "Spartacus to the Gladiators," "Good Old Times," etc. Boston: *Lee & Shepard.*

This is the fourth of that capital series of tales for boys, entitled the "Elm Island Stories." In conjunction with a narrative ever growing in interest, it presents many useful lessons and examples of industry, self-reliance, energy, perseverance, sobriety, and good management. For sale by J. B. Lippincott & Co., Philadelphia.

LIVING THOUGHTS. Boston: *Lee & Shepard.*

This exquisitely printed volume has been prepared by Mrs. C. P. Means, whose "Golden Truths" and "Words of Hope," publications of a similar scope and character, have been so well received. The selections in the present volume, which consist of both prose and poetry, are arranged under the heads of "Christian Experience," "The Christian Graces," "Christian Effort," and "The Source of Strength." For sale in Philadelphia by Duffield Ashmead.

ADVENTURES OF THE GREAT HUNTING GROUNDS OF THE WORLD. By Victor Mennier. Illustrated with Twenty-two Woodcuts. New York: *Charles Scribner & Co.*

The "Illustrated Library of Wonders," to which this book belongs, numbers already, in the French series, nearly a hundred volumes, and has attained a remarkable popularity in France. The present volume has been prepared more especially for young readers, and is designed to illustrate, in connection with stories of remarkable hunting adventures, the nature and habits of some of the largest and fiercest of the wild animals of the world. For sale by J. B. Lippincott & Co.

THE ELEMENTS OF TACHYGRAPHY. Illustrating the first Principles of the Art, with their Adaptation to the Wants of Literary, Professional, and Business Men. Designed as a Text-Book for Classes and for Private Instruction. By David Phillip Lindsley. Boston: *Gris C. App.* 3 Beacon Street.

Tachygraphy, or the science of quick writing, is here represented by a system, in which the best features of stenography and phonography are combined with others at once novel and ingenious in character, by which a continuous, lineal, and vocalized running-hand has been secured. This, the author of the system assures us, is more legible than our present style of chirography, can be reduced to practice with far less labor, and can be written three times as rapidly. The system certainly seems to be based upon sound principles, and commends itself to the especial attention of those seeking to acquire a knowledge of shorthand writing. For sale in Philadelphia by Claxton, Remson & Haffelfinger.

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THE IVIED WINDOW.

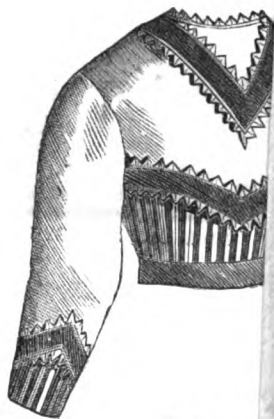
See Gardening for Ladies.



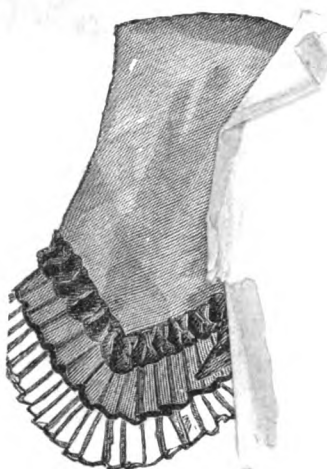
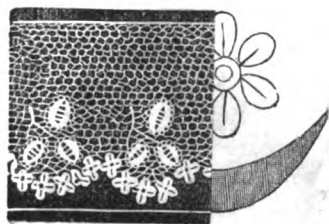
FRONT AND BKG PATTERN

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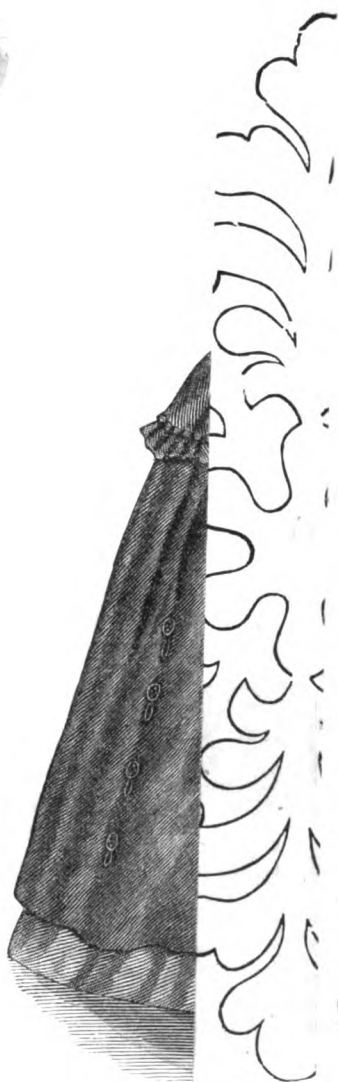




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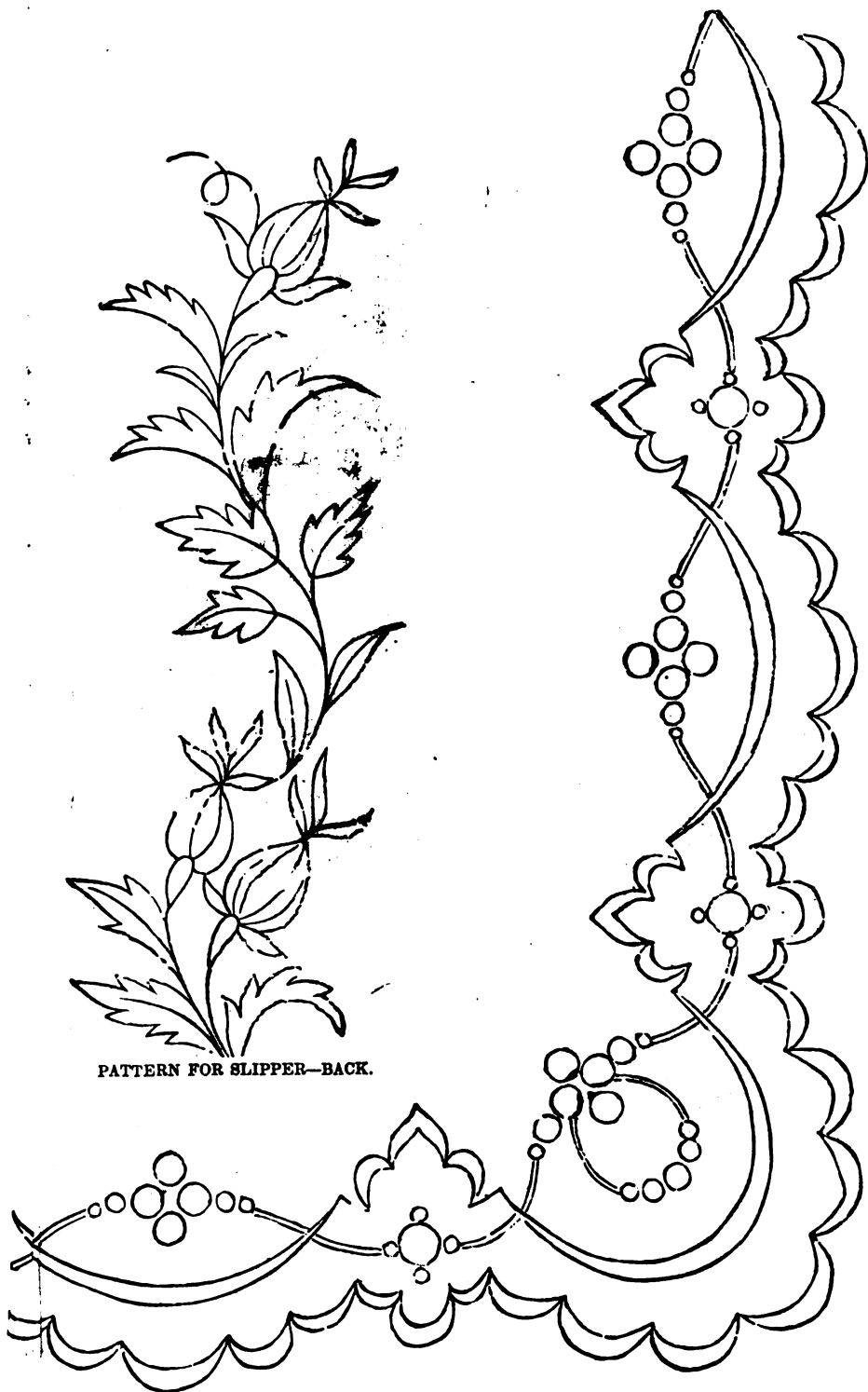


No. 16.





PATTERN FOR SLIPPER—BACK.



EMBROIDERY FOR HANDKERCHIEF.



SWALLOW-TAILED BUTTERFLY (*Papilio machaon*). See page 106.



YOUNG GIRL OF MALABAR. (*See Home Circle.*)

FASHIONS BY MME. DEMOREST.

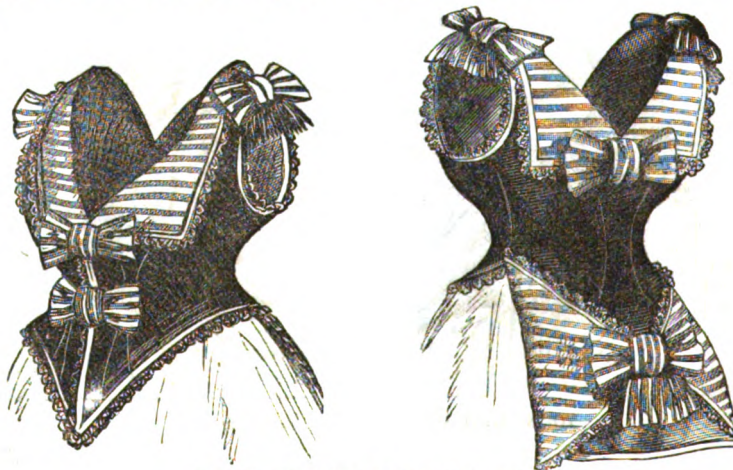


No. 1.

No. 2.

No. 1 is a pretty walking-costume, very suitable for merino and empress cloth. It is trimmed with double bias folds of black silk, narrow velvet being sewn on the side which is attached to the dress; above these graduated folds, on the lower skirt, is a fanciful heading of straps and buttons. The overskirt, small cape, and sleeves are trimmed to correspond.

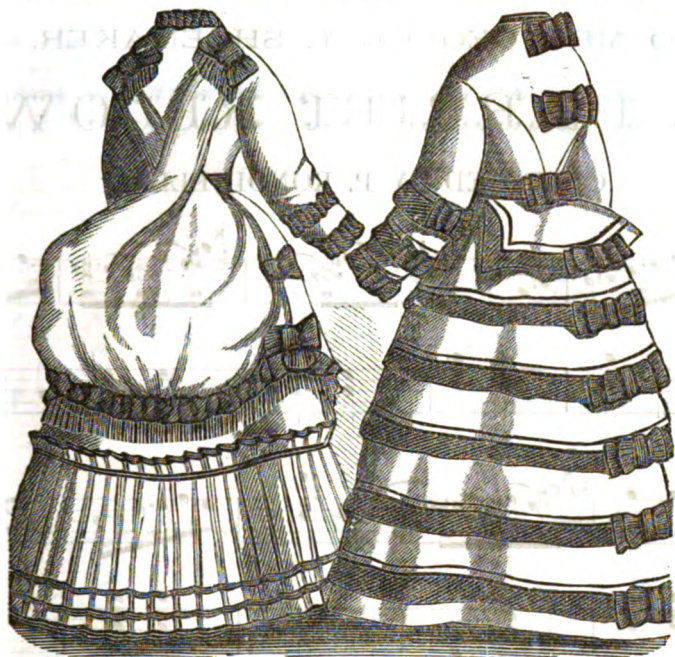
No. 2, for street or home wear, will be generally liked. The corsage is plain, and very suitable to wear under one of the fashionable red cloth jackets. The model is a dark blue silk, trimmed with black guipure and quiltings of black velvet, through the centre of which are laid wide milliner's folds of the silk. The flounce is edged with lace and headed with velvet quilling; it is placed high on the skirt. The overskirt, which forms an apron-front, is trimmed to correspond, as also are the sleeves. The belt is of black velvet, and has, at the back, a large bow without ends. The corsage fastens with black velvet buttons.



CAMERA BODICE—FRONT AND BACK.

A pretty bodice, to be made of black velvet, with revers, bows, and pipings of striped colored satin, and edged with narrow black lace. The front is a stomacher corsage, with two darts and revers, ornamented with two satin bows; on each shoulder is a similar bow with fringed end. The back, which is considerably longer, is made with revers both above and below the waist. This is a stylish and fanciful addition to any dress, and the revers should be of a color that will correspond or contrast well with the color of the dress for which it is specially made.

FASHIONS BY MME. DEMOREST.



No. 1.

No. 2.

No. 1.—A silver-gray poplin, trimmed with black or blue velvet. The gored skirt is cut extremely short, and edged with a deep Spanish flounce, bound and trimmed with velvet, and set on in Russian plaits. The corsage consists of a loose basque front, which, being belted in, gives the appearance of a French waist and overskirt. The back fits closely, like an ordinary tight waist, but the back of the overskirt is cut very full and long, slit some distance down the centre, and arranged in Watteau folds, crossed, and attached with velvet bows to each shoulder (as illustrated), thus forming a double Watteau and panier overskirt. The overskirt is edged with fringe, with heading of quilled velvet; the quilling is continued up the fronts of the basque round the neck and sleeves. Two bows are placed on each side of the overskirt.

No. 2 is of crimson merino, made with short, tight house basque, and simply trimmed with black silk and narrow velvet. This is a good opportunity of utilizing an old silk dress. The trimming consists entirely of double bias folds of silk, sewn on one side only, and headed by two rows of narrow velvet. Five of these folds encircle the skirt. The basque is edged with a single fold of silk, and the sleeve trimmed with three rows of the same. Nine bows of silk are placed down the back of the corsage and skirt, and three more on each sleeve.



No. 3.—WINTER BASQUE.



No. 4.—MILITARY JACKET.

No. 3.—This basque is of black silk, trimmed with figured or plain satin, and narrow velvet. The bottom is trimmed with three rows of velvet, headed with a narrow Russian plaiting of black satin; sleeves and epaulets to correspond. The front is made with revers of figured or plain satin.

No. 4.—Blue or scarlet flannel makes up well after this model for house-jackets. The back is a plain basque; the fronts are double, forming a closely fitting vest with two darts, and a loose, rounded jacket with one. Scarlet should be trimmed with narrow black velvet. For blue jackets, white trimming is considered better taste.

Music selected by J. A. GETZE.

TO MRS. GEORGE Y. SHOEMAKER.

THE HARRIET REDOWA.

COMPOSED BY P. RONDINELLA.

The musical score for 'The Harriet Redowa' is presented in five systems, each with a grand staff (treble and bass clefs). The key signature is one sharp (F#), and the time signature is 3/4. The melody is primarily in the treble clef, featuring eighth and sixteenth notes with various ornaments and slurs. The bass clef provides a harmonic accompaniment with chords and single notes. The piece concludes with a double bar line and repeat dots.

[Entered according to Act of Congress, A. D. 1869, by LEE & WALKER, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court of the United States for the Eastern District of Pennsylvania.]

A musical score for the song "The Rose Tree". The score is written for a piano and voice. The piano part is in the lower register, featuring a series of chords and single notes. The voice part is in the upper register, featuring a melody with various notes and rests. The tempo is marked "Allegretto". The key signature is one flat (B-flat). The score is divided into two systems. The first system contains the first two lines of music, and the second system contains the next two lines. The piano part is marked with a "p" for piano. The voice part is marked with a "v" for voice. The score is written in a standard musical notation style.

[illegible]

A musical score for the song 'The Rose Tree'. It features a treble and bass staff. The treble staff contains a melody with eighth and sixteenth notes, and a final measure with a fermata. The bass staff provides a harmonic accompaniment with chords and single notes. The key signature has one sharp (F#), and the time signature is 4/4. The score is written in a standard musical notation style with a common time signature.

Musical score for "The Rose Tree" in 3/4 time. The score is written for piano (p) and includes a crescendo (cres.) marking. The melody is in the right hand, and the accompaniment is in the left hand. The key signature has one flat (B-flat). The score is divided into two systems. The first system contains measures 1 through 4, and the second system contains measures 5 through 8. The melody is a simple, folk-like tune, and the accompaniment consists of chords and single notes.

A musical score for the song "The Rose Tree". The score is written for voice and piano. The voice part is on a single staff with a treble clef, and the piano accompaniment is on two staves (treble and bass clefs). The key signature has one flat (B-flat), and the time signature is 4/4. The music features a melody with a prominent treble clef and a piano accompaniment with a bass clef. The score includes a large, stylized treble clef and a piano clef. The music is written in a simple, accessible style, with a focus on the melody and a supporting piano accompaniment.

A musical score for the song 'The Rose Tree'. It features a treble and bass staff. The treble staff contains a melody with a key signature of one sharp (F#) and a 2/4 time signature. The bass staff provides a simple harmonic accompaniment. The melody consists of several measures, including a triplet of eighth notes and a final measure with a double bar line.

FASHIONS FOR CHILDREN



No. 1.—MISS'S DRESS.



No. 2.—LITTLE GIRL'S SUIT.

No. 1.—Scarlet, crimson, maroon, or violet merinos made after this model are pretty and seasonable for little girls. The underskirt is simply trimmed with three rows of black velvet. The overskirt, which consists of four pointed gores and an apron-front, is edged with narrow flouncing of the material or of pinked black silk, and trimmed with velvet and bows bound with velvet. The corsage is plain, and the cape worn with it is trimmed to correspond with the overskirt.

No. 2.—Blue poplin or merino, trimmed with black velvet. Round the gored skirt is a narrow flounce, with a wide, ornamental heading, formed of two rows of black velvet, and cross straps of the same. The overskirt has an apron front; is raised at the sides and back with bows of the material, bound with velvet, and edged with a ruffle and two rows of black velvet; the ruffling and velvet, being continued over the corsage, simulate a small pointed cape. The sleeves are trimmed with straps of velvet and ruffling, to correspond with the lower skirt, and three more of the bows, bound with velvet, are placed down the back of the corsage.



No. 3.—YOUNG MISS'S DRESS.



No. 4.—BOY'S FARRAGUT SUIT.

No. 3.—This pretty little dress is quite simple in form, being merely a plain gored skirt and tight waist. The trimming of scalloped silk simulates a pointed cape and overskirt. The bottom of the skirt has a double row of the scalloped silk, which is set on in gathers and headed with narrow velvet. The front is trimmed with rosettes; the back with a rounded sash-end trimmed round to correspond.

No. 4.—A pretty sailor suit for boys. Dark blue flannel, trimmed with white, is much worn. The jacket is made with a large sailor collar, and an anchor is embroidered in each corner. The sides of the pants, and the cuffs, as well as the front of the jacket, are ornamented with buttons.

ARTHUR'S HOME MAGAZINE.

FEBRUARY, 1870.

UNMASKED.

BY LOUISE BARTON.

"TRUTH is stranger than fiction," is an adage so well-worn, that with other things long in use, one is sometimes inclined to suspect it has served its time, and may now be consigned to that rubbish-heap of old-fashioned ideas, the burning of which in the fire of experience throws more light around us than ever the keeping of them could. Occasionally, however, a bit of true metal is found where the bonfire dies down. And such a bit seems the aforesaid adage—at all events, to those—and they are not a few—who can look back at certain evenings at a certain corner of a London street. Even an old man's memory would hardly lose the impress of those hours. Perhaps that impress was deepened by subsequent knowledge of the facts—but let me to my truth without digression; though I shall tell it, not as I saw it only, but in the light thrown on it afterward.

I was not an old man then. Stamford and I—Stamford of the Third, with a slender purse and great expectations—were a couple of as "pretty men," as the gallant Scot might have expressed it, as ever beleaguered a garrison town, and stormed its legion of fair damsels with a military ball. Not that we were fresh from such exploits. We had been having rather a tough time of it in India. But the war was over now, and we had been just one week in England.

We had spent that week together, for my mother and sisters were in London, and ever since that affair of Taplow, where Stamford saved my life, we had been the fastest of fast friends. He was some years older than I—more rank, more reputation—and I looked up to him accordingly. But there was over the man a mystery uncongenial to me, and I could almost have said to him, so frank was he, and

free-spoken, touching all else. He was quite open about his rich old uncle on the maternal side—a crusty, childless widower, keeping himself to himself at the ancestral manor, and quite willing that his nephew and heir should do likewise, due respects on his arrival from India being paid. But more, not a comrade of the Third knew of Stamford, beyond the fact that he bore his uncle's instead of his father's Scottish name by stipulation, as heir of the estate. Absolute silence upon any past further removed than army experiences—a determined turning from the merest allusion to home and home ties—from the beginning, checked even the most inquiring minds among us.

As I have, perhaps, said, on that moonlight night in May, Stamford and I were just about strolling out from our new quarters at Mivart's Hotel. I had paused in the doorway to light a fresh cigar, and Stamford, behind me, was shaking hands with Tom Gwynne of ours, when we were both arrested by a burst of such melody as I thought then, and think now, could never be surpassed by any music of the spheres.

It was a woman's voice—unaccompanied, as, indeed, any accompaniment must have been an interruption to the strong, full tones, clear and sweet, and soft as well. At the sound, there was an instant stir among the men, a sound of windows raised above, and light feet on the balcony. For us, Stamford and I followed the rush of bystanders to the street. A crowd had gathered already; but, nevertheless, we, from our height upon the steps, could gain a glimpse of the singer. A woman—clad in the deepest mourning, from the graceful drape which wrapped the willowy figure, to the heavy folds of the short crape veil, evidently arranged to serve the purpose of a mask, re-

vealing only a fair, round chin, and lips which, though full and red, as she paused an instant in her song, settled at once into a resolute curve, evidently habitual. At first it seemed that she was alone, but presently I saw pressing close to her side a fair-haired boy of apparently four or five years of age. The little hand was held fast in her left, and only released for a second, when, at the end of the first song, she lifted from the boy's head his cap, which was eagerly taken from her by the nearest of her audience and passed round among us all. As she removed the cap with her ungloved, white hand, a ray fell from our windows upon a wedding-ring, and Stamford—But I am anticipating.

She was singing an air from an opera then much in vogue when we first added ourselves to her audience. Exquisitely beautiful it was upon her lips, though, when all is done, for the life of me I never could distinguish "twixt tweedle dum and tweedle dee." Stamford was on a step above me, his hand upon my shoulder. I felt the idle grasp tighten, and, turning, saw my friend bending forward, flushed and eager, and so absorbed in the music, so intently gazing on the singer, that he was quite unconscious of my stare of wonder. He stood with the same intent gaze, and would have let the little cap pass him by had I not shaken him from his stupor. Then, before I could prevent, he dropped pocket-book and all in with my sovereign, and appeared not to hear my remonstrance, for I knew that it was full, and he could ill afford such generosity—or carelessness—for in truth it was that which it appeared to be.

Meanwhile, she was singing again. Involuntarily I closed my eyes as I listened. The city seemed to faint far, far away, the narrow strip of star-lit sky to widen out, while clear, and sweet, and full, rang out the true Scots air:

"Ca' the yowes to the knowes,
Ca' them where the heather growes,
Ca' them where the burnie rowes,
My bonnie dearie!
Hark! the mavis' evening sang,
Sounding Cluden's woods amang!
Then a-faulding let us gang,
My bonnie dearie."

Clear, as sweet, the first few stanzas; then came a quaver in her voice. It was at the words:

"Ghaist nor bogle shalt thou fear;
Thou'rt to love and heaven sae dear,
Nocht of ill may come thee near,
My bonnie dearie."

She recovered herself in the chorus, how-

ever. And then, with a quiet dignity, she turned to go, and the crowd gave way for her respectfully. It was a moment before the spell was broken, and their dispersing steps broke the hush. In that hush I turned to Stamford. He still stood with his hands over his eyes, as he had stood from the first notes of the Scottish air.

"There is another verse, is there not, Stamford?" I asked. "Something about

'I can die, but canna part—'
if I am well read in——"

I never saw such a look of fury in any man's eyes as flashed on me from Stamford's then. Yet they hardly seemed to see me, but were turned hurriedly on the spot where but now had stood the singer.

"Gone! gone!" broke from his whitening lips; and with all his strength, he hurled me and one or two of the bystanders out of his path, and dashed down the street at a pace which I did not for a moment dream of emulating. Gwynne, for it was he against whom I staggered, looked after our friend with a smile.

"Chasing the wind," he said. "It is easily seen this is your first evening here. The lady—that she is a lady, is patent—has been singing here every evening for the last week, as she did also for a time in the early spring, and no one has yet traced her. A few tried it at first, but she appeared to have always a cab in waiting at some sudden corner. And in fact one would hardly like to risk annoying her. I am astounded at Stamford's move; I thought he never glanced the second time at any woman."

And so did I. And I had by no means recovered from my astonishment when, an hour later, he entered my rooms. Such a change had come over him. The nonchalant, easy-going Stamford, who had always seemed so comfortably to understand the *laissez aller*, came in wan and haggard, and threw himself into the arm-chair opposite me without speaking. He must at last have become conscious of my eying him, for after a long ten minutes he raised his head bowed on his breast.

"What is the matter, man?" he said, evidently annoyed. "You look as if you had seen a ghost."

That was exactly the way he looked himself, and I told him so. He said nothing for a moment, all the while with his eyes fixed steadily upon me. Then he rejoined slowly:

"And perhaps, Dick, I have. What were they saying of the singer to-night? Nay, be honest—you must have heard all."

I told him, and he sat for a long time brooding over it. Then he sprang up and paced the room impatiently—flinging himself at last into his chair again, and beginning to speak abruptly: "I have thought and thought over it, until my judgment is just worthless. I must have a cooler head than mine. Dick, will you listen to a story—my story—and tell me if I have been an ass?"

He watched me while he went on, as if he would read my thoughts before he gave me space to speak them.

"You are aware, I believe," he said, "that I but took the name of Stamford in compliment to my uncle—that my own name is Campbell. When a mere boy I was left to the guardianship of my mother's brother, quitting my Highland home for the first time. My uncle was kind, after a sort, but had little indulgence for any but Dora, his one child, some years younger than I. Yes, I see you have anticipated me. She was a spoilt child, frail in health, and before I left college she found out that she wanted me, much as she had wanted her new pony-phaeton, or her last winter in Italy. So my uncle presented me, as he had presented the phaeton—with no more reluctance on my part than on the phaeton's, for I liked Dora very well, and was flattered by her preference. We were formally betrothed, and I returned to college for the last time. But on our next meeting, Dora and I had a violent quarrel, and my uncle, at her instance, packed me off to travel where I would. I wandered back to my well-remembered Highlands, passing among my own people under my own name of Campbell, blushing for my Sassenach cognomen. Here is my story, of which all that went before was but a preface. Not a month passed, before I was married—but secretly, because though my engagement to my cousin had been broken, yet I shrank from possible reproaches. I must have been a coward in those days, Dick"—and he smiled the ghost of a smile—"for I never told Jeanie of that affair, from an undefined dread that she might consider me in some way bound—she was so scrupulous. So scrupulous, and yet—But I must go regularly on. I was studying law in my wild retreat, for I no longer looked to be my uncle's heir, and my own patrimony was but small. I had given my uncle an address in Inverary, and every few weeks had made a pilgrimage to the town, hoping for a letter of reconciliation. But not a word, during more than a year's sojourn, until one day I found a telegram urging my return to Stamford Hall without losing an hour. An

express for the South was just starting—I could but scribble an incoherent line to Jeanie, promising to write at length on reaching my destination—and I was off. I never saw my wife and child again—until this evening."

He stopped for breath, for toward the end he had hurried on as if he feared to take time to think. But presently resumed, cutting short the question on my lips: "There was illness at Stamford Hall, as I supposed. Not my uncle—Dora lay wasted to a shadow, in her feebleness continually calling upon me, restless if I were not beside her. Impossible to send Jeanie more than a hurried word, and I felt that the circumstances demanded more. Perhaps I was wrong, but I deferred, easily believing that my dear girl could trust me until it was in my power to take time to explain everything. I could not confess to Dora, for the physicians forbid all excitement, and when I touched upon the subject of my sojourn in Scotland to my uncle, he cut me short in such a manner as to force the reflection upon me that my story could be nothing to him. That reflection grew stronger as it became more evident that while Dora seemed reviving in her father's eyes, her life could be hardly a question of months, but of weeks. I knew he attributed her failing health in part to me—but, however unjustly, I did not feel at liberty to refuse when it was determined she should go to Italy, and my poor little cousin took it for granted I would be with her. 'I am only going there to die, Kenneth,' she said—'and then you will be free.' But her father was confident of her recovery there, and hurried the departure so suddenly, that I had but time for a note to Jeanie."

"I don't see," I interrupted here, "why you never had time. It does not require long to write a letter."

"I don't see, either," he returned good-humoredly—"and I did not see then—only there seemed a fatality in it. Whenever I attempted it, I was invariably interrupted by my uncle. That last day in England he had prepared for the move with such secrecy, that I knew nothing of it half an hour before. I have always thought that was done with a purpose—that he feared I would fail him at the last, and remain behind."

"And might he not, with a purpose, have prevented your writing before?"

"There was but a week at Stamford Hall, and besides, I told you he refused to listen to my story."

"Could he have learned nothing at second hand?"

"Not without troublesome inquiries at Inverary, which he was too engrossed with Dora to make. He could not have learned all the truth even there, for beyond Jeanie's own glen it was only rumored that I was rustivating for the sake of some Highland lassie."

"But from your own papers?"

He colored. "I do not think you consider of what you accuse my uncle. I trust no Stamford, more than a Campbell, would be guilty of tampering with another man's papers."

"I beg your pardon," I apologized, "I only meant for his daughter's sake—it might have been a strong temptation."

"For Dora's sake," he answered more thoughtfully—"he would have crushed any one as he would a fly that annoyed her. But such a speculation is vain, for Jeanie certainly received that letter, and if that, then why not those I wrote from Rome? And the answer to it, Dick—the answer, addressed to Rome, as I had told her, and received some weeks after I left England, was simply the enclosure of the marriage lines. It is not an uncommon mistake among Scottish peasants, that the destruction or surrender of the lines renders a marriage null."

He was silent for an instant, and then resumed—"Of course, at all risks, I went immediately back to Scotland. Our shieling was empty. Jeanie had disappeared weeks before; and not a trace of her or the child until to-night."

The haggard look which had disappeared in the excitement of his relation now came back. To dispel it, I inquired what became of Dora. But he did not rouse as he had done. He told in few words of his return to Italy, of Dora's death, and of his silence on the subject of his marriage.

"Before, I would have been proud to own it," he said. "You have seen her—she has good blood in her veins, though of lowly estate, and she trod her mountain pastures as Perdita hers. You have heard her voice, too—she never had heard of Italian in those days, but she knew her Scottish song-parts as a bird knows his notes. And as sweet and true a soul—but what do I know?"—he broke off with a groan. "She left me, and though I traced her to her poor home to-night, I dared not go to her. Dick, was I wrong?"

"Let me ask first," said I—"are you convinced there was no tampering with her by your uncle or your cousin?"

"Poor little Dora! Yes, I am convinced of that."

"Could she have traced you at any time, if she had disappeared in anger at your absence, and repented afterward?"

"She certainly could. Stay, I can repeat my letter to her literally, for I weighed it so well then, and have thought over it since. Dated from Stamford Hall, with post-office and county in full:

"MY OWN BONNIE JEANIE," it began. 'Just on the point of starting for Italy. I have but one instant to promise that I will write from Rome at once, and explain all. Your own soft heart will teach you to forgive when you know all, and think how hard for me to leave you, and what a sacrifice I am making. In great haste, your KENNETH.'

"Certainly an abrupt and unsatisfactory document," was my comment, "but certainly such as to offend only a suspicious woman."

"And she was not that—far from it."

"Then," said I earnestly, "I would not seek her, Stamford. I would let her go her way."

He rose slowly, and took up his hat.

"I have come to you for advice, Dick," he said with that same painful smile, "after the manner of one of her songs that rings in my memory now." And he repeated—

"Come, counsel, dear Little! don't tarry—

I'll gie you my bonnie black hen,

Gif you will advise me to marry

The lad I lo'e dearly, Tam Glen.'

"I'm going to her, Dick," he added—"Good-night."

It was a small, plain-looking house which Stamford had reconnoitered that evening already, and to which he now gained admission by applying for rooms, while a five-pound note convinced the landlady of his respectability, absence of luggage to the contrary notwithstanding. Here was something gained, at all events. She could not, without his knowledge, leave the house, if the discovery of his clue to her should so incline her. He could not see her to-night, of course—but the thought that she was under the same roof, soothed his excited spirit. He threw open his low window, and went out on the balcony, lighting a cigar.

As he lounged there against the railing, his calmness was suddenly invaded by the low sound of a lullaby crooned softly in the room adjoining. The curtains were carelessly drawn, and a shaded lamp glimmered on a centre-table within. Beside a crib opposite, a woman was sitting, her face turned from the window. But even as Stamford looked, she rose, bent over the sleeping child to assure herself of his

slumber, then moved away to the table. Quite a pile of gold and silver lay there, and she stood up counting it, still with her face averted from the watcher. Midway in her task she observed his pocket-book, took it up curiously, and examined it, carelessly at first, until she drew out a folded slip of paper. She started—drew nearer the lamp, and looked at it for the second time. A mere slip, yet the sole record of the marriage of Jean Gordon and Kenneth Campbell. Her hands clinched upon it, and she sank down in the chair beside her helplessly.

Stamford could endure no more. He pushed open her window with a noise that startled her, and as she turned her head quickly, he stepped into the room.

For an instant she seemed to lack the power to move or speak. Then she rose with quiet dignity, took up the pocket-book, replaced the few gold-pieces, and the slip of paper, and pushed it toward him, across the table.

"Take it—there is a paper in it which it may be important to you to destroy. It can have no other value. Whether it fell into my hands through your inadvertence or your intention, I can only request you to take it, and leave my room."

"Jeanie!"

The appeal only hardened her. She stood like a statue of calm scorn, as firm as cold.

"For the boy's sake, Jeanie, hear me."

Then she was moved. She stepped back hurriedly to the crib, shivering from head to foot, and confronting him as if he had come to tear the child from her. But presently her mood changed. She said in a choked voice—"You may look at him a moment; but do not wake him. He does not know he has a father."

Her hand lay on the railing, near his own. But he did not touch it. And when, after bending over their child, side by side, they both lifted themselves, he still did not draw near her. He only looked into her eyes full of sudden tears, and said—"For his sake, Jeanie, I demand to know why you forsook me?"

Mechanically, urged by a force she could not withstand, she left his side, and crossing to an escritoire, took out a packet. It contained three letters. The first, that which Stamford had repeated to me. The second, a boyish effusion, beginning, "My wee wife, Dora," and dated simply, May. The third—Stamford said to me afterward, "I am Campbell from this time forward, Dick. You were right—a Stamford has been guilty of tampering with

another man's papers. My uncle had intercepted all my letters except that from Stamford Hall, and that he opened, read, and re-enclosed with a sort of addendum of his own, informing her that if she were building on any promise of marriage from me, she might forget it, for I was bound to his daughter. He sent at the same time that old note to Dora, which, to do him justice, he might have believed penned in Scotland, since it bore the date of the month in which I left there, and no clue beyond. I must add that he certainly did not know Jeanie was actually my wife. My poor girl did not know it either when she read that silly note, for in Scotland a written acknowledgment of a wife is binding. He sent at the same time a large sum of money, which, thinking it came from me, she kept for the boy's sake. But she could not stay in the old home—she could not quite trust to his letter, and the interpretation it was easy to put upon mine. She followed me to Rome—saw me with Dora.

"For the rest, her voice attracted the attention of some musicians—she improved it in Rome, and it has been her sole reliance since. My poor girl! May it not be too late to blot out all those memories from her life! She stood there, Dick, till I had finished my brief explanation. Then she held both hands to me, and broke into such weeping, that it well might be the pent-up floods of years of bitterness."

WOMAN'S RIGHTS IN INDIA.

THE following law regarding the behavior demanded from a Hindoo wife, I extract from Halhed's translation (published 1781), of the Code of Gentoo laws: "If a man goes on a journey, his wife shall not divert herself by plays, nor shall she see any public show, *nor shall she laugh*, nor shall she dress herself in jewels and fine clothes, nor shall see dancing, hear music, nor shall she sit in the window, nor shall she ride out, nor behold anything choice or vain, but shall fasten well the house-door, and remain private, and shall not eat any dainty victuals, and shall not blacken her eyes with eye-powder, and shall not view her face in a mirror; she shall never exercise herself in any agreeable employment during the absence of her husband. It is proper for a woman after her husband's death to burn herself with his corpse, &c." (page 253). "So much for the ancient rights of women."

GRANDMAMMA'S LOVER.

"I'M sorry I can't invite you to dinner, old fellow, because it is a sort of solemn observance—a sacred right of inhospitality, nobody being allowed to be present but the family connection; but they will all be delighted to see you in the evening, and I have some charming cousins, I assure you."

"Yes; I was just about to ask if age was a necessary qualification for admission into your ancient circle. Have I ever seen your cousins, Ned, and are they likely to trouble me with their attentions, bashful as I am, you know?"

"Not much, I should say. Carrie Atherton is of your elegantés; she will expect you to pay the attention, and a great deal of it. There are four Fannings, all pretty, and all shy; Mary and Julia Davenport, splendid women, both, much admired abroad; Fanny Barnett; ugly, but smart, Emily Faye."

"Sweet name!"

"Desperately sweet, but none of your business; a sweet that shall be guarded with stings. I say, sir, no poaching on my manor, if you please. I expect to be engaged to her myself before the evening is out—so beware! If you want to enter the family, try somebody else. And last, but not least, my chief favorite and ally, Kate Lovering."

"Deliver me from Kates! A set of romping hyenas! That name always plays the very deuce with a girl; it is sure to make them either flirt or hoyden, and generally both. I have suffered too much from them already, and have vowed a vow never to know one again. With all due respect to your cousin, your family connection is safe from me on that score; and can't I avoid being presented to her?"

"Very well; just as you please. Not that she would look at you—a perfect little princess, and the flower of the family—she would make you repent and retract your infidelities very soon, I fancy."

"No doubt. Heaven forbid!"

"And now, farewell; for I go. It seems barbarous to leave you in this barn of a hotel, and in ignorance of the sublime venison, the glorious turkey, the divine ducks, and the superhuman plum pudding of my Aunt Mary's Christmas table; but the fiat has gone forth, and I am compelled to partake of them alone."

"Say no more, say no more, Ned; I shall get through the time very well, with a good dinner

here, a glass of wine, and a cigar." And Ned Holland, reluctantly leaving his friend alone, walked over to his Uncle James's, rather uncomfortable with the sense of inhospitality he felt in obeying the strict rules that existed against the introduction of any strangers into the family circle at the Christmas Eve feast. The circle in itself was large enough; the ramifications of relationship embraced half a county, and it was a time-honored observance, dictated by convenience no less than custom, that only "the family connection" should sit down at Mr. James Holland's bountiful board on the day before Christmas, and inaugurate the festivities with a yearly meeting, from which none liked to be absent, and which had grown to be almost like the Scottish "gathering of the clan." On this particular occasion, Ned had hoped that the regulation would be relaxed in favor of the friend he had brought down with him to share the hospitalities of that kindly mansion; but, on broaching the subject to his respected relatives, in the midst of their warm welcome to himself, he found the usual calm opposition made to his request.

"Your Uncle James wouldn't hear of such a thing," said his Aunt Mary, as she brought him cake and wine. "It is against the rules, my dear boy, and mustn't be, though I am sorry to refuse you. But you know I am always glad to see your friends at any other time, and shall insist on his coming here this evening; there will be other company then, and I should like both of you to stay over the holidays; all the girls will be here, and you will enjoy it, I think."

Various eyes, black, brown, and blue, which had looked rebelliously at kind Aunt Mary while she refused the first invitation, brightened again as she gave the last, and accompanied them with a meaning smile at her nephew, and Emily Faye, also present. The young lady's cheeks wore the precise hue of "celestial rosy red" that Ned could have wished, and blushing himself more than is expected of a lawyer, he hastily departed with her to greet the rest of the "extensive family connection," and lament, as his cousins loudly called upon him to do, the absence of grandmamma from this annual meeting, which was a matter of disappointment to everybody.

"Too bad that grandmamma can't come," cried all her indignant young descendants, ex-

pectant of the lavish gifts of toys and confectionery that always came with their beloved ancestor. And, "Very provoking of Aunt Bell," complained the elder branches, who desired her presence from less selfish motives, while her own sons and daughters, nephews and nieces, gathered from many different places to see her, and finding the greatest pleasure at their annual re-union in her mild presence, felt the loss more deeply and more quietly.

Grandpapa was but a faint memory to his elder grandchildren, a legend to the younger, who were only acquainted with him through the picture of a fine, fresh-looking gentleman, in a colonel's uniform, which hung in the drawing-room at Uncle James's, his eldest son. But grandmamma was a fully appreciated blessing to her young descendants, who loved her with devotion. She had been very lovely in her youth, and her portrait, representing a beautiful little creature on horseback, in a riding-habit and cap, with a long plume, was greatly admired by modern artists visiting at her son's house. She was still charming in her old age, though the brown curls had turned snow-white, and the fine eyes were slightly dimmed, but the spirit and grace which had rendered her so fascinating in early life, years could not destroy. Her manner, of old-school courtesy, gentle, dignified, and winning, was admired by strangers only less than by her disappointed grandchildren, who had long looked forward to her appearance as the crowning attraction of the yearly festival. But Aunt Bell's very young baby had chosen to be ill of some infantile disorder, which had not only delayed its presentation to its new cousins, but had also kept at home its fond mamma and dear, kind grandmamma, who gave up the great pleasure of the family meeting to comfort the baby's parents through this time of anxiety and trouble.

Great was the dissatisfaction that prevailed among the bereaved descendants, thus deprived of her society; but most indignant of all was Miss Kate Lovering, grandmamma's special pet and favorite, only daughter of her only daughter, long since dead, and inheritor of her maiden name and maiden beauty. She was said to look exactly as Grandmamma Holland had looked at her age—eighteen—and, allowing for the different style of dress and coiffure, was certainly very like the lovely ancestral beauties in a host of other old family portraits. She inherited, too, grandmamma's fascination of manner and winning sweetness, but being petted and wilful, had added some traits of her own to those of the maternal line, and had been

thoroughly spoiled by her father, who died before he left her as a legacy to the fond guardianship of his wife's mother. So now grandmamma lived with her youngest son, Uncle John; Kate lived there, too, and had come as unwilling representative of his absent family, and the messenger of unwelcome tidings, at which nobody was more disappointed than herself, who had been much disgusted of late with the attention exacted for the imaginary ailments of a very stout, very ugly, and very cross baby, that had completed the list of its outrages by keeping its revered grandmamma at home, and disappointing a great number of people.

"But I will tell you what I am going to do, Cousin Ned," said she, winding up an account of her injuries—"I am grandmamma's deputy; I have brought all her presents to distribute; and, better than that, I've brought her dress and cap, and bought a white false front, and I intend myself to appear as grandmamma, 'for this night only,' if you will help me, and if nobody prevents me."

Who *could* stop Kate? Not Uncle James, who found it sufficient warrant for the young deputy's assumption that his mother had consented to the frolic, and sent her joking orders that all due respect should be rendered to her representative; nor Aunt Mary, who unpacked from Kate's trunk the well-known black satin dress, white crape cap and collar, and delicate lace mittens, in which grandmamma always appeared, and pardoned the jest she had at first thought so irreverent as she gently laid by these tokens of her approval of her darling's plan; while the other grave authorities, being won over by Kate's coaxing and caressing, began to see in it a very amusing episode, and to anticipate the delight of their disappointed children.

So the *distract* Ned, already looking up and down the long saloon for Emily, readily consented to further the scheme with his best assistance, and forgot the joke he had in store for her, which came out all in due time at the dinner-table, where Miss Kate appeared in her own character, her personation of grandmamma being reserved for the evening. The young gentleman's devotion to his dinner and to his fair neighbor—about equally divided in his affections—had been a subject of great amusement to the mischievous girl, whose own appetite for turkey was always secondary to her love of the ludicrous; and in replying to her laughing sallies, his wit brightened over his champagne to the point of repeating that part of the morning's conversation which personally

concerned her and Horace Derwent's speech, with such additions as his fancy suggested, to the amusement of the whole table, and the partial discomfiture of Miss Kate.

"I'll pay him off, the impertinent fellow!" she said to herself, "as sure as my name is Kate! A romping hyena, indeed—a flirt and a hoyden! and particularly begs not to be introduced! We shall see, sir!" and, with burning cheeks, and a head full of schemes of vengeance, she ran up-stairs to prepare for her evening's appearance, wisely reserving her quarrel with Ned till a more convenient season, for she wanted him to paint in the wrinkles on her blooming face, as he had always done at their Christmas theatricals, where she played the cross aunts and heavy dowagers, while her less lovely and attractive cousins took the more becoming dresses and rôles.

He was unceremoniously turned out of the room afterward, and she was enrobed by the laughing girls in the rich, old-fashioned garments, which proved a world too wide for her round waist and pretty shoulders, for though grandmamma was a slender old lady, she loved ease and comfort more than her fair descendant. But there are few difficulties in the feminine toilet that pins and patience cannot overcome, and when Ned was recalled, to put the finishing touches to his work, he insisted on bestowing a filial embrace on his beloved grandmother, and pressing a respectful kiss on her wrinkled cheek. Other cousins being admitted, fairly started at the well-known figure before them, with its snow-white curls beneath the crimped edges of the widow's cap; the brilliant dark eyes shining kindly behind the gold-bowed spectacles; the sweet, wrinkled face, half hidden by these various accessories; the bent, slender figure, in its black satin robes, of sweeping length and amplitude, bound at the wrists and neck with white crape and jet ornaments; grandmamma's own discreet watch, with the bunch of seals that had been grandfather's, a silver knitting sheath on her side, and her own little delicate hands, quite lost in black lace mittens, laid gently over her favorite work of a baby's lamb's-wool sock. The little actress drew down her rosy upper lip over the pearls beneath, and imitated grandmamma's low, cheerful voice; then, after submitting to the affectionate attentions of all the grown-up young gentlemen, her cousins, who seized this opportunity, while she dared not resist for fear of injuring her costume, to claim all the arrears of kisses which she had denied for the past five years, she was led down-stairs by the children, screaming with

laughter, and yet half reverent of the figure that looked so much like their dear, absent relative.

They enshrined her in grandmamma's own great arm-chair, whence she proceeded to distribute her generous stock of gifts, amid the riotous mirth and enjoyment of the children, and the surprise and amusement of the elders. The scene was hardly over before the arrivals began, and the great drawing-rooms were soon filled with friends and acquaintances, who were duly presented to grandmamma's deputy, as usually to herself, and though disappointed in her absence, keenly enjoyed the spirit and grace of her young representative's personation, and formed a pleased and admiring circle about her great chair.

Horace Derwent was the last; fashionably late, for he had feared to be too early, and punished his impatience by delay. Himself without home ties or pleasures, he had a strong curiosity to see this family assembly, and longed to join in their gayety, but among the happy faces he felt an alien and a stranger; their mirth depressed and saddened him, and he begged his friend Ned for a few minutes in which to familiarize himself with the scene, before beginning the work of introduction. They had halted in the little boudoir, in which Grandmamma Holland's portrait was enshrined, separated from the long drawing-rooms by a set of silken curtains, and here Ned left him the more readily as he saw Emily in the distance surrounded by a group of attentive men, and enjoying their society far too much for the comfort of her observant lover. He was gone some time, occupied in hovering on the edge of this lively group, skillfully dispersing it, and rendering generally uncomfortable those who persisted in staying, before he bethought himself of Horace, and returned to find him intent upon the portrait, which he was studying with admiring earnestness.

"Ah! what a lovely face!" he cried, as Ned touched his shoulder. "What spirit and grace! what a beautiful creature to love and live with! Pity there are no such women now!" he said, covering his confusion with a laugh, as he took his friend's arm and moved away. "Modern female education not only deforms the bodies but cramps the minds and extinguishes the spirits of our fashionable girls, except in the case of those rude hoydens that infest society; but where in real life do we ever see such a sweet, naive attitude, such a charming face, such——"

"O Horace!" cried the amused Ned, "for

heaven's sake spare me your raptures, and I'll introduce you to the original."

"Who? Where?"

"My grandmother."

"Oh! ah! yes," said Horace drily, "a most delightful old lady, no doubt, but I should prefer something of a little more recent date."

"I thought you were disgusted with modern belles; but you shall see enough of them after this presentation is over. *Allons!*" and he dragged his reluctant friend, who dreaded to behold the wreck of the fresh girlish beauty he had just been admiring, toward the high crimson-velvet arm-chair, standing like a throne at the end of the long apartment, and around which a crowd of gentlemen, young and old, were gathered, paying their lively homage to the old lady sitting in it, a little shaded from the glare of the great chandelier, and listening with a pleasant smile, while she plied the knitting-work she held in her delicate, lace-covered hands.

"My grandmother, Mrs. Holland, Mr. Horace Derwent."

The old lady looked up from her knitting with a start, and cast a sharp glance at Master Ned Holland as she hastily acknowledged the low reverence of his friend. Horace could have sworn that a blush suffused the fine features turned toward him, as in the portrait, that the aged fingers trembled as they dropped the work they held, which he courteously restored with respectful zeal, and that a momentary expression of distress flitted over the still fair face before him; but the old lady quickly recovered her sweet, placid dignity, and addressed him in a soft voice, with rather imperfect articulation, which he attributed to the loss of her teeth.

"I look like some old love of hers, I suppose," thought Horace, as he took the place beside her politely vacated by a gentleman who had been amusing her with his lively conversation a moment before, and found himself soon absorbed in the study of this fascinating old lady, listening with that gentle deference which always distinguished his manner to the aged, to every indistinct word she uttered in her sweet, tremulous voice, and tracing a resemblance to the beautiful face in the other room in the altered but graceful outlines before him. He found beauty still in the snow-white curls, once brown, that dropped over her temples; beauty in the dark, arched eyebrows, and bright, kindly eyes beaming behind the glimmer of her glasses; beauty in the delicate skin, fine even in its wrinkles, in the well-set head, the fair, faded

cheek, the slender figure and small hands, and the perfect contour of her face, half concealed by the thick crimped frills of her cap, and the great bow of white satin ribbon tied under her chin. He was sure she must have been in youth even more lovely than the artist had drawn her, more brilliant than the colors had depicted her, and he envied the old colonel who had lived in the proper time to woo and win this gracious creature.

He wondered if she had any female descendants who inherited her charms, and his eyes wandered up and down the room in search of a younger copy of the lineaments he so much admired, but no such appeared. Handsome, dark-eyed belles, blue-eyed and fair-haired maidens, brown-tressed beauties in abundance appeared, but no successor to this ancestral loveliness, and he was sorry that his wandering look was interpreted by the too-attentive Ned as a sign of weariness, and that he was borne away to be presented to this fair cousin, and to talk to that, to promenade with one, and to dance with another, and was finally honored with an introduction to the fair Emily herself, under all possible restrictions and beneath the eye of her watchful lover; but he felt no desire to disturb his friendship by any show of attention to his lady-love, who sat in the little boudoir, below the lovely picture, and faded, to his eyes, into insipidity and plainness before its delicate and sparkling beauty.

The evening was far spent before he was again able to approach the crimson chair that enthroned its relics, and it was long after that he succeeded in penetrating the throng around it. The romping children, with hands full of toys and sweetmeats, who made the vicinity quite dangerous some time before, had been brought up in succession to kiss her, and been borne, shouting, off to bed, but their places were more than filled by a laughing, jesting crowd, whose evident admiration justified his own opinion of the aged beauty. As he hovered on the edge of this merry group, vexed at his exclusion from their circle, and inability to understand the jest they enjoyed so much, he was electrified by hearing a sweet, clear laugh from the occupant of the chair—the very laugh that belonged to the joyous heroine of the picture, from which years could not take the music or the mirth. His efforts to obtain a second *tête-à-tête*, or even to join in the conversation with her, were quite unavailing, but he could not be mistaken in thinking that she had repeatedly glanced at him with interest, and that she was pleased with the respect and admiration his

face expressed. When, at last, the latest there, the reluctant Ned was induced to come away, they took leave of their hosts, and made their *congé* to the crimson throne, Horace could not resist raising the still beautiful hand to his lips with affectionate reverence, that provoked a hearty laugh from the inconsiderate Ned, and even seemed to give a faint glow to grand-mamma's wrinkled cheeks; but he strode away, thinking how that little hand had seemed to tremble and falter in his hold.

"What a beautiful little coquet she must have been!" he exclaimed; and Ned woke all the echoes with his shouts of laughter.

Horace thought him intoxicated. "You've had too much champagne," he said; and then, resuming his meditations, "I must look like some old lover of hers. Yes, that's it; she has never forgotten him!" and having, fortunately for the peace of the neighborhood, reached their hotel, went to his room, quite regardless of the explosions of mirth that shook his comrade, whom he was accustomed to see under some form of excitement after a party, and himself to dream of the septuagenarian beauty, and curse his fate in being born too late by two-score years and ten.

The next morning, a brilliant sun shone in through the frost-work of the windows, and waked the indolent pair to rejoice over a fine fall of snow, which had driven the houseful of cousins quite wild with anticipation before the friends arrived there for a morning call. The courtyard and grounds were scraped clean of snow, which had been liberally bestowed on the walls of the house and on the wrappings of the few muffled figures that still moved about among the debris of the battle, from one of whom Ned immediately received the favor of a well-directed ball, which extinguished his mustache, and nestled in his fur collar, to ooze out presently in damp discomfort on his glossy linen and new cravat. A loud shout from the attacking party greeted the successful shot, and "Kate, of course," thought Horace, as they went in, glad that any mischief detained her from joining the family group during his visita.

They entered quietly, without ringing, that the discomfited Ned might have an opportunity to repair his toilet before encountering his cousins; and while he was still brushing and muttering, Horace stepped quietly into the open drawing-room, to spend his leisure examining the picture he had so much admired the night before, and criticize its loveliness by the glare of daylight. But he stopped on the

threshold of the boudoir to pass his hand over his eyes and wonder if he still were dreaming, at sight of what seemed the fair original herself, seated before it, the beautiful eyes fixed upon their prototypes, the arch lips curved in the same dimpled smile, the brown tresses drooping with as soft a grace, the pretty foot, the little hand, the elastic carriage, the exquisite figure, all there as if the ghost of that girlish loveliness still haunted the spot where its memory was so fairly preserved, but for the modern dress which gave it a new charm of life and reality in his admiring eyes.

He could have lingered forever watching the varying play of expression on that fair face, the shifting light in her eyes, the fitting dimples and blushes on her cheek, the lashes that drooped, and the lips that smiled; but the spell was broken by the creak of Ned's new boots approaching, and the living picture sprang up and confronted the intruders with a chilling dignity, before which Horace stood abashed, while the cooler Ned felt it not at all.

"My cousin, Mr. Derwent," he kindly explained. "Never mind being caught, child," condescendingly to the young lady, "you look very well in that dress, quite like the picture, eh, Horace? and you will have plenty of time to change it, for we shall stay all the morning. Entertain Mr. Derwent now, while I find the rest; you can talk about the portrait, he is quite wild on the subject. Ah! and, by-the-by, how's grandmamma?" and with a loud and long laugh, Mr. Ned quitted the room in search of his cousins, and left the new acquaintances together.

The young lady was evidently very much embarrassed; the roses on her cheeks grew momentarily deeper under the shade of the fringed lashes, which the admiring Horace watched in sublime oblivion of politeness, till he saw symptoms of their rising, and then said—"I hope we shall see your grandmamma this morning."

The beauty, in great confusion, was understood to murmur something about indisposition, but her arch lips were beginning to quiver with a smile, and her eyes to sparkle with mischievous light. Determined to encourage these signs of returning confidence, Horace continued, "I am sorry to hear that she is indisposed. I trust nothing serious?"

"A slight cold," said the young lady faintly; "over-exertion."

"Ah! yes, very natural; though she looks too young still to be easily affected by such causes, in spite of the delicacy of her appearance.

One cannot think of her as really aged; it seems impossible that a creature so beautiful should fade, nor has she faded yet. To me, that elastic loveliness, so lightly touched by Time, is rendered sacred by a newer and rarer charm; 'age cannot wither her,' indeed, but is a fresh baptism of beauty."

He waited for an answer, but the young lady seemed still struggling with her confusion, and unable to speak, and he felt obliged to go on, though afraid of making some blunder in his hurry of ideas.

"Pardon me, Miss Holland ['she must be Miss Holland, being Ned's cousin; they are nearly all Hollands, except that Kate'], but that picture," indicating the one he admired; "I was told last evening that it was your grandmother's portrait, taken in early life. It might be yourself; the resemblance is wonderful. You were not present last evening, I think, for I looked anxiously, I assure you, among Mrs. Holland's descendants, to find the inheritor of her grace and beauty, but I was unsuccessful;—you were not there? I could not have forgotten——"

He "paused for a reply," but none came. The young girl sat perfectly silent, with downcast eyes and blushing cheeks before him, and answered only by the varying color and expression of her countenance, so lovely in her timidity and confusion that he could not but look and admire. "A most delicate and modest little creature," he thought; "one could hardly have expected, with that coquettish face and form, this awkward—no, this graceful—embarrassment. Most fortunate conjunction of shyness with such bewitching beauty, enabling me to use my eyes without the rebuke of a look from hers!" and with this philosophical conclusion the enchanted Horace fell to the contemplation of the *tableau-vivant* which fortune had placed before him with a thankful heart, and no thought of fatigue, till his friend returned with a troop of laughing girls, and the relieved beauty made her escape in the tumult that followed.

But he was not awakened from his dream when its object had disappeared; he was absent, *distracted*, stupid; and not even his faultless dress and manner, his handsome face and figure, could save him from the charge of being a bore, preferred against him by a jury of young critics, who sat in judgment upon him after he left the house. He had made one inquiry after "grandmamma," to be sure, but even that joke he must utter as if it were the soberest earnest, and had prosecuted his inquiries after her

health with mock solemnity that was more like real. He had remained, too, with his eyes mostly fixed upon "grandmamma's" portrait, which was very pretty, no doubt, but not generally considered by persons of his age and sex as better worth looking at than her young granddaughters, and, with absurd affection, had retired from the room with his face toward it, and cast back a last glance as he passed under the arch of the door. Ned found him no better when they returned to their hotel, and was glad that a furious snowstorm, which darkened the air all the afternoon, gave him an excuse for sleeping till it was time to dress for dinner, and escaping the society of his abstracted companion, who, braving wind and tempest, set out upon a solitary walk. An hour later, the young ladies collected in the drawing-room of Mr. James Holland's house, dropping their various pretences of occupation, rushed to the windows to see a little boy bringing a bouquet, and arrived in the hall just in time to hear him say repeatedly to the waiter, "No, not for any of the young ladies, I tell you. For the old lady; Mr. Ned's grandmother, the gentleman said. 'For Mrs. Colonel Holland, with Mr. Derwent's respects.' It's on the card, Miss Kate."

The girls returned to the drawing-room with their prize, laughing, but half envious of the fair recipient, who regarded it with looks compounded of gratification and revenge. She had half a mind to burn it, but had not the heart, it was such a beautiful bouquet when taken from its wrappings, so fragrant, fresh, and pure; yet she wished she had sent it back at once, with or without an indignant message. It was so audacious of the fellow to send it! so mean of Ned to let him do it! She wondered how long he had guessed grandmamma's identity. Ned could never keep a secret, and had probably told him at once, and she was a subject for their joint mirth! She should have no peace now during her visit; the mortification had already begun with this morning's call, and the impertinent staring and quizzing she had undergone, followed by this insult! and the indignant Kate could have trampled the flowers under her avenging slippers. But their fragrant loveliness, or the admiration of her cousins, finally prevailed, and it was with considerable complacency that she bore them up to her room and deposited them on the little, light stand by her pillow, to waft odors of Paradise through her dreams. If the donor could have seen the flowers he sent to enliven the sick chamber of the aged matron made

welcome to Kate's virgin bower, praised by her rosy lips, and held in her white hands while she buried her lovely face in their perfumed petals, as sweet a blossom as any there, perhaps this pleasing sight would have restored the temper of his nerves, and enabled him to hear with more flattering attention the plans of the gallant Ned, who awoke "like a giant refreshed with wine," and made his toilet.

The two gentlemen returned to dine at the Holland mansion, where a large party was assembled, which, however, lacked the pleasantest characteristics of the night before. The children were banished, to leave more room for the elders. Grandmamma's velvet chair was vacant, and her youthful likeness, the beautiful girl whom Horace had first seen in the morning, seemed to inherit also her honors and admirers, but her painful shyness with himself was exchanged for hauteur and reserve that he could not understand. She was his neighbor at dinner, with an indignant color burning on her cheeks, and a protest in her averted eyes against the incomprehensible jokes Ned was constantly publishing at her other hand, and which she would not answer by a word. Her manner to her escort was both fearful and defiant, and Horace tried, with a patience and gentleness of courtesy almost irresistible, to win her from her coldness to confidence and ease. He watched the rapid changes of her face, and altered his conversation to suit it as aptly as the mariner trims his sails or steers his course by the aspect of the sky; brilliant, pleasant, sensible, she could not but own his power—could not but feel that a master-hand skilfully disposed the topics he touched upon for her amusement, could not but be won against her will to admiration and respect, and submit to the influence of a more genial temper and a sweeter mood than her own.

Smiles were softening her lips, and pleasure was lighting up her face, before they left the table, but her evil genius, Ned, whispered a witticism in her ear, a laughing bevy of cousins surrounded her as they re-entered the parlor, and her repellant manner returned for the rest of the evening. When, in the Christmas games, they were thrown together, she was silent as death; when, in the dancing, her hand touched his, it was quickly withdrawn; and when he approached her to ask for "Miss Holland's next waltz," he received from her a brusque excuse, and from her devoted attendant a polite correction.

"Not Miss Holland, sir," said Charley Harrington, who was another of the "ex-

tensive family connections." "Miss Lovering, I presume you mean. Come, Kate, our polka."

"I knew there was an antipathy between us," said Horace to himself as he turned away and tried to think he felt it.

Until, in solitude and quiet, he had reviewed the scenes and events of the past few hours, and analyzed the sudden feeling that had sprung up in his breast, and bent his will, his pride, his prejudice, like reeds, before this stronger growth of a day—until he had recalled her strange coldness and perversity, her unreasonable petulance and prejudice—the happy change that followed her shyness, her aversion, and her fear, her brightened eyes and deeper color, and nervous consciousness of his presence, all parts of a riddle hard to read, but bearing as close relation to each other as the two fair faces he remembered with almost equal tenderness, one beautiful in age, and one in youth, and both for ever dear. In dreams they seem to exchange identity; it was the grandmama's hand that lay so coldly in his own, the girl's that thrilled beneath his touch; the aged eyes were averted, perhaps, but the brighter ones of youth looked at him kindly, and the strange flush that had reddened the matron's wrinkled cheek was a blush of awakening interest, a glow of sweet confession on the younger face. Such dreams—all dreams are idle, vague, and vain; practical people say so, and I accept the dictum in unquestioning humility; but I think they are hardly so foolish or so useless as these persons aver, or they would not have been granted by a higher intelligence to ours. Strange glimpses of another world—not past, present, or to come, but "the world that ought to be;" where improbable things are easy of belief, and impossibilities are constantly coming to pass; where crooked paths grow straight, and Gordian knots are cut by the simple laying of a weary head upon a homely pillow, in which we are fair or fine, rich or great, wise or worshipped, according to our wish, and have temples of fame and airy castles spring up far more quickly than Aladdin's palace, and happier than he—[for in Dreamland there is nothing unattainable]—we may ask for the roc's egg and get it. Dear Paradise of absurdities and incongruities, from which we are summoned by a word or a touch, in the heights of prosperity or the depths of distress, thou art not so unlike the world we inhabit by day that we should disdain to visit thee by night, or thy dreams that refresh the weary mind as sleep the weary body,

more futile than the "waking visions" from which death calls us all away at last.

Whenever Kate and Horace Derwent met, she treated him with studied avoidance and neglect. But the wilful girl found in him a will and courage stronger than her own, a patience and perseverance that compelled her respect, a sweetness and gentleness of temper that subdued and scattered her chilling discontent. So there were sometimes moments of sunshine that made amends, to *one* at least, for hours of coldness, and but for the bouquets and daily messages of compliment and inquiry to grandmamma, which kept Kate in a fever of anger and mortification at being quizzed, there might have been more. But she would not speak to her Cousin Ned, and would not hear a word on the subject from any one else; so the task Horace attempted was like Penelope's, who unravelled at night what she wrought in the day.

These alternations brought him to New Year's Eve, and its accompanying resolutions; he would go away before his feelings were further enlisted in a hopeless cause. It was already hard enough to decide on forgetting the lovely girl who could be so bewitching to others, so repulsive to him; he would trust himself no longer in her presence, but go where her varying moods could no more affect his happiness.

He joined the well-known party in the Hollands' drawing-room, and was glad to see that the crimson chair was again filled, and went forward to pay his respects to the well-known figure within it. It was indeed grandmamma, released by the baby's convalescence at last, to join the family gathering, and who, with her hand fast locked in that of her favorite—whose strange flutter of spirits she could not comprehend—received Mr. Derwent's compliments with her own gentle courtesy, but gave no sign of recognition.

Horace was puzzled; the dress, the attitude, the figure before him, were all the same, he remembered, but the old lady in the chair looked twenty years older than the previous week. Could a few days' illness so have changed her? There was a mystery about it that he could not fathom.

"I am glad to see you are well enough to resume your accustomed place," he said.

Grandmamma looked astonished, but gently thanked the gentleman who took so kind an interest in her health.

"I trust you no longer feel any ill effects from your late indisposition," he continued.

"I have not been ill, sir," she answered, smiling, "but attending an invalid five-and-seventy years younger than myself, or I should have arrived before, and been present on Christmas Eve, as is my usual custom."

"Do I understand you to say," cried Horace, bewildered, "that you were not present on that occasion? I thought—I was sure——"

He paused, for grandmamma was looking at the guilty cheeks of her pretty granddaughter, as if they contained the solution of the mystery.

"Is it possible, my dear," she slowly said, "that you have kept up a foolish deception so long, and misled this gentleman? I am afraid he will find it difficult to forgive either of us."

Poor Kate, amazed and aghast, as she realized his ignorance of grandmamma's identity, and his innocence of intent to affront or tease her, was heard to stammer a faint apology; but Horace, with a stiff and stately bow, had turned away and left the room.

Five minutes after, as he stood in the little boudoir, taking a last look at the portrait, and resolving to leave its vicinity at once, a light hand lifted the silken curtains, and a timid touch fell upon his arm.

"I came to beg your pardon," faltered Kate.

"For what?" he sternly inquired.

"For deceiving you," she answered tremulously. "It seems you did not know, but I thought you did, and were trying to mortify me. It was all my fault, but I am sure I never meant it. I hope you will forgive us."

"Nothing else?" asked Horace keenly.

Nothing but a burst of tears, which reduced him at once.

"Dear Miss Lovering," said he, quite melted, "you had a perfect right to enjoy your masquerade, and I was a fool not to see it before; but it is not that which hurts me now—your coldness—your aversion——"

"I was mistaken," murmured Kate.

"Is it possible that you see it in that light?" cried the enraptured lover. "Then I may hope to be more fortunate—to please you better in future?"

Dead silence; but the hand he took was not withdrawn.

"You must have seen," he softly whispered, "that the first sight of you made an impression upon me which nothing can ever efface. Even under that venerable disguise, I felt your power and acknowledged your beauty, and would willingly have added half a century to my age to have been the contemporary of the fascinating old lady who so strangely won my heart."

"Yes, I know," said Kate, with returning sauciness, "that you fell in love with grandmamma."

"But she received my homage more kindly than the descendant for whom I deserted her."

"I thought," she retorted, "that you detested Kates."

"No; I adore them. So Ned has been betraying me? Did he tell you that I wished to enter the family? I will confess the whole, if you will listen, and promise to absolve me afterward."

The confession lasted an hour and a quarter, and ended in reconciling the two enemies. Horace did not go away next day, but remained till the Christmas festivities were over, and was invited to return next year as "one of the family." He won the Twelfth Night ring, and nobody was much surprised when he put it on Kate's white finger, or when grandmamma magnanimously offered to relinquish all claim on the conquest made in her name, and come to her rival's wedding.

GRATITUDE.

BY KATE WOODLAND.

"THE lines are fallen unto me
In pleasant places," Lord, I own;
"Mine is a goodly heritage,"

Though bitter tears my eyes have known,
Yet, from my inmost heart, to-day,
"Thou doest all things well," I say.

The joys that wealth and splendor bring
I do not know, I do not crave;
The wealth of one true, manly heart,
Of noble worth, I know I have—
His shielding, sheltering love is mine;
My cup is filled with life's best wine.

For all the blessings of my lot,
The loved and loving, health and home,
O Lord! accept my grateful song;
And whether pain or pleasure come,
If joy or grief henceforth befall,
Still let me gather good from all.

MME. BIES, who passed her first examination in medicine a few days ago with success, is working on toward a doctor's degree. Such an event is still a very exceptional one in France; but it was very naturally received news that Mme. Ernst, who has given of late years most interesting lectures on literature, should have been named *lectrice en poésie* at the college annexed to the Sorbonne.

ONLY A BABY'S CHAIR.

BY E. E. REXFORD.

ONLY a baby's chair, you say;
I know that you never knew
The thrill of a baby's heart close to your own,
And so I can pity you.

If only a little one's cheek had lain
All night on your throbbing breast,
You would never have been like your old self again,
But full of sweet unrest.

The clothes that a baby used to wear
You would count as sacred things,
And hold your own nestling close to your breast,
As a mother-bird when she sings.

I think, when I look on this little chair,
Of the baby I used to hold,
And I clasp my arms on my breast again,
But no little form they fold.

And I listen to hear his voice again,
And his prattle as of old,
And look to see the sunshine gleam
Across his curls of gold.

And often I listen to hear his step
Come pattering over the floor,
And, "Mother is here," I softly say,
"Come home to my arms once more."

And then I remember that angels came
And bore my babe from my breast,
And left me weeping sorrowfully.

* * * * *
They told me, "God knoweth best."

I know that my boy is an angel now,
For his soul was as white as snow;
He had only been a brief while from heaven
When I had to let him go.

Yet often I sit all alone in the gloom
That the twilight shadows bring,
And rock my angel babe on my breast,
And, rocking him, softly sing.

Oh! do you wonder this little chair
Is a sacred thing to me?
For I used to see him sitting there,
My little one, aged three,

That the angels bore from my bosom
So long and long ago;
That he would have grown to manhood
Ere this, had he lived, I know.

But perhaps in the life God gave him
He has grown to man's estate;
I cannot tell—but some day
I shall know—and so I wait.

WOMAN'S WORK AND WOMAN'S WAGES.

BY AN AMERICAN WOMAN.

THE DRESS OF WORKING-WOMEN.

I REMEMBER reading, some years ago, an editorial in the paper conducted by the late N. P. Willis, referring to the subject which heads this article, in which the writer recognized the need of some change in the then existing fashions to meet the needs of working-women, and suggested a costume similar in style to that of the French or Swiss peasant. The ideas were very good, and the costume, as described in detail, not only convenient but picturesque; but the whole thing was, and still is, impracticable. The fundamental principles of American society, by which all are recognized as equals, forbids any distinguishing feature of dress which shall separate the "lady" from the "working-woman." The term of lady is used here in its conventional sense, as describing a woman whom circumstances or inclinations do not compel to work for a living.

It seems scarcely necessary to describe the attributes of a true lady; still, to render my meaning perfectly clear, I will venture to do so. A true lady is so from her own innate qualities of mind and heart, and no surroundings nor circumstances of life can add to or derogate from her ladyhood. Whether she sit in the parlor clothed in expensive attire, whether she find her daily toil in the precincts of the shop or sewing-room clad in calico, or whether she bend over the washtub in a nondescript costume, she is always and ever a lady. She never feels the need of asserting her right to the title by speech, action, or dress; it is so essentially a part of her own nature, that it never becomes the subject of her thoughts. A lady may do what she pleases, and all occupations become dignified in her hands.

A would-be lady carries about her the aroma of her false gentility, that no degree of expensive dressing, assumed delicacy, love of "dependence," and ignorance of work, can ever conceal, but rather serve to make more prominent.

If the costume of the *Home Journal* writer should be adopted by working-women generally, the lady would be no less distinguishable in it than she is now. But this can never be, because, with sorrow be it spoken, the masses of

working-girls are not ladies either by nature or education, and, while they ignore the fact stated in the beginning of this paragraph, they have a strong feeling that if the dress worn by universal womanhood were laid aside, to give place to a costume especially marking their position in life, the last link would be snapped which connects them with possible ladyhood.

But it is not my intention to discuss "reform" costumes. That there is room for improvement in feminine dress cannot be gainsaid, but to adopt any peculiar reform costume is, one might say, a vocation of itself, precluding all others, and cannot, therefore, be recommended to those whose time must be devoted to earning a living, not to making a stir in the world.

Happily, fashion has done much for us. No woman need go to her labor in thin shoes and trailing dress unless she chooses. The walking-costume of to-day, which may be modified almost at will, is modest, sensible, and convenient, and it will be well to appropriate what good there is in it, and reserve our abuse of the present fashions for the worse ones which may be in store for us.

The great errors which working-women are liable to fall into, can all be traced back to the idea that labor is degrading to a woman. And this idea is not an unnatural one in a woman who, instead of thinking for herself, depends on others to think for her.

"Dependence" is what we hear iterated and reiterated as the natural and proper state for women. Dependence on the father or brother, and then on the husband. If father, brother, or husband are lacking, then they are taught to look to their nearest male relative as being bound in honor, if not in law, to supply them with the necessities, if not the luxuries, of life, and they will meekly receive a charity grudgingly bestowed which they would spurn with contempt if they had properly learned the duties and responsibilities of life. Even those who would gladly revolt against this state of things, have the lesson so forcibly impressed upon their minds, that they dare not.

The dependence of a wife upon her husband, in all pecuniary matters, is taken as a matter of course. "What should a girl get married

for, if not to have some one to support her?" asked a young girl of me in all the innocence of her heart, believing that she was the exponent of the correct feminine sentiment in the matter. Whilst this sordid view cannot but be revolting to all right-minded women, still the dependence of a wife upon her husband in affairs of money is perfectly right and natural. She gives her time and attention, her whole life, often her health, to him, and the smallest return he can make is to see that not only her wants are supplied, but that every comfort his means will afford is provided for her. Nor is this dependence a one-sided affair. A man does not look to his wife for money, but he goes to her for other things of as vital importance. He goes to her for society, for sympathy, for encouragement, for intellectual aid, for moral strength. She makes his home, she is the guardian of his family. A man may live unconscious of the full measure of his dependence upon his wife until death takes her from him, and then he is suddenly aroused to the fact that without her he is only half a man. He will miss her daily and hourly, and find how greatly his comfort and happiness depended on the quiet ministrations of her love. And that she might be restored to him, and the old mutual dependence resumed, he would readily sacrifice all the wealth he may possess.

I might ask the question whether, strictly speaking, a wife is dependent on her husband as the term "dependence" is understood. Both in law and justice, all that a husband has is his wife's, for her use and maintenance. The Episcopal marriage service recognizes this fact when it causes the bridegroom to declare, "With all my worldly goods I thee endow."

But in the case of other women who believe it is beautiful and womanly to be dependent on male relatives other than husbands, the idea is a grossly wrong one, and the quicker the fallacy of feminine dependence be thrown to the winds, and the truth of the nobility of labor and self-effort be inculcated in its stead, the better for humanity. The bread of dependence is very bitter unless received at the hand of love.

It is this feeling, that they are in a measure unsexing themselves, that has made the thought of self-dependence so repugnant to a large portion of the sex. In the mind of each there runs the thought, "If there were not something shockingly wrong in my case—something, however, for which I am not responsible—I should have a father, or a brother, or a husband, who would see that I did not want

for bread, and I should not have to soil my hands and degrade myself in going to my daily task, just as a man is obliged to do." This is the exact feeling. If everything were set right in the world, they would not have to work for a living, any more than the lady who rides by them in her own carriage, and who lives in a brown-stone front. They do not conceive the idea that the lady in the brown-stone front may have duties quite as onerous, and troubles quite as hard to bear, though undoubtedly of a different kind. But the lady who rides in the carriage, and who lives in the brown-stone front, has attained their highest ideal of womanly position, and is supposed to be in the enjoyment of perfect womanly happiness. And everything that tends to draw a line of separation between them renders it just so much the more unlikely that they will ever personally realize this ideal. It is the thought of possibilities which is the bane of the American working-girl.

One great fault of our democratic institutions is, that ambition is made the ruling motive of the entire people. They are taught, individually and collectively, to aspire to something beyond what they already are. Ambition may be laudable, but contentment is equally commendable. And it should be remembered, at all events, that she alone is deserving of preference to a higher rank who has filled the lower one with grace and dignity, and has done her duty faithfully in the "station to which it has pleased God to call her."

It is this discontent with her station, this wishing to conceal it, and to appear as much as possible like those who are supposed to occupy a loftier and more desirable one, that influences working-girls in their choice of dress.

Have you never seen girls upon the streets of our cities, in flounced, ruffled, bowed, and trailing dresses, and bonnets tricked out with flowers and lace; the whole costume worn, tawdry, and bedraggled, and thought how flimsy was the disguise with which they sought to hide their social position? Yet they, no doubt, fancy that they are indistinguishable from the ladies they encounter, whose costumes, unsoiled by labor or frequent use, are dainty and fresh. These girls not only try to conceal their position in life by their mode of dressing, but, with the same intent, they not unfrequently go to and from their daily work with a book prominently displayed in their hands, as though they were on their way to school, or to some public library. This is actual fact.

What would be thought of the mechanic who should go to his daily labor in a suit of broadcloth modelled after that of the professional gentleman, or gentleman of leisure? Men are wiser than that. They dress according to their occupation. And the young mechanic never thinks of blushing with shame if his calling in life chances to be discovered, or because his dress betrays it. Women must learn to be equally wise.

Enter the sewing-rooms of dressmaking establishments, and what will you see? A circle of girls whose chignons, puffs, and curls attempt a style which only the greatest care can keep in order, and which the exigencies of work leave in neglect; dresses of some unwashable material, heavily trimmed, but which constant wear has brought to a condition scarcely less than filthy. Add to this, perhaps, coquettish little sacks of bright colors, and elaborately braided, which, in their days of freshness, might have been tasteful and becoming, but which, like the dresses, cannot fail to bear the marks of time and use. All this very likely surmounted by imitation lace collars, and by flashy brooches and earrings which, though of pinchbeck, have yet cost more money than the means of their wearers justified. The earnings of these girls are not large, and so they deny themselves all else, that they may gratify this propensity for dress. They are not actuated by a simple love of dress alone, which, properly regulated, would lead them to dress neatly, appropriately, and becomingly; but by a desire to appear as something other than they are, and to conceal, as far as possible, the fact that they work for a living. This is the paramount disgrace. Nor can we blame them too heavily for feeling it as such, while on the one hand they receive so much misplaced sympathy by those who regard them as most unfortunately situated, and on the other are made to feel the slights and contempt of those equally foolish with themselves, who have been raised by fortune above the necessity of self-support.

To repeat a truism, the correct theory of dress, whatever the fashion may be, is that it should be in every way suitable for the time, season, and place, when and where it is to be worn. In the drawing-room, or carriage, trailing silks are not inappropriate, as there is little danger of soiling or injuring them. Fashion, just now in one of her sensible moods, has forbidden them for street use. For the lady who goes abroad for recreation on a bright afternoon, the tasteful walking-dresses, all bows

and ends, and flounces and bright colors, and the fresh, dainty little bonnets of fragile lace and flowers, are perfectly appropriate. She comes in contact with nothing to soil them, and the dress being short, nothing from the pavement defiles it at the bottom. Nor is it an expensive dress when viewed as one for holiday wear. But how out of place it would be in the kitchen! How scarcely less out of place, when it must be worn in all weathers, at all hours, and then sat in day after day, the bows to be crushed, the flounces rumpled, and the whole dress soiled, while the wearer bends over the needle.

The only appropriate dress that a sewing-girl, or a working-girl of any kind can wear, is one made with perfect plainness, and guiltless of ornamentation, and of a color and material that will bear washing when dirty. Calico is undoubtedly the best goods that can be adopted for summer use, while with it should be worn a plain, neat-fitting sack of black silk or other serviceable goods. A broad-brimmed hat is far preferable to a small one, or to a bonnet, for these latter necessitate the carrying of a parasol; and the working-girl should have her hands left free, not for the deceptive look, but for the packages which are in a measure the badge of her employment. A plain linen collar is the most inexpensive of decorations for the neck, and is always in good taste. Or, if washing must be paid for, the paper collars now so much worn will prove just as good, and less expensive. Bows of ribbon and jewelry should be entirely omitted. They are out of place in the workroom, and at once denote the unrefined taste of the wearer. Plain cotton gloves for summer, and thicker ones for winter, are the cheapest, and just as serviceable as the more expensive kinds. This dress is always ladylike, because appropriate, and can be kept clean and neat. To this toilet, I might add, for use in the workroom, a large apron of gingham or calico, to be worn partly to keep the dress clean as long as possible, but more for the purpose of protecting the delicate and costly fabrics which must be constantly in the hands and the lap.

Let a working girl make her appearance before an employer in such a costume, and it will go far toward inspiring confidence in her abilities. For the employer will be shrewd enough to perceive that one who can conform herself so entirely to her position, is more likely to comprehend the duties of that position, than one who fails in the first particular.

All women love dress, and specially de-

light in its ornamentation; and sewing-girls are probably more exposed to its seductions than any other class of women. It is their daily duty to manipulate velvets, brocades, gauzes, muslins, laces, embroideries—all things that the heart of woman instinctively admires and craves. And it is not strange that the temptations are sometimes too great for them, and that they strive, in their little, sorry ways, to make some approach to the magnificence which, abstractly, is as much their right as that of their more fortunate sisters. So let the working-girl have her Sunday and holiday costume as pretty and gay as she sees fit; and if she cannot afford real lace, we see no positive sin in imitation, the cynic of the *Saturday Review* to the contrary notwithstanding. But when she is at work, insist that she shall dress suitably for her work. Her dress would not be near so expensive as she now finds it; and even though her wages be scant, there will be some little surplus for other needs.

But it is almost idle talking. It is not until labor is recognized as honorable to a woman, as having nothing in it degrading in itself, that women will have the wisdom to apparel themselves appropriately. To be sure, these women might do much to bring about this state of things, by honoring their labor, and declaring it their glory instead of their shame. But it is for wiser, better-educated women than the mass of sewing-girls now are, to change opinion on this matter. And there are signs that movements are being made in the right direction. We can only look now for the sensible ones, for the real ladies who have no cause to fear an abridgment of their ladyhood, to set an example in dress, which some day, perhaps, when they find the world is not quite so persistent in its clamor about the beauty of "feminine dependence," the others may be induced to follow.

MILTON'S PARADISE LOST.

THE exact date when Milton began his great Christian poem is not known; but we do know that for many years, mostly under his own roof, in Artillery Walk, or while sauntering through the streets of London, when Charles Stuart was amusing himself with his licentious court; when John Dryden was witnessing his own plays performed at the Globe Theatre; when poor Sam Butler was growing morose from neglect and ill-usage; when the lively and garrulous Samuel Pepys was running about embalming notes for posterity; and when the

Puritan poet's friend, Andrew Marvell, was interesting himself in his behalf—the plan was carried and resolved in the blind man's brain, till at length he was able to exclaim:

"Give me my lyre,
I feel the stirrings of a gift divine;
Within my bosom glows unearthly fire,
Lit by no skill of mine!"

By dictations of fifty to a hundred lines at a time, the work was at last completed. We have no accurate information as to the exact date when "*Paradise Lost*" was finished, but it was some time previous to the 27th of April, 1667, the day on which it was sold to Samuel Simmons, bookseller, for five pounds down, with a premium of five pounds more when thirteen hundred copies of the first edition were sold, and five pounds when thirteen hundred of the second should have been sold, and so on for successive editions, each edition to consist of fifteen hundred copies. As originally published, the poem consisted of ten books, and was sold at three shillings. The stipulated thirteen hundred copies were disposed of before the 26th of April, 1669, on which day Milton signed a receipt for the second five pounds, which we have seen hanging in a neat frame on the walls of the famous breakfast-room of Samuel Rogers. The remaining two hundred copies do not seem to have sold so fast, as it was not until the year of Milton's death that a second edition was published. In the second edition the ten books are converted into twelve by a division of the seventh and tenth, and there were also some few other alterations. A third edition appeared in 1678, and in December, 1680, Mrs. Milton parted with her interest in "*Paradise Lost*" for eight pounds, paid to her by Simmons; so that the total amount received by the poet and his family for this matchless work was twenty-eight pounds, or one hundred and forty dollars—less than Alfred Tennyson was recently paid by the publisher of a popular English periodical for writing a dozen lines!—*Appleton's Journal*.

THE Empress Eugenie has just founded an annual and perpetual prize of ten thousand francs, to be awarded, by the cares of the Geographical Society, for the expedition, discovery, work, or enterprise which is pronounced the most useful to the promotion of geographical science or of the foreign commerce of France. The society can interpret this programme with the greatest freedom, being able to use the sum to defray the expenses of some expedition to parts of the globe yet unknown.

ONE JOHN WILKIESON.

BY MARY HARTWELL.

CHAPTER I.

JOHN.

THE earth, in spinning around, had just begun to turn her western hemisphere to the sun one August morning—and he scanned that hemisphere very piercingly, as if determined to discern whatever beauty might be lurking there. And I believe he did not find anything more beautiful on the continent than a look flashing out of a youth's eyes. The sun fell upon this youth while walking the pavement of an Ohio village, and being a sage old sun who had unavoidably fostered enough evil on the earth to make him appreciate a good moral germ when he found one, he gazed doatingly on the youth.

This youth himself was a tall, angular young man. He had large hands, head, and feet, wired together by the usual connecting lines. His face had well-set features, but he was not handsome. It was a look quivering up from his bosom, and making soul-lightning in the very eye of the sun that gave him attractiveness. When you see such a flame transfiguring any human face, you are astonished, as if the miracle had never been wrought before. This youth wist not that the skin of his countenance shone as he walked nervously along through the sunrise.

"I'll do it!" he breathed, dashing out his hand. "Why, I *must*! I'll be a *man*! not a sham, nor a drudge hurrying to get out of the world, but a thorough man! If I can but get a chance at the calling I want to follow, and support them at the same time, the outside part is clear. But whether I go the way I want to go or not, there is still the tip-top to look to!"

A gentlemen coming round the corner suddenly met and hailed the wrapt boy.

"Hallo! good-morning, John. Up betimes, and not looking sleepy!"

"Good-morning. Mr. Cramer," said John respectfully; "are you in a hurry, sir?"

"Not in a particular hurry. I was going before breakfast to see that that young scamp who sweeps my office does his work well. I'm rather squeamish about an untidy room, you know."

"Yes, sir. I was going to ask, sir, if I might speak to you this evening about my affairs. I

want to ask your advice, if it will not trouble you."

"Been dabbling at the law, my boy? Look out, look out!"

"No," said John gravely, "but I want to do more than dabble at it some of these days."

"Eh?" interrogated the attorney sharply, pricking up his ears. "Are you thinking of the profession? Are you thinking of studying law?"

"It looks conceited in me," stammered John, blushing darkly, "but I can't help it, sir——"

"Conceited? not a bit, not a bit! You've as good right to be a man as any other!"

"I cannot always go on working at day's works, sir, as I've done since father died. I've been thinking 'twould be better to make a little sacrifice of the present for the sake of the future. I can stand privations, sir; indeed, it would pay for any privation to have a chance of studying and making a man of myself. But the trouble will be to earn enough to support mother and Janie meanwhile."

Thus John gave confusing glimpses of the panorama revolving in his mind.

"Well, I'll tell you," said the lawyer briskly, looking at his watch. "I'm interested, I'm your friend, John. But my time is limited now. Come to my office this evening. Come at six, and we'll talk everything over. I like to see a boy stepping up. I've always thought you were too good for a mere laborer."

"It takes a good man to make a good laborer, sir. But I think if I can, consistently with my duty to others, enter a profession, I shall be much happier and do better."

"We'll talk it over," concluded the lawyer, replacing his watch and returning to his own affairs. "I wish I had a boy that could be trusted. That lazy little scamp has doubtless taken my notes for kindling paper before this time. Good-morning, John. Come down after tea, and we'll investigate matters!"

CHAPTER II.

THE WILKIESONS.

John crossed the threshold of his home that evening, hungry, but high-hearted. The home itself was a pleasant-looking cottage; its young master had labored to give it a fair exterior.

He had labored to give it a fair interior too, but hearty feminine coincidence had been lacking.

John had a mother and a sister whom he supported. Mrs. Wilkieson was a heavy, ignorant woman. She would sit for half a day with her hands folded on her capacious waist, staring into space with fishy-looking eyes, and her cerebrum and cerebellum grinding slowly on nothing. Housekeeping was a weariness of the flesh to her; in fact, every contraction and expansion of the muscles was a weariness of the flesh to her. So she bequeathed as many duties as possible to her daughter. But, though this young lady, in strong contrast to her mother, was a person of great activity, she hated the confinement of housekeeping as much as her senior hated its exertions; therefore, between them the aforementioned duties often fell to the ground, like balls repelled from the bats of careless youth.

When John entered, his accustomed retinas received the picture of Mrs. Wilkieson in her favorite attitude, with a pillow-case hanging from her knee as a flag of truce between idleness and industry, her thumb sticking up conspicuously on her big middle finger, and her eyes and muscles in a state of profound calm—Janie very busy with some article of her own wardrobe, and a great lack of tea-table.

Said John, hastening to find some water and towels—"Mother will you give me my supper soon? I am in a hurry to-night."

The placid woman turned her head.

"Janie, set out the table. You orto had the fire made long ago."

"John Wilkieson, you're always in a hurry!" exclaimed Janie, throwing her work aside. Janie was an odd-looking girl—small, plump, and stooped. Her brown hair was thrust back very neatly. She had small black eyes so deeply set, that you only saw them by twinkles, as you see stars of the sixth magnitude. Her forehead receded, and her nose protruded. But she was comely. There was a brightness in her complexion, and a queer grace in her movements that made her appear so—though she was just as evidently a coarse girl. She had a ferret look, and could, when she chose, carry provocation to the minutest points. Altogether, John's mother and sister did not look like immortals calculated to help him elevate himself.

John came into the tea-room fresh from a cold dash-bath over his dusty neck and face, with smooth hair, and a cool coat on. Now, you need not smile at this microscopic description.

It gives a characteristic of my hero. He always regarded those little matters. The soul of John Wilkieson, while reaching up after high and good things, could not tolerate an ill-ordered body. I think it is so with every one who strives to develop his noblest capacities. This delicate care and beautification that we owe our own persons, because neglected by many who excelled intellectually, has often been spoken of as servile and unnecessary. But we know as we appear to others, so will they receive us. We break the strong light of our influence by giving it an imperfect passage, and see it scattered like rays on the spectrum. Samson broke the withes and went on his way, when a common man would have lain bound; some men and some women will prevail even through a clouded presence, but carelessness never yet aided any one to success.

"John," began Janie, when the three were seated at board; she stopped, put her red mouth to the tea-urn spout, and blew to clear a passage for the amber current.

"Janie," remarked Mrs. Wilkieson, observing her daughter with a piscatorial stare, "I think that's a queer trick!"

This was a quotation of what she had said that morning, of what she said at every meal, in fact. It required less exertion to administer the reproof than to pour the tea, so Janie's habit was tolerated, while Mrs. Wilkieson compromised with her delicacy.

"John," continued Miss Wilkieson without giving her mother a parenthesis, "I want a new dress. Can't you give me some money to-night?"

She always spoke in a whining tone, but her cunning little eyes were her surest means of carrying on a siege, because, monitor-like, they were sunken out of observation and snapped so quickly about.

"I don't know, Janie," said John uneasily. "Can't you do without, just now? I'm going to strike out on a new plan. After awhile I hope to give you many things I cannot now. But we shall have to economize a little at first."

"That's always the way," mumbled Janie, "I do everything and I can't have nothing! No other brother in this town lets his sister dress as shabby as you do yours!"

John reflected, and came to the conclusion that no other brother in town attended to his sister's wardrobe, whether it was a shabby or a handsome one.

"But she is only seventeen," excused he, "and has not learned to have consideration."

"She has a plenty of dresses," remarked Mrs.

Wilkieson monotonously from beneath her scales.

"I haven't!" sang the reverent miss at a high pitch. "Just you wait, both of you. I'll marry some of these days, and then I'll see if I can't have what I want." Of which sentiment she poured forth divers variations for ten minutes without interruption.

Upon the conclusion of the performance, Mrs. Wilkieson remarked, heaving herself slowly like a porpoise—"Janie, you don't act with no sense!"

John flushed, but said nothing.

There are a great many things hard to bear in this world. If we cannot bear one thing, neither can we the next, perhaps. And if we can bear nothing, we had better get out of the world, or begin at once to spin for ourselves the dignified covering of patience.

John rose from the table, and went to make ready to fill his appointment, while Janie clashed the dishes and carried them out snapping.

Said Mrs. Wilkieson to her son, beginning to propel herself slowly around through her element—"John, I want you to go with me round to Miss Pardy's. Miss Pardy, she promised me some plants, and I want you to help me home with them."

"Yes, mother; I shall be at your service in an hour. I have an appointment with Mr. Cramer at six, and it lacks only a little of the time. I'm going at once, to be prompt."

"I don't want to go in an hour; I want to go now. I calculated all day to go right after tea."

"But I shall not have time now, mother," remonstrated John, flushing.

"Yes, you will," persisted Mrs. Wilkieson. "Come right along. We can easily go round there and take up the plants, and carry them home before 'tis later than six."

So she floated off, carrying him in her wake, to uproot the herbs for her, to stand chafing while she gossiped with Mrs. Pardy, and to watch with chagrin the hands of the town-clock flying away from the hour. However, when it was too dusky to extract any more roots, and Mrs. Wilkieson had exhausted her accounts, had reproached and re-reproached her neighbor for "not coming to see her," and had listened to a long pile of excuses from the latter, she drew leisurely to a conclusion that "we had better go, John."

There had been a rain, and the walks were scattered with pools.

"Mother," said the son, remembering to be

courteous even in trial, "hadn't you better take my arm? You can't see very well, and the walks are slippery. I can carry the basket on one arm, and you on the other."

"No—just you go on," replied the mother, ignoring delicacy.

John therefore went on, until a fall and a flounder behind him arrested his steps. Mrs. Wilkieson, though so like a fish, lacked a fish's predilection for water, but not a fish's activity when well shocked. She rose from her splash with her son's aid, to box his ears for the mishap.

"There, now! If you'd a' done as you orto a' done, I wouldn't a' got this tumble!"

John—forgive him—muttered a curse between his teeth, and turned white under the shades. And while the heaving creature behind continued to pant and ejaculate, he went on quivering with madness, and drawing tight muscles of self-control around his masculine spirit.

People who have "no one to love" are in a pathetic case; but people who have plenty to love, and can't love them, have my heartiest sympathy.

CHAPTER III.

PLUMING FOR FLIGHT.

"You're late, sir," said Mr. Cramer. "Nobody with any germ of success in him will be behind time. I tell you, sir, this will never do."

"My mother detained me. She had an errand for me to do, and she insisted on my doing it; and I obeyed her, sir," pleaded John, raising his head with conscious dignity. "If it is too late for you to talk to me, Mr. Cramer, I can only beg you to forgive me for seeking your advice, and go away to help myself."

"That mother and sister of yours! I tell you, sir—I tell you—if you want to rise you must just let them go!"

"I cannot let them go, sir. If I neglected my duty to them, I could not become the man I want to."

"Duty! Who does his duty in this world?"

"I WILL, sir!"

"Sit down, lad," said the lawyer, smiling softly. "I like to see your face flush up. These young things think they will do as people never did before them, but it's pleasant to watch them. My little sister Eva is as full of duty-talk as you appear."

John sat down with his cap in his hand. Mr. Cramer tipped back and put his feet up on

a desk. He took a cigar and reached for matches.

"Do you smoke?"

"No, sir."

"Isn't compatible with your duty, eh?"

"I don't like tobacco," said John positively.

"Let it alone," advised the attorney shrewdly. "I would if I could. If you succeed, it will eat into your income; if you don't, it will eat into you. I say, John," he asked, putting his head on one side, and shutting one eye, "what makes you want to better yourself?"

John threw his forehead back. "It's something in me, sir. Something—why, I believe I should strangle if I didn't think I could come out as I want to."

The lawyer puffed and nodded slowly, as if he had the basis of a clear case. He was a peculiar man—tall, well-looking, and nervous. He had a kindly face, but suspicious eyes. His lips were delicately formed, but sharp lines fenced in their tenderness. He was manifestly a man who had succeeded in minor things, to the neglect of the major. He had plenty of life's wine, but it was made of inferior grapes. But he appreciated higher promise when he met it.

"John, I have a plan for you," he said slowly, "if you will fall in with it."

"That I shall be glad to do, sir, if I can."

"You're an independent dog, John. Would you mind taking the place of my office boy?"

The lawyer's face colored, but his client's did not. He trod delicately on the tall youth's pride.

"You see, I can't bear that little rascal around any more. He disorders my papers, he strews ashes, he doesn't dust, and small articles occasionally stick to his fingers by the attraction of cohesion. Now, if I could have some good, sociable fellow, who would take a bachelor's interest in this den, whom I could make a companion and pupil in study, and who could also copy for me certain writing I shall procure, at a respectable salary, I should approach somewhat closer to felicity. Eh, John?"

"You're kind, sir," replied the young man, filling up. He stopped and cleared his throat. "I'm not afraid of labor, as you know, sir. Even labor that some would consider degrading. But—sir—could I be supporting *them*—while doing what I want to do so much for myself?"

"Be supporting *them*? Yes, sir, if you use your time well. I can procure you enough copying to support them, if you will give your

word not to neglect studying law to spend yourself on their support."

"I shall study, sir. I tell you, sir, I shall study!" exclaimed John, glowing.

"What do you know?" asked Mr. Cramer meditatively. "I suppose you have had some education?"

"Before father died, he sent me to the Academy. Since, I have studied by myself; and that, you know, is not a very good way, sir."

"Depends upon who does it. You have, then, a good English foundation?"

"I believe so—and a little—classical learning besides," added John hesitatingly.

"Very well. Now, consider, lad, what you are going to do. Do you want to be a lawyer?"

"Yes, sir."

"Why?"

"Because my tastes elect that profession."

"Glibly given. Make an orator, eh? But, John, could you labor for years to prepare yourself, and run the risk of being called a 'pettifogging attorney,' after all?"

"I can labor all my life to develop any power, sir. And as to what people call me, it will make no difference, so I am what I want to be."

"More young notions. But they will do; they act like steam-propellers. Now, boy, that's enough for to-night. You came late, or we might have talked longer, though, I suppose, this is sufficient. Our new relations will begin in the morning?"

"No, sir. I ought to have mentioned that I am engaged for a week to my present employer."

"So you ought. But it will make no difference. My young pest really should have a long notice to quit, or he never will get it into his head that he is dispensed with."

"I hope, sir, I shall not be the means——"

"Don't trouble yourself about that, my lad; I'll see that he finds plenty to do. The greatest trouble he will experience will be to do it. But stop; let me see what sort of hand you write."

John came back from the door and took the pen his patron gave him. He shaped in large, clear characters, "Yours most gratefully, John Wilkie-son."

CHAPTER IV.

FLIGHT.

John's life became very much like the socks his mother attempted every winter to finish for him—blue-and-gray-mixed.

Janie, fearing he was not coining his time as he might, in her behalf, ferreted through all the crannies of his patience. She took no interest in her brother's plans, but was giddy and exacting. Mrs. Wilkieson's glassy eyes reflected, but never absorbed, the daily efforts of her enterprising son. She was indifferent as to whether he was a professional man or a mechanic; not because one is as honorable as the other, nor because she wished him to choose the work his genius was adapted to; but simply because her cold-blooded organism lifted itself no higher than to wish to have always a tide to move in. So John kept her afloat with as little as possible movement of her fins, it made no difference to her what means he chose.

It is bitter hard to live and work alone. Many have done it. In fact, most souls who succeed, do it during their apprenticeship.

John studied faithfully, and Mr. Cramer proved a fascinating teacher. But even he was a drawback to our boy. He dipped so often into cold philosophy and speculation about the future, such as John, ardent and high-principled, utterly rejected. On every occasion of their clashing, Mr. Cramer reminded him that he was extremely young. As he grew older he would have more reason, and learn to rely upon it.

Janie gathered some objectionable associates. With the disposition peculiar to her age, she very much desired to dress gayly and be admired. And her brother, though of graver habits, tried to gratify his sister. But her choice of friends annoyed him. He came home from office one evening to find a man slouching at the front gate, while Janie chatted to him from among her plants. The fellow cropped out of a stratum very low in the social deposits of the village. He was a handsome, lazy vagabond, who excelled at no employment except at paying maudlin compliments to silly girls.

"Good-evening, Dick," said John coldly, little pleased to see the profligate near his sister. "Janie, is tea ready?"

Now John did not mean to convey reproof. He attempted a masculine hint that he would rather have her safely housed. But Janie was nettled that he should insinuate her neglect, and gave him a sting in return.

"Mother," asked John Wilkieson as he entered, "why do you let Janie talk out there with that fellow?"

Mrs. Wilkieson turned her head gradually and declared—"Why, John, I didn't look to see who she was talking to!"

"O mother! our Janie will be ruined. She isn't old enough to have discretion. I wish you would talk to her. You women understand how to do these things better."

"Why, John, I do talk to her from morning till night. It's 'Janie, do this,' and 'Janie, do that,' and she don't do nothing after all!"

"My little sister," said the brother, following Janie into her garden after tea, "I wish you would let me counsel you about some things."

"Blow away," replied Janie, in the elegant patois of her set, while she curved her neck back with the sense of late injury.

John stopped in disgust. Then he gathered up resolution, and marched to the war like a giant—as men always do when they undertake delicate tasks.

"Janie Wilkieson, you must make up your mind to quit the company that are teaching you to talk slang and act boldly. If I see that Dick Larkins hanging around our premises any more, I believe I shall order him away!"

"Yes, you dare!" blazed Janie, in the feline fury of a woman. "I'll do as I've a mind to, John Wilkieson, and that you'll see!"

The young man passed from this encounter hurt and humbled. He went back to the lawyer's office, and laid his head on his desk. He felt compassed to distraction, and helpless to overcome. As he sat grieving, an idea struck him—Miss Cramer, his friend's sister, might advise him in this dilemma. Then he recoiled from laying family matters before strangers. But the emergency was so great that John seized his hat and was half way down the street before he took the second thought.

The youth stumbled through his mission as he had stumbled through his previous commission. It was well Eva Cramer was a woman of cultivation and sensibility, and that she felt the earnest brother-love throbbing through his bewildered, masculine tones, as he twisted his cap and sat on the edge of a chair before her.

After he had finished with the plea, "And, now, Miss Cramer, can't you advise me what to do?" he sat silently eager, watching her as if she were an oracle; watching her white, nervous hands as they toyed with a charm at her throat, or scaled her bodice on its buttons; watching her blue, seeking eyes as they turned from spot to spot. Eva Cramer was no older than Janie herself; but how different they were, thought John. If he had a sister like Eva Cramer—and here he checked himself to apolo-

gize to his conscience, and aver that Janie was well enough if she wouldn't do so.

"I will call on your sister," said Miss Cramer.

"Thank you!" exclaimed John, flushing.

"I have noticed and admired her. I will try the influences that one woman can bring to bear on another. But—it is a very delicate matter. You must not let her know you have seen me——"

"Oh! no," gushed John, grateful for the prospective deliverance.

"Or she will have reason to feel indignant."

"Will she?" said John faintly, as if he had just discovered himself on the quicksands of impropriety.

"Do not be troubled, pray. I will do the best I can. I have engagements to-morrow; I will call the next day."

"I am so much obliged to you," said the youth fervently. "I couldn't have asked any one else in the world to help me, Miss Cramer."

He immediately flushed up a furious redness, lest he had said something improper. But Miss Cramer smiled joyously, as if it had pleased her, and gave him her hand in a way peculiarly pretty, saying, "Thank you," and, "Good-evening, Mr. Wilkieson."

Mr. Wilkieson! John went home giddy as a top. To receive the crown of American kingship first from such hands!

I beg pardon for disappointing you, if you think John Wilkieson fell straightway in love with Miss Cramer, and persecuted her with addresses. He thought of her, it is true, but with such reverent admiration as he imagined angels would inspire in him. She was to stand in such office for him; for he remembered the original meaning of the word "angel" is "messenger." His interview with her, short and awkward though it was, aided him greatly in his flight toward the heights of manhood. He thenceforward held her as his one human friend.

While John was flapping against adverse winds, Janie also betook herself to the exercise, though it was a different kind of flight.

"John Wilkieson," said Mrs. Wilkieson, when her son came to the next evening meal, "I never see the like in all my days!"

She was sitting in profound calm than usual, with her lower lip dropped down in fishy amazement.

"What is the matter, mother? Where's Janie?"

His thoughts had not been off his sister for hours. It was the afternoon Miss Cramer was to call, and he had fondly imagined Janie

meeting him with some feminine grace reflected from his messenger, confessing her sins, and promising sweetly all obedience to his future advice. (Men do love to dictate.) But Janie was not visible. Had Miss Cramer been there? had there been an explosion? He certainly had not given any hint of her coming, further than to say to his sister he hoped if Miss Cramer ever called to see her, she would make friends with that young lady, to which Janie had replied with a sniff, and a declaration that "she didn't want nothing to do with his stuck-up acquaintances."

Asked John with masculine directness and hatred of suspense, "Has Miss Cramer been here, mother?"

"Yes. She come just half an hour after Janie went off."

"After Janie went off? Mother, where is Janie?"

"I was a sittin' here," droned Mrs. Wilkieson, "and I had set just about nine stitches in this pillow-case, when Janie come down-stairs from dressing herself. I didn't look round to see what she had on, nor where she was goin', till pretty soon I heard a buggy drive up. Then Janie came up to me and she says, 'Good-by, mother, I'm a going off to be married,' says she. And before I knowed it, she kissed me and got into the buggy. I looked out and saw Dick Larkins was a drivin', and I called out, and says I, 'Janie!' but she just says 'I'm a going off to be married!' and away they went!"

John walked to the door, and leaned against the casing. Those who suffer most make least noise. He thought entirely of his little sister! his poor, deluded little sister! There was no strength in him, but he rallied. "Which way did they go," whispered John hoarsely.

His foaming chase, his bitter pain to find the mischief done, Janie's coarse taunts and her husband's insolence, were nightmares for long after to John Wilkieson. He came back and laid his head low down on the office table, that platform of his mental pleasures and perplexities, and sobbed in dry, tearing sobs. His nobler part triumphed through this dreadful experience. "She shall never want," resolved he tenderly, "she'll always be my little sister Janie, and if that rascal abuses her, she shall come right home."

"John," said Mr. Cramer, finding his pupil, and laying a kind hand on his head. "I pity you, my boy. But cheer up, cheer up!"

"It's got me down now, sir," quaked John, "but I'll get the better of it soon."

Janie and her husband came back and flaunted in his face, until they found he felt no malice toward them, when they began to make his house headquarters for themselves and all the army of Janie's new relations. John furnished a home for his sister, procured employment for the worthless being whose name she bore, and warded off with sharpened tact the encroachments of the aforementioned army, and through it all never lost sight of the high mark of his manhood. That pair was always a thorn in his side.

Nothing worthy is ever born into this world that is not brought forth with pain. Poets have wept in the travail of their genius. And a TRUE CHARACTER must be torn from the flesh with long-continued and exquisite throes.

CHAPTER V.

THE UGLY DUCK ARRIVES AMONG SWANS.

The sun, after having poured twice three hundred and sixty-five morning benedictions on our youth's head, went down one August night, perhaps rejoicing that his next shining would meet a clearer light in that youth's eyes.

John Wilkieson, on this evening, offered a timid elbow to Eva Cramer from a "social." She took it with such grace as Hans Christian's swans showed to their new companion, at the very moment when he expected to be annihilated for his boldness.

It had begun to drizzle, and John got an umbrella to spread over them.

"It's a very pleasant evening," he remarked originally, as they plunged into the weather.

"Excepting the rain," replied Eva, drawing her light wrap around her, and nestling by her escort's arm. "It is well I noticed the signs, and thought to wear my rubber sandals."

"I believe you are more thoughtful in everything than most young ladies," attested John. Thereupon he flamed from chin to forehead—poor tyro—for having brought forth his honest opinion, in the shape of fulsome flattery, before its subject's face.

"That may be commendation," laughed Eva, "but my brother would not think so. He likes girls to be girls, he says."

"So do I," assented John heartily; "but I like to see them getting ready to be women, too."

He unfurled another flaming banner of shame on his front, lest his opinion had been too sagely given. Miss Cramer could not see the crimson ripples, but she was conscious of their

fluttering, and did not appreciate the young gentleman less for his insignia of modesty.

"I think as you do," replied Eva. Whereafter there fell a silence, which was broken by John dragging from his bosom a long-buried and deeply pondered question.

"What is the reason people who are trying with all their might to live high lives, are so alone in this world?"

"Do you think they are?" asked his companion.

"Yes. The masses of people think differently from them. Surrounding influences are against them. Their own very physical structures are against them."

"You know," said Eva, "one person, for the love you bear that one, may outweigh the whole world to you."

"Yes, I do know that," assented John fervently.

"And one person of exalted virtue may be of such moral specific gravity as to tip up a multitude of common folks in our brain scales. Then why lament that the masses of people do not think as you do (except to wish to help them), when you have many noble companions?"

"But they are all in print, or confined up some other way. They don't seem alive to me."

"Is Abraham Lincoln confined up from our hearts? Isn't he a pulsing presence to you, and can't you feel the meekness and the grandeur in his soul?"

"But he has gone," said John.

"Has gone! No, I tell you," said Eva, warming—"he is! He is just as much an active being, walking up the hills of progression this moment, as you or I. And is Columbus only a stiff old history horror in a plumed hat to you? And can't you understand how Michael Angelo should be so torn with his aspirations? And don't you feel the shame and the zeal of queer old Saint Peter, who rose from falsehood to marvellous strength? Oh! this human nature, that 'grovels like a worm, and aspires like an angel,' is a living chain running through us all. And some of us count the centre links and think we have all the iron; we let the extreme ones that communicate with our brethren get rusty and broken, and then complain that no magnetic messages come to us. We are so alone—and so is the strong metal in us."

"Miss Eva, you've helped me!" exclaimed John. "Why, I see it all—why, I feel it—why, I thank you! My apprenticeship is

done. I think I have learned how to live. You women find out these things so much quicker than we do."

"And surrounding and inner foes," continued Eva, "are given to keep us stirring. You know this is not a play-day world."

"Ah! I do."

They had now arrived on the Cramer doorstep. John guided the umbrella carefully, to shield Eva till the higher roof of the hall received her.

"Good-night," said Miss Cramer, giving him her hand, "and accept my thanks for your care of me."

John took that little, gloved hand and impulsively pressed it to his lips. Miss Cramer withdrew it. I think she hung out some flaming banners, but they were no signal for war against the besieging party.

"We had hardly finished our talk," stammered John, with the eagerness of necessity. "If I might——"

"Come in some evening and we will continue it," murmured Eva. "My brother will be glad to see you, I know."

John Wilkieson is marching on. His large, emphatic feet have reached figurative and literal paths that astonish even him. We are such improvable creatures, if we do but test ourselves.

I veil his practical successes. Every human soul has its peculiar mode of expression, but the inward germs are the same. John Wilkieson is not a paper man. He breathes the air over warm blood, that enters heart-chambers as full of original sin as yours. You will hear of him some day outside of a sketch, for men of his aim are not lost in the turbulent foam of a generation. I give him to you, not as a model, but as a precedent.

As for his mother and Janie, John does his best for them, as he always did, and has the hope of love which never faileth. There are some people whom you can barely tolerate. To live peaceably with them is an achievement. An attempt to elevate them would be about as successful as an attempt to lift swine by a lever passed beneath them; their contented, unctuous bulk will tumble either backward or forward to the earth again.

Whatever your own experience may be, whatever others may tell you, good people have lived, good people are living now, walking on the heights of our humanity. You can rise to walk with them; they will reach their hands to you. John Wilkieson, if you meet him, will reach his hearty hand to you. And

the Man who has stood highest, who loves this upreaching in our hearts, will put His sinewy arms around and lift you over the hard places. He is always reaching His hands to you.

FOOL'S GOLD.

BY MRS. J. E. M'CONAUGHY.

A MAN came into the office of a practical chemist one day, and after asking leave to lock the door, produced from a handkerchief, in a very mysterious manner, some substance which he laid on the table.

"Do you see that?" he asked triumphantly.

"I do," said the gentleman.

"Well, what do you call it?"

"I call it iron pyrites."

"What!—ain't it gold?"

"No; it is worth nothing." And placing some on a shovel, he held it over the fire, when it all disappeared up the chimney.

The spirit was all gone out of the poor fellow as he sank back in a chair, and at last the sad truth came out.

"There's a widder in our place has got a hull hull full of that stuff, and I have gone and married her."

True "fool's gold" it was to him, in more senses than one. But he was not the first person who has speculated in "fool's gold," and been sadly bitten.

The man who puts his whole soul into the work of getting rich—who robs his family of all the comforts of life, himself of needful rest and help, who grinds the faces of the poor to increase his hoards, will find in the end he has only amassed a heap of glittering "fool's gold."

The young man who wins his money by any of the dishonest crafts in vogue, is only accumulating "fool's gold." It will most likely vanish in smoke before his eyes; and if it does survive him, the rust of it will eat into his soul like a canker.

True riches are those which are honestly gained in lawful pursuits, which are wisely and generously expended as we go along through life. As soon as money is valued for money's sake, it becomes only "fool's gold."

Those possessions which have the blessing of the poor upon them, are the only ones which also have the blessing of God—that "maketh rich," indeed, "and He addeth no sorrow with it."

MARVELS OF THE INSECT WORLD.

BY J. B. D.

SECOND PAPER.

THE metamorphoses or transformations of insects have ever been looked upon with wonder. That yonder butterfly, so brilliant in its hues, so light and graceful in its aerial motions, was but yesterday, as it were, a crawling caterpillar, in no way resembling the beautiful creature we now see flitting from flower to flower, is something, indeed, that cannot be realized without exciting our astonishment by its marvellousness. When it first left the tiny green shell wherein its parent had deposited it, it was a hairy, wormlike animal, with twelve minute, scarcely perceptible eyes, and sixteen short legs, devouring with devastating greediness the leaves of plants. Then it became a smooth, golden-lustred chrysalis, eating nothing, without feet, and hanging motionless and apparently lifeless to some fixed point. To-day we behold it with large, elegantly painted wings, four in number, and covered with delicate, feathery scales. Ten of its sixteen feet are gone, and the six left are scarcely at all like those it had at first. Its destructive jaws, too, have disappeared, and in their stead is a curled-up tube, suited only for sipping the honeyed liquids of flowers. Instead of twelve invisible eyes, it has now two prominent aggregations of them, each of which, though apparently but one large eye, is composed of at least seventeen thousand effective eyes. And thus, throughout the entire structure of the insect, transformations no less marvellous and complete have taken place.

The successive stages in the life of an insect, which go to make up these transformations, are, as stated in our first paper, four in number, namely, the egg, the larva, the chrysalis, and the imago.

In the present article we propose to present a few curious facts relative to the first of these stages—that of the egg. Almost all insects are produced from eggs. In some few cases, these are partially developed in the body of the parent, before being deposited in the place where the larvæ are to find their food. During the earlier portion of the summer, the aphides, or plant-lice, bring forth their young alive, though in the autumn they deposit eggs, which are hatched out in the following spring. The larvæ of some species of the *Tipulidæ*, a

family which embraces the well-known daddy-longlegs, reproduce larvæ resembling themselves in every respect; and, what is still more strange, these larvæ live in a free state within the body of the parent, feeding upon its substance, and finally causing its death. The circumstances attending the birth of the cochineal insect are also very curious. The larvæ are born in the dried-up body of their dead mother, whose skeleton serves them as a cradle. This results from the fact that the eggs are fastened to the lower part of the mother's body. When she dies, which she does before the eggs are hatched, her abdomen dries up, forming a sort of horny shell, in which the larvæ are born.

The number of eggs laid by insects varies in different species. The flea, for instance, lays about twelve, and many of the gnats and beetles average about fifty. It has been remarked that those insects which live on vegetable food are the most prolific. The silkworm, for example, produces five hundred eggs; the ant, from four to six thousand, and the queen bee from forty to fifty thousand in a single season. Surprising as it may appear, the wonderful fecundity of the queen bee bears no comparison to that of the female of the so-called white ant, which, depositing eggs at the rate of sixty a minute for a period of very considerable, though unknown duration, exceeds as to the number of her eggs any other known animal.

The eggs of insects are usually white, yellow, or green, though occasionally they are found of a pink or a shiny brown hue. Those of the brimstone moth are of a beautiful yellow, with bright red spots, corresponding exactly in color with the wings of the perfect insect, though the caterpillar is brown. The shell is transparent, and not at all brittle, appearing, indeed, in many cases, very similar to the transparent portion of a goose-quill. The eggs of sawflies, ants, and some other insects, which grow larger during the process of hatching, possess an expansible shell.

Though most commonly round, the eggs of insects often exhibit singular forms. Those of the small tortoise-shell butterfly, for example, are cylindric, with eight prominent ribs; while those of the larger species of the

same insect are shaped like a Florence flask, and quite smooth and uniform.

The egg of the gnat is shaped very much like a powder-flask. By itself it would sink in water; yet the insect glues a number of them together in an oblong mass, pointed and raised at each end, so as to resemble in shape a little boat, so buoyant that no agitation of the water, however violent, can sink it.

Insect eggs are frequently sculptured with the utmost elegance of design and delicacy of workmanship. The eggs of a species of butterfly are crowned at the upper end with carved work in the form of tiles or slates. Those of another kind are covered with a sort of network of extremely minute, six-sided meshes. The eggs of the ephemeræ, or May flies, are smooth and oblong, resembling sugared caramels, a form which has been proved to be wonderfully adapted for diffusing them through the water, where they are dropped by the parent.

Contrary to what one might suppose, the flea does not fix its eggs to the skin of its victims, but drops them upon the ground, between the boards of floors, or among dirty linen and rubbish. There are always found mixed with the eggs a certain number of grains of a brilliant black color. These are simply minute globules of dried blood, which the care of the mother has provided for the nourishment of her progeny. This maternal solicitude the flea further manifests in a remarkable and unique manner by disgorging into the mouths of the larvæ the blood with which she is filled.

Most insects die very soon after depositing their eggs. The wisdom of Providence, therefore, has endowed the females with the most wonderful acuteness and skill in anticipating the wants of their young, when they shall escape from the egg, and have no mother to care for them. Her eggs are always deposited where the larvæ, on emerging from them, may be provided with suitable food. Some of the solitary wasps store up in the cells where they lay their eggs the bodies of bees, and also those of destructive weevils, so injurious to orchards and nurseries. The ichneumon fly not unfrequently places her eggs in the midst of these gathered stores. Other parasitic insects deposit their eggs in the bodies of caterpillars. In this case they are thrust sufficiently deep to prevent their being thrown off when the caterpillar casts its skin. When hatched, the grubs or larvæ feed on the living body of the caterpillar, carefully avoiding, however, any vital part, so as not to destroy the source of their nourishment. When full grown, they even eat

their way through the skin of the caterpillar without killing it, though it seems stupefied, and seldom lives longer than a few days afterward.

But it is not only in the nests of bees and wasps, or in the bodies of caterpillars, that these provident mothers deposit their eggs. Many of them find even in the eggs of larger insects a sufficient store of food for their future young. A certain kind of fly, for example, is known to deposit its eggs in those of a species of spider its most deadly enemy, and these spiders' eggs are subsequently feasted upon by the progeny of the fly.

These instances will abundantly suffice to show the solicitude of the parent insects in placing their eggs where their young will find a store of nutriment adapted to their wants. The strangest part of the matter, however, is that the mother insects, in the examples we have given, never feed upon the same substances as their larvæ, and yet seem to be well aware of what is appropriate for them.

As the eggs of lackey moths, which are laid in the autumn, are not to be hatched until the spring, the insect does not, like most others of its family, place them upon a leaf to be blown far from their destined food, but upon the twig of some tree, round which she ranges them in numerous circles, where they look rather like pearls than the eggs of an insect. Each of these bracelets, as they are called in France, is composed of from one hundred to three hundred pyramidal eggs, with flattened tops, surrounding the twig in a series of from fifteen to seventeen close spiral circles, and having their interstices filled up with a tough, gummy substance of a brown color, which, while it protects them at once from the weather and insect enemies, beautifully sets off the pearl-like eggs.

But our space will not permit us to detail the various modes in which insects provide for the safety of their eggs. The little room we have to spare for this branch of our subject we shall devote, therefore, to a few paragraphs in regard to the hatching of the eggs of insects.

Of all insects, the only one known to sit upon her eggs is the common earwig. The naturalist De Geer discovered a female earwig in the beginning of April under some stones, and brooding over a number of eggs. She never left them for a moment, sitting as assiduously as a bird does while hatching. In about five or six weeks the grubs were hatched. At another time, the same naturalist found a female earwig, accompanied by a numerous brood of young, to all appearance newly hatched, and

nestling under their mother like chickens under a hen. They crowded under her bosom and between her legs, where, evidently quite pleased, she permitted them to remain for an hour or more at a time.

A more curious method of hatching eggs, which we have already referred to, occurs in several insects, which retain them in their bodies till they are hatched, thus appearing to bring forth their young alive. These insects, of which one of our most common flies is an example, are furnished with an abdominal pouch, in which the eggs are deposited by the mother previous to the emergence of the larvæ from the shell. In this respect they strikingly resemble the kangaroo, the opossum, and other marsupial animals, which are furnished with a similar pouch for protecting their young in the first stage of their existence. There is a family of two-winged flies, the mothers of which not only hatch their eggs within the body, but retain the larvæ there till they assume the chrysalis form. Another member of the same family deposits its egg-like cocoons in the warm, feathery nest of the swallow, where they have all the heat necessary for hatching them.

The eggs of some insects, as of the ant, for instance, increase in size during the process of hatching. In the eggs of moths, the embryo, previous to exclusion, may be seen through the shell, snugly coiled up in a ring. Those insects which are furnished with powerful mandibles gnaw their way through the egg-shell. Others, again, seem to have openings provided for them, in a door which they have only to push against to obtain their freedom. The egg of a certain bug is covered with a convex lid, which the young insect opens with a sort of lever provided for that purpose.

The period at which the eggs of insects are hatched after being laid, depends mainly upon temperature, as, generally speaking, heat has much to do with the process. The eggs of the blowfly are said to hatch within two hours, while those of several moths, and many other insects, remain unhatched for six, nine, and twelve months, and, in some instances, even longer. It is worthy of remark, however, that the time of hatching corresponds in a striking manner with the leafing of trees and the appearance of other materials fitted for the food of the young.

We have selected for our illustration this month an admirable representation of the swallow-tailed butterfly (*Papilio machaon*), accompanied by larvæ and a chrysalis. It is one of the commonest and most beautiful of its family in Europe, and may be regarded as a type of

the butterflies properly so called. Frequenting gardens and woods, it is met with at two periods in the year, first in May, and the second time in July. The body is yellow on the sides and underneath, and black above. The front wings have rounded edges, and are black, spotted and striped with yellow. The hind wings have their upper part and middle yellow, with some touches only of black; their edges are notched, and one of these notches is prolonged into a sort of tail, whence the common English name. Near the margin is a broad black band, dusted with blue; lastly, six yellow crescent-shaped spots run along the border, terminating in a magnificent eye of a reddish-orange color, bordered with blue. The larva, or caterpillar, of this elegant butterfly, is large, smooth, and of a beautiful light green, ornamented with rings of a velvety black, spotted with orange. It is quite conspicuous on the stalks of fennel, carrot, and other umbelliferous plants, which form its food. When suddenly touched, it thrusts from the first ring behind the head a fleshy, orange-colored tentacle about an inch in length, and emitting a strong odor of fennel. The chrysalis is generally light green in color, though sometimes grayish.

There is a beautiful butterfly, quite common in the neighborhood of Philadelphia, which, in the colors, markings, contour, and habits, both of the caterpillar and of the perfect insect, so greatly resembles the swallow-tail of Europe described above, as to be scarcely distinguishable from it. In the drawings we have seen of the accredited American representative (*Papilio turnus*) of the European swallow-tail, the distinction is quite noticeable. Moreover, the caterpillar of the *Papilio turnus* is said to feed on the foliage of the laurel and sassafras. The caterpillar of the species we allude to, we have seen only on fennel, though young sassafras-trees were abundant in the immediate neighborhood.

THERE is nothing that helps a man in his conduct through life, more than a knowledge of his own characteristic weaknesses (which, guarded against, become his strength), as there is nothing that tends more to the success of a man's talents than his knowing the limits of his faculties, which are thus concentrated on some practical object. One man can do but one thing. Universal pretensions end in nothing. Or, as Butler has it, wit "requires as much again to govern it." There are those who have (for want of this self-knowledge) gone strangely out of their way, and others who have never found it.—HOWITT.

JACQUELINE.

BY VIRGINIA F. TOWNSEND.

CHAPTER III.

PERHAPS Squire Thayne was listening to the wind, too. At the best, he was an absent sort of man. No words coming into the silence where Jacqueline waited for her Uncle's voice, she looked up at last, and as soon as she looked she knew that no voices of winds or rains were calling to him outside. He was looking straight at her, and yet it seemed as though he saw another face where hers was—a kind of solemn tenderness shining in his eyes, and all over his face there was the light of some great joy, but it was a joy that had been buried away some time in a great grief.

"Why, Uncle Alger!" said Jacqueline, and she drew nearer to the man; and in an instant there flashed over her an intuition that some woman had been inwrought into her uncle's secret life—had brightened, overshadowed it, as the case might be. If no word had henceforth passed between them on the subject, she would have been certain of this henceforward; and you know how it is when these sudden convictions flash upon us, with such a light that never a doubt shows its dark, grinning face behind. Jacqueline wondered at her slowness in discerning this—she, who knew her uncle better than anybody else did in the world, who had been his playmate and companion from childhood; she, a woman, too, ought to have felt that her uncle could never have been the man he was, a prince among his kind, at least to this girl's eyes, without some sweet, true, noble woman had sometime been taken into that great, deep heart of his.

Squire Thayne saw all the girl thought in her face. It was his own secret, you remember, carried through all these years of silence, and guarded as a woman guards the memory of her first love. He was a strong, stalwart man, nothing morbid about him, nothing feminine even, except what being without he would have been less a man.

Yet I should not like to say he did not color faintly under the wide, startled eyes of this girl, that looked in suddenly on his secret.

"You've found it out, little Jacqueline?" he said, smiling on her.

"But to think I shouldn't have known it all this time, that's what amazes me most!" she said, putting her hand up to her cheek in just

the way he remembered when she was a child, and something in the lesson perplexed her.

"Why does that seem strange to you, child?" he asked.

"Because I know *you*, uncle—that's why."

In a little while after he said to her—"My child, if there are any questions you want to ask me now, do not be afraid."

"Is she alive, uncle?"

"Not on earth."

She looked so sorrowful, that he hastened to say—"But it was not death came between us first."

"O Uncle Alger!"

"Yes, dear child, it was hard at first—God knows that, but I lived it through, you see," and the man looked grand as he said that, like one who had wrestled with a mighty foe, and come off victor in that battle.

She came a little nearer to the man; she laid her hands on his knee—"Uncle Alger, there is one more question. Do not answer it unless you had rather than not."

"Anything, child, ask me anything."

"What was her name?"

He paused a moment, and then he answered, slowly and softly, "Evangeline."

"It seems as though that ought to have been the name of the woman you would love."

He saw, after that, she would ask him no further questions, and now he had spoken for the first time, it seemed to come easy and natural enough to talk about her. "You want to know how she looked, Jacqueline?"

"Oh! that of all things, uncle."

She was about your height; in hair, too, the same shading of dark browns—but just there the likeness ends, at least in color and feature; blue eyes of the clearest and darkest, a very finely shaped head, and a face finished and delicate—a woman's face, not handsome, I suspect, among crowds of women's faces, but beautiful as an angel of God to me—beautiful, too, I honestly believe, to all who loved it. How could it be otherwise with a soul like hers shining into it?"

He sat still awhile, the gray-haired man seeing the face of the woman of his love, as it was in her youth.

After awhile, and in a few words, he would not be a man of many on such a subject as

this, he told the story. He owed it to Jacqueline now. It would be one of the memories of a lifetime to them both—the night in the library, in the smoke and warmth, the blind plunges of winds, the cries of the rain at the casement, and that talk that carried them far out to sea, and set them on the coasts of the youth of Algernon Thayne.

"You know what a wretched time that was, Jacqueline, when your grandfather died—everything gone to utter wreck and ruin, his affairs left in hopeless chaos. It wouldn't have been so hard for me if my shoulders had been a little broadened and seasoned for the burden which came on them in one dreadful thump. I staggered awhile at first, for you know what my life had been beforehand—the smoothest kind of sailing, with plenty of money—at least, quite as much as was good for a young fellow—with rather a surfeit of tenderness and praise.

"You know, too, I was fresh out of college, and had just made my choice of a profession, and was to round off with a couple of years travel abroad, when lo! the crash came! I had something to do after that. Your father was a couple of years younger than I—a scholar, artist, gentleman; but—poor fellow!—he never could be made to see any further into business than a baby.

"Thank God, there were some pluck and grit in me from the beginning, or I should have gone down under that first heavy sea; but there was your grandmother, quite shattered with grief of death and poverty; so you see I had to make a pull for it all alone.

"It came down to the hard bread-and-butter question, and I found it a tough problem for awhile. I rode some heavy breakers, but at last I got there—a good deal bruised and out of breath, it is true, but toughened and seasoned by that sharp fight for the rest of my life. You've heard me speak of the old commercial house of Hawthorne, Fairbanks & Co.?"

"I remember."

"I never expect to feel as rich a man as I did that day. I found myself with an upper clerkship in that house, and a salary of a thousand dollars. It is true the money went further in those days than twice that sum would in these."

"And there were three people, tenderly bred and accustomed to ease and luxury, to be fed, housed, and cared for out of that salary! Poor Uncle Alger!" said Jacqueline.

"But when you come to think of the two years that had gone before, this salary seemed almost like another fortune. I had had a tough

chapter set me in practical economy, when it was rather late and hard to learn it. But, perhaps, in the end, like a good many other hard lessons, it did me no harm.

"I got on well with my work, and grew into great favor with the second partner of the firm. He was an old man—a widower, with a son and a daughter by different wives. The years had already sapped his vigor, and in various ways the man trusted me—proved to me that I could be of use to him. A real friendship gradually developed between us, and his pleasant mansion, a little way out of town, was as open to me as the doors of my own home. It was there I first met his daughter, and in a little while we grew to know each other, and—I never knew when, neither did she—to love each other also."

"Evangeline Fairbanks?" said Jacqueline, breathing the name in a voice keyed just out of a whisper.

"Yes. How pleasant and natural the words seem! I should like to tell you the woman she was like, Jacqueline—the woman she was to my youth, to my heart and soul. I should like to tell you what I owe to that girl, what her whole character was—so finely balanced, so broad, and delicate, and true. I should like to tell you, dear, only a man cannot talk of these things."

"There is no need," said Jacqueline softly.

"At the close of the second year of my clerkship, the offer came from South America. It was not probable that I should have such another chance in my life, and I had no right to throw away my fortune, when she came with open hands to my very doors. You know how it was. An old, attached friend of my father's, desirous of paying some debt of gratitude to the son, offered to secure for me, on retiring from active business himself, the general management of a large business firm in Brazil. Reluctant as Mr. Fairbanks was, for many reasons, to part with me, the old man was among the foremost to urge me to accept this offer, and there was no time to be lost.

"Long before that, Evangeline and I understood each other. Indeed, for that last year we had been intimate as brother and sister—reading, and talking, and rambling together in the wide, pleasant grounds and arbors, and the great, cool rooms of the old-fashioned house.

"That night we parted, I said to her—'Evangeline, you know that I love you!'

"'Oh! yes, I know it, Alger,' she answered—no faltering, no affectation about her, the true, glorious woman!—only a blush came into her

face, and across the blush a smile. O Evangeline Fairbanks! the long-lost sweetness of your smile!"

Squire Thayne paused a moment, and his niece knew that it was swimming in all its living beauty before him—the smile out of the sweet, dead lips of the woman he had loved.

In a moment he went on:—"After that we put our hands in each other's. Ah! the feel of that little, soft, white hand—and we said—no matter; Evangeline knew—so did God.

"Her father coming in at the end, saw how it was, and called me his son, and blessed us—and so we were betrothed, and I set out for South America.

"I was to be away three years. Whatever there was of home-sickness, whatever strange and hard in the new life, I faced it, put into my work whatever power of brain or heart were in me, looking across the three years that lay before me much as wide, desolate, sandy steppes lay sometimes between world-wide travellers and home.

"The first two years were prosperous beyond my dreams. Your father went to finish his studies abroad, and your grandmother, whose health had been delicate of late, accompanied him.

"The mails were irregular in those days, but Evangeline and I did our best with them, and the only shadow in her life was her father's rapidly breaking health.

"One mail brought me tidings of his death, and the next of your grandmother's, who dropped away suddenly, just as Robert was getting ready to return home with her. I should also have started at once, only my business absolutely demanded my presence at this juncture. I learned, too, that Evangeline's brother, who, on the news of his father's death, took the next steamer for home, had taken the entire settlement of the dead man's affairs into his own hands. I had never seen this half-brother of hers. The old man had been very fond of his son, and weakly indulgent during his youth; and he had grown up handsome, shrewd, indolent—a man of the world. He was at heart utterly selfish, and his principles were likely to rock to the centre—bring them once in contact with his own interests. The facts were—I found them out long afterward—he had squandered his share of his father's fortune, and run deeply into debt while abroad. He managed to get the lion's share of the old man's fortune under his control; and then—I want to put this into as few words as I can, Jacqueline—an old college chum and travelling

companion saw Evangeline, and fell at once desperately in love with her.

"Of course, the truth had to come out then. When young Fairbanks learned that his sister was betrothed to a man who, two years ago, had a clerkship in his father's house 'on a starvation salary,' his scorn and anger knew no bounds. He was too shrewd to let Evangeline discern his real feelings, and he was very heavily in debt to this chum of his; and—I only know that he swore that our engagement should never be consummated—I only know that he *kept his word*."

"O Uncle Alger!" exclaimed Jacqueline, actually growing sick all over.

"Yes, dear," speaking in a rapid way, as though the words hurt him, and he must make them as few as possible; "communication between the countries was slow at that time. Everything conspired to serve the villain's purpose. Through the agency of some corrupt employé, our letters were intercepted; and as nothing could shake the heart or the faith of Evangeline Fairbanks, they made her believe I was dead."

A little, stifled cry of horror burst from Jacqueline's lips.

"Yes, dear, it's a dreadful story for you to hear, I know. About the death, though, there was some plausibility in that, and they might have drawn back before they went so far as to insist on this, if they had not half believed themselves, and wholly hoped it was true. A vessel from our port had been wrecked at sea, and the name of one of the lost passengers closely resembled my own. She was ill a good many weeks after that; but their pertinacity and prayers at last shook her resolve. Before the year was over, she was that other man's wife."

Jacqueline sat still as a figure turned suddenly to stone. The flames flapped out great, golden wings as they mounted up the chimney. They glanced and quivered in their flight upon the fair, shocked face of the woman sitting there, looking down into the gulf of the youth of Algernon Thayne.

"How could such a woman as you have described be blinded like that?" burst out Jacqueline. "She ought to have divined intuitively what kind of man she was to marry."

"But he was not a bad man at all. I honestly believe he would have put his hand where Cranmer did, and let it burn to the bone, before he would have blackened his soul with all this guilt, had he known the facts. He was a good-hearted, generous fellow, desperately in love

with a beautiful and attractive woman, whom he had been made to believe, by her brother, was about to throw herself away on some worthless, scheming adventurer, whose chief merit consisted in a tongue with a good deal of the artful eloquence of Richard III. At the time of their marriage, too, the man fully believed I had gone down in the wreck, and no doubt thought the world was well rid of me."

After he had spoken these words, Algernon Thayne rose up, pushed over the ottoman in a hurried way, and walked up and down the room.

The passionate fire of his youth had burned out long ago, but the memory of the old, agonized frenzy came upon him now, as it had not done for years. His face for a few moments worked with a strange agitation; then he came over to the girl and laid his hand on her shoulder.

"Jacqueline," a solemn sound she had never heard before in his voice, "it is enough for you to know that there were days when madness and murder reigned in my heart together, and I thought only of vengeance. God forgive me, but if Richard Fairbanks had crossed my path then, he or I would have looked our last on the earth and the sky over us. The blow crazed me for awhile, Jacqueline. It came so suddenly, you know, the hour after I reached port, expecting to see her that very day—and to learn that she was another man's wife! Through the thick darkness of that time there was no light. Worst of all, my soul lost God—God, who had sat at all that time in His heaven and let all that soul wrong go on under his eyes. He, too, had forsaken me."

Squire Thayne, pacing up and down the library now, felt for a moment the old, wild tempest of his youth waking up in his soul. He trod unsteadily back and forth, his rapid words breaking out of colorless lips.

Jacqueline was crying. He heard her sob. In a moment he paused, and came right over to her.

"Why, Jacqueline, what a brute I am to trouble my little girl in that way," speaking in his bright, hearty tones. "It was all over long ago; and you see I've managed to make a happy life of it—an exceptionally happy life, I honestly believe, when I compare it with most men's."

"But, O uncle!" seizing his hands, "what became of the woman—what became of her?"

A smile, a light of ineffable joy, came into the man's face.

"She died—dead!"

"Uncle Alger!"

"Yes, she never knew, thank God! With all her well-balanced brain and heart, I think that knowledge would have driven Evangeline Fairbanks into a madhouse. But a sudden illness seized her less than six months after her marriage, and when it was over it was all well with her—with me also, in God's good time."

"And you never saw the man——"

"Yes; once only, for five minutes, it may be. I sought him. I looked him in the face. The tempest which had made me long for his life, and cry blindly to God to take my own, was over then. I told him what I knew of that fiend's work he had done on the dead and the living."

Jacqueline shuddered, knowing how Squire Thayne could say such a thing.

"Evangeline's sweet, dead face under the sods that had clasped themselves green above it, was not whiter than that man's when I left him."

"And afterward?"

"I went back to South America, and threw myself into work again—work that tasked to the utmost body and brain. Meanwhile, you know, your father met and married his bonny little American wife among Scottish highlands and heather, and after the romance and the seventh heaven of an artist's honeymoon, he went to work at his models, and dreamed of fame and fortune, until his health broke down. Poor Rob! he used to pity me 'drudging away down there in that furnace-blast of a climate;' but it was the road to home and comfort for us all at last."

Then Squire Thayne came around and seated himself in his chair again. Jacqueline looked up at him with a smile so full of meaning and tears that she hardly dared to trust its glimmer across her lips.

"Now, my little girl," said Squire Thayne, speaking in that straightforward, robust tone of his, which, as it were, influenced all his words, and without which the real life seems to have oozed out of them, where they come to lie, mere wrecks and phantoms of their former selves upon my paper—"Now, my little girl, I ought not to have told you this story. It does not pain me and sadden me, coming out of my youth to-night, and looking at me, as it has grieved and saddened you to hear it. Look in my face. Do I look like a disappointed, world-weary old man?"

Jacqueline did look up in the fine, strong, resolute face; every line instinct with life, thought, feeling, all held in the large, Teutonic

cast of the features, and the gray eyes with their swift, native flash of humor. One could hardly conceive of anything more utterly the antithesis of his question.

"Oh! no, Uncle Alger; only," laying her hand on his knee, "when I think what the woman whom you have described might have been to you, what you have lost, it almost breaks my heart," the last words rocking on the great tide of feeling underlying her voice.

"Why, dear, it musn't do that," chafing the long, slender fingers on his knee. Then a light came slowly into the man's face, and grew and spread all over it. He shook his head. "She has not been dead to me—my Evangeline," he said. "She has been in God's world all this time, and that woman's influence has throbbed through my whole life. I never lifted a human soul out of slough and dung-hill, and set it on its feet again, especially if that soul was a woman, bruised and mired out of all likeness to the graciousness, and honor, and glory of woman, without thinking of Evangeline, and saying, 'She would have been glad to see me do this—she would have smiled on me with her wonderful eyes.' Indeed, I hardly have taken an important step in my life without stopping to ask myself, 'What would she have thought of it?'"

Jacqueline did not say one word here, simply because she could not.

He went on. "Yet you must not think that I went perpetually grieving for her in secret. All my youth and prime, after I made up my mind that my dream of being a scholar must go to the winds, was spent in a wide, breathless activity. Thank the Lord, I had magnificent health, and it was needed for the kind of work I had to do. It was business of a sort that drew heavily on body and brain; but at last, when poor Rob came home, broken in health and hope, with his young wife and his little girl, and poor as a church mouse—because it was in generous, careless, true-hearted Robert Thayne to be that and nothing else—I had made my fortune, and was ready to come home, too. Between bile and bullion, I should have gone to wreck in a few years more. As it was, I escaped both just in the nick of time."

Jacqueline could not help laughing. This quaint humor was always cropping out of her uncle's talk.

"Rob and I, you know, were the last of our race; and when I found that sweet wife of his, and the little five-year-old incarnation of mischief and merriment they had brought along with them, I said to myself, 'After all, Alger-

non Thayne, you poor, old, forlorn bachelor, you've found something worth living for, just as the first snowflakes begin to scatter themselves in your hair.' And now, dear, I've brought you down where you can take up the threads yourself. It was a good thing to have a home and kindred once more. It was a blessed thing that my little girl came to me."

The beautiful eyes shone up to the man through their tears.

"You saved papa's life, I know you did, for three happy years of comfort and luxury; and mamma's for as many more. O uncle! how glad I always was that the home at Hedgerows was finished before she died. It always seems to me that she is thinking of us here in the dear old home together—you and me."

"Who shall dare to say she is not, darling—who shall dare?"

They both were silent a little while there; then the man spoke again in quite his old tone.

"So, you see, my old bachelorhood has not been such a dreary thing after all. If it had not been for my little girl here, I should always have had a sort of feeling that I had not done my duty in life, though."

"I don't understand you, Uncle Alger."

"Well, I have a theory that it is every man's duty to marry some woman, and do all that in him lies to cherish her, and make her through his love and care a better and happier woman."

She was not surprised to hear the man say that. She knew the inborn chivalry of his soul.

"But, Uncle Alger, no second love could ever have taken the place of the first."

"Certainly not; but another might have had its own place and rights. Do you suppose the knowledge and the love of such a woman as Evangeline Fairbanks would not have made any man a better husband to any woman? I know what *her* wish would have been then. But it happened that I was mostly thrust out of the pale of woman's society until I was past my prime, and after that—well, after that, my little girl came to me, and as she grew up she took up such wide space in my heart that there seemed no room to spare for another beside her. Ah Jacqueline! I shall lay the burden of my old bachelorhood upon you. Our sex have a convenient way of putting our sins at your doors. We had an early example set us, and we haven't been slow to follow it."

Again she laughed; and although the laugh of Jacqueline Thayne had many notes, there was a husky sweetness that reminded you of a thrush's in her lower keys; but it hardly died

upon her lips before they were grave with a touched gravity.

"Ah uncle! how can I have been what you say, after you have known such a woman as Evangeline Fairbanks?"

"Because, dear, you are more like her than any woman I ever knew."

What a start she gave! What wide eyes stared at the man: Surely this Jacqueline Thayne, whatever her faults were, had little conceit at bottom of them.

"What! I, uncle? More than dear mamma, even?"

"Yes; more, even, than dear mamma."

She was still as a mouse awhile after that. It was almost midnight now, and they did not keep late hours at Hedgerows.

It was a part of the religion of Squire Thayne, that he and all about him should be no spendthrifts of vital forces.

The strength of the storm was exhausted in low shudderings of wind, and wet boughs dragging themselves across the panes. Squire Thayne rose up and went to the window, and, away up in the wide, black darkness of the clouds, he saw the golden face of a solitary star float for an instant, and then the black tide burst across it, and it was buried. Jacqueline had come to the window, and looked over his shoulder so softly that he did not know she was there until her breath touched his cheek.

"I saw the star, too," she said with the ring of her three-year-old voice.

He put up his hand to her chin. "To bed and to sleep, and God be over all of us!"

It was his old good-night.

CHAPTER IV.

It was pay-day at the woollen-mills of Stephen Weymouth & Co. In one corner of the factory yard stood the new office, which had been opened for the first time on the arrival of the new superintendent only a month ago. It was a small granite building, with a French roof, and narrow, mullioned windows, and the façade was ornamented with heavy mouldings in dark stone.

The small building formed, altogether, an immense contrast to the vast, gloomy breadth of old red bricks and small-paned glass windows, that seemed to look down upon the little, ambitious stone edifice lowering and defiant, as though its compactness and smartness were out of place there, and a kind of insult to their own bare, red grimness and desolation—at least, Philip Draper had thought so sometimes, when

he went out and stood on the bank above the dam, which afforded not only a fine point of view for the special individuality of the factory landscape, but the water drowned all the heavy thunder of the machinery in that wild, white ecstasy, with which it swept and thundered over the dam into the broad, still, green lake below. It was to get rid of the rasping and grating, and the low, steady roar of the machines, that Philip Draper came out sometimes and stood on this bank and listened to that grand organ of the old dam until his heart took courage.

Inside, the spinners, and weavers, and dyers, at the great vats, looking out of the windows, wondered what the "boss" was doing there with his hands in his pockets. I strongly suspect, if they had dived into his precise thoughts at that time, Philip Draper would have fallen considerably in the opinion of a majority of the work-people.

But, as I said, it was pay-day at the factory, and Philip Draper, standing at his office-desk, in one corner of the wide room, had paid off the long files of "hands" which had passed before him, commencing with the weavers, and coming down to the spool-winders—slips of girls about equally divided between the heavy Canadian-French and broad Irish types, for the most part hovering on the frontiers of their teens.

The last employé had gone out now, and the paymaster sat alone before his desk in the office, and the soft, Indian-summer sunshine flashed all around him, like still, shining wings of golden eagles.

It was time for him to get up and set off to dinner now, but he was in no mood for eating—did not feel energy enough, in fact, to drag his limbs out from under the desk where he had stretched them.

A great, open book lay before him, with long double columns of names stretching down the page, but he was not reading them—not so much as seeing them now. He was thinking that he, Philip Draper, had small right to be in the world at all, and that, if his place should close up, it would not so much as leave a scar, hardly a pang, in any human heart.

And yet some lives were so full and rich with hopes and purposes, with human love and faith, too—why had his fallen to him so bare and colorless, so utterly worthless?

I almost shrink from showing you this side of Philip Draper, lest you should set him down at once as weak and morbid, and he was seldom either, there being at the core of him a

sound, robust cheerfulness and courage which made him turn to the bright side of things when this latter seemed very small indeed. But he had struggled and strained himself in his long scramble for a foothold in life, until his nerves and his spirits were beginning to avenge themselves.

It is true, he had never been, financially, a quarter as well off in his life as at this time; for although the superintendent of the Weymouth factories had a good deal of care and responsibility, still, Philip Draper had never objected to hard work, even when it did not bring him a tithe of the handsome salary which he was now in receipt of.

Philip Draper's father had died just within the outmost circle of the boy's remembrance. The former's story can be put into a very few words. The man had started with the fairest prospects in life, inheriting a moderate fortune while possessing far more than ordinary abilities. He squandered his fortune, he drank himself into his grave, leaving behind him a helpless, invalid wife and one son, to make their way through the world as they best might.

It had been a hard "scramble" for Philip Draper. He had to fight for his own foothold when he was a mere boy, and to clear a little warm corner for his mother, too.

Notwithstanding, he had managed to carry himself through college—how he could hardly tell himself, honestly, he was certain, and he was just girding up himself for a new tug and strain at a profession, when Mrs. Draper died and her son's health broke down. What that mother had been to Philip Draper—well, it was his own secret, so deep and sacred that he could never tell it to any one, unless it might be, sometime, to the woman of his love.

The doctors had insisted that he must throw up all study for the present, and get into some active life; so, after he found himself suddenly transformed from a rather shabby student into a paymaster of some large iron works, with a new suit of clothes, and through this road, a dreadfully smutty, dusty one, when you come to contrast it with the cool, green silences of his Alma Mater, the door to the great stone office at Hedgerows had opened to him.

"Capital berth for you," said his old employer, as he shook hands with him for the last time, just as the young man was about to start for Hedgerows. But young Draper choked down a sigh. The old Greek and Latin had left a sweet taste in his thoughts, that made him

long for the shabby overcoat and the slender purse once more.

"What great good will a fortune do to me! I've nobody to share it with me," thought the young man, and in that last sentence you have the key to Philip Draper's character.

But I have given you the shell of his life, thus far. For the kernel, that must be in his own character and acts.

Spite of himself, he has had to fight homesickness ever since he came to Hedgerows. If it had not been for that good fellow, Sydney Weymouth, the son of the head of the mills, he doesn't know how he could have stood up under it; but their drives, and sails, and tramps have just kept up a spark of life in him.

Yet, what in the world he has to complain of, Philip Draper does not clearly know. He was never so well paid, never better housed and fed in his life before, only housing, and feeding, and paying will never be anything more than the bark and shell to Philip Draper. There are other things that hold far closer relations to his soul.

Yet, these weeks at Hedgerows have been terribly dreary ones to him, a haunting homesickness and desolateness, an utter want of interest in life has come over him; all the old forces and energies which have made this man fight such a good fight with fate have flagged now, an utter loneliness fills his soul, and its real cry, at this time, would, it seems to him, be the moan of the sea when she grows cold under the clouds, and shudders at the coming on of the storm; worst of all, Philip Draper's soul has lost God, can find him nowhere—his mother's God and his own!

Part of this mood is, no doubt, owing to over-taxed nerves, part to his temperament, part to his lack of all outward interests, it being a necessity of Philip Draper's nature that his life should not centre in himself.

So, he wonders again, sitting there, what he is in the world for, and it seems to him he has no place here.

Perhaps the hands filing home to their factory boarding-houses, with jokes and loud guffaws of laughter, pay-day always generating a good humor in the universal workman of whatever grade, could have thrown some light upon the question that went groping through Philip Draper's soul, like Noah's dove across the wide, dark gloom of waters that buried a world. Each one, from the weavers down to the little spool-winders, had an instinct that the paymaster had enjoyed giving out his small rolls of wages that morning, and more than one had

a kindly word or two to say about him which it seemed a pity the poor, lonely, homesick fellow sitting there could not hear. It would have lightened his heart a little.

Something suddenly glimmered on his eyelashes, and fell upon his hand. The sight of that tear stung Philip Draper with an ineffable self scorn.

He dashed his hand away, as though a spark of fire had touched it.

"Fool and spoony!" he muttered, as he would have muttered to nobody in the world but himself. "Crying like Shakspeare's schoolboy, are you, because all the plums haven't fallen into your slice of cake? Philip Draper, has your courage and your pluck oozed out of you into such limpsey, flaccid stuff that you are only fit to make a cry-baby! If there's a spark of manhood left in you, get up and look your fate in the face, as you've looked it when it was harder than to-day, I think, and then go home to your dinner. You've known what it was to have little or none to go to."

A little, half grim, half sad smile struggled out on Philip Draper's face. That salt, bitter shower-bath of scornful words, dashed in upon his soul, had stung him into some wholesome life now. He sprang up, and in that very act caught sight of a face at the open window, with the nose a good deal flattened against the pane, with sunburnt, flabby cheeks, and white, woolly head.

"Well, what's wanting?" asked the superintendent, or paymaster, or whatever you choose to call him, for he went by multiform names among the hands; and he said this in a tone that would have encouraged any one wavering and half inclined to run away to come in now, and make his want known, whatever that might be.

The boy entered, lank, overgrown, and shuffling, coat, trousers, and shoes in an advanced state of dirt and dilapidation.

"I've come for my wages, sir," hitching up his trousers with an awkward, nervous jerk.

"Your wages, eh? Why didn't you come with the rest?"

The boy drew his breath, put one foot before the other, and mumbled something, in dreadful embarrassment, down his throat.

"What's your name?" inquired the paymaster; he was not one of your men who have a taste for torturing anything—criminals even.

This time the answer came clear enough—"Fin Brummer."

The dignified trisyllable, Alphonso, had been gradually mouthed over and worked down into

its present conciseness. In fact, few of the boy's associates knew he had ever possessed any more dignified cognomen.

Philip Draper turned and looked at the books. There the name stood, and against it four days of work out of eighteen. He began to have an inkling how the matter stood.

"How does it happen you've been off work so many days, Fin?"

The boy looked at his boots, which certainly could not, in their present condition, have afforded an agreeable subject for contemplation, and then up at the ceiling, and wriggled his shoulders, and yet, with all these efforts, did not find a word to say.

"Come, now, Fin, look straight at me. Tell the truth and shame the devil."

The boy could not resist the powerful attraction of the presence and voice. He looked straight at the man standing at the desk, and the words came right out of his throat of their own accord, it seemed: "I played hookey."

"I supposed so. Well, Fin, you see this playing hookey doesn't pay, after all, as well as work."

Fin had a keen realization of that fact, now pay-day had come and his board bill had fallen due; and again he resorted for suggestion or consolation, first to his boots and then to the ceiling.

Philip Draper, looking at the boy standing there, dumb, self-convicted, hungry and ragged, lazy and bad, felt a strong pity coming over him, moreover, a secret sympathy with his transient proclivities.

He had had so many morbid and miserable feelings himself, of late, he had been conscious of so many depraved impulses toward running off into the wilderness and turning hermit, gypsy, wild animal, even, that he could very well understand how Fin would enjoy far more lying on his back, or laying traps for squirrels, or climbing trees for birds' nests, than picking wool or hanging up webs in the bleach-house. The man and the boy in the mill office, unlike as they were, had one thing in common, after all, and that was love of strong, homely mother earth, and of blue sky, and broad, warm, generous sunshine; and the swash and rustle of winds among leaves.

Then, too, Philip Draper had been growing charitable toward the lapses of his kind, as he had not been in his proud, unbending youth, when he held such absolute faith in himself, in his conscience, and his honor.

It is true, Fin, standing there, was only learning the lesson older than the world's oldest har-

vest-field, of reaping what he had sown; but if beyond that solemn law there were no God somewhere with heart of love and pity, then into what fields of barren stubble, and what wraths of whirlwinds we should all come at last!

More or less of these thoughts worked behind Philip Draper's wide, gray eyes as he looked at the boy with the flabby cheeks and the shock head awaiting his fate.

"I suppose you want this money to pay your board, Fin?" speaking again.

"Yes, sir, I do," said Fin, his voice now proving equal to four gruff, fervent monosyllables.

"But it's a very small sum that's owing you—not half enough to settle your bill."

"If I'd take it to her, though, she might let me stay on," said Fin, with an eagerness that brought a glow into his flabby cheeks.

The superintendent understood that "her" and "she" referred to the hostess of the factory boarding-house.

"I have my own doubts about that," replied Philip Draper, and then, looking at the boy, homeless, and hungry, and conscience-stricken, before him, he made up his mind what to do.

"Fin"—speaking in his kindest tone—"I should really like to feel there was the making of an honest, industrious boy in you; and though I have no right to pay you a cent beyond what you've fairly earned this month, still I want to let you start with a fresh chance, so I am going to give you, out of my own money, the balance of the month's wages which you haven't earned."

At this announcement Fin opened his mouth wide; his light-green eyes seemed about to start out of his head, and he stood still, simply staring at the superintendent in a kind of blank amazement.

The gentleman proceeded quietly to open the desk, counted over the amount which was due Fin on the books; then he took out his pocket-book and added to the sum what would make the boy's full month's wages.

"Here it is, Fin"—holding the money out to him. "Remember, it will never do to try me like this a second time; but I am willing to give you a chance to make an honest, faithful boy. Go home, now, and get your dinner, and pay your landlady."

Fin shuffled up his lanky, overgrown figure to the desk, shoved out a soiled paw, and took the little green pile. He moved off without speaking a word, in a kind of dazed way, and shambled half across the room; then he turned

back and came up to the desk. "I thank you, sir," he said, and there were actually tears on his short, yellow bristles of eyelashes.

"You're welcome, Fin. Don't forget what I said, my boy," answered the superintendent, and he smiled now, and when the fulness of Philip Draper's smile came into his face, the one upon whom that smile shone would not be likely to forget it.

Fin shuffled out, and then the superintendent rose. At that moment there was a stir in the side-entry, and, looking up, he saw a rather stout, elderly gentleman, in a brown overcoat, and a whip in his hand.

"Excuse me," he said, coming forward, "but I called in a hurry, to see if Mr. Weymouth was in, and I hadn't the heart to break up the scene I was witnessing. I hope I did no harm by keeping still."

"Oh! not the least, sir," answered Philip Draper, blushing a little, however, as he remembered the part he had sustained in the act.

"Are you in the habit of treating your employes in this manner?" asked the gentleman with a smile; and as the speaker happened to be Squire Thayne, you know already how he looked, and what his smile was.

"It would hardly do for employers to run the mills on such principles," said the younger man, smiling in his turn; "but this was a little, independent side-piece of my own."

"I wish, my dear sir, one had a chance oftener of witnessing such 'side-pieces' as that in the world," said Squire Thayne, and he added no more—which was not needed, certainly.

Both the men looked at each other with strong interest. The elder, at least, was in a hurry.

"I suppose you are the new superintendent?" he asked.

"Precisely, sir. You have the advantage of me there."

"Yes—I forgot that. I am Mr. Thayne, an old townsman and friend of Mr. Weymouth."

Philip Draper's face brightened with pleasure. "Oh! yes. You are not unknown to me now, Squire Thayne."

A little amazed glint in the elder man's deep gray eyes. "If you choose to have it that way, Mr.—"

"Draper," suggested the younger.

"Draper"—bowing his thanks. "You must have found our bustling little town lie rather heavy and solid on your hands or spirits when you came a stranger among us."

"Rather, I confess, sir."

"We are not a very social people, I fear—at least, the warmth and social feeling doesn't lie sufficiently near the surface. You have a crust of ceremonies and formalities to break through before you can get to any better side of heart and feeling. But, whenever you feel like it, come over to our manse without further talk or invitation. We shall always be glad to see you. Act whenever you are moved to on that knowledge."

It was impossible to doubt that the man meant whatever he said, or to regard this as a mere ordinary civility.

"Thank you, Squire Thayne. I shall cer-

tainly be moved to act on your invitation," answered Philip Draper.

Then the two men shook hands with a kind of feeling that they had known each other all their lives, and parted.

Philip Draper went up to his boarding-house with a lighter heart than he would have dreamed possible when he sat at his office-desk half an hour ago. Was it because of what he had done to Fin Brummer, or because of his interview with Squire Thayne?

No doubt, both had their share in his present feeling.

(To be continued.)

EVENINGS WITH THE POETS.

THE BABY'S DRAWER.

THERE'S a little drawer in my chamber,

Guarded with tenderest care,
Where the dainty clothes are lying,
That my darling shall never wear.
And there, while the hours are waning,
Till the house is all at rest,
I sit and fancy a baby
Close to my aching breast.

My darling's pretty white garments!
I wrought them, sitting apart,
While his mystic life was throbbing
Under my throbbing heart.
And often my happy dreaming
Breaks in a little song,
Like the murmur of birds at brooding,
When the days are warm and long.

I finished the dainty wardrobe,
And the drawer was almost full
With robes of the finest muslin,
And robes of the whitest wool.

I folded them all together,
With a rose for every pair,
Smiling, and saying—"Gem fragrant,
Fit for my prince to wear."

Ah! the radiant summer morning,
So full of a mother's joy!
"Thank God! he is fair and perfect—
My beautiful, new-born boy!"

Let him wear the pretty white garments
I wrought while sitting apart;
Lay him—so sweet and so helpless—
Here, close to my throbbing heart.

Many and many an evening
I sit, since my baby came,
Saying—"What do the angels call him?"
For he died without a name.
Sit while the hours are waning,
And the house is all at rest,
And fancy a baby nestling
Close to my aching breast.

RING THE BELL SOFTLY.

SOME one has gone from this strange world of ours,
No more to gather its thorns with its flowers;
No more to linger where sunbeams must fade,
Where, on all beauty, death's fingers are laid;
Weary with mingling life's bitter and sweet,
Weary with parting and never to meet,
Some one has gone to the bright, golden shore.
Ring the bell softly—there's crape on the door!
Ring the bell *softly*—there's crape on the door!

Some one is resting from sorrow and sin,
Happy where life's conflicts enter not in:
Joyous as birds when the morning is bright,
When the sweet sunbeams have brought us their light;
Weary with sowing and never to reap,
Weary with labor, and welcoming sleep—
Some one's departed to heaven's bright shore.
Ring the bell softly, there's crape on the door!
Ring the bell *softly*—there's crape on the door!

Angels were anxiously longing to meet
One who walks with them in heaven's bright street!
Loved ones have whispered that some one is blest!
Free from life's trials, and taking sweet rest.
Yes! there is one more in angelic bliss—
One less to cherish, and one less to kiss;
One more departed to heaven's bright shore.
Ring the bell softly—there's crape on the door!
Ring the bell *softly*—there's crape on the door!

LITTLE CHILDREN.

THANK God for little children—
When our skies are cold and gray,
They steal as sunshine in our hearts,
And charm our cares away.

I almost think the angels,
Who tend life's gardens fair,
Drop down the sweet, wild blossoms
That bloom around us here.

It seems a breath of heaven
Round many a cradle lies,
And every little baby
Brings a blessing from the skies.

THE OLD SAMPLER.

BY MRS. M. E. SANGSTER.

OUT of the way, in a corner
 Of our dear old attic room,
 Where bunches of herbs from the hillside
 Shake ever a faint perfume,
 An oaken chest is standing,
 With hasp, and padlock, and key,
 Strong as the hands that made it,
 On the other side of the sea.

When the winter days are dreary,
 And we're out of heart with life,
 Of its crowding cares aware,
 And sick of its restless strife,
 We take a lesson in patience
 From the attic corner dim,
 Where the chest still holds its treasures,
 A warder faithful and grim.

Robes of an antique fashion,
 Linen and lace and silk,
 That time has tinted with saffron,
 Though once they were white as milk;
 Wonderful baby garments,
 Brodered with loving care
 By fingers that felt the pleasure
 As they wrought the ruffles fair;

A sword, with the red rust on it,
 That flashed in the battle tide,
 When, from Lexington to Yorktown,
 Sorely men's souls were tried;
 A plumed chapeau, and a buckle,
 And many a relic fine,
 And all by itself the sampler,
 Framed in with berry and vine.

Faded the square of canvas,
 And dim is the silken thread,
 But I think of white hands dimpled,
 And a child's, sunny head,
 For here in cross and in tent-stitch,
 In a wreath of berry and vine,
 She worked it, a hundred years ago,
 "Elizabeth, aged nine."

In and out in the sunshine
 The little needle flashed,
 And in and out on the rainy day,
 When the merry drops down plashed,
 As close she sat by her mother,
 The little Puritan maid,
 And did her piece on the sampler,
 While the other children played.

You are safe in the beautiful heaven,
 "Elizabeth, aged nine;"
 But before you went you had troubles
 Sharper than any of mine.
 Oh! the gold hair turned with sorrow
 White as the drifted snow,
 And your tears dropped, here where I'm standing,
 On this very plumed chapeau

When you put it away! Its wearer
 Would need it never more,
 By a sword-thrust learning the secrets
 God keeps on yonder shore;
 And you wore your grief like glory,
 You could not yield supine,
 Who wrought in your patient childhood,
 "Elizabeth, aged nine!"

Out of the way, in a corner,
 With hasp, and padlock, and key,

Stands the oaken chest of my fathers
 That came from over the sea,
 And the hillside herbs above it
 Shake odors fragrant and fine,
 And here on its lid is a garland
 To "Elizabeth, aged nine."

For love is of the immortal,
 And patience is sublime,
 And trouble a thing of every day,
 And touching every time,
 And childhood sweet and sunny,
 And womanly truth and grace,
 Ever can light life's darkness
 And bless earth's lowliest place.

N. Y. Independent.

LIFE WITHOUT AN ATMOSPHERE.

BY J. G. WHITTIER.

HOW wearily the grind of toil goes on
 Where love is wanting, how the eye, and ear,
 And heart, are starved amidst the plenitude
 Of nature, and how hard and colorless
 Is life without an atmosphere. I look
 Across the lapse of half a century,
 And call to mind old homesteads, where no flower
 Told that the spring had come, but evil weeds,
 Nightshade and rough-leaved burdock in the place
 Of the sweet doorway greeting of the rose
 And honeysuckle, where the house walls seemed
 Blistering in sun, without a tree or vine
 To cast the tremulous shadow of its leaves
 Across the curtainless windows, from whose panes
 Fluttered the signal-rags of shiftlessness;
 Within, the cluttered kitchen-floor, unwashed
 (Broom-clean I think they called it); the best room
 Stifling with cellar damp, shut from the air
 In hot midsummer, bookless, pictureless,
 Save the inevitable sampler hung
 Over the fireplace, or a mourning-piece,
 A green-haired woman, peony-checked, beneath
 Impossible willows; the wide-throated hearth
 Bristling with faded pine-boughs, half concealing
 The piled-up rubbish at the chimney's back;
 And, in sad keeping with all things about them,
 Shrill, querulous women, sour and sullen men,
 Untidy, loveless, old before their time,
 With scarce a human interest save their own
 Monotonous round of small economies,
 Or the poor scandal of the neighborhood;
 Blind to the beauty everywhere revealed,
 Treading the May-flowers with regardless feet;
 For them the song-sparrow and the bobolink
 Sang not, nor winds made music in the leaves;
 For them in vain October's holocaust
 Burned, gold and crimson, over all the hills,
 The sacramental mystery of the woods,
 Church-goers, fearful of the unseen Powers,
 But grumbling over pulpit-tax and pew-rent,
 Saving, as shrewd economists, their souls
 And winter pork with the least possible outlay
 Of salt and sanctity; in daily life
 Showing as little actual comprehension
 Of Christian charity, and love, and duty,
 As if the Sermon on the Mount had been
 Outdated, like a last year's almanac:
 Rich in broad woodlands and in half-tilled fields,
 And yet so pinched, and bare, and comfortless,
 The veriest straggler limping on his rounds,
 The sun and air his sole inheritance,
 Laughed at a poverty that paid its taxes,
 And hugged his rags in self-complacency!

THE HOME CIRCLE.

EDITED BY A LADY.

THE WOMEN OF INDIA.

PERHAPS there is no greater distinction between Christianity and heathenism, than the different doctrines they inculcate in regard to women. In the teachings of Confucius, in Brahminism, Buddhism, and Mohammedanism, there is more or less the same spirit of contempt manifested toward the sex.

Yet the Vedas, the sacred books of India, contain many maxims inculcating a high regard and consideration for the sex. Thus we read in them:

"Man is strength, woman beauty; he is the reason which guides, she the wisdom which tempers; one cannot exist without the other; the two are created but for one object."

"Tears of women draw celestial fire on those who cause them to be shed."

"Woe to him who laughs at the sufferings of woman! God will laugh at his prayers."

"Chants of women are sweet to the ear of the Lord. Men, if they wish to be heard, should not chant the praises of the Lord without the women."

"He who forgets the sufferings of his mother in giving him life, shall live in the body of the screech-owl through three successive generations."

"There is no crime more odious than that of prosecuting women, and profiting by their feebleness to despoil them of their patrimony."

"Households cursed by withholding proper homage from women, see ruin come upon them and destroy them as though struck by secret power."

"The virtuous woman should have but one husband; the good man but one wife."

These are only a few extracts out of many. But modern India has forgotten the teachings of her ancient religious writers. In the Brahminic doctrine of transmigration of souls, one of the most fearful calamities which can befall a believer is to be born a woman. To enter the body of a brute or a male human outcast may be endured, but to become a woman is to touch the lowest depths of degradation.

The Buddhists treat women with less cruelty, and recognize her ability to take a part in the affairs of business, but still declare a certain inferiority and incapacity in social and religious matters.

This state of degradation and ignorance is not equally bad throughout all India. In Malabar, many females of the Nayers, or landed gentry, and Namburi Brahmins, can read Malayalim and write a little, but their literary education does not go beyond these acquirements. We give, this month, a portrait of a young Malabar girl belonging to one of these classes.

John Stuart Mill tells us that in the Mohammedan States of India which are governed by native princes, when, during the minority of a prince, a princess acts as regent, she often displays superior administrative and executive abilities.

But not only has the influence of women been felt for good in the political affairs of India, but for evil also. It may not be generally known that the great K-poy rebellion of 1857 originated in the ambitious intrigues of Zenat Mahab, the young and beautiful wife of Mohammed Suraj-oo-deen, the reigning prince of Delhi. This princess wished to secure the succession to her son, and cause him to supersede an elder son by another wife. To polygamy, however, these

acts and their terrible consequences should be justly attributed.

Yet even in India there are movements in favor of the elevation of women. Missionaries have done what they could toward educating the sex and changing public opinion regarding it, and not without manifest results.

The English government suppressed the suttee several years ago, and an association has been formed called the "Hindoo Widows' Marriage Association." Under its auspices a young widow of sixteen was recently married a second time, both bride and bridegroom belonging to the Brahmin caste. And the initiative having been taken, there will probably be others who will follow her example.

At Bareilly a native female medical school has been established, under the auspices of Dr. Corbyn and Babco Gunga Pershad. Whether this school gives its students a complete course of medical instruction, or whether its teachings are confined to a special branch of knowledge, we are not informed. But we do learn that the women who have been taught in it have shown great quickness and aptitude for the study of medicine, and have made much progress. It is desired to carry out the experiment on a larger scale than has hitherto been attempted; and in order to enable this to be done, an application has been made for help from the English government, which we hope will not be unsuccessful.

It is also said that the proposal to construct special carriages for native females on the East India Railway has been approved of by the viceroy. The carriages will be reserved for respectable native women, and are to be "first-class," but with lower fares than those of the ordinary first-class vehicles. It has been recommended that there should be an European female guard and an European female ticket-collector for the passengers by these carriages. Also that the railway company should see that every station is supplied with a sufficient number of palkees and bearers to convey these ladies, on their arrival, to their final destinations. An extra quarter of an hour may, it is also said, be allowed to the trains to which the carriages may be attached, both at the starting and halting stations. At the starting stations it would be the duty of the European female guard to see that the passengers are well accommodated, their male relatives (if any) being provided for in an adjoining carriage.

Thus it is to be seen that the world moves; and when once the barriers of prejudice are broken down, we may look to see the women of India not only receiving, but becoming worthy to receive the higher appreciation of the other sex.

If you want to ruin an impulsive boy, give him plenty of pocket-money. The receipt is infallible. We have often seen it tried, and always with the same unhappy result. Rich parents are too apt to indulge in this killing species of kindness, although every father and mother knows it is wrong; and yet such things are common. Say what we may about the harsh, austere, uncompromising old Puritans, their stern family discipline was better than the domestic indulgence by which children are "spoiled" in these modern days.

CO-OPERATIVE WORK.

BY J. E. M'C.

TWO young friends desired to take a short journey this week, and each considered a new pair of fine, buttoned boots indispensable. They each went down to the "shoe factory," one of them after dinner, and had their measures taken. In the evening each had her elegantly made boots all in readiness for the early morning start. I could not but compare it with my early experiences of having shoes made to order, when week after week went by, and the "promising" cobbler went on promising, but never performing.

That is what co-operative work and modern machinery can do. When will the day come that co-operative laundries will be in vogue all over our country, as in France and many other parts of Europe? When that day dawns, there will be peace and comfort in many homes which washing-day now haunts like a nightmare. Many women, but for this burden, would delight to do the lighter work of the house, and dispense with a troublesome servant. But this burden is too heavy, and it is ever recurring with clockwork regularity, week by week. The trouble of "a day's workwoman" in the house exceeds even the annoyance of a regular domestic, so of the two evils we usually choose the least.

Now, if the washing could be sent out and returned in nice order week by week, at anything like a reasonable rate, how many would gladly avail themselves of the opportunity?

Cheese factories, in many dairy regions, have revolutionized the work of farmers' wives, and reduced their labors to the ordinary round of hard-working women; and the joint-stock business has proved a very good investment. Would not this also prove a good investment under skillful management?

If such an experiment is in operation in any town,

will some one acquainted with the matter make a report of it? I am sure half the women in the country will wish to emigrate there.

MOTHERS, TALK WITH YOUR CHILDREN.

BY E. R.

WHAT you wish to say to your children, say to them now; death may cut you off in your prime, and they be bereft both of your presence and the remembrance of your advice and counsel. Above all, what you most wish for, pray for now, "praying breath is not spent in vain." And if your life is spared, time is passing, your children are growing, almost imperceptibly, into men and women, full of their own ideas, projects, and plans.

Therefore, teach them now, while at your knee, and you have their ear more than the world; tell them now, instil day by day the sweet gospel lessons of your youth; what your own mother taught you, what experience and observation has taught you, also read to them. These things, in time to come, will be to them as a well of living water, from which they will drink deep and be refreshed, though now it may almost seem like water poured on the ground, they seem so heedless of your advice and admonitions. How can they appear but indifferent? They know not the value of your teachings, they cannot know now, but you know, and you cannot escape guilt if you do not fortify them against coming responsibility and care by words of wisdom that in due time will ripen into golden sheaves whether you live to see it or not.

The evil one is busy sowing tares. Shall not you, the anxious, praying, loving mother, be as busy sowing good seed? "In the morning and in the evening withhold not thy hand."

GARDENING FOR LADIES.

BY MRS. E. B. DUFFEY.

WORK FOR FEBRUARY.

IN this month little or nothing can be done to advantage in the garden. And in the culture of house-plants, the directions given in the January number of the *HOME MAGAZINE* will suffice for this month as well. Care must be taken to protect the plants from the sudden changes in the weather, and often extreme cold incident to February; but all active work is suspended until the coming month.

Meantime, if our lady gardeners are as interested in the culture of flowers as we ourselves are, February is not too early to begin to consider the seeds it is desirable to obtain, and to send on orders to the florist before he is too pressed with business to give them immediate attention.

The interchange of plants and seeds in a neighborhood should be as much a matter of course as any other neighborly courtesy. Do not hesitate to ask for them, and, in return, be as ready to give as you are to receive, never throwing away a plant or allowing seeds to go to waste, until all your neighbors are well supplied. In this manner your seeds may cost you very little, or nothing at all.

If seeds are desired of other varieties than those which can be obtained in the neighborhood, it is a good plan for several persons to club together and send for seeds, dividing both the expense and the seeds among them. Thus each will secure a greater variety for the same amount of money than though she sent alone.

We will give, for the benefit of our readers, a list of the most desirable annuals and perennials, their desirability including both beauty and ease of culture. Many of our readers will find such a list unnecessary; but there are others, if we may judge by our own needs when we first undertook the care of a garden a few years ago, to whom it will prove convenient.

We have already given one reason for referring to the selection of seeds at this early date. But we have still another. The subject will be disposed of, and leave our pages clear for the discussion of the actual work which must be commenced in March.

In selecting flowers, place double zinnias first upon the list, though they are last in the catalogue. Asters should next be added. There are so many varieties of asters, that it will be necessary to make a selection. The new rose, new Victoria aster, and early flowering dwarf chrysanthemum, are among the best.

Double balsams, antirrhinum, calliopsis, one or more varieties each of the annual and perennial larkspurs (*delphinium*), lychnis, *tagetes signata pumilla* (a species of marigold), *tagetes patula* (French marigold), petunias, single and double, a variety of phlox drummondii, one or more of each of the annual and perennial poppies, and sweet-williams. These will form a fine collection of showy flowers for a small garden. If the garden is large, others very desirable may be added.

To this list we should add one or more lobelias, only we have had no success in making the seed germinate. The *lobelia cardinalis* is a magnificent flower.

For large, showy-leaved plants, there are none better than the different varieties of *canna* and *ricinus*.

Now we want smaller flowers to fill vacant spaces, to edge our borders and circular beds. The indispensables are sweet alyssum, the different kinds and colors of candy-tuft, *dianthus Chinensis* (Chinese pink), the *escheholtzia*, sweet mignonette, *nigella* (love in a mist), pansies, single and double, and variously colored portulacaeas and verbenas. And if there is any spot in the garden so shaded that the sun seldom or never penetrates, and if the soil is cool, moist, and clayey,—by all means sow *nemophilas*; but they will not do well under other conditions than those specified.

For vines, the *convolvulus major* (morning-glory), the *ipomea* (cypress vine), *thunbergia tropaeolum*, nasturtium, and varieties of the *paschaloc* (running bean), are all excellent.

Among flowers suited for hanging-baskets, we may mention the *abronia*, *convolvulus minor*, *lobelia erinus*, *minimus*, and *maurandia*.

This is not, by any means, a complete list of all the desirable flowers for garden culture, but, as we have already said, will suffice for a garden of moderate size. If the garden is small, the list must be reduced by omitting some of the larger plants.

Those who are not already familiar with the names of flowers and their distinctive habits and requirements, will do well to send for "Vick's Illustrated Catalogue and Floral Guide," published by James Vick, of Rochester, N. Y., and sent free to those who purchase seeds of the publisher, and to others on the receipt of ten cents.

This catalogue embraces the names of a vast number of flowers, with brief directions for their cultivation, while every page is illustrated.

THE IVIED WINDOW.

(See Engraving.)

WE give this month an original design for the decoration of a window with ivy and rustic work. In this design the frame-work for the support of the ivy is made of poles, left just as they are cut, with their bark remaining on them. Any one who knows how to use a hammer can nail them together in the manner the picture indicates, or the plan can be varied to suit the taste of the worker.

The ivy must be started in boxes in which wood-soil, sand, and clay are mixed in the proper proportions. Finely grown vines can be obtained at florists', at from fifty cents to one dollar each. The plants must be occasionally watered, and their leaves must be washed once or twice a year in strong soapsuds made with soft soap, to free them from dust and scale-bug. Then, with a little care in its training, the ivy

will live and thrive, and grow anywhere and everywhere you wish.

Having reached the top of the window, it may be trained around the upper part of the walls of the room, and will form a beautiful green, leafy cornice.

The design we give can be varied almost indefinitely, to suit individual taste and convenience.

FLOWERS IN THE CITY.

ONCE we had the misfortune to live in the city—in a crowded part of the city, too. Our back yard was but four or five feet wide at its widest, paved with bricks, and so shut in by surrounding buildings, that only for two or three hours a day the sun looked down into it. But we wanted flowers, and flowers we determined to have; so the bricks came up wide enough for a border, and as no low-blooming flowers would grow, morning-glories and mock-oranges were planted to clamber up to the windows of the second floor. A shelf near the top of the high fence sustained boxes of chrysanthemums and wall-flowers. Hanging vases, boxes, and pots, in the windows, made a meagre display of foliage and bloom. (We were new to the business of house-culture then, and were not particularly successful in the treatment of our pets.)

The morning-glories, when they got up high enough to see the sun, blossomed finely. The growth of one of our mock-orange vines was so luxuriant that it outstripped all the others. Its broad, cool, green leaves displayed themselves for a length of thirty feet or more, the vine sustaining itself by the strings which we furnished for its support. It bore one mock-orange—a stupendous affair viewed as a mock-orange, being nearly twice as large as a man's head—for which we made a platform on the top of the fence, as it was too heavy for the strings; and that winter we ate *squash* of our own raising, in the very heart of the city, where scarcely a blade of grass had thought of growing before.

But we are not telling all this without some other moral than that which may be deducted from the raising of mock-oranges, and having them turn out squashes. Immediately back of our house was a court—a neat, orderly court—inhabited by a respectable class of poor people, but as hot, and dry, and barren-looking a court as one could find anywhere. It was all bricks—brick houses and brick-paved ground. Our luxuriant squash-vine and forlorn fuchsias and asters, seemed to remind the inhabitants of the court that flowers were a luxury to the indulgence of which poverty was no bar. A row of bricks came up; a slender switch of a grape-vine was set out; added to this, a fine variety of flowers and ornamental-leaved plants; while hanging-baskets swung in the windows or from hooks and nails on the outer walls.

Never before was such a transformation. Though our flowers withered one by one, and finally died, they still lived, having won an enviable immortality in that verdant, blooming court.

Chancing to visit this locality a few years after, we found the vine had scaled a high arbor, and was one thick wall of green.

It seems scarcely possible that a person could be placed in any position in the world in which the culture of flowers would be an impossibility. Had we not read M. Saintine's most charming romance, "*Picciola*," we might have excepted the prisoner confined in his cell and to the narrow limits of a stone-

paved prison-yard; but we have found that even there the love and culture of flowers may become not only the one absorbing passion and occupation of life, but the means of redemption from an evil life, and of induction into one purer, nobler, and holier.

Those who turn from flowers as unworthy of the time and attention of a busy working person, have no appreciation either for their beauties or for their uses. The first man and woman were gardeners by their Creator's appointment; and if there is any time when

their descendants are permitted to enter within the gateway of that paradise from which our first parents were ejected—to realize the fullest and purest pleasures of existence, and to be free, for the time being, from all wearing, sordid care, it is when they turn for recreation to the culture of the soil, and look for their only reward in the enjoyment of the wonderful creations of nature, and in that enlarged capacity for the appreciation of the beautiful, and that refinement of the feelings which are its sure attendants.

OUR NEW COOK-BOOK.

CHAPTER II.

TIME.

"TIME flows from instants, and of these each one
Should be esteem'd as if it were alone;
The shortest space, which we so highly prize
When it is coming and before our eyes,
Let it but slide into th' eternal main—
No realms nor worlds can purchase it again;
Remembrance only makes the footsteps last,
When winged time, which fix'd the prints, is past."

THE VALUE OF TIME is a subject which, in every sphere of life, requires serious and careful consideration; yet it is of *peculiar* moment to those who rule households and direct and govern children. Alas! too many of us acknowledge the truthfulness of this doctrine, but most imperfectly manifest our consciousness of the fact. Let us now dwell for a brief period upon the subject, and regard it in a few of its aspects.

Early rising proves the value of time; it not only secures additional hours for toil, but it is also the promoter of vast benefits such as can only be conceived by those who make proof of its power. *Early rising* increases the healthful tone of both mind and body, overcomes languor acquired by indulged habits of laziness and inattention, and excites a proper degree of emulation. It also affords an opportunity for the due maintenance of personal neatness, allowing the performance of such necessary duties without hurry and confusion. Above all, it secures an uninterrupted period for reading the Word of inspiration, drawing therefrom that spiritual nourishment of which we stand as much in need as the daily food of which we partake; and it also secures a season of quiet communion with our Merciful Preserver, who has brought us safely through the dangers of the night, and whose aid and care we should seek for the day upon which we have entered.

When first commenced, early rising will present many difficulties, and require the exercise of much resolution; but, as all are aware, although it is hard to overcome any evil habit, yet *perseverance* unflinchingly accomplishes the task. To those who desire to study, the young hours of morning offer peculiar advantages. The mind and body are both vigorous, and do not clog one another, as is often the case later in the day, when overcome by care and fatigue.

A good housekeeper and mother of a family will soon learn the benefit attendant upon early rising; it will afford her an opportunity for completing many household arrangements before the bustle of active,

every-day life bursts in upon her; she can inspect various departments, and arrange new plans calculated to improve the condition of the family, and, by setting a worthy example to her servants, can greatly aid them to overcome their own habits of self-indulgence, and can the more properly chide them for neglect in this particular.

A careful disposal of time deserves our consideration also. It is best to allot certain periods for the performance of certain duties, and not to deviate from them unless urgent necessity requires it. Mistresses of families should have at least some regard for their domestics, and remember how tantalizing it must be to a cook to be obliged to wait until the middle of the day before she receives her orders.

Such a habit is productive of much evil, for it promotes confusion and haste, and prevents the proper accomplishment of work. A want of method in the disposal of time has a serious effect upon children, and therefore ought to be overcome by a mother, in view of her offspring; and it frequently impedes education, or else allows opportunity for but a smattering of useful knowledge and accomplishments, and renders both daughters and sons superficial, and ill-fitted to assume their places on life's stage of action.

Procrastination is indeed "the thief of time," and is also a great disturber of conscience. It accumulates business until such a confusion ensues as is scarcely to be overcome; and the indulger in this hurtful habit writhes beneath the strokes of the inner monitor, which proclaims the dangers of delay and the overpowering effects arising from it. This evil is truly a distressing and annoying one when indulged in by the mistress of a family. It not only affects the wife herself, but spreads its contaminating influence around, sends gloom into the hearts of the little ones, and clouds the husband's brow, making home a scene of discomfort instead of delight. "Let everything be done in order and in the right season, and you will never be inclined to deny the truth that 'there is a time for all things.'"

Time must be so regulated as to admit of a performance of the duties due to society as well as to the household. Among these are morning visits, which, although often annoying, are almost indispensable. Time should, however, be carefully economized, and a few hours at regular intervals be deemed sufficient to devote to this employment.

In order to avoid too frequent interruptions, and to secure sufficient time to devote to the arrangements of a household and the cultivation of intellectual pursuits and accomplishments, it is well—especially in cities—to make it generally understood that a lady

will receive *ceremonious* calls upon certain days, or after a certain period each morning. Servants should be instructed to say to those who call inopportunistly that their mistress is so engaged or employed as to be unable to receive visitors before such an hour, and by repetition callers will soon learn the custom of the house.

Special care should, however, be taken that this message is alone conveyed, for strict truthfulness should be strenuously preserved. If taught to deceive by the message that *the lady is out*, when she is simply occupied, their general integrity will become weakened, and they will not scruple to deceive on other occasions.

"Truth is simple, requiring neither study nor art."

MEATS, AND DISHES SUITABLE FOR DINNER.

A-LA-MODE BEEF.—To a piece of beef that weighs thirty-seven pounds, take one ounce mace, one half ounce cloves, and two large nutmegs. Pound them fine. After the beef has laid three days in salt, rub it well with the spice, adding a little pepper and some salt. Cut up some suet very fine, and add some onions, pepper and salt, green parsley, thyme, and other savory herbs,—some crumbs of bread, spice, and some eggs. Mix all well together. Make openings in the beef, and stuff them deep with the mixture. Then put the beef into a pot, with enough water to cover it, adding a pint of vinegar if desired, and let it stew four or five hours.

A PLAIN WAY OF BAKING A CALF'S HEAD.—Place the calf's head in a stewpan; cut the haslet and surround the head with it; add cloves, nutmeg, mace, pepper, salt, summer savory, sweet marjoram, parsley, and thyme; strew in pieces of butter, and flour it well. Pour in a half a pint of vinegar, and a pint of water, and let all stew together for two hours. If you prefer it, you can use crumbs of bread instead of flour.

A VEGETABLE STEW, WITH MEAT.—Cut off the shank of a leg of mutton, and brown the remainder in a frying-pan, with some sweet butter. Then empty it into a deep saucepan, and add half a dozen onions (previously browned—whole—with a little butter), and, in layers, the following vegetables, sliced and previously parboiled: cabbage, turnips, cauliflower, carrots, potatoes, chopped parsley, celery, leeks, tomatoes (or whatever is in season), strewing salt and pepper between each layer. Cover the whole with water and let it stew slowly for two hours, in a covered saucepan. Prepare some slices of toasted bread, lay them upon a dish, and pour the stew over them, placing the meat in the centre, on top. Chopped ham, forcemeat balls, spices, and some wine may be added at your pleasure. Fowls or game may be used instead of the mutton.

PREPARED CALF'S HEAD.—Boil a calf's head until it is tender enough to take the bones out without breaking it. Sprinkle it with salt, pepper, mace, and whole allspice; spread over it a coating of eggs; dry some bread and grate it, and spread it over the calf's head; then place it in a skillet, or Dutch oven, with a little water and some seasoning; brown it nicely on top, and when done, slip it on a dish. Make some gravy of water, vinegar, and flour, of the consistency of rich cream, and pour it round the head; make some forcemeat balls of beef, suet, and veal, well seasoned with pepper and salt, and fried brown; then lay them on the dish which contains the head.

PILL-LAFF.—Procure three pounds of fine beef or mutton; cut it into square pieces, and put it into a stewpan. Fry two onions, and add a dozen tomatoes; put these, with sufficient water to form a broth, into the pan containing the meat. When cooked enough,

take the meat out of the pan, strain the broth through a colander, and then pour it again into the stewpan. Wash a quantity of rice, and put it into the pan with the meat; let all stew awhile (about a quarter of an hour), taking care not to brown the rice, and then serve the pill laff.

POLPETTI OF ANY MEAT, FOWL, OR FISH.—Remove the outer skin from an onion; put a couple of tablespoonfuls of butter into a frying-pan; slice the onion into it, and brown it nicely. Chop up some meat, fowl, or fish very fine; add to this some flour, pepper, salt, allspice, and the fried onion with the butter contained in the pan. Fry another onion, and then add to it about eight tomatoes and half a pint of water; let them cook thoroughly, and then strain the juice through a colander. Thicken the strained essence of tomatoes and onion with a little flour. About quarter of an hour before serving dinner, put about three tablespoonfuls of butter into the frying-pan, and when it is melted, put the chopped meat, fowl, or fish, into it, first shaping it. When well done on the side nearest the fire, turn it into a plate, dust a little flour over it, and replace it in the pan, the unbrowned side nearest the fire. When all is cooked and nicely browned, heat the essence of tomatoes and onion, place your polpetti on a dish, and pour the essence over it.

VENISON STEAK.—Lay three steaks on a chafing-dish, and sprinkle them well with Cayenne pepper; lay a piece of butter about as large as a walnut in the bottom of the dish, and add to it three tablespoonfuls of mustard, four tablespoonfuls of jelly, and a little salt.

TO CURE MEATS.

CURING PORK.—Put together twelve gallons of water, nine pounds coarse salt, nine pounds fine salt, six pounds brown sugar, quarter of a gallon of molasses, six ounces of saltpetre, and two ounces of potash. Boil these ingredients, and skim off any impurity that rises to the surface. When cold, pour the liquor over the meat until it is well covered.

EXCELLENT RECIPE FOR CURING PORK AND BEEF.—Four gallons of water, six pounds of salt, two pounds of brown sugar, six ounces of saltpetre. Boil until no scum rises, and then pour on the meat when cold.

PICKLE FOR BEEF.—Six gallons of water, six quarts of ground salt, one and a half pounds of brown sugar, one pint of molasses, two ounces of saltpetre. Put all together cold. This quantity is sufficient for one hundred and seventy pounds of beef. Lay the pieces of beef in the pickle, and after ten days turn them; let remain in twelve days longer. Pack them in meal, with raw side down.

TO CURE HAM.—Put each ham with a tablespoonful of fine salt, particularly the hock. Then mix together a tablespoonful of fine salt, the same quantity of broken sugar, the same quantity of American red pepper, and one teaspoonful of powdered saltpetre to each ham; it must be rubbed well in; sprinkle what is left along the hock and upon the flesh part. Place the hams on shelves, the hock downward. After two weeks apply a little more of the mixture. Smoke them with hickory wood.

TO PICKLE BEEF.—To four gallons of water add one and a half gallons of muscovado sugar, two ounces of saltpetre, and six pounds of coarse salt. Put the whole of these ingredients into a nice pot or kettle, and let it boil, being careful to take off the scum as it rises; when there is no more scum, take the liquor off the fire, and let it stand till cold; then put your meat into the pickle for two days; after which, remove it from it, rub it with saltpetre and sugar, pack it down, and keep it closely covered.

TOILET AND WORK-TABLE.

FASHIONS FOR FEBRUARY.

The most distinguished evening toilets are of silk or satin, worn with a tunic of white or colored tulle, China crape, gauze, or tarletane. Moire antiques are also coming into fashion again. The fashionable colors are prune, marine blue, Nile green, apricot (a shade between pink and yellow), and pink coral.

Dinner, reception, and evening dresses are usually worn with a train, except on occasions when there is to be dancing, though short dresses are not entirely forbidden. Sixty-five inches is the average length of the train. The front and the two side breadths are made short and gored, while the two back breadths are full. The corsage may be made high necked, or low and square in front and high at the back, heart-shaped, round, or sharply pointed front and back, and filled in with tulle folds and lace. There is usually a basque, though there may be simply a belt with sash.

There is some effort to revive pointed corsages, but so far it has not met with much success. Coat sleeves, or the still more fashionable sabot sleeves, are worn with the high-necked corsage; antique sleeves made plain to the elbow, and then flounced, with the half-high corsage; and short puffed sleeves with the low neck.

The tunic, usually white and of some thinner material, is made as long as the underskirt, and is looped up in various ways at the sides and back. The most elegant, but at the same time most expensive trimming for tunics, is of lace. Sometimes white and black lace are both employed, the former placed over the latter. The tunics may be looped with flowers or with rosettes. When the tunic is of gauze or crape, the same material may be very effectively used in puffs, ruffles, plaits, and quilling to trim the dress. Tulle silk fringe crimped to imitate crape is an appropriate trimming for China crape. The very latest style of trimming is of feathers, tunics and evening dresses being trimmed with white Marabout, grebe feathers, and peacock's tips. This trimming is not confined to evening costumes, but is used on walking-dresses and cloaks as well. Suits of black faille are trimmed with a two-inch band of cock's plumes, which are more difficult to prepare than the ostrich bands. The ostrich tips are well curled, and are used on velvet as a heading for lace, and as the only trimming on paletots of velvet beaver.

Sometimes the materials of the dresses and tunics are reversed, and satin or velvet tunics are worn with ball dresses of tulle and tarletane.

A separate train of black velvet may be belted over any dress, and thus make a rich and appropriate dinner costume. Velvet is more worn than ever this season, not only for trimming, but for entire costumes—cloaks, basques, and petticoats.

A velvet petticoat of some bright color, with an overdress of rich silk or satin matching in color, is the latest Parisian novelty for walking-dresses.

OUR EXTENSION SHEET.

Attention is called to the extension sheet, equal to eight pages, which we give this month. On this will be found fashions, costumes for fancy ball, design for slipper, embroideries for handkerchiefs, and for muslin and lace edgings, braiding pattern for cushion, illustrations of the latest styles in sleeves, jackets, etc.,

besides designs for fancy articles suitable for fairs or gifts. There is no magazine of equal price with our own which offers such an amount and variety of useful illustrations. We are sure the HOME MAGAZINE cannot fail to prove an acceptable adjunct to the work-table.

DESCRIPTION OF EXTENSION SHEET. FIRST SIDE.

No. 1.—A Suit of maroon cashmere, the short skirt trimmed with a flounce and heading. Tunic artistically draped—a little round apron in front, long points for sleeves, full, and caught up in the middle behind, the whole trimmed with bias velvet and fringe. Bow with four loops of maroon silk, fringed. Toquet of maroon felt, trimmed with velvet of the same color, and a feather.

No. 2.—Robe of pearl-gray satin, demi-traine. Paletot of violet velvet, fringed and trimmed with bows of violet silk.

No. 3.—Underdress of white silk, with plaited flounce around the bottom of the skirt; long vest, buttoned up with pearl buttons. Long, loose overdress of blue satin, trimmed with white satin bands and buttons up the front. Hat, fastened on one side of the head, of blue satin with long ends at the side; hair powdered. Blue satin slippers with high heels.

No. 4.—Underskirt of pink satin, trimmed with two narrow rows of white satin. Overdress of white satin, looped up with branches of pink roses. Low square bodice, laced up the front; trimmed with pink satin and roses. Hair powdered and ornamented with roses. Pink satin slippers, trimmed with roses. Staff with roses and ribbon on end.

No. 5.—Jewel Cup with Oriental Embroidery. Cut the six sides of pasteboard, also the six-cornered bottom. Draw the design for each section of the cup on thin white pasteboard. Cut the pasteboard out wherever a large bead is represented, and fasten the pattern thus prepared on the material designed for the embroidery, and under which is hid a lining of white fringe. Punch both thicknesses with a stiletto wherever the pasteboard is cut out, after which take away the pasteboard. Slide the beads through both thicknesses of the material from the under side out, so that only half of them shall be visible on the right side, and fasten them with double yellow silk passed through them. In the illustration white enamel, imitation coral, and cut jet beads are used. The figures are edged with gold cord, and little gold beads fill up the spaces between the large beads. Line the pasteboard pieces with silk, and join all the pieces with each other and with the bottom. Cover the seams with gold cord, and sew cord along the edges. Lastly, sew bead grolots along the edges, and set in the standard. The standard in the design is of bronze, and is fastened by means of a screw on the under side. If economy is desirable, the standard may be made of wire wound with yellow silk, and tipped with beads. The material used in this embroidery may be cloth, velvet, silk, or plush, in any color desired. The color of the beads may also be varied.

No. 6.—Toilet Cushion with Oriental Embroidery. This cushion is nine inches in diameter, and two and a half inches high. The cushion is covered with white silk, which is arranged in puffs at the outer

edges. Embroider the cover, which is scalloped on the edges, in the manner described for making the jewel cup. Set a large coral bead in the centre, and edge it with six cut jet beads. Finish the outer edge with gretols of white beads.

No. 7.—Monogram for Handkerchief.

Nos. 8 and 9.—Patterns for Embroidery.

No. 10.—A Chignon of thick plaits intermixed with colored ribbon, and pinned so as to fall low at the back of the neck.

No. 11.—Black Tulle Hat, ornamented with black lace, white roses, and black velvet.

Nos. 12 and 13.—Front and Back View of Jacket made of white merino, and trimmed with scarlet, blue, or black velvet. Or it may be made of scarlet or blue merino and trimmed with black.

No. 14.—A new and graceful Overskirt, suitable for poplin, merino, alpaca, and woollen dresses. The front

is double, but not necessarily so, as the form of this tablier, which terminates at the back in a bow and short ruffled ends can easily be simulated with trimming. One row of box-plaiting surrounds the tablier and two rows of the same edge the lower part of this overskirt.

No. 15.—A Coat Sleeve trimmed like the illustration, with three dahlia-like rosettes of velvet bands of narrower velvet, and satin buttons to correspond in color with the dress.

No. 16.—Marie Therese Sleeve. For evening dress, the Marie Therese sleeve is much worn. It reaches only to the elbow, is edged with a Russian plaiting and inner ruffle of fluted muslin or fine lace; above these ruffles is a ruching or box-plaiting of velvet, terminating at the elbow with a bow and ends.

No. 17.—Coat Sleeve trimmed at the elbow with two vandyked ruffles, bound with velvet.

NEW PUBLICATIONS.

From Scribner & Co., New York, we have received the first and second volumes of their new, cheap, and popular edition of Froude's *History of England*. This great work, however much men may differ in regard to the deductions of its author, all concede to be unrivalled in the graphic vigor of its style. As brilliant and attractive as Macaulay, Froude is far more reliable, and, in those minute and painstaking researches which constitute one of the principal charms of modern history, he has no equal. This book is for sale in Philadelphia by J. B. Lippincott & Co. *Rameses the Great; or, Egypt 3300 Years Ago*—a translation from the French of F. De Lanoye—is a book both interesting and instructive. It forms the sixth volume of Scribner's Illustrated Library of Wonders, a unique series of useful and pleasant books, at once learned and popular, and adapted to the reading of both young and old. For sale in Philadelphia by Porter & Coates.

Sheldon & Co., of New York, have brought out a neat edition of Mrs. Annie Edwards's latest and, in many respects, best novel—*Susan Fielding*. It is a story that cannot fail to win the reader's regard. The volume is rather indifferently illustrated by Sol. Eytinge and Winslow Homer. The same publishers also send us the first part of Charles Reade's *Put Yourself in His Place*. This promises to be the most vigorous production of an author who, whatever defects he may be charged with, has certainly never been accused of wanting strength. It illustrates the combinations of labor against capital, and the evil results which may follow when these combinations are formed by ignorant and short-sighted men, blind alike to their own interests and to those of their employers. Spurgeon's *John Ploughman's Talk; or, Plain Thoughts for Plain People*—also from Sheldon & Co.—is one of the best books of the season, full of practical common sense, put in the plainest and homeliest language, and should be read by every one. These books are for sale in Philadelphia by Claxton, Remsen & Haffelfinger.

Porter & Coates, of Philadelphia, publish two pretty little juvenile books, entitled, *Little Rosie's Christmas Times*, and *Little Rosie in the Country*, both by Margaret Hosmer. They are nicely illustrated, and cannot fail to please the children.

Lee & Shepard, of Boston, send us several publications this month. Among them we find two very attractive volumes for boys—*The Cabin on the Prairie*, by Rev. C. H. Pearson, author of "Scenes in the West," and *Planting the Wilderness, a Story of Frontier Life*, by James D. McCabe, Jr. These stories belong to the "Frontier Series," are capably illustrated, and brimful of wonderful and thrilling adventures, just such as boys like to read about. For sale in Philadelphia by Turner Brothers & Co. *Down the Rhine; or, Young America in Germany*, a story of Travel and Adventure, by Oliver Optic, belongs to the "Young America Abroad" series, and is the sixth and last volume of the first series. *The Sunset Land; or, The Great Pacific Slope*, by Rev. John Todd, D.D., is a lively and interesting book on California, its geographic features, climate, productions, resources, and people, as viewed and considered by the tourist. These two books can be had in Philadelphia of J. B. Lippincott & Co. Lee & Shepard also publish a temperance story, entitled *Hester Strong's Life Work; or, The Mystery Solved*, by Mrs. S. A. Southworth. For sale by Claxton, Remsen & Haffelfinger, Philadelphia.

From Roberts Brothers, Boston, we have received *The Woman Who Dared*, by Epes Sargeant; *The Writings of Madame Swetchine*, edited by Count de Falloux, of the French Academy, and translated by H. W. Preston; and *Nidworth and His Three Magic Wands*, by E. Prentiss, author of "The Susy Books," etc. *The Woman Who Dared* is a book of unequal literary merit, some portions of it being really of high poetic character, while others descend—it may be designedly, it is true—to the level of the most commonplace prose. We must say, however, that, in the one great exhibition of womanly daring which Mr. Sargeant has thought of sufficient moment to form the climax of his narrative, we see nothing to excite our special wonder. Women have proposed marriage to men before now, and will continue to do so to the end of time, when circumstances seem to justify them in so doing. Ordinarily, however, the recognized way, we think, is just as good as any other—just as convenient, and just as satisfactory to both parties. We have neither time nor inclination to discuss the other social questions brought forward by Mr. Sargeant.

To speak candidly, however, we do not feel that we can heartily recommend his book, either for its poetry or its philosophy. Claxton, Remsen & Haffelfinger, Philadelphia, have it for sale. *Nidworth* is an attractive and instructive fairy story of more than ordinary merit. This, as well as the *Writings of Madame Sweetchime*, can be obtained of Turner Brothers & Co., of Philadelphia.

Roberts Brothers, of Boston, send us *Great Mysteries and Little Plagues*, by John Neal—a book about children. It is fresh, original, and readable, as is everything from the pen of Mr. Neal. From the same publishers we have *The Primæval World of Hebrew Tradition*, by Frederic Henry Hedge.

M. W. Dodd, of New York, sends us the second series of *Lamps, Pitchers, and Trumpets*, by Edwin Paxton Hood. A pleasant and instructive volume, and, like the first series, rich in anecdote, and copiously illustrated by specimens of every order of pulpit eloquence. The subjects specially treated of are, the pulpit of our age, written and extemporary sermons, effective preaching, and the mental tools needful for the pulpit. For sale in Philadelphia by Claxton, Remsen & Haffelfinger. We have also received from Mr. Dodd *The Life of Christ Harmonized from the Four Evangelists*: a Sunday-school lesson-book, in three grades, by Robert Mimpriess. Grade Second—for children; also, the *Teacher's Manual*, to accompany the book just mentioned, and by the same author.

From Loring, Boston, we have received *The Soprano*, a musical story, by Jane Kingsford, of more than ordinary excellence and interest; and *Luck and Pluck*; or, *John Oakley's Inheritance*, by Horatio Alger, Jr. A handsomely illustrated, entertaining, and instructive volume, the first of a series of stories for boys, to be called the "Luck and Pluck Series." A volume by Mrs. A. D. T. Whitney, author of "Faith Gartney's Girlhood," etc., will be hailed with pleasure by her numerous admirers. *Hitherto, a Story of Yesterday*, from the press of Loring, Boston, is the title of the new book, which cannot fail to be widely popular. These books may be had in Philadelphia of Turner Brothers & Co.

From E. Steiger, New York—who, by the way, keeps the largest and completest German bookstore on this side the Atlantic—we have received a *Manual of the German Language*, by W. Grauert, A.M., and *Ahn's German Handwriting*, a companion to every German grammar and reader, with notes by W. Grauert. Of the latter of these books we gave a notice in the *HOME MAGAZINE* of December last. The *Manual* seems to us to present a remarkably clear, simple, practical, and, though comparatively brief, sufficiently complete course for inducting the pupil into a general acquaintance with the German.

George Maclean, of Philadelphia, sends us *The Physical Life of Woman*: advice to the maiden, wife, and mother. By George H. Napheys, A.M., M.D., member of the Philadelphia Medical Society, etc.

"*In Both Worlds*" is a new book by Dr. Wm. H. Holcombe, author of "Our Children in Heaven," from the press of J. B. Lippincott & Co. It is a romance based on the fiction of a M.S. discovered in Mount Lebanon, purporting to be written by Lazarus, who was raised from the dead by our Saviour. The story, which is one of considerable power, professes to give the life, history, and experience of Lazarus, not only in this world, but also in the world of spirits during the time that elapsed between his natural death and restoration to life. We think the volume destined to make a sensation. Already we notice a few strong animal-versions by the press, some editors classing it with

"Gates Ajar." The headings of some of the chapters will give an idea of its character and scope. They are: "My First Death," "My Spiritual Body," "The World of Spirits," "The Magicians in Hell," "Friends in Heaven," "Back to Earth," etc., etc. From the same publishers we have a charming story for children, by Frank Sewell, called *Moody Mike*; or, *The Power of Lore*. It is one of the best of the season. We have also a small volume in paper, containing two pleasant stories from the German—*Magdalena*, by the author of "Gold Elsie," etc., and *The Lonely Ones*, by Paul Heyse, a poet and romancist, whose name is yet new to most readers on this side of the Atlantic, but who holds a high rank in his native country. These stories have been reprinted from *Lippincott's Magazine*, and are illustrated by two excellent engravings from designs by Bensell. *Erling the Bold*, by Ballantyne, is another publication from this house. It is an interesting and readable tale of the Norsemen, in which King Harold figures as a prominent character.

Henry Hoyt, No. 9 Cornhill, Boston, sends us *He that Overcometh*; or, *A Conquering Gospel*, a well-intentioned, sometimes eloquent, very often grandiloquent volume, by W. E. Boardman, author of "The Higher Christian Life." For sale in Philadelphia by Claxton, Remsen & Haffelfinger.

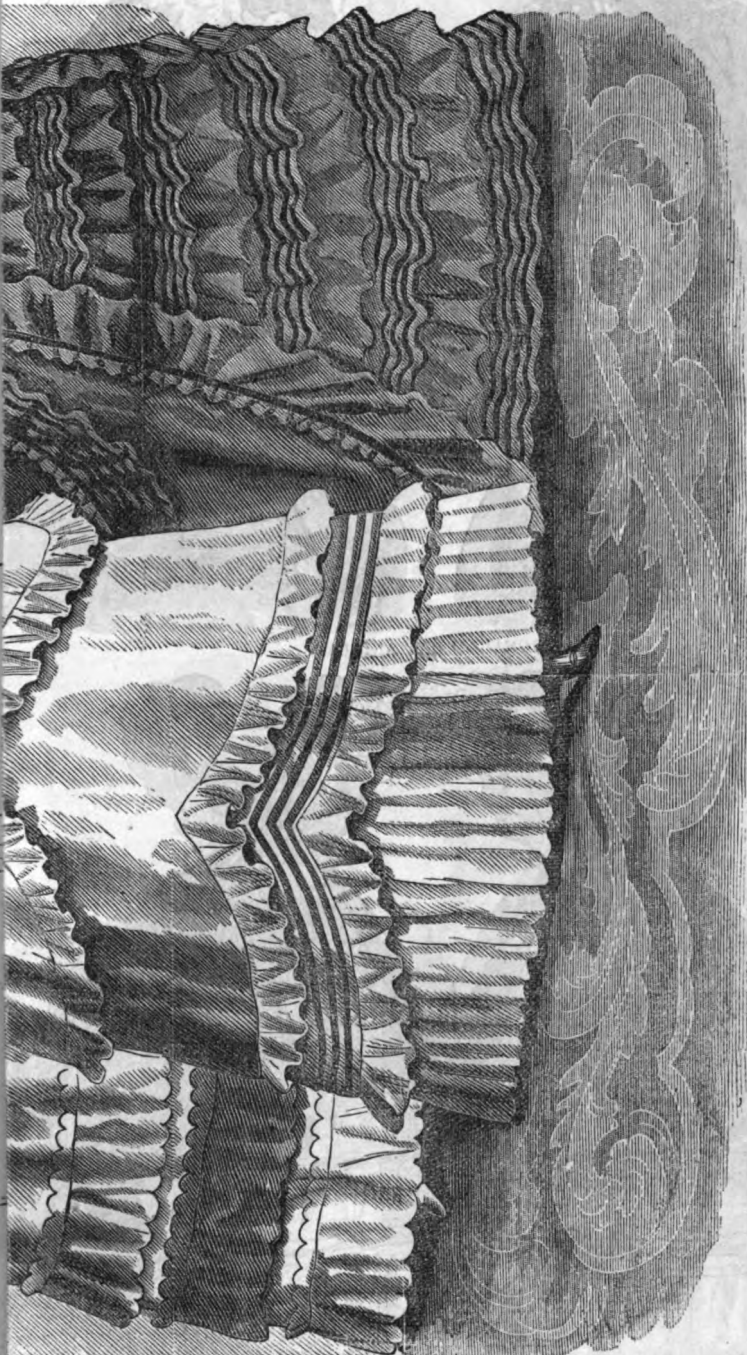
From L. Stebbins, Hartford, Connecticut, we have received, *Woman: her Rights, Wrongs, Privileges, and Responsibilities*, by L. P. Brockett, M.D., author of "Woman's Work in the Civil War," etc. The views presented in this volume with regard to the great questions of the day, in which woman is involved, seem to us a meek and gentle echo of the moderately advanced opinions recently enunciated by the Rev. Dr. Bushnell. As for the rest, the book contains no little encyclopedic information, which it may be well should be popularly known. Sold only by agents, who will address the publisher as above.

The Hartford Publishing Company, Hartford, Connecticut, have favored us with advance sheets of Mrs. E. F. Ellet's new work, *The Court Circles of the Republic*; or, *The Beauties and Celebrities of the Nation*. This is an interesting, gossiping work, attempting nothing so serious as history, but filled with lively descriptions and personal anecdotes. It is to be illustrated by original portraits engraved on steel. We have before us some of these illustrations—and very fine ones they are, too—which include portraits of Mrs. William Sprague, Mrs. Alexander W. Randall, Rosa Vertner Jeffrey, and of the fair authoress herself. To be sold only by subscription.

J. A. Getze, 1102 Chestnut Street, Philadelphia, has sent us the second number of *The Silver Tongue and Organist's Repertory*, a monthly miscellany, containing, besides a goodly store of interesting reading matter, several pieces of music, remarkable for the neatness and clearness of its typography.

From A. M. Purdy (successor to Purdy & Johnston), of Palmyra, N. Y., we have received the *Small Fruit Recorder and Cottage Gardener*, a valuable little monthly, containing the most practical articles we have as yet seen on the cultivation of small fruits and the management of gardens. Price fifty cents a year. Specimen copy sent on receipt of stamp. The same publisher has also favored us with a copy of his *Small Fruit Instructor*, a little pamphlet containing concise yet clear instructions with regard to the planting and management of strawberries, blackberries, and other small fruits. Sent by mail on the receipt of ten cents.

Our thanks are due the publisher, A. Winch, No. 505 Chestnut Street, Philadelphia, for a copy of *The Old Franklin Almanac for 1870*.



RECEPTION AND VISITING DRESSES. (FURNISHED BY MRS. DEMOREST.) See Toilet and Work-Table.



THE PARK MANTLE.

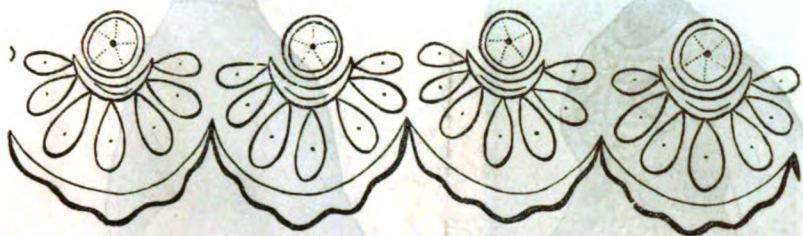
When we give two illustrations, is suitable for either cloth or silk. Black silk bands of velvet, about two inches wide, silk fringe, and velvet buttons. The buttons, placed in the centre of small rosettes of silk, ornament the back.

FASHION



MONTANA WALKING-SUIT.

This upperskirt is intended for a girl from eight material as the frock. The round tunic opens in the waistband. A high waist and tunic all in one, BRA making up the very fashionable as well as serviceable dress goods—serpight-fitting jacket, straight in front, and forming points on the sides and open, and trimmed to imitate a rever collar. The style is exceedingly good, corded silk or velvet. The skirt is made short, with three ruffles of the one trimmed with rows of braid, width of braid apart, and a ruche fastened down in the centre with braid as a heading. Use Hercules for trimming.



PATTERN FOR NEEDLEWORK.

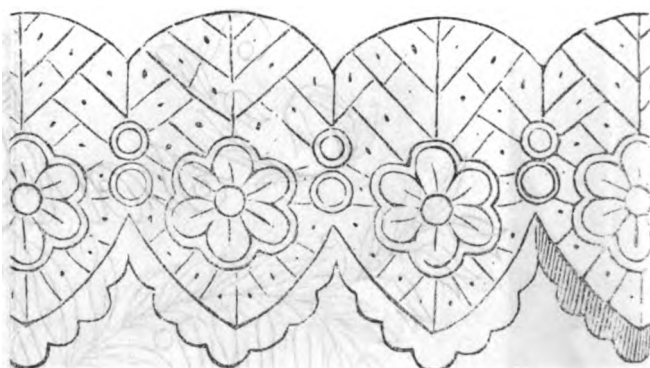


LETTERS.



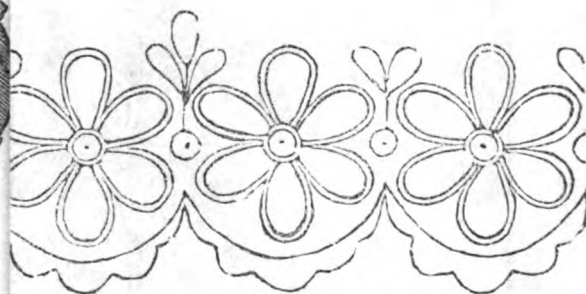
SKATII

Tight-fitting, of heavy blue cloth. Slashed up on the sides; front made pointed, with vest buttoned closely.



No. 1.

No. 1.—Black silk bodice, trimmed with blue and white.
No. 2.—Brown poplin bodice. The trimming consists of



INS.

NEEDLEWORK PATTERNS.



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FASHIONS BY MME. DEMOREST.



EUREKA CLOAK.

This is one of the newest styles of winter cloaks, which can be made of fine cloth, but is very handsome in black silk, wadded throughout, and with cuffs, collar, and revers of striped violet satin. The trimming consists of narrow velvet and fringe. It is unnecessary to describe verbally the form of this garment, as it is clearly illustrated in the subjoined wood-cuts.



No. 1.

No. 2.

No. 1.—An elegant suit made of changeable silk, either flame-color and black or black and green. The waist is made open in front and trimmed with bretelles, which form a cape in the back; bretelles and cape edged with points and a narrow band of velvet. Sleeve plain, with ruffle falling toward the hand, but set above the edge of the sleeve. Overskirt formed of front and back, rounded at the sides, and lapped over instead of joined. The edge is cut in points, but not bound—simply cut in the desired depth, and turned under and sewed to the lining, which should be of thin French foundation. Underskirt has two ruffles six inches deep, headed by a frill of the material four inches wide, cut in points at each side, and laid plain on the skirt. A narrow pinked-out ruche of the material is placed through the centre of this. This dress is especially beautiful for a young lady.

No. 2.—An exceedingly stylish dress made of plaid silk. The waist plain, with a Pompadour waist of black silk over, which is trimmed around the top with a ruffle of the plaid. Sleeve of black silk with a cuff formed of plaid finished with a ruffle at the waist. Overskirt quite long, square in the front and back; seams trimmed with a double plaiting of plaid, which is finished with a small bow at the top of each. The skirt of plaid is trimmed with four ruffles graduating in width. A plaid belt with a long, full sash of plaid is worn.

THE WRECKED HOPE.

WORDS BY W. C. BENNETT.

MUSIC BY J. BARNBY.

PIANO.

There's a low, soft song, in a cham - - - ber, Where
There's a dim, drear moon ca - - - reer - - - ing Through the

sits, in the dark, grim dark' - ning room, A young wife, lull - ing her
dark, grim clouds on high, And a waste of bil - - lows

babe to rest, Scarce seen in the deep - ning gloom; And her
toss - - - ing Be - - neath the stor - my sky, And a

poco rall.

col. voce.

Più animato.

song to her babe is tell - - - ing How, in hope and in joy, she
wave wash'd form up - heav - - - ing At times to the moon's wan

sees gleams, The white sails home - ward swell - - - ing, To the
A - round which the wild sea ra - - - ges, And the

rit.

a tempo.

strain of a fav' - ring breeze, The good ship bear - ing its
gray gull wheels and screams: And the form is his of whose

fa - - ther home From the far, wild south - - ern
safe re - - turn A - - far his young wife

seas.
dreams.

dim.

For.

FASHIONS BY MME. DEMOREST.



No. 1.



No. 2.

No. 1.—This is a very rich dress for a child of eight or nine years, of garnet-colored alpaca. Waist made close-fitting, trimmed with same material formed into bretelles in front, and bertha cape in the back edged with a row of velvet on top and two rows of velvet and fringe on the bottom. Sleeve made tight; cuff formed of a box-plaiting, with a row of velvet on each side. Overskirt rounded in front and back, and looped up at sides with loops of same material. Underskirt trimmed with two rows of box-plaiting of same material and three rows of broad velvet.

No. 2.—A very becoming dress for a child, and to be made of blue poplin or silk. The waist is trimmed with ruffles of silk a darker shade to imitate a Pompadour, and above the ruffles with strips of velvet running up to the ruche, fastened in the back with large buttons. Sleeve plain, trimmed similar to waist to form cuff. The overskirt is straight front and back, but made separate, and the front has each corner taken off—one fourth the width turned down to a half square and taken off gives the right proportion. The front and back are connected by two rows of ruffles. The underskirt is striped with velvet to the depth of six inches all except the sides, which are ten inches deep; these are headed with a ruche; the centre of the ruche is stitched with white silk. A line of white velvet will finish well if stitching is not convenient.



No. 3.



No. 4.

No. 3.—A very stylish suit for a child of six or seven years. To be made of poplin or some heavy woollen goods. The sack cut plain, reaching to the waist, trimmed around the neck with pointed strips of velvet, crossed by narrower strips running horizontally. Bottom trimmed similarly with wide strip of velvet on edge. Sleeve cut close and trimmed on cuff same as bottom of sack, without the points. Skirt trimmed to match sacque. A belt with large loose bows with sash ends.

No. 4.—An outdoor garment for misses and children, exceedingly comfortable and becoming. The back is cut long, like any tight basque; the fronts loose, without dart, are belted in to the figure, and a small fringed cape, that reaches the waistband at the back, and terminates in front with short square ends over the chest, adds warmth as well as beauty to the garment. At the back of the waist is a large four-looped bow. This pelisse is of merino, bound with bias silk, and trimmed with narrow velvet and silk fringe.

ARTHUR'S HOME MAGAZINE.

MARCH, 1870.

MILDRED FANE'S FORTUNE.

BY MARTHA D. HARDIE.

DOWN into the sea the autumn sun was sinking. On the cliff, Mildred Fane watched its fire, and rose, and amber mingled in one great luminous pathway to the sunrise of another world; watched it with tears, not altogether of joy, filling her deep brown eyes, and the thought of her heart breaking out into speech was—"The last sunset I shall see from this cliff for so many months! Shall I be glad or sorry to come back, I wonder? Six weeks ago things were so different; I was so tired and hungry for a new, a brighter life, and everything looked so dark. And now!"

She rose. The sun was gone; there was a faint mist of crimson where it had been. Below was the blue sea; above, the bluer sky, with the single jewel of the evening star above the bright horizon. She said "Good-by," swinging her hat toward the sea in farewell, and loitered toward her mother's cottage. The twilight voice of the waves followed her, but while she dreamily listened, something broke in—a rough voice singing, "My boat's on the sea." She stopped, smiling. "What does possess him to think he can sing? It is like—yes, it is Ben Loyd. So, he's back, and I shall have a chance to say good-by to him."

She waited on the cliff, and Ben Loyd, seeing her, fastened his boat hastily, and ran up the steep ascent to meet her. He was a tall, awkward fellow, painfully conscious of his hands and feet, and the general ungainliness of his figure. As for his face, a massive forehead, honest, blue eyes, a kindly mouth, not handsome, but better than that—good-looking; a face that you would single out in a crowd for help if you were in trouble. Mildred had known him since they were children together at prim Miss Elliot's school, when he brought flowers,

and nuts, and berries to her, and climbed the trees in autumn for deserted birds'-nests on which she had set her heart. Of course, Ben was in love with her—had been since the school-days before mentioned. With his sturdy manliness and his warm heart, he was a lover by no means to be despised, only Mildred had never thought of him in that light. Her lovers should have splendid, unfathomable eyes, and dark mustaches, and general fascinations of person. They should sing, but not as Ben did. They should be men of the world, which he was not. They should know everything and be everything which romance made necessary for heroes; every way the opposite of poor Ben.

As he came up to her, thinking to himself that she was growing handsomer every day, she put out both hands with an indescribably winning air.

"I'm so glad to see you. I was afraid you wouldn't come till next week, and I should have no chance to say good-by."

"Are you going away to teach?" Ben asked, quietly enough. When he had left Marcliff, a month before, there had been that prospect for Mildred.

"No, indeed!" she answered. "All that is over now. Uncle Fane has come and paid that dreadful mortgage, and I'm to go home with him to spend the winter. You see"—as Ben, too astonished to speak, said nothing—"all these five years since he came from Europe, he hasn't known, he says, where we were. Mamma was only his step-brother's wife, and his own sister took him up in New York, and has kept him to herself ever since. Mamma wrote to him when he first came home, but he never answered, and she was too proud to force herself on him. But three weeks ago, when things

began to look desperate, I made up my mind to hunt him up. So I went to the city, found his house and him, and then we had a scene! He had never received ma's letters, didn't dream, etc. And the end was," Mildred was out of breath, and finished hastily, "that he came home with me, and everything was explained. So you see," after another breath, "my fortune has come at last, and I should be perfectly happy but for leaving my friends here."

"So you are sorry to leave us?" Ben managed to say.

"Of course," swinging her hat idly, and looking very pretty in the twilight. "I haven't you anything to say about it?" she pouted.

Ben put out his great hand. "I'm glad you've got your fortune, Milly; but I—I—" the hand in his, the bright face so near quite upsetting him, "I wish you were not going. The fact is, I—I love you, Mildred, and I hoped some day you might get to like me, and be willing to marry me."

Was there ever a more awkward proposal? He had dreamed of doing it a hundred times, had composed unnumbered speeches "suitable to the occasion," and now, without a moment's warning, he had blurted it out in the clumsiest words that could be found. Heroes would never do so.

Mildred stood still a moment, too surprised to speak. Then she drew her hand away, with, "I'm so sorry, Ben!"

"You mean you can't," he said a little hoarsely. "I might have known it."

"It is so sudden," Mildred faltered. "I never thought of you in that way. You've always been like a brother to me."

"I might have known it," Ben repeated. "I'm not your kind. But I thought that if you could, I might be able to make something of myself, and—and—" He broke down there, and stopped.

The moan of the sea filled the moment's silence. Then Mildred said—"I wish I could. I'll be your friend always, Ben. I have heard all about your prospects from Dr. May. I'm so glad that you are like to succeed in your profession."

"It was for you I wanted success," half groaned Ben. "Well, it can't be helped, I suppose."

"I must go now," Mildred said shyly. "Will you shake hands and say good-bye here?"

Ben shook hands and said it. Then he went down to his boat, muttering that it was all over with him; but he wished her all manner of happiness with her new-found fortune.

Mildred went hastily along the road to her mother's cottage. As she opened the door, she saw her mother, in the faint light, sewing on some garment of hers. Her trunk stood in the middle of the room, and her two younger sisters were busy over it.

"Now, mamma," she cried, taking, or trying to take, the work from her mother, "don't give me a fit of conscience the last night I'm here. I thought I had done everything of this sort."

"Only a handkerchief unmarked," putting it down. "I was just setting the last stitch, and didn't care for a light. Now, girls," to the younger, "off to your room; I want to talk to Milly."

The girls went after some talking, and then Mildred sat down in a stool by her mother's chair, and, putting her head in her mother's lap, waited for her last counsels. They were worldly counsels alone. Ten years of trial and poverty had not made Mrs. Fane an atom less a woman of the world than she had been in the prosperity that, before that time, had been always hers.

"Your Aunt Grier told me—very kind in her—that your uncle's property was all willed to her daughters—a shameful division, and of course he must change it now; but still a great deal depends on you and——"

"Mamma," Mildred broke in, "please don't talk so. If my fortune depends on wheedling myself into Uncle John's favor, and getting it from my cousins, I never want any. He has done well by you. If he doesn't give me a penny, I shall not complain."

"Don't be absurd, Milly," as the girl got up and began walking up and down impatiently. "Mr. Fane has given me no more than his brother's wife should have. With you it is different. Your uncle likes you; you are handsomer than your cousins; and for your own sake, child, I want you to be as charming as possible. You will never have another such chance."

"If you say any more, mamma, I shall be tempted to give it all up," Mildred cried impetuously. "I like my uncle, but I won't try to coax a fortune out of him. I know what you mean. You think we owe Mrs. Grier a grudge for keeping the fact of our poverty, of our existence almost, from uncle. But there was reason for it, you know. She was poor, and had three girls to support." The flash of anger had gone as she spoke. She sank down on her low seat again. "Just remember the temptation, mamma."

"But my girls—I have three, too, Milly."

"But not like Mrs. Grier's daughters," Mildred said archly. "Worth ten times as much for honest work."

"And handsomer." Mrs. Fane bent fondly over the lovely face raised to hers. "Well, well, we won't quarrel, Milly. Be as good and charming at your uncle's as you are here, and I can ask no more."

There was silence for a little while. Mildred had meant to tell her mother of Ben Loyd's offer, but something kept her from it. Mrs. Fane would have thought that he had presumed, and would have disliked him ever after. At least, the girl would make him no enemies. So the two sat still, till Mrs. Fane said—"There, Milly, you must go to bed; I want to pack your trunk, and it is getting late. No, I don't want your help, I want you to be as fresh as possible to-morrow. You start at five, you know; and since you won't take my advice, you may as well be in bed as here."

Entreaties were useless. Mildred put up her lips for the good-night kiss, and went to her room; and the mother, who had for years taken the heaviest burdens on herself that her children might grow up ladies, went about her task.

—
"Blue or pink, Mildred?"

"Pink, of course. That suits me best—and, besides, I wore blue the last time, you know."

"Then your dresses are all settled." Mrs. Grier sank back in her easy chair, as if all her worldly cares were over. "White mull and your corals—very appropriate for you, Mildred. Mary blue and white, and Kate green."

A tall, rather handsome girl, the eldest daughter at home, lounged over to the piano, and began thrumming it idly; Mary, the youngest, looked up from her novel to nod assent to her mother; and Mildred, feeling as if a weight were off her mind now that the question of dress for Mrs. Horton's grand party was settled, rose to leave the morning-room.

"Where now?" Mrs. Grier asked.

"Only to the library. I promised to write a little for uncle to-day."

"Girls," said Mrs. Grier, as the door closed after Mildred, "do you see that Milly is getting your uncle's heart?"

"She's welcome to it, so long as I have his money," Kate yawned. "Of course we know what you mean, ma; but spare us a repetition of the old lecture; I'm tired to death of it. For my part, I think she will earn her fortune, and I shall not complain if uncle gives it to her."

"And Mildred's sisters, too, of course?" the

mother said keenly. "Six heirs instead of three."

"Well—what of it?" impatiently.

"You know well enough, Kate," that your marrying depends in a great measure on your fortune. Now that Susie is married, she is safe. You will be, if you secure Mr. Mortimer, but——"

"Which I'm not likely to do," Kate said composedly. "Did I forget to tell you that he forsook me for Milly some time ago? Don't look so black, mamma. Mrs. Wayne told me last week that this story of his fortune is false, that his dependence for the future is marriage with an heiress."

"In which case his desertion of you for her is absurd. Are you sure of your facts, Kate? Of course, if it is true, it is a lucky escape; but——"

Mrs. Grier found it hard to give up the vision of handsome Mr. Mortimer as her son-in-law.

"Quite sure, ma; Mrs. Wayne has known him for years. As for Milly, of course he only means to flirt. She's fresh and handsomer than any one in our set. Thanks to you, every one knows that her face is her only fortune."

"In that case," Mrs. Grier looked thoughtful, "Mildred should be warned. I'm sure I wish her no harm."

And so, when Mildred stood robed before her mirror the night of the party, giving herself that last, long look, which was pardonable in one so handsome, Mrs. Grier's hand fell suddenly on her shoulder—the first intimation Mildred had had of her approach—and Mrs. Grier's soft voice said—"Perfect, my love; I never saw you look better. How becomingly Marie has dressed your hair! By the way," she went on smoothly, putting a stray ringlet in place as she spoke, "break as many hearts as you please, dear, but avoid Mr. Mortimer." Watching the glass, she saw the girl's start and flush. "He is a flirt and fortune hunter. Report says that he is wealthy, but I have the best authority for knowing that his dependence for the future is a rich marriage. I may tell you in confidence that he wanted my Kate; but, knowing his character, she, of course, refused. There," as the girl said nothing, "the girls are waiting. Go now, and a pleasant evening to you."

Mildred lifted her bouquet, and turned her composed face to Mrs. Grier. "Thanks for your warning; I shall remember it," and she glided past her, and went, more slowly than usual, down-stairs.

"So he only means to flirt with me. It was kind of aunt to warn me, when, but for her, I should have had something besides expectations, and things would be different. Well, uncle has a right to dispose of his money as he pleases, only I wish I had never come here to be reminded at every turn of the difference between myself and my rich cousins." And with head a little higher than usual, she went into the drawing-room.

Foolish little Mildred! What need to tell, after that reverie, that she had fallen in love with Launcelot Mortimer. A thorough man of the world, possessor of a fine person and a small fortune, over his fascinations half the girls of the town were talking. He had met Mildred at her first party, and the ten minutes' chat with him had seemed to her the pleasantest part of the evening. He had called soon after, and at the second "crush" of the season his devotion to Mildred had been more evident. For her innocent eyes he was a hero. He was very handsome; he sang finely; he talked—just the nonsense others did to her; but eyes that said unutterable things, made it seem far above others' commonplaces. Into the sweetness of love's young dream, her aunt's warning had come too late for Mildred.

Three months later, Mildred, just home from a party, was gliding past her uncle's study, when the door opened suddenly, and he called her. She started at his voice, and shrank back into the shadow, as if trying to elude observation.

"It is you, Milly," he said, stepping into the hall. "You are not too tired to come in here a moment. I only want to see you."

"Oh! yes." But she went in hesitatingly.

Mr. Fane pushed a great chair before the fire, and she sat down, pushing back her wraps nervously. She was flushed and eager, yet her manner was strangely timid. He stood opposite, noting silently every token of nervousness, from the restless tap of her foot on the hearth to the tight clasp of her hands in her lap. Mr. Fane was a man of fifty, tall and heavily made, with a shrewd but kindly face. His somewhat cold manners awed almost all who knew him. He unbent more to Mildred than to any one else; but even she was slightly afraid of him; and to-night it was evident in her manner.

"I wanted to speak to you." He stopped suddenly. She had drawn off her glove, and something that sparkled on her finger caught his eye. "What is this, Milly?" lifting her hand quickly.

Her eyes drooped under his. "It was only put on to-night," she faltered. "Mr. Mortimer—"

"So! You want to marry him, Milly?" He dropped her hand, and his tone changed. "Does he know that you have no fortune?"

"Yes, sir," lifting her head proudly. She knew the meaning hid under her uncle's words.

"And you like him, of course, little Milly?" taking her hand again, and smiling gravely on the flushed, proud face. "You have my consent—if you want it. I only hope——"

He stopped. Mildred rose. She knew well enough what he had broken off in saying.

"Thanks, Uncle Fane. Mr. Mortimer is coming to see you to-morrow, I believe. Can I go now?"

Mr. Fane bent and took both her hands in his. "You know, Mildred," his voice was more tender than she had ever before heard it, "why I refuse to make you an heiress. I have seen more marriages for money than I liked. I wanted to save you from that. But for their mother's wishes, I should never have given your cousins fortunes. I've repented of it often enough since. But now that you have chosen, I wish you all manner of happiness, and promise to do my best for you."

"Don't talk so, please, uncle," Mildred broke in; "it hurts me. I don't like to have you think that—that I want your money." The words came with an effort. "Indeed, I'm happier without. If I had been an heiress, I might have thought Launcelot wanted my fortune and not me. Now," her smile, as she lifted her face to him, finished the sentence.

He bent, took her in his arms, and kissed her fondly. Then she broke from him with a laugh that nearly ended in a sob—so had his sudden tenderness touched her—and ran up to her room.

Deep in the night she woke from happy dreams, and, turning on her pillow, said softly to herself the thought that had been uppermost in all her joy—"I am glad, so glad, that he loves me alone—not my possible fortune."

The world of fashion was slightly surprised at the engagement. A love-match, of course. Mr. Mortimer would never have allied himself with one who had only "expectations," when he might have won others whose fortunes were secure, for any less reason. Mrs. Grier and her daughters were profuse in their congratulations and offers of assistance. Her uncle, after a long interview with Mr. Mortimer, had told Mildred that he should do himself the pleasure

of settling her in her new home; begging her to allow him to make all the arrangements concerning the same. To that Mildred gladly agreed; but as to being married from her uncle's house, as Mrs. Grier had suggested, that was impossible. She must go home for that. The engagement, at Mr. Fane's request, was to last till the beginning of the next autumn. Then she would be married at Mar-cliff, and, after her trip, return to the home it would be her uncle's care to provide. Mr. Mortimer yielded his own wishes for a speedy marriage, and consented to the pretence of work involved in sitting a couple of hours daily in the lawyer's office, whose gilded sign had for a year borne his name, though it had hardly known his presence.

So Mildred went back to her mother. She had insisted on spending the summer with her instead of at Newport, as her aunt had planned. So Mrs. Grier and her daughters came to Mar-cliff for a week, and then fluttered away on their summer trip. And Mr. Mortimer, finding the little village intolerably dull even with Mildred there, made as short a stay as possible, and, pleading his new business cares, went back to the city. From there he wrote her, each week, the longest and most loving of letters, and twice came down for a few days' stay, during which he was the most devoted of cavaliers.

And the summer drifted on and on, and brought nearer and nearer the eventful day. Soft muslins, and laces, and rustling silks, and more solid fabrics, all the paraphernalia of a bridal outfit, began to be seen at the cottage. All day Mrs. Fane worked steadily, and Mildred fitfully, at these things. She sewed and dreamed over her work of her future, and her beauty seemed to deepen in the light of her new joy. Singing snatches of old songs, filling the house with the sunshine of her presence, Mrs. Fane began to think almost regretfully of her daughter's grand match, over which, since the first day she had known it, she had been alternately glad and sorry, and always ready to say it was no more than she had expected.

So the weeks went by. Golden sunrises, and "calm, blue" days, and gorgeous sunsets, alternate light and darkness, sunshine and storm, wheeled the earth nearer the autumn of triumph and death. All day the sea moaned to the shore its inarticulate love-stories, and every wood-bird told the tale in clearer tones. It was the golden summer of Mildred Fane's life; all its beauty deepened for her, by the constant thought of the happiness waiting for her in the

fall, toward which it was slowly turning. She had no misgivings in her love. She gave Launcelot Mortimer her whole heart and faith, and he repaid her—or seemed to—fully. She had almost forgotten Ben Loyd and his awkward proposal. She had seen him but twice to speak with him. He was hard at work in a doctor's office, and had no time, if he had had inclination, to visit. Sometimes, watching the moonlit sea from her window, she saw the track of a boat in the distance, and knew it to be him. But she only thought of him for a moment, half pityingly, as a vivid contrast to the hero of her dreams.

It was but a week of the wedding-day. Mr. Mortimer had come down with a younger brother—very like him in appearance and character—who was to act as groomsman, and the two were staying at the village hotel. Mrs. Grier and daughters, and Mr. Fane, would come in a day more. After that night the house would be filled, and Mildred would have no time for sober thought. So, when twilight came, she put a shawl over her head and announced her intention of a ramble on the beach.

"It's too dark," Mrs. Fane objected; "and you can hardly see anything for the fog. What possesses you, child?"

But Mildred kissed her, and said she must go, and the mother yielded, as she generally did, to her daughter's stronger will.

The tide was up. A fog half hid the sea; only its "vast continual murmur" came to her ears as she ran down the cliff, and, sitting half in its shadow, tried to peer into the dimness before her. She could not. It was like her future in that; like that, too, in the treachery its dim depths held for her. Not thinking such thoughts, dreaming only of happiness, she was sitting there, when suddenly, in the distance, she heard a voice. She knew it instantly, and was springing to her feet, thinking he had come for a last evening with her alone, when she heard his brother's voice answering, and divined that they were only taking a twilight stroll together. They were on the cliff above her. She could hardly see them, and, in the dimness, if they had noticed the little figure down on the beach, would have thought it some fisherman's child watching for a belated father. So, talking carelessly, they came nearer and nearer, and she heard every word.

"And it's still a mystery to me," Edgar Mortimer was saying, "what you are doing it for. Between ourselves, we're agreed, I believe, that though love is very nice, it must yield to

some other things in point of value. She's very pretty, and, of course, has expectations, but marriage is expensive, Launce, and to come to the common sense of the matter, how are your bills to be paid?"

"There's my profession"—an indescribably mocking emphasis on the last word—"and I have a little left from my own fortune. Fane is to settle us, you know."

"And you'll live in hope for the rest? Mrs. Grier says that that is all Fane will do for you. Of course, it is guesswork, but I fancy you will have to walk straighter than you have done, if Fane does much for you. Mrs. Grier told Mrs. Wayne—knowing, of course, I should hear of it—that he had promised not to alter his will."

"Mrs. Grier knows nothing about it," Mortimer said coolly, "though in that last statement she may be right. I hope he will keep his promise; I shall be safe enough."

"Then you are not marrying on chance? Have you anything more definite than Mrs. Grier's surmises?"

"Chance! As if I should be likely to! With the Sturtevant two hundred thousand waiting for me, do you think the prettiest face in the world would have beguiled me if the face had been the fortune? Here—sit down and I'll tell you."

There was a pause while he tried to light a fresh cigar. "Confound the matches! There—now I'll tell you. Of course, Ned, you will keep it to yourself. Fane changed lawyers last spring—luckily for me—and through him I found out pretty soon after it was done that he had made another will, giving Mildred seventy thousand. Not much, and considering that I might have had the Sturtevant fortune, you see it is quite a love affair."

"I don't see it. The Sturtevant is older than you and homely—bah! And so you wormed it out of the lawyer?"

"Yes. You know Darch—good, but lacking in prudence; I've done him some favors and he considers himself rather my debtor. That helped matters, you see."

"And so, after all, you are marrying for money."

"Even so. But I've quite a liking for the girl, and if her fortune comes in all right, we shall get along nicely. Besides, every one has called me a fortune-hunter, and now I get the credit of disinterestedness and the reward of virtue, etc. I don't think Fane can last over a year. I can carry myself for that time, so that he will keep his promise to Mrs. Grier."

They got up. "But, after all—" Edgar began.

"Scruples of conscience, Ned? Don't trouble yourself. It's only what others do every day, and you and I can't afford to be particular. By the way, how is your affair with Miss Lester getting on? Her fortune is all right, I suppose?" And talking lightly of that and other personal affairs, the two walked off.

Mrs. Fane grew anxious when an hour went by and her daughter did not return. She went out to the little gate to call, but had scarcely reached it when Mildred opened it, and went silently by her into the house. Somewhat startled, but relieved to find her safe, the mother stayed behind a moment to fasten the gate and the doors of the outhouses for the night. When she went in, her daughter was standing by the table. She had turned down the lamp, but in the dim light she saw that the girl looked white and strange.

"What is the matter, Milly?" she cried, half frightened.

"Nothing—much, mamma," she spoke with effort. "What would be the best news I could give you to-night?"

"What a question, child!" her momentary anxiety gone. "Well, I do think the best thing would be to hear that your uncle had made you an heiress."

"And the worst," before Mrs. Fane could go on, "would be, would it not, that—that—" Her calmness broke down there. Bursting into a passion of tears, she cried, "O mamma, mamma! my fortune has come and I have lost my lover."

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No greater shock could have been given imperturbable Mr. Mortimer than the letter he received next morning. Over his coffee he read and re-read its ten lines. Mildred Fane dismissed him, because—the reason was more explicit than was pleasant. "Do not try to see me again," she had finished; but resolved not to give up so completely, he went over to the cottage. Suffering from severe headache, she would gladly have avoided the meeting; but, summoning all her strength, in her heart of hearts not sorry to repeat her message face to face with him, she went into the little parlor where he waited. Leaning, white and ill, against a great arm-chair, she repeated her dismissal. It would be well nigh impossible to move her, he saw that; but, angry at his lost luck, feeling that she had never been so lovely or so dear to him as now, he would have plead his case long. But she was deaf to his

passionate appeals—cold as stone to him—and he gave up. But as he was leaving, he said, anger and disappointment hardly veiled in his usual cool tones—"May I ask how you found all this out?"

"The wind and the sea told me."

Launcelot Mortimer had his answer. He bowed low and went out, and an hour later had left the village.

The same one who brought to Mortimer Mildred's note, carried a despatch summoning Mr. Fane to Marrecliff, and begging the rest to delay their coming, as Mildred was ill. So the much mystified women stayed at home, and her uncle came. He was very tender to Mildred when he knew the truth: but knowing she would get over it soonest alone, he went back, after a day, to explain matters to Mrs. Grier, and silence some of the rumors floating about the city in regard to the marriage so suddenly given up. He wrote her one little letter, which softened her more than anything else had done. Mrs. Grier and daughters wrote, too. Their letters she did not open.

It was a week later, and Mildred's wedding-day. The first agony of disappointment was over. At first she had been so cold, so tearless, that her mother had been frightened for the consequences. With her own hands she had folded away every scrap of bridal finery, answering to her mother's hint that she would need them soon if she accepted her uncle's invitation to travel with him, by saying that now she had her fortune she should stay at home. And Mrs. Fane groaned in secret over the fortune that had brought her daughter so much misery.

But now the slow days had brought that which was to have been her marriage day. In the soft hush and brightness of that September afternoon, she was to have stood, "in gloss of satin and glimmer of pearls," a bride. Sitting by her window, she thought of it, and, rising, wrapped a light shawl around her—for the breeze was cool—and went out. The sea was calling her. No one was in the house to prevent her, for her mother had just stepped into a neighbor's, and the girls were walking. So she answered the sea's voice by going to it. At first she wandered idly along, watching her footprints washed away as the waves swept higher and higher. The tide was coming in; but so used was she to the ocean, that she never thought of that—of possible danger. She seated herself at last, and, burying her face in her shawl, listened. At her feet moaned the sea. Its steady, monotonous, melancholy throbbing

filled her ears, and after a time she forgot to think, forgot to do anything but listen to its solemn voice. She fancied it full of sorrowful questions, whose meaning she could not divine, and a kind of awe crept over her as she heard.

Something roused her at last—a wave breaking just at her feet. She sprang up and put aside the shawl. She looked over the wide waste of waters, then up at the cliffs, and she knew where she was. The path out from that little inlet in the rocks was gone, and higher, every moment higher, the tide was sweeping. She had wandered far; and along that part of the coast there were no houses whose occupants might hear her if she called. To climb the cliff there was impossible. There was no escape.

She stood up and saw and felt all this; then she sat down again.

Will you doubt if I say that for a moment a kind of joy possessed her. An hour ago life had seemed so long, so unutterably dreary to her; now the end was close at hand. These cold, unpitiful waves brought her release. They washed over her feet as she thought it, and she did not stir. So she sat there waiting death, with not a sigh for the life slowly slipping from her. She thought only of herself—only of her own release; not of the sorrow of others.

Suddenly rousing her, came an echo as of some voice calling her in the distance. She rose to her feet and listened. Faint and far off, but she heard it. "Milly! Milly!" Her mother's voice.

She did not sit down in the old place. She was not quite ready to die now. Swift thought pictured the mother, to whom she was so much, left desolate; the sisters, whose helper she was, to be in years to come alone. Memory brought back the years of love and happiness she had known. Should she for one shadow, however it seemed to darken everything, give up a life that had been so fair? Should she yield to death with her mother's voice calling faintly to her, and her sisters' bright young faces before her? Life might be desolate for her. Better that she should take up the burden than to force the cross on her mother's weaker shoulders.

All her strength came back to her. She crawled up the steep cliff as far as she could, and clung there with hands and feet. The waves were almost at its base now; they would rise, she knew, to where she was, and unless help came she was lost. The echo of her

mother's voice had died away now. If it was reality, and not a fancy of her own brain, she had gone in the opposite direction from Mildred.

As fierce a desire for life as so short a time ago she had had for death, came over her. Clinging to the rocks, she cried for help; but the sea seemed to drown her voice. Again and again she called, but there was no answer, save the steady throb of the waves at her feet. Hours, it seemed to her, went by, but she knew by the tide that it was only minutes. The waves were at her feet. Her feeble hands loosened from the rock, and with one last cry she fell, just as an answering shout was heard, and a boat rounded the little headland. Ben Loyd was just in time.

For a month after that, Mildred Fane was ill. The cold, added to the excitement she had undergone, brought on a fever; not dangerous, however, nor of long continuance. In a month she was able to sit up—able when Ben Loyd, who, since that memorable night when he had saved her life, had taken heart again, came with an easy carriage, to ride with him. Autumn turned to winter, and each month she grew stronger, till her old, buoyant health came back, and her laugh and step were as light as ever, and her old rambles on the beach were renewed, but never alone now. She had come from her illness a different person. No longer a light, careless girl, but a true, noble woman, bearing her sorrow bravely, and bating no jot of faith in humanity because she had proved one so false. She was dearer to her friends, dearer to Ben, because of the change. And though he felt her further above him than ever, and, in his humility, doubted much of success, he still pursued his ideal.

Faithful love in such a case is almost sure of a reward. Ben's wooing was slow, but it prospered, aided by the favor of Mr. Fane, who had taken a great liking to him, and had fully persuaded Mrs. Fane that Mildred could not choose a better husband. But it was long before Mildred chose. When summer breathed over all the earth again, and every bright thing brought back her past dreams, she left Mar-cliff to travel with her uncle. "One peep at the world that I may prove my own heart," she had said to herself. So she travelled, and saw the world with clearer eyes than before, and was not dazzled, but came home gladly to her own loved quiet. Then she was ready for Ben Loyd's question—ready to give him the answer he wished.

But even in that moment of happiness Ben felt a pang of regret. She was an heiress, and he had only brains and hands to depend on. Perhaps she saw his thought in his face, for she said soon after—"And now I'm so glad to have my fortune. You shall stop working for a year, sir, and we will travel together; I know you have wanted to for ever so long. Not a word," as Ben tried to speak. "Dear Ben, I never cared for money before; I should not now, if I had not you with it."

So Mildred Fane found her fortune, not so much in her wealth as in her husband's honor and thorough trustworthiness and love for her.

QUESTIONINGS.

BY LYNDILET.

O LILY-BUD! that in the water's sedge
Dost slumber 'neath the sunlight listlessly,
O lily-bud! that on broad river's edge
Dost watch it rippling to the restless sea,
Didst see my love sail down the crystal tide,
While one with longing eyes sat at his side?

O waters! did he shun my accusing name,
Which he once lingered o'er lovingly,
To utter hers with passionate tones, the same
That he has often breathed so low to me?
Hush, water, for a little while, thy song;
Tell me, I pray, my questions are not long.

I am not jealous, water, calm and clear,
If my false lover loves one more than me;
I hold him in my heart so very dear,
That I'd not cause him misery
Such as he causeth me this bitter day,
That he to other smile hath turned away.

O elm-trees! leaning o'er the passing boat,
Did blushes come and go upon her cheek?
O locust leaflets! tell me, did you note,
Entranced, he listened when she low did speak?
O worthy, brave old heart of iron oak!
So hath he often listened while I spoke.

Say, yellow birds, on willows swinging low,
Did her fair fingers in his white hand rest?
And did the boat drift with the water's flow,
As he, soft-voiced, his twice-told love confessed,
The while they gazed into each other's eyes,
And found therein an earthly paradise?

O waves! low-harping on thy lyre of reeds,
Or plashing sleepily upon the shore;
O waves! canst tell a heart that, wounded, bleeds,
Hath love departed to return no more?
'Tis—oh! to lie upon thy cradling breast
And rock into a dream-forsaken rest!

WOMAN'S WORK AND WOMAN'S WAGES.

BY AN AMERICAN WOMAN.

CAUSES OF SUFFERING AMONG SEAMSTRESSES.

THE Song of the Shirt" is an exceedingly pathetic poem, and is undoubtedly a correct though a sad picture of a large class of working-women in England, where the amount of labor daily required is far more, and the pay less, than in this country. But there are many who would have us believe that it is equally applicable to the condition of things here. The tales are indeed pitiful which are told at the meetings of working-women, and a certain amount of credence must be given to them. Still, "The Song of the Shirt" is peculiarly and distinctively English, and we trust it never will have reason to become Americanized. Women who are able to sew, do not starve in America, except from inability, through ill-health, to perform their labors, or else through some gross mismanagement of their affairs. But when I declare that they do not starve, I do not mean to make the broad statement that there is no suffering among needle-women—that they do not labor hard for inadequate pay—that thousands are never enabled to indulge in any of the comforts, not to say luxuries, of life, while many of the necessities are almost beyond their reach. Many young girls, no doubt, whose occupation is the use of the needle, and who see no present enjoyment in it, and no prospect of ultimate relief from it, are led away to a life of sin, falsely believing that there the road will be made smoother to their weary feet.

It is so easy for one, sitting with pen in hand, to describe the sufferings of needle-women, to graphically portray the case in all its phases, to dwell eloquently and touchingly upon the theme, until all hearts shall be melted; and on the impulse of the moment there is uttered a universal protest against the wrongs of laboring-women, and a demand that these wrongs shall be righted. But looking at the subject soberly and dispassionately, after many years of earnest study of the whole matter, I feel bound to say that very little can be done, at least in aid of the present generation of unfortunates. It is easy to point out the evil, but who shall suggest a practical remedy?

Still it will not do to say that *nothing* can be

done; and it is the duty of every one to contribute what little he or she can to the righting of these things, with the certainty that combined effort may accomplish much.

The ranks of the suffering needle-women may be divided into numerous classes. First, there are the married women, who, in addition to their families of young children, have the burden of drunken husbands. They may toil early and late, but their wages must go to feed, clothe, gratify the appetites, and pay the debts of wretches whom the law recognizes as their representatives, and society as their supporters. These cases, if I were to follow them up, would take me beyond my prescribed limits into the discussion of another quite as fruitful a subject—that of the evils of intemperance. But I forbear, leaving it to the advocates of the temperance cause to devise some means to restrict this fearful crime among us; only hinting that when a fine is imposed for drunkenness, it is not the guilty man, but the wife—who must pay it from her slender means or hard-earned wages—who suffers. The drunkard drinks not one dram the less; but his children must perhaps go ragged and shoeless, and his wife hungry and destitute, to satisfy the demands of the law. Would it not be better, if fine is necessary, to collect in every case of the man who sold the liquor instead of him who drank it? Would not such an arrangement place a more effectual bar upon drunkenness than any means which have yet been tried?

Until this oft-mooted question of temperance is settled, there is little hope for the wife of the drunkard; and let her earnings be large or small, it is not of the wrongs of women, as regards work and wages, that she has to complain.

Next comes a mighty army of widows. If they have young families, they think they see no means of livelihood but by sewing, as that is something which can be done at home. And so, in such homes as their scant earnings are able to provide, they keep themselves and their children, bringing the latter up in idleness, and preparing them to be sufferers in the next generation, just as they themselves are in this. It will be found that these women are, for the most part, uneducated—not infrequently foreigners, who before marriage filled various de-

partments of domestic service. Circumstances preclude their returning to their former occupation; and there is nothing else in the whole range of employments that they knew anything about. They may think they know how to sew; but it is a very imperfect knowledge, that only fits them to perform just the kind of work which receives the smallest compensation.

It must be admitted that this work is paid for at a shamefully low price. But the law of demand and supply works inexorably here as in all other branches of business. All business men are selfish—necessarily so, they say—and not one is going voluntarily to offer twenty-five cents for the doing of that for which there is a constant supply of workers at twelve cents.

One of the saddest sights I ever saw was in the office of a government contractor, for the manufacture of army clothing, during the recent war. Work was falling off, and it was found necessary to discharge a majority of the hands. The room was crowded that morning, so that it must needs take several hours to deal with each individual case. Only the best workers were retained; and the looks of blank despair, the protests, the words of indignation or entreaty, the revelations of destitution, as the others received their dismissal, will never be forgotten. There were hundreds of women, most of them with families dependent on them, with nothing between them and starvation except the meagre pay they received for working on government work. Very few of them were fortunate enough to possess a sewing-machine; and it was only by the closest application that forty cents per day could be earned without the aid of one. And when this was gone, they knew not where to look for daily bread for themselves and their families. But these women were mostly of the class I have described, foreigners and uneducated. If they had been capable of performing better work than this, they need never have stood overwhelmed and trembling, at the fiat of a government contractor.

It is no less to the shame of our government that it did not interfere in this matter of wages—to do which was within its province and not out of its power—and insist that while contractors were making their tens of thousands with their contracts, they should pay an adequate price to the sewing women who were their active agents in the accumulation of wealth.

But the trouble here, as in all cases, may be charged to incompetency. A woman who can make a dress coat is seldom driven to work on

blouses. And the woman who is perfect mistress of her needle, may make fine shirts at one dollar apiece, instead of slop-shop shirts at eight or twelve cents each. True, there is a greater disparity between the wages than between the amount and quality of work demanded in the two cases; but good seamstresses are few, incompetent ones plenty; and prices range accordingly.

There is but one remedy for this; and, unfortunately, this is an impracticable one for the present sufferers from the wretched wages of women. This remedy is that each individual who finds herself compelled to turn to the needle for a living, shall try to raise herself above the level of mediocre work-women, of whom there are already so many, into the not yet over-crowded ranks of accomplished seamstresses.

I have already pointed out, in my first article, why there are so few really good dressmakers. There are still fewer good seamstresses. A dressmaker is compelled to make at least a pretence of learning her business, and the time she spends, be it more or less, has been of a certain advantage to her. But the seamstress—the one who is ready to turn her hand to all kinds of plain sewing, and to do it for the smallest of pay, has seldom, if ever, taken up sewing deliberately as a means of employment. She has been forced into it by circumstances, not because she understands or has any taste for the use of the needle, but because she knows nothing about anything else, and is a victim to the popular fallacy that all women can sew, whether they have ever tried or not.

Labor unions may possibly do something to ameliorate their condition, I should like to see them tried, as an experiment; but have little faith in them, as touching the cases of the really suffering. In the first place, the class is composed of persons who have little idea of combinations and co-operations, and it is hard to convince them of the advantage or necessity of concerted action. In the second place, it would be an arraying of extreme poverty on the one side, against extreme wealth on the other—of actual starvation against trifling inconvenience; and it is easy to judge which would be likely to be victorious in the end.

There is another class of unfortunates, composed of those who lay claim to more of intelligence and cultivation, and are for the most part Americans—those who have been “reduced” in life. But the same charge of general ignorance, the same charge of general incompetency, can be brought against them

though resulting from another cause. One of this class may be able to embroider, and to make the most elaborate of fancy work; but in her days of ease she never learned to cut out or make a plain but fine undergarment. She may read French with facility, but is not so well informed in the common branches of an English education. She may daub with water-colors or oils in a style that gained the encomiums of teachers and parents when at boarding-school, but she is not able to produce a painting of sufficient merit to realize in its sale the cost of canvas and other materials. She may sing and play Italian operas, yet be woefully deficient in that grounding in the principles of the science of music which is essential in a teacher. She may possibly be equal to the compounding of a cake, but cannot, for her life, make a decent loaf of bread. In short, her education has been entirely for show, without one thought of making it of any other possible use.

Such is the woman whom we find in reduced circumstances, "starving in a garret." She is quite as ignorant, quite as incompetent in the practical affairs of life, as Mrs. Bridget, though one graduated in a fashionable boarding-school, the other in a kitchen. Mrs. Bridget has rather the advantage, for she is generally endowed with health and strength, and privations do not bear so heavily upon her; while the lady of reduced circumstances is too often the victim of the disordered nerves, the weaknesses and ills which an advanced state of civilization seems to bring to women.

There are many of this class, and there seems little help for them, as their opportunity has passed for learning to become useful either to themselves or to the world. The only thing to be done is, to try to renovate public sentiment so that it shall imbue their successors with more practical wisdom.

Then there is another class, with whom we have the least patience of all—young girls who deliberately sit down to labor for two or three dollars a week, when a little resolution, a little energy, and a little perseverance, would so soon fit them for something better. I do not recommend a general exodus of the sewing-girls into the kitchen. I believe there may be better things in store for American women. Besides, a class seems to be provided who are only qualified, at least in their present condition, for menial labor, and if their places are usurped by those who can do other and better things, we crowd our present class of servants down to something worse; for, as they are not yet fitted to ascend in the social and intellectual scale,

they must necessarily descend, and our poor-houses and prisons will be filled to overflowing. But an intelligent American girl, if she finds herself fit for nothing else, had better be bending over the cookstove or washtub, than over the needle for such meagre wages. Let her go out to service. As ignorant as she may be of the duties required of her, she is at least not behind the Irish and German girls who step upon our shores, and who depend upon their mistresses to teach them their duties; and it would not be long, with her superior knowledge of our ways of life, and her more acute perceptions, before she could leave these far behind her. A comfortable home, wholesome food, and two or three dollars a week for clothing, are certainly better than the same amount of money out of which food, shelter, and clothes must all be obtained.

But if American girls do not fancy this employment—and who can wonder that they do not, considering the unmerited contempt in which domestic service is too frequently held—then there are plenty of other employments which only require a little courage to find and to enter into. These are bookbinderies, where girls are already to be found; shoe factories, and factories of other kinds, where the wages, though not probably what they should be, are not so shamefully meagre as those derived from sewing.

It would be better to go out into the country and pick strawberries and peas, or weed onions, than to suffer such a living death as any employment proves to be which must be followed early and late to afford the bare means of subsistence. Still, I am not strongly in favor of women entering largely into out-of-door occupations; for I have the condition of the peasant women of Germany presented too strongly before my mind, to see women enter into any course which may lead to the same result in this country. The entire management of a farm may be undertaken with perfect propriety by a woman, so long as she confines herself to the superintendence of the labor of others; but the drudgery of farm work is too much for her delicate physical organization; except in the lightest employments, she cannot do as well as a man, and her pay is consequently less, not in the same proportion, but out of all proportion.

In whatever occupation the wages of women are pitifully low, it will be found that therein the women crowd and jostle one another, displaying as much eagerness for the pittance which stands between them and starvation as though it were adequate pay for their labor.

And that this labor is always of the lowest, simplest, most elementary character, the last and only resort of those who are utterly incompetent to perform higher grades of work, is not less to be disputed.

Sewing-machines have wrought sad havoc with the wages of seamstresses; and, while it cannot be denied that they are of incalculable benefit to women, taken as an entirety, those who attempt to compete with them find themselves in the same predicament as the stage-coach which should attempt a race with a locomotive. A woman of the present day should no more think of establishing herself as a seamstress, and ask for the confidence and patronage of the public, who has not provided herself with a sewing-machine, and thoroughly accustomed herself to its use, than should a mechanic of any sort establish a place of business without a sufficient supply of the necessary tools for his labor. To too many women I know the price of even the cheapest sewing-machine seems an amount far beyond their means to reach; and for such I am truly sorry. But facts are not only stubborn but perfectly uncompassionate things, and the day of the needle, except in conjunction with the machine, is gone utterly by. Women *cannot* make a comfortable living by it, and they *must* look elsewhere for their work. Everything seems now in a state of transition; it is a time of the perception of needs. This question, equally with other questions of the day, must and will find a settlement for itself. And I trust its satisfactory settlement may not be long delayed.

There is one point which should not be forgotten. Much of the suffering of sewing-women lies at the doors of those who employ them. There is no use in appealing to the conscience or mercy of the directors of business establishments for an increase of pay. Because, so long as women signify their willingness to labor for next to nothing, they will assuredly not receive more. But private individuals—women whom circumstances have raised above such cruel necessities, and who are the patrons of seamstresses—have two imperative and Christian duties to perform. And those are, always to pay an adequate price for the labor received, whether it be asked or not; and to **PAY PROMPTLY**. The poor cannot afford to wait for the little they have earned. It is not a sum which comes to them to supply the fancied wants of an already luxurious lot; but on it they depend for their daily food, and for the scanty clothes which cover them. And if they

are made to wait, it is too often not only at the cost of inconvenience, but of actual suffering to them.

Yet many a woman who would start with indignation at the suggestion that she was a thief, will rob, without compunction, the woman who sews for her, if the latter has not a personality strong enough to maintain her own rights. She will haggle about wages, and consider what she gains in their abatement as money honorably and commendably earned. Or, if she makes no hesitation about the price, she requires her seamstress to await her convenience before payment is made.

There is a wide gulf which seems to divide the working from the non-working woman. And it seems one of the hardest things in the world to teach the latter that the former is a woman like herself, with the same needs, the same affections, the same weaknesses, often with the same tastes.

Nor are women the only ones who make this distinction regarding the two divisions of the sex, as though instead of sisters they belonged to separate races. Men are, perhaps, even the most guilty.

I recall a case in point. A young friend of mine, being desirous of obtaining some article of personal adornment, and hesitating to ask her father for it, resolved to earn it by the aid of needle and sewing-machine. So, for the space of several days—two weeks, possibly—she shut herself in an attic, and worked faithfully and persistently, until she had earned the money required for its purchase. A gentleman boarding at her father's house was so much shocked when he discovered this fact, that he could hardly find words to express his indignation. To think that a *woman* should feel herself compelled to work in such a manner!—a *woman*, who should have every want supplied, and whose only duty it should be to make herself agreeable. He concluded with the following peroration: "Why didn't you let me know you wanted this brooch, and I would have made you a present of it at once, instead of allowing you to so degrade and overtax yourself by taking in sewing to earn it?"

My friend replied with very proper and commendable spirit: "A pretty thing it would have been for me to tell you I wanted the brooch, and that I would like you to give it to me! No, thank you; if I must have jewelry, I prefer to earn it myself, rather than to be indebted for it to the generosity of my gentlemen acquaintances."

Now, it never seemed to occur to this young

man to get compassionate and indignant over the case of Bridget in the kitchen, who every day cooked his dinner for him, and whose lot was far harder than that of her young mistress; for while the latter employed her hands, of her own free will, to acquire a bauble which, if she had never secured it, she would not have felt any real need of, the poor servant girl was absolutely dependent on her daily labor for her daily bread. And I doubt if our sensitive young man ever took the broom out of Norah's hands when he found her flushed and wearied with the labor of putting his room in order; and, while he finished the task for her, filled up the time by uttering an eloquent protest against the state of society which forced such degrading and servile employments upon women.

But Bridget, Norah, and my young friend were all three equally women, and, by the young man's own argument, should have been equally included in his sympathies; but the difference was that the two first were working-women, and therefore they were cast out of the pale of recognized womanhood.

Such ideas are contemptible, and the men who utter them no less so; and every true woman, by her recognition of her sisterhood with, and by a Christian interest in the welfare of, her entire sex, should strive to teach men, sooner or later, that such ideas and expressions are not to be tolerated.

It is for the working-woman, by a pride in her labor, and by an attempt to reach perfection in it, to give true dignity to it, and to render herself worthy of better wages.

It is for the non-working woman to aid her struggling sister in all ways, and to give her countenance and encouragement; in all business relations to deal not only honorably but generously with her, and to demand that others do the same. And in time we may hope to see feminine labor more respected, and in the receipt of better remuneration.

SCRIBE, the French poet, hired a house in the country to pass the summer. As soon as he was fairly installed in it, he went in search of a farmer who had a milch cow. Having found one, he stated his want—"My good man, my servant will come every morning to buy a pint of milk." "Very well, it is eight sous." "But I want pure milk—very pure." "In that case it is ten sous." "You will milk in the presence of my servant?" "Oh! then it will be fifteen sous."

OCCUPATION FOR YOUNG MEN.

SEVENTEEN years ago, says Mr. Collier, there was a fair girl, so pure, so lovely, so refined, that she still rises to my mind as almost akin to angels. She was wooed and won by a handsome young man of considerable wealth. He sported a fine team, delighted in hunting, and kept a fine pack of hounds. He neither played cards nor drank wine. He had no occupation, no calling, no trade. He lived on his money, the interest of which would have supported a family handsomely. I never saw the fair bride again until a few days ago. Seventeen years had passed away, and with them her beauty and her youth, her husband's fortune and his life, during the latter part of which they lived in a log cabin on the banks of the Ohio River, near Blennerhasset's Island, a whole family in one single room, subsisting on water, fat bacon, and corn bread. The husband had cultivated in no wise his capacity for any business. He was a gentleman of education, of refinement, of noble impulses; but when his money was gone, he could get no employment, simply because he did not know how to do anything. For awhile he blundered about, first trying one thing and then another, but "failure" was written on them all. He, however, finally obtained a situation; the labor was great, the compensation small; it was that or starvation. In his heroic efforts to discharge his duty acceptably, he overworked himself and died, leaving his widow and six girls in utter destitution.

In seventeen years the sweet, and joyous, and beautiful girl had become a broken-hearted, careworn, poverty-stricken widow, with a household of helpless children.

The number of young men employed as salesmen and clerks in our city stores and offices who ever attain a competency, is very small indeed. You would scarcely believe that not ten in a hundred do more than barely support themselves, and make both ends of the year meet. Bright, hopeful, and promising young men are daily leaving their fathers' farms and rushing into the cities, pleading for situations. This, too, when every one of them might be the lord of his own estate in five years from the day he reaches his manhood.

After the man has chosen independently his occupation for life, he must know at once that the law of success is persistent industry.

Carissimi, a famous composer of music, being praised for the ease and grace of his melodies, exclaimed—"Ah! with what difficulty is this ease acquired!"

I F.
A STORY IN THREE CHAPTERS.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "WATCHING AND WAITING."

CHAPTER I.

THEY had climbed the Burnshire hills, wrapped in the golden October haze, seeking the peace that seemed to brood eternally about their shining heads, and finding—they shall tell you what they found.

She sat upon a rock, twining the crimson ivy sprays that ran over it into a flaming chaplet, and frail as the ivy, but firm as the rock, was she—Carlotta Castleton, music teacher in the Burnshire Seminary for Young Ladies.

He stood beside her, lowering like a thunder-cloud, grinding the trailing ivies and delicate mosses under his feet; and imperious as the action, ardent as the sun striking fire through his jutting beard, was he—Geoffrey St. John, youthful member of the bar in the Burnshire courts of justice.

"He that is slow to anger is better than the mighty——"

Carlotta's cool, soft voice was steady as her cool, white hands, gliding in and out among the glowing leaves. St. John made an impatient gesture, and cleared his throat twice and thrice—sure symptoms of suppressed passion.

"And he that ruleth his spirit than he that taketh a city," calmly concluded Carlotta, deftly joining her wreath.

She held it up, smiling serenely in his savage face. "Bend your head, Geoffrey. With those fiery eyes and this blood-red crown, you might stand for the god of war. Raise your cane lance-wise—strike an attitude a little more fierce."

"Carlotta, beware!" he said threateningly. "I am in no trifling mood."

"No more am I. Talk to me earnestly and without passion, and I will meet you in like spirit," she answered quietly.

"But I do not wish to argue with you, understand. I do not want you to labor to convince me that you are right in this matter," he said curtly.

"No. What then?" She folded her hands with a docile air, and looked at him for instruction.

"I—I want you to talk with some show of fairness and reason," he broke forth with greater

heat, feeling all the time uncomfortably conscious of the disadvantages at which his passion was placing him.

"That is—to assent to what you say," the lady said slowly, and with a steadfast look, as if striving to catch the spirit of his words.

St. John winced. "Carlotta," he sighed with tender regret, "this disagreement between you and me is a very unhappy circumstance."

"I agree that it is so," she responded, echoing his sigh.

"We ought to strive to adjust our differences, and be reconciled before we separate," he continued, amicably taking her hand.

"I admit that we ought," she answered with sweet humility.

"Then, Carlotta, banish this unwomanly spirit of obstinacy, and gratify me, and restore peace, by naming an early day for our marriage."

"It pains me to oppose your will, but I cannot name a day for our marriage, either early or late," she replied firmly, yet very gently.

He dropped her hand, and wheeled about, his eyes flashing, and his mouth quivering with passion. "You do not love me. You never loved me. You have miserably mocked me from the first!" he cried angrily.

Carlotta was silent—either scorning to refute the charge, or admitting its truth.

"How else can I interpret your conduct?" he asked more softly, trying to choke down his passion, remembering to whom he was speaking, and perhaps a little awed by her silence, which he knew not how to construe. "For months we have stood in the acknowledged relationship of lovers, and I have naturally looked forward to the closer union which that relation forecasts; yet, at the very moment that I begin to urge the consummation of hopes you have inspired and fostered, you coyly retreat, and refuse to be held responsible for my expectations, or for any promise received or given."

The man's voice was rising again, and his face flushing with angry heats. Carlotta laid her cool hand on his arm. "My friend, whatever we say or do, let it be without passion," she said, looking calmly in his fiery eyes.

"Let us be cool enough, at least, to state facts without exaggeration, and generous enough not to reproach each other with wrongs never dealt nor meant. 'I do not 'retreat,' as you allege; I simply refuse to advance until fully assured of the wisdom and safety of the forward step which you urge. I hope to be held responsible for any promise I have ever given you, and I stand ready to fulfil it. I will be true to you. I have promised nothing beyond this. But I must claim the privilege of proving my fidelity in a way that shall satisfy my own conscience, even if it does not meet with the approval of your judgment and conflicts with your tenderest feelings. It may happen that I see in course of time that I can serve your interests better, and prove myself more truly your friend, by refusing than by consenting to our marriage——"

St. John's spirit flashed up again, and his mouth opened with another torrent of passionate words.

Carlotta laid her finger on his lip. "You must let me conclude what I have to say, and then you shall have the floor," she said, smiling sweetly in his stormy face. "You charge me with not loving you, with never having loved you. I cannot deny nor acknowledge the truth of your charge, for the simple reason that I am not satisfied whether it is true or false. But, surely, if true, marriage could be no happier condition for you than for me, and no closer bond than friendship should ever exist between us. I told you in the beginning, and I tell you now, that I never saw the man that I liked so well as you, but whether this liking is really, and truly, and eternally, *love*, and whether it it would bear the stress and strain of matrimonial weathers and never suffer shipwreck, I am by no means so certain as I should wish to be before the venture. For marriage, Geoffrey St. John, is an awfully solemn covenant, and when once we enter into it, it is forever and forever. So, at least, do I regard it, and so only would I enter it. 'Till death us do part.' Picture to yourself the misery of discovering, after that irrevocable vow, that there is no real soul union between us, but only the cold, hard bond of the law. Fancy the wretchedness of striving to keep alive the feeble spark of affection smouldering under the white ashes of indifference, and of struggling through long years to discharge faithfully our duty to each other, without one loving impulse to quicken and gladden our service."

St. John took both her hands.

"Carlotta, I must speak," he said impera-

tively. "You have been parleying with doubts ever since I knew you, and I cannot see, so far, that you have gained the smallest advantage. Nor does it seem probable that you ever will so long as you persist in holding your present independent position, refusing to yield the slightest deference to my wishes, or to trust ever so little in my love and power to make you happy. Here am I ready and eager to take you from a life of toil and weariness, and maddening monotony, and to devote all my means and energies to the work of removing, as far as mortal hand may, every obstruction to your happiness. Yet, for a whim, you deny me the right which your acceptance of my love really gives, and coolly hold me aloof while you try to reason, with the precision you would use in solving a mathematical problem, whether you love sufficiently to dare with me the untried sea of matrimony. Carlotta, I tell you, you never will get your answer by any such process. You will doubt, and ponder, and hesitate to the end. But give over this vain attempt to reason out the truth, fling aside your nettlesome independence, believe in me, confide in me, give yourself wholly into my keeping, and my word for it, all these fearful doubts and questions will cease to afflict you, and the full, satisfying assurance that you vainly seek without trusting me, will crown you with sweetest peace."

"Have you finished?" asked Carlotta mildly, and her lover felt the firmness of a rock under her softness. "Because I had another doubt to include in the list which your hot impatience cut short—a very Goliath among my doubts. I have a vague perception at times of some lack of moral principle, or rather, I should say, some lack of moral strength in your character, which warns me that, under stress of great temptation, you might stoop to actions which I should abhor. The question arises whether my love, even if able to endure the tests of ordinary wedded life, would stand against a shock like this, whether in abhorring the crime I could still cling to the perpetrator, tender and faithful through all the shame, and sorrow, and disgrace attending his fall."

"Good heaven! Shall I commit a crime to prove you?" broke in St. John with fresh heat. "Shall I rob, murder, steal, betray, swear falsely—what shall I do to convince you?"

Again her hand falling like a snowflake on his arm, her eye fastening his with the power of a fearless lion-tamer—"Carlotta," he said, gentle as a lamb, "it is you that must save me. If I am weak upon the side of honor, it is you

that can strengthen me—you alone that can guard me from the temptations which, without you, I might be powerless to resist."

"A lover's fanciful talk—a lover's groundless faith," Carlotta said.

"But you will justify my faith, Carlotta. My future is in your hands—its good or its evil will be of your making."

She shrank back, and her face grew white to the lips. "I cannot accept the responsibility," she said passionately. "I am not your keeper, Geoffrey St. John. I think that man a coward who would charge the evil of his life to any account but his own. I want a man to stand upright in his own might, and not cling weakly to a woman's hand, expecting that to restrain him from going after forbidden fruits, and bending his knee to false gods. I want a man to be so firmly grounded in the love and practice of every virtue, and to have so lofty a scorn for all things base and low, that no persuasions of mine could tempt him to a mean, dishonorable action. I want a man against whose integrity all the powers and principalities of darkness could not prevail, who would act purely, justly, conscientiously, though the heavens fall—who would do right, not for my sake, but for righteousness' sake."

She was talking in a rapid, breathless way, and she had not noticed that he had turned away, and was standing with his back to her, looking off to the hills. A sudden chill struck in upon the feverish glow into which she had warmed. She stepped down to his side, and rested her hand upon his shoulder.

"Geoffrey, it grieves me to say these things, but you have forced me to it. It pains me, as I told you, to oppose your wishes, but, believe me, in doing so in this matter I obey my profoundest convictions of right, which I think it not too much to ask you to respect. You claim that your love gives you the privilege of making me happy, yet, manlike, you would make me happy in your own way, and think me very unreasonable to have any choice or voice in a business that you assume the ability and the right to control. Permit me to say, in candor and kindness, too, that while I am not ungrateful for your thoughtful care of my happiness, and your purpose to promote the same, I feel that I am the better judge of the means most likely to minister to that end, and must beg to be left in peace and freedom to follow the law of my own heart, and to decide, uninfluenced by your persuasions, a matter of more than life and death import to me. If you love me well enough to bide my long deliberations,

and patiently wait my decision, I am happy; but if you are not satisfied with my conditions—if you cannot wait—there is the alternative, my friend."

Their eyes met, and they regarded each other a moment in ominous silence.

"Name it," said St. John hoarsely.

"In one word, go," returned Carlotta, deadly pale.

He looked away from her, his breath coming hard and fast, his mouth settling in stern, rigid, unrelenting lines.

Carlotta leaned forward, her slender hands wringing together in painful, passionate pressure, her breath indrawn, her emotion powerfully repressed. Presently he turned back, and his white, set face told her that he had accepted the issue.

"Whenever you wish to return to the house," said he with frigid politeness, "I am ready to attend you."

She stood up with a smothered sigh, and drew her mantle about her, noticing even in that troubled moment the neglect of the hand hitherto watchful of opportunities to perform such tender offices.

"I am ready to be attended," she answered cheerfully, "but I will excuse you from a duty which I must suppose irksome, if your manner be any indication of your feeling."

"When a lady goes out with me on my invitation, I usually make it a point to see her safely home," he rejoined in a curt, dry manner, putting out his hand to assist her descent from the rocky height where they had been resting.

Carlotta laughed in spite of her aching heart. "Such punctiliousness in matters of etiquette is certainly praiseworthy," she said, "but in the present case a slight relaxation of your inexorable law would be quite excusable."

"And no doubt agreeable," he sneered.

"The spirit of courtesy being wanting—yes," she assented.

He folded his arms grimly, and leaned back against a tree. "When it is your pleasure to go it will be mine to accompany you," he said doggedly.

Carlotta laughed again, a little more sadly this time; but perceiving the absurdity of resisting his will in a matter so trifling, she advanced a step, and gave him her hand.

He drew it within his arm, keeping his sullen face averted.

"Geoffrey," she said softly, "let us be friends," and her lips tempted the reconciling kiss.

"On my conditions," he responded, looking down at the uplifted face.

She made an effort to withdraw her hand, but he held it firmly.

"You demand too much," said she coldly.

"And you yield too little," he returned, beginning to descend the cliff.

And so the homeward walk was taken in sullen silence, each feeling bitterly the other's injustice and unreasonable ~~ness~~, but neither disposed to make the slightest concessions, and both as thoroughly wretched as they need to be—their feast of love and beauty rudely broken, and their honey turned to gall.

Years and years after, the recollection of that silent walk across the fields sent a sickening thrill through their hearts, and they felt again the chill of descending night, saw their unnatural shadow lengthening away to the east before them, heard the doleful, monotonous chirping of crickets in the dry, dead stubble, the melancholy plaint of some lonely bird forsaken and astray in the autumn cold, the mournful drop, drop of the rainbow splendors of the grove, and the desolate rustle of the fading glory under their feet—trifles insensibly impressed on the mind rather than consciously observed at the time, but vividly associated with the memories of that October afternoon, so fair and sweet in promise, so sour and stormy in fulfilment.

It came to an end at last, that long, miserable walk, and St. John's speechless tongue managed to articulate a gruff good-by as he turned abruptly away, without a look at the serious face which he had so often called his light, and such endearing names as lovers use, swearing he could scale mountains, swim seas, dare fire and flood, to obtain a glimpse of it; and lo! there it was beside him, and anger was mightier than mountains, rougher than seas, fiercer than fire, and stronger than flood, and he could not turn his head for one last glance at it.

A sharp pain darted through Carlotta's heart. She half put forth her hand to detain him, signifying by the act her readiness to yield the contested point, and to be governed by his will; but pride, and the conviction that she was in the right, arrested the movement, and with a lingering, sorrowful look after the retreating figure, whose comings and goings she had marked with tender interest for many happy months, she turned and entered her lodgings.

Had that loving impulse not been checked, perhaps—on so slight a thing hinges, sometimes, the good or evil, the happiness or misery of a life—there had been no story like this to tell.

Imperious, self-willed, little used to being thwarted or opposed, St. John, striding on in blind passion, growing more wroth at every step, vowed to himself that that woman's pride should yet be humbled, and her stubborn will broken or subdued, though wherein either more than matched his own it might have been difficult to prove. He did not think of that. His spirit was too much ruffled to think of anything clearly or comprehensively. He knew that he was right, and he knew that she was wrong, and there was the whole of it.

In this mood he arrived at home, just as his people, still keeping up the English customs to which the elders had been born and bred, were going in to dinner. Mechanically he followed, taking his place absently at the richly furnished table, and going sullenly through with its stately ceremonies, eating with slight appetite, but partaking with unusual freedom and relish of the wines with which the board was very bountifully supplied.

"Of course, you will be in attendance at the mask ball, to-night," his sister called after him, as, in the retreat from the dining-room, he was passing again to the street. "Your invitation, including whomsoever you choose to escort, will afford you such an excellent opportunity to foist upon society that little music drudge in the character of Euterpe, perhaps, or something equally aspiring."

St. John slammed the door violently, deigning no other reply to the satirical fling, and hurrying with nervous strides down the street, entered his office, struck a light, threw a ponderous law book on his reading-desk, and set down from force of habit before it, as if to review and settle by indisputable authority the vexed points of the case in hand. The volume was bottom side up, to be sure; but it served his purpose just as well, reproducing with vivid distinctness the incident of the afternoon, and confirming his positions respecting the relative claims of the contending parties, giving him, the injured and unoffending, full and fair acquittal. He turned a leaf. One naturally turns a leaf in reading. Augusta St. John's malicious face flashed up from the open page, and her spiteful suggestion pricked him afresh like one of those fine stiletto needles he had seen her use in her embroideries. There was some cause for the thrust. St. John had indignantly turned his back on society, so called, because society had turned its back on the woman of his choice. Why? For the simple reason, he would tell you with withering scorn, that she had the courage and independence to

earn her own living by an honest profession, instead of spending her energies and other people's money in the chase of frivolity and fashion with their worse than empty ends.

Little Carlotta cared not for her social ostracism, holding herself so far above the class from which she was rigidly excluded that it is very doubtful, indeed, whether its most flattering recognition would have drawn her within its ranks, to the extent, at least, of sharing its aims, and striving for its distinctions. But St. John had valiantly taken it upon himself to resent her unfelt injuries, and punish her offenders with a contempt matching their own, haughtily withdrawing himself from the circle in which he had heretofore shone a central light, and resolutely refusing to take part in any social recreation or festivities in which the lady of his love was not made a participant.

And what was his reward? Had he ever received so much as thanks for his self-sacrificing championship? Thinking of it that night, he could not recall a single expression of gratitude, or appreciation even, that had ever fallen from her lips with reference to his conduct in this matter.

Did she dream that the world did not esteem her his equal? Did she have any suspicion that his suit possibly involved some degree of sacrifice and condescension on his part? Not a look, word, or action of hers could he bring to mind that betrayed the smallest recognition of a difference in their worldly estates, or that hinted of any sense of obligation and thankfulness for his favor. Instead of feeling overwhelmed by the honor of his proposal, she was deliberately pondering whether she would honor him by acceptance, coolly weighing him in a balance whose refined power rejected the gross considerations of wealth and social position, giving his worth in figures unlearned by dealers and bargainners in worldly stocks.

Ordinarily, Geoffrey St. John would have felt a thrill of pride and exultation in thinking of this, regarding it as an evidence of his darling's high character; but in his present mood he was disposed to feel sadly injured by such lack of consideration, and to think a degree of humility more becoming in one of her station. His resentment kindled to a fiercer flame. Why should he any longer compel himself to sacrifices which would never be appreciated, and forego pleasures that were his right, for a woman who would not yield a single principle or conviction to gratify him?

He had a mind to improve Augusta's suggestion, and attend the mask, after all. The

more he brooded over it, the more the plan commended itself as the readiest means of showing Carlotta that he had broken free from her leading-strings, and could find pleasure in other society than hers. Perhaps we do not see clearly the force and logic of his reasoning. Perhaps at any other time he could not have reasoned so, but anger and the wine he had drank at dinner gave a double distortion to his views. Not to trace him any farther in his cloudy musings, we find the result, an hour or two later, in a black domino, gliding in among the maskers, making overtures of admiration to pretty shepherdesses, charming flower-girls, stately queens, and lovely goddesses, the old graciousness and gallantry of speech and manner that had made St. John a favorite before his renunciation of society, revealing him under his simple disguise to the penetrating eyes of his fair acquaintances, and insuring him as hearty a welcome as any repentant and returning deserter could expect or desire to receive. The excitement of the brilliant, animated scene affected him as the first thrilling taste of the intoxicating glass affects, after long abstinence, the once habitual drinker, and abandoning himself fully to the enjoyments of the hour, he forgot the annoyances that had driven him thither, and became, as of old, the moving spirit of the crowd.

For a time his attentions were about equally divided among his fascinating neighbors, but as the evening wore on they gradually concentrated on the belle of the season, pretty Fanny Seymour, who, as Hope, in flowing azure robes, with silver crescent shining on her forehead and jewelled anchor glancing at her side, favored him with her sweetest, most auspicious smiles. There had been some attraction between these two in former time, and gossip had given them freely to each other, with gracious comments on the fitness of the match, but Carlotta, in the beauty of her serene, self-governed and self-helping womanhood, had crossed St. John's path unconsciously in her daily walk of duty, and thenceforward he had had eyes, ears, heart, and thought for her only, and the pretty, coquettish Seymour had smiled, and ogled, and languished with as little effect as though her former admirer had suddenly turned to stone.

To-night, however, the old charm seemed renewed, and gossiping tongues began to wag again. St. John was recovering from his infatuation, they said; St. John was returning to his allegiance. Sly glances were interchanged, knowing nods were tipped from one to another, congratulatory hands were softly rubbed to-

gether. The usurping music-mistress was dethroned, the lovely Fanny was triumphant, the misguided St. John restored to society and to his senses. Now the truth of the business was, he had never so nearly lost possession of his senses as upon this occasion. Of a temperament somewhat excitable, he was usually wise enough to avoid augmenting the failing by unnatural stimulants, for which, in any trouble or perplexity, he felt a morbid craving; but one indulgence makes another more easy, and after the port at dinner, the brisk, sparkling champagne at the midnight supper was too strong a temptation for his reckless mood. For months he had not lifted a wineglass without setting it down undrained before the rising vision of Carlotta's reproofing eyes, but his vision to-night was a rosy-lipped woman sipping the foam from a brimming goblet, and holding it up to him with her own fair hand, the moist red lips murmuring seductively, "Taste."

Sweet solicitation! Could he refuse? If he had thought so—again, the story would have differed from the one I have to tell.

He never could make it clear to himself how it all came about, but the case was very simple. The rational faculty stupefied, and the emotional in the ascendant, his action was necessarily the result of present influences, and with a pretty, admiring woman at his side, her head upon his shoulder in the circling mazes of the waltz, her weight upon his arm in the loitering promenade, her hand within his own in the sheltered *tête-à-tête*, it seemed the most natural thing in the world to talk love to her, and before the night was over he had made a formal offering of himself, and was blushing accepted. There was some murmured reference to "to-morrow" and to "papa" in the tender parting, and he went home with a struggling consciousness of something amiss, but he would not try to straighten matters, he thought, until he had slept, and his brain was a little clearer, and his nerves a little steadier.

Sleep, however, while it cleared his brain of the illusions of the wine, did not nerve him to face the issue of the act into which he had been betrayed, nor make plain to him the way of escape from it. He stood amazed before the recollection of the night's folly—to call it by no stronger name—unable to conceive how it was possible for him to have been guilty of proceedings so irrational. To have quarrelled and parted in anger with the woman he sincerely loved, that was certainly bad enough; but to have voluntarily attached himself to one for whom he had no regard, that was mon-

strous, and he could find no excuse for himself.

Yet, some apology would have to be offered if he withdrew his suit, as, of course, he must, for the bare thought of any binding tie between himself and Miss Seymour was simply unendurable. Should he go to the lady and tell her frankly that he was drunk when he proposed to her, and that he could not or would not be held responsible for his rashly uttered vows? Decency forbid! And yet such a confession, humiliating as it would have been, was the only manly and honorable course possible to pursue in the case. Some way involving less mortification than an open avowal of the truth, some expedient, he knew not what, must be hit upon to extricate him from his unpleasant and embarrassing plight. In vain he studied the situation, deliberating how he should move without farther loss of honor and self-respect—no plan suggested itself to his mind, and he came to the conclusion, at last, to make the proper and obligatory visit which the lady would expect, and trust to chance and the inspiration of the moment to help him out of his unhappy dilemma.

The shadows of evening found him, accordingly, ringing for admittance to the Seymour mansion, and waiting for the response to his summons with so little of a lover's ardor and impatience, that he could barely conquer the impulse to turn and flee. A moment longer and he felt that he should yield, but the door opened and he reluctantly passed in, encountering on his way to the street the master of the house, a prosperous merchant, wiry, active, and alert, always hurried, eager, and excited, as if in pursuit of game which there was a possibility he might lose. Seeing St. John, he brought himself up abruptly in his headlong rush, nodded spasmodically, wheeled about and led the way to the parlor, bowing the guest to a seat, but forgetting to take one himself, pacing up and down the room in a restless, nervous way, with a curt, dry comment or two on the news of the day.

"I suppose I know what you have come for, young man," said he finally, impatient to get at the business in hand, and steering straight to the point. "Fanny told me you had proposed to her."

"Ah!" aspirated St. John through his clenched teeth, growing hot and cold, getting up and sitting down again. "I have come to say," he began; but "the inspiration of the moment" on which he had depended, failed him, and he came to an embarrassing pause. "I expect you will give me the outside of your

house, Mr. Seymour," he recommenced, rising with an impulse to counter-pace the floor with his host, "and that is better than I deserve, but I—ahem—"

"Yes, yes, I understand all about it," affirmed the merchant, quickening his step—"know all your fears, trepidations, and heart sinkings; been there myself; had other trembling suppliants for my daughters. Honest merit is always modest and doubtful. But take heart, Geoffrey, my boy; there's no objection in your case—no objection in the world. Good family, fine property, excellent ability—very well. Take the girl and be happy. And now you will be so good as to excuse me, as I have important business matters to attend to. Fanny will be in directly."

And without waiting for the thanks which he supposed ready to pour upon him in a flood, the worthy man rushed out the door, leaving the recipient of his generous gift standing speechless and confounded in the centre of the room. What was to be done now? Accepted by the daughter and approved by the father, here was a double complication to undo.

He felt a cold perspiration starting all over him as he mentally surveyed the situation. How to escape? The temptation occurred to him, with the opportunity, to bolt before the charming Fanny made her appearance—to turn his back on Burnshire and flee like the wicked when no man pursueth, leaving the affair to adjust itself. A hot flush of shame burned his cheek at the thought. He wheeled about as if to put Satan behind him, and before the temptation could again assail him, Fanny, all smiles and blushes, came tripping lightly in, and retreat, with its attendant disgrace, was cut off.

The parlor was dimly lighted, and he was standing in the shadow, his back to the door, as he had turned in scorn of its suggestion. Appearances indicated to Miss Seymour that he had not noticed her entrance, and was not aware of her presence in the room, and she glided softly up to him—her gallant lover of last night—slipped her hand shyly in his, and leaning forward, smiled brightly in his face, whose expression the light, as he stood, was too faint to reveal.

He started violently—with surprise, she thought—then a thrill of remorseful pity shook his heart as he comprehended the stunning blow he was going to deal her love and pride, and he gave her a very grave and gentle greeting, and, drawing her to a sofa, sat down beside her, intending to tell her honestly and humbly the whole mortifying truth, and to suf-

fer with meekness the scathing flame of her indignation and scorn, ready to make whatever atonement lay in his power. There were women with whom all this would be easy—at least, there was one—but it required a good deal of moral courage for a man to humble himself before a woman like Fanny Seymour. So thought St. John. She was not in a sentimental mood that night—in fact, sentiment was not her forte at any time—and she began to gossip about the ball the moment he had finished his tender inquiries as to how she had borne its fatigue, cutting short the faltering regrets he was beginning to express for the part he had acted by the recall of a host of pleasing incidents, chatting vivaciously over this and that droll circumstance, with only now and then a pause to admit some brief comment from her suffering listener, who did not know in the least what she was talking about, but felt that politeness demanded of him an appearance of knowing.

If she noticed his absent and sometimes irrelevant responses, she attributed them, along with his abstracted manner, to an excess of happiness, and willing to let him "moon" to the extent of his wish, she babbled on, never dreaming that her voice could be anything but sweetest music in his ears. So an hour of racking torture passed, and all the while the miserable man was seeking a way to introduce the matter which would change those beaming smiles to withering frowns, and transform him to a hateful monster in the maiden's fond, admiring eyes. Grown desperate and confused with his fruitless efforts at explanation, he felt that he could not endure another five minutes without resort to the devil's phrase-book to relieve his tortured feelings, and excusing himself, he brought his visit to a close, and with not a very fond or lingering adieu, escaped from the house with his errand undone. The door had barely closed on him, before he saw the indiscreetness of the move, recognizing the fact that the longer delayed the more difficult the adjustment of the business would grow; but he could not summon resolution to turn back.

Two or three days went by. He began to feel that he must see Carlotta. Fool, sodden-witted, to have quarrelled with her, and for such a cause! He could wait for her a thousand years if she should require it. He was going to tell her so, and tell her that wretched story, too. He could tell Carlotta.

But gossip had got the start, and told her the story before him; not by any means as he would have told it, but in the popular version which gave not only the fact of his proposal to Miss

Seymour and her acceptance, but numberless additional particulars unknown to the parties, tending to show that never was there a couple so devotedly attached, and so exactly suited to each other, and that their engagement was simply the renewal of a former one, which she, Carlotta Castleton, with her intriguing arts, had been the means of breaking—items peculiarly interesting and gratifying to her.

And so it happened that St. John, waiting in the dingy little parlor of her boarding-house for Carlotta's appearance, and picturing with swelling heart the glow of pleasure with which she would welcome his return, was something startled to hear, instead of the light, springy footfall for which he had been watching, the shuffling step of the landlady's frowsy daughter, who came with a message very simple to deliver, but very stunning to receive—

"Miss Castleton bids me tell you she is occupied, and cannot come down."

No such word from Carlotta ever before. St. John crushed his hat down upon his head, and hurried out as if the house had been a furnace seven times heated, rushed home to his office, sat down to his desk, and dashed off a long, passionate letter, in which everything that he would have said struggled for a place. Then, cooled by this outlet to his pent-up feelings, he tore the hotly worded epistle into fragments, fearing its reception would awaken but disgust, and sent instead a simple note expressing sorrow for his rashness of the other day, and pleading as his right—a friend's right, if he could claim no more—an interview at her earliest convenience.

The message touched Carlotta with some sense of the misery lying back of it, and she signified her pleasure to receive him the ensuing evening—a period so far in the future that it seemed to the impatient lover it would never arrive. But it chanced, in course of the day, that some further ill-natured and ill-deserved gossip about her efforts to entangle St. John came to Carlotta, intermingled with fresh reports of his devotion to Miss Seymour, hardening her heart, which had begun to melt and plead for him; and it furthermore happened that when he came hurrying to keep her appointment, he found already sunning in her presence one of her co-laborers in the seminary, Paul Hermann, Professor of Languages, who had just dropped in, as he sometimes did of an evening, to discuss matters of art, literature, and philosophy, and the meeting to which he looked forward to with such feverish impatience proved even a more bitter disappointment than the refusal of his petition the night before. It

would have been hard to convince him that Professor Hermann's visit at that hour was purely an accident, and not a concerted plan to foil his attempt at reconciliation. Suspicion and jealousy at once aroused, he saw in the gentle deference with which Carlotta treated the professor the unmistakable signs of a passionate attachment, which he did not doubt now she had secretly cherished all the while she had been trifling with himself. And then how cool her reception of him—St. John, three days ago her acknowledged lover—as cool as if he had never been more than a formal acquaintance, simply on speaking terms! Should he trouble himself any further to seek forgiveness for that which appeared less an offence than a merit, viewed in the present light? Was there not reason and justice in the stand he had taken the other day, even more than he had suspected at the time? Should he creep and cringe to this woman, and become again the sport of her caprice and coquetry?

So ran the turbulent current of his thought under the curt commonplaces that he threw into the conversation, and after a brief stay he arose, and with some inarticulate response to Carlotta's "Don't be in haste, St. John," bowed a very cold good-night, and took his departure, just as Paul Hermann, thinking that he might possibly be *de trop*, was on the point of retiring.

Carlotta's heart gave a quick throb as the door closed behind him, and she could hardly resist the impulse to run out and coax him back with one loving word; but she said to herself, "I will send him a note after the professor leaves, and ask him to come again," and if a foolish woman's dread of making "advances" in matters of love had not deterred her from carrying this good resolution into effect, once more—even at the eleventh hour—there would have been no such story as this to tell.

Even at the eleventh hour—for St. John's mind was made up. He had proposed to Miss Seymour when he did not know what he was about. He would marry her in the full possession of his senses, and that, perhaps, would make amends for the wrong without involving the humiliation of confession. And so that vexatious matter would be disposed of. Carlotta was lost to him—he said it over and over, as if to spur himself by the pain of the reflection to the action he had decided upon—Carlotta was lost to him, and the only honorable course to pursue, so far as he could see, was to fulfil his rashly incurred obligations to the other. And without further parley with himself, he went straight to Fanny Seymour that evening and

begged her to name their wedding-day, which, with the requisite amount of blushing, objecting, graceful demur, and coquettish approach and retreat, she finally fixed three months from date—not to be too cruel—and St. John went his way, feeling as if the day for his execution had been appointed.

And Carlotta?

We do not know when the fateful moments of our lives are passing. Only when they are gone forever beyond recall we see the pivot on which our future turns, and sigh, with a kind of dumb, helpless misery—If we had done this, or, If we had not done that,—but we comfort ourselves in the end with thinking we were destined to do just as we did.

So Carlotta tried to reason, but with little satisfaction. She never knew all the facts of the case, but she apprehended that if she had been less mindful of gossip, more attentive to the inner voices of conscience and affection, and wholly true to her lover as she had promised, she would have had less cause for regret, self-reproach, and accusation. She was coming to a knowledge of her heart through events that made that knowledge a guilty burden. With all his faults—and she could name a virtue to balance every one—she did love St. John, but it was too late—she said it with a gasping breath—too late to tell him now. Once, twice, thrice the opportunity to restore amicable relations between them had knocked at her door, and she had refused it welcome. How could she know it would never come again, and for that her heart would writhe in such a passion of sorrow and remorse?

In a sort of dull amaze that such things could prosper, she heard the rumor of the wedding preparations. In a kind of frozen horror she watched the dawning of the wedding-day, feeling that somehow, in God's providence, the event it was appointed to celebrate must be arrested. In a strange, awful stupor she went through the routine of her daily tasks, counting the lessening moments, as she measured time for her pupils, until the fatal hour of evening arrived. The looked-for intervention had not come. The church-bell sent forth its merry wedding call, and she saw as in a vision the bridal procession moving up the aisle and sweeping into position before the surpliced priest, heard the solemn charge to the parties that if either knew any reason why they should not be joined in holy wedlock they should then and there confess it; heard the grave, searching questions, and the low, faltering responses, and last of all the sacred words so often profaned in

application—"Whom God hath joined together let no man put asunder."

And under all the smiles and congratulations that followed she saw and felt a deeper woe than that which breaks in tears and groans over open graves and coffined dead.

THE TRAINING OF CHILDREN.

THERE is no office higher than that of a teacher of youth, as there is nothing on earth so precious as the mind, soul, and character of a child. No office should be regarded with greater respect. The first minds in a community should be encouraged to assume it. Parents should do all but impoverish themselves to induce those to become the guardians and guides of their children. To this good all their show and luxury should be sacrificed. There they should be lavish while they straiten themselves in everything else. They should wear the cheapest clothes, live on the plainest food, if they can in no other way secure to their families the best of instruction. They should have no anxiety to accumulate property for their children, provided they can place them under influences which will awaken their faculties, inspire them with higher principles, and fit them to bear a manly part in the world. No language can express the cruelty and folly of that economy which, to leave a fortune to a child, starves his intellect and impoverishes his heart.—CHANNING.

ANECDOTE OF A CANARY.

BY M. O. J.

MY canaries at one time had but one young bird in the nest, and as they gave to this one the care and feeding that three or four would have usually shared, the little thing nearly lost its life, simply from *stuffing*. Its pouch* was so crammed that it could scarcely breathe, and it lay on its back, looking as if it would live but a few moments.

The mother wasted no time, but like a human, reasoning creature, went speedily to work for its relief.

What could she do? She seemed to know just what was the matter, and that her little one could not live thus burdened. She ran her beak down into its mouth and into the pouch, time after time, drawing out the surplus food.

As soon as this was accomplished, up hopped the young bird, as well and bright as ever.

* Those who have raised canaries have noticed the transparent pouch on the neck, into which the food passes first, being afterward withdrawn for digestion.

MARVELS OF THE INSECT WORLD.

BY J. B. D.

THIRD PAPER.

AS we have already said, the second stage in the life of an insect is that of the larva. Into this it enters immediately on issuing from the egg. The word *larva* is Latin, and signifies a mask, and was originally adopted by Linnaeus, who regarded insects whilst under this form as being masked. The term is applied by naturalists to the young of all insects, though, in popular language, the larvæ of butterflies and moths are called *caterpillars*; those of beetles, wasps, bees, and the like, *grubs*; and the young of house and blow flies, and other two-winged insects, are known as *maggots*, and sometimes as *worms*. The common earth or angle worm, however, is not a larva, nor, indeed, do modern naturalists regard it as an insect at all. Accepting this popular division, we shall, in the present paper, proceed to give, as fully as our limits will permit, an account of the more interesting points in the history of the caterpillars, leaving the grubs and worms for our next article.

On first leaving the egg, the young caterpillars are wonderfully small. The full-grown caterpillar of the goat-moth, for instance, is seventy-four thousand times heavier than when it emerges from the egg; but it seldom attains this size in less than three years. Caterpillars, however, grow rapidly, being voracious feeders, and devoting all their energies to the process of eating. A silk-worm often devours its own weight of mulberry-leaves in a day. Some caterpillars are even more voracious, eating in less than twenty-four hours twice their own weight. Most of them feed at night, remaining motionless and in a sort of torpor during the day.

With the exception of the young of a great number of moths, which live on furs, woollen stuffs, hides, lard, and other fatty and animal substances, all caterpillars feed on plants, some on the flowers, others on the seeds, a few on the roots, many on the woody portion of the stems, but the far greater number on the leaves. Plants the most acrid and poisonous, are no more spared than those the most harmless. Even the spurge, with its fiery juice, and the nettle, armed with its stinging bristles, are the favorite food of some sorts of caterpillars.

It is not a little remarkable that the colors

of caterpillars, as a general rule, are quite different from those of the insects into which they are finally transformed. Plain and inconspicuous caterpillars will sometimes come out resplendently colored butterflies, while, on the other hand, some of the plainest butterflies are produced from brilliant and attractive caterpillars. Nor is this remarkable difference confined to color, but is visible in almost the whole of the exterior structure of the two forms of the same insect. Yet, by skilful dissection, the future butterfly can plainly be seen under the skin of the caterpillar, complete in all its parts—wings, antennæ, trunk, everything. They are only in the bud, so to speak, and appear out of proportion from being so closely folded up. Still, they are there, as the embryo of the plant is in the seed, or as the rudiments of the leaf or the flower lie folded in the bud.

The bodies of caterpillars are generally composed of twelve segments, or rings, besides the head, with nine spiracles, or breathing-holes, on each side. The head is of a hard, horny nature, with six small, shiny, distinct spots upon it, which are regarded as simple eyes. Generally, in caterpillars of this latitude, the head is smooth; but, in those of tropical countries, it is often curiously armed with spikes, prickles, and other extraordinary appendages. The mouth is adapted for cutting, tearing, and chewing the substances on which the caterpillar feeds. These are very various, and extremely different from the food of the perfect insect. In the mouth, also, in the middle of a broad under lip, is situated the spinning apparatus of those species, as the silk-worm, for instance, which, when they change into the pupa or chrysalis, envelop themselves in cocoons. It is a small, elongated, hollow organ, with a single opening, and capable of being lengthened or shortened, and moved about in all directions, at will.

The thorax, comprising the first three segments of the body, is furnished with three pairs of legs, hard, scaly, and armed with hooks, representing the legs of the perfect insect. Besides these, caterpillars have from four to ten false legs, or pro-legs, as they are called, the last pair being situated at the hinder end of the body. These false legs are soft, mem-

branous, and fleshy, and take, according to the will of the animal, very different forms, contracting or expanding, as the case may be. They are provided at their extremities with a sort of circlet of minute hooks, which aid the caterpillar in holding on to the branches of shrubs. All the legs are very short, being, in fact, rather feet than legs.

The various forms, numbers, and positions of these supplementary soft feet, produce great differences in the mode of walking of caterpillars. Those provided with eight or ten, distributed along the body, walk with short, quick steps, and a slight, wave-like motion. Others, in proportion as the number of false legs is less, and the space between the legs increases, walk in a more irregular and quaint manner. One with only four supplementary legs, for instance, begins its first step by humping its back, and curving into an arch the middle portion of its body, where there are no legs. The position thus taken is pretty nearly in shape like the Greek letter α . It then finishes the step by lifting the six true legs clear, and carrying the middle and fore part of its body forward till a full-length position is again reached. The same movements are repeated in all subsequent steps. It must be understood, however, that these loopers, or measuring-worms, as we call them, from their peculiar mode of walking, as if they were measuring off their way, cannot shorten or lengthen their bodies, like other caterpillars, but only bend them.

There are many species of these looper caterpillars which have the power of fixing themselves by the two hind feet to the stem of a leaf or twig, and stretching themselves out as straight and as stiff as a rod, so that, being in shape and color very like a twig of the tree or bush on the leaves of which they feed, they can scarcely be detected, even by the closest observer. They remain in this position, motionless and rigid, for hours together—a feat of strength, says a French naturalist, “which the most skilful of our acrobats, ordinary and extraordinary, which all the Leotards of the present day, and those who are to succeed them, can never accomplish.” “If one considers,” writes Reaumer, “how far we are from having in the muscles of our arms a force capable of supporting us in such attitudes as these, we must own that the power of the muscles in these animals is prodigious.”

All caterpillars change their skins many times during their lives; and the skins or cases they cast are so complete that they might be taken for entire caterpillars. The hairs, the

cases of the legs, the claws, the hard and solid parts covering the head, the jaws—all these are found in the skin which the insect abandons. Nor is this all. The internal skin of the stomach, of the intestines, of the spiracles, or breathing pipes, are also thrown off. While undergoing this process, the caterpillar does not eat, but absorbs the fat beneath the outer skin. It loses its customary activity, and becomes motionless and languid. Its color fades, the skin gradually dries up, and finally splits below the back, on the second or third ring. The part of the body opposite the split continues to swell, and rising above the sides of the fissure, lengthens and widens it like a wedge. The upper portion of the body, corresponding to the first four rings or segments, is thus laid bare, and the caterpillar has an opening large enough to allow it to leave its old skin. This excessively laborious operation is finished in a very short time. The new dress in which the caterpillar now appears is bright and fresh in its tints, and the colors and markings are often considerably different from those of the rejected skin. The insect, also, becomes all at once so much enlarged in size, that one can scarcely conceive how it could have been contained in the old skin, out of which it has just crept. The cast skin is frequently so very perfect that it might almost be supposed to be the caterpillar itself.

The skin of some caterpillars is naked; that of others is furnished with hairs or bristles, or thorns, hard, inflexible, and sharp-pointed. The spines of one species are as hard as iron wire. The hairs on many of our American caterpillars sting like nettles, blistering the skin when touched, and have even been known to cause the death of persons stung by them.

The caterpillars of several butterflies and moths live in large societies, in habitations, or tents, sometimes of a pyramidal form, and constructed by their united labor and ingenuity. In all the nests of these social caterpillars, care is taken to leave apertures for going out and in, the laborers seeming to agree among themselves as to the particular points where these doors are to be left. It is remarkable, also, that, however far they may ramble from their nest, they never fail to find their way back when a shower of rain or night-fall renders shelter necessary. How they do this will be discovered by a close examination of their path, which will be found carpeted with silk—not a single caterpillar moving an inch without leaving in the road behind a silken thread, as a guide for others to follow after him, and to facilitate his

own return. All these social caterpillars, as a consequence, move more or less in processional order, each following the line of march which the first chance traveller has marked out with his silken line. Hence they are often called processional caterpillars.

Many caterpillars construct protective and concealing cases or sheathes by agglutinating together various substances. Some roll together leaves, and fix them by threads, thus forming a dwelling for themselves; and a few burrow out galleries in the substance of leaves. The caterpillar of the clothes-moth forms itself a covering out of the long hairs of the cloth upon which it feeds, and, like all caterpillars that feed under cover, it would sooner perish of starvation than eat without this protection.

Another very minute caterpillar, of a family of small moths often found feeding on the leaves of pear-trees, forms an ingeniously constructed tent for its habitation. This tent is from a quarter of an inch to an inch in height, and about the thickness of an oat-straw. It is composed of a piece of the leaf, not cut out from the whole thickness, however, but artfully separated from the upper layers, as a person might separate one of the leaves of papers from a sheet of pasteboard.

The caterpillar of another moth, which feeds on the lichens growing upon stone walls, builds itself a movable tent formed of detached grains of stone, bound together with silk. Under this it goes about feeding until ready to enter the chrysalis state, when it fastens its tent to the stone and spins its cocoon. Still another caterpillar selects the down from the catkins of willows, which it joins together, fibre by fibre, into the shape of a muff, which it carries about with it as a protection while feeding.

Some caterpillars seem to have a wonderful power to resist severe cold, and authenticated instances are on record of their revival after being frozen stiff. They have, in fact, been brought back to active life, after freezing so hard as to clink like stones when thrown into a glass.

But space will not permit us to go further into this interesting subject, and we shall conclude our present paper with a brief reference to the fine illustration we give this month of one of the most charming of the *Vanessa* group of butterflies—the *Vanessa Io*, or Peacock Butterfly. It is a very common, but always attractive European species. There is a pleasing elegance in the contour of its wings, and an incomparable freshness in their general color, brick-red though it be, which go far to justify

the title of "the queen of butterflies," given to it by the old English naturalist, Dr. Montiet, in the early part of the sixteenth century. It is very easily to be recognized by the peacock's eyes, to the number of four, one on each wing, which have gained for it the name it bears. The eyes on the upper wings are reddish in the centre, and surrounded by a yellowish circle. Those on the lower ones are blackish, with a delicate, violaceous-gray circle around them, spotted with blue.

The peacock appears first in the spring, a second time in the summer, and not unfrequently again in the fall. It is met with in woods, in lucerne fields, and in gardens. The caterpillars feed upon nettles, and are of a gregarious habit, eating, in closely compacted flocks, on the same branch, and moving off together to a fresh one when necessary. They are of a velvety black, with white dots. Each of the segments of the body, with the exception of the first, bears six spiny branches, more or less covered with small, stiff hairs. The chrysalis, generally fixed to the leaves of the plant upon which the caterpillar feeds, is at first greenish, then brownish, and is ornamented with golden spots.

A MOTHER'S INFLUENCE.—A man finds he cannot make his way in the world without honesty and industry, so that, although his father's father's example may do much, he has to depend upon his own exertions. He must work, he must be honest, or he cannot attain to any enviable rank. But the tender soothings of a mother, her sympathy, her devotedness, her forgiving temper—all this sinks deep in a child's heart; and let him wander ever so wide, let him err, or let him lead a life of virtue, the remembrance of all this comes like a holy calm over his heart, and he weeps that he has offended her, or he rejoices that he has listened to her disinterested, gentle admonition.

IN our every-day life we meet with men of fine talents and acknowledged literary or scientific abilities, whose usefulness is much impaired by their dietetic excesses. Many of them may not be conscious of the injury wrought by the highly-seasoned meats and drinks of which they are so fond, to body and brain; and when indigestion, dyspepsia, headache, or neuralgia, drive them groaning to the physician, they suddenly realize the gastronomic improprieties of which they are guilty, and whose penalties they now undergo.

JACQUELINE.

BY VIRGINIA F. TOWNSEND.

CHAPTER V.

WHEN Squire Thayne reached home that day, after his interview with Philip Draper, he found company—pleasant company he saw by Jacqueline's face as she came to meet him, that face which he knew like a book, better even than his favorite ones, which is saying a great deal.

The company in this case proved to be Sydney Weymouth, the son of the head proprietor of the woollen factories. Squire Thayne had hardly seen him since he set out from Hedge-rows, a bright, young stripling, more than a decade ago, to prepare for college. The elderly man looks at the younger now, with the bright, shrewd eyes under the gray, bushy brows; thinks what a fine, stalwart-looking fellow he is; wonders how much of the old man, his father's stuff, there is in him; if, with a certain inherited basis of the elder Weymouth's shrewdness and energy, there is an essentially finer and deeper nature, out of which life will have a chance to work something more than a prosperous moneyed man. Otherwise, with all his good looks and agreeable ways, he will not occupy a very high altitude in Squire Thayne's estimation, the man having his own standard of judging of his kind, giving to thinking, if not often to saying, of many a swimmingly prosperous business-man of his acquaintance—"Little more, after all, come to line and plummet him, than another poor old Dives, when 'thy soul shall be required of thee.'"

I am not just certain whether Squire Thayne had ever said this of the successful proprietor of the woollen factories or not. The two were townsmen and neighbors, and Squire Thayne liked to have an hour's talk with the man; and at a certain level the two got on admirably, although, had Stephen Weymouth had any idea what was going on in the silent, shrewd brain of his companion regarding himself, he would have been, to say the least, startled. But Squire Thayne liked to talk with all sorts of men. He had none of Jacqueline's fastidiousness, or could put it into the background better than she, and was not so easily bored.

He met his guest cordially. And they were the kind of men to fall at once into easy talk together. There was no trouble here to find something to say to each other, as there often

is between people who have long been apart, and whose interests and experiences have widely diverged meanwhile.

Jacqueline looked wonderfully animated. It appeared that for the last two hours she and young Weymouth had been keeping up a brisk conversation. She had always liked her old playfellow; and now he came, setting ajar with his words, his very presence even, the gates and doors of her childhood, and she looked in upon old happy scenes as our to-morrows will always turn and look upon our yesterdays, and it began to seem to her that they were once more just boy and girl sitting together, with only the same old, bounding life and careless fun and talk going on between them.

Philip Weymouth had been easily prevailed upon to remain to lunch; and it transpired then that he had not forgotten the last time he sat in the pleasant little breakfast-room, and Jacqueline was his hostess. Yet he never once complimented her on her improvement in person or mind during this long interval, as most men certainly would most women who had deserved it less than Jacqueline Thayne. Certainly Sydney Weymouth would have done that most gracefully to any other woman whom he knew; and herein you have one key to the man's character.

After Squire Thayne's arrival, the conversation swelled into wider channels; and here, too, the guest sustained himself fully. It was years since the elder gentleman had been abroad, but he never forgot anything he had once seen. And it happened that young Weymouth's lines of travel had fallen largely into those which Squire Thayne had followed more than a couple of decades before.

Jacqueline was content to listen to the two now, although she was no stranger to the whole ground, having been over it so often with her uncle. Indeed, she quite unconsciously often slipped in some remark which showed so familiar an acquaintance with the subject that Sydney Weymouth was thoroughly amazed.

On one of these occasions he said to her—"You say you have never been abroad, Miss Jacqueline, and yet, if I had in the least forgotten the native, downright truthfulness of my old playfellow, you would compel me to doubt your word. Why, there isn't a woman, Squire

Thayne," turning to that gentleman, "in a hundred, who has been on the ground, who is familiar with these details your niece knows by heart. What does it mean?"

Jacqueline laughed in that clear, softly amused way which Sydney Weymouth had not forgotten. "Uncle Alger and I have taken the journey so many times in the old library together, that it would be an unanswerable proof of my stupidity if I knew no more about these things than I should, having been there once to see with my own eyes. Why, I was fairly brought up on his travels and tumblings about the world."

"The truth is," said Squire Thayne, looking at his niece as he never looked at anything else on earth, "my conscience is always twinging and twitting me of playing the part of some old mediæval guardian toward my little girl. I've kept her shut up here at Hedgerows as young maidens were kept in the days when it was unsafe for them to wander outside the sight of the moat and towers of their own feudal castles; and she has made me believe she liked it better than anything else in the world, and whenever my conscience has pricked me into settling it that we should set out for Europe without delay, she has found some excellent excuse for putting it off another year. She is good at those things when she fancies I am putting myself out to please her; but the truth of it is, I saw through the sophistry all the time, and the shame of it is, I was selfish enough to act on it."

"Now, Uncle Alger, I've waited patiently for you to make your peroration," laughed Jacqueline gayly, "but I warn you it is the last time I shall sit thus meekly by and hear you anathematize yourself without interfering. As for being shut up in feudal castles, and things of that sort, I assure you, Mr. Weymouth, there has never a winter gone by, since I left the middle of my teens, that we have not duly made a journey to the city, and I've plunged into crowds and excitements until I grew thoroughly tired and bored, and plead hard to be brought back to Hedgerows. I own, when Uncle Alger started the going abroad project, I've always said, and I only wish all my remarks had been as sensible and to the point—'If I live, there's plenty of time for all that yet; if I die, what's the difference, Uncle Alger.'"

Both the gentlemen laughed. "Yes, that is precisely what her answer has been," said Jacqueline's uncle.

"I do not in the least doubt it," answered

young Weymouth—"I know her of old, and it sounds just like her—so much, indeed, that if I had heard the speech alone, I should have been certain it came from my old playmate, Miss Jacqueline Thayne."

"Why, was I really in the habit of once amusing you with my speeches?" inquired Jacqueline, with perfect innocence.

Her guest lifted his eyebrows—"I think you were," he said. "I trust you have not outgrown the habit."

A little while after this—I am sure I have lost the links, I only know they had drifted out again on the current of young Weymouth's travels—he was relating some amusing anecdotes which had transpired during a day's visit to Versailles. He could tell a story well, this Sydney Weymouth. He could catch all the bright, picturesque points of an event, and adapt it to his hearers, too.

His listeners evidently enjoyed his talk, but Versailles was a prolific topic, and started a long discussion on art and the times of Louis XIV.

At that name Jacqueline burst in—"Let me warn you in time, Mr. Weymouth, that you are approaching dangerous ground. My Uncle Alger is the most charitable man in the world; and for all kinds of human lapses and infirmities he has the broadest sympathy and pity; but when it comes to the Bourbons and the Stuarts, his native kindness fails him. The crowned heads who bore those names seem to be to him an impersonation of every kind of evil."

Her uncle rubbed his hands and laughed. "Find some good thing to tell me of the races," he said. "What a track of desolation and death they leave through history! What forgiveness can an honest, native-born American, brought up on George Washington, nurtured on the grand old names of the Revolution, have for men like these, with all the hard, merciless vices of the despot in almost every one of them, whether you find it under the grace and splendid presence of Louis XIV., that magnificent Sardanapalus, or of his cousin, that hard, merciless, obstinate bigot, James II. The Revocation of the Edict of Nantes stands against one, the drowning and torturing the Scotch Covenanters the other, and for the work they did, and the misery they wrought, God may forgive Stuart and Bourbon, but how shall the man who reads history?"

"One can only do it, remembering how every particle of the sacred and anointed skin and bones for which they had so high a regard has

blown, long before this, as Dickens puts it in his felicitous way, to 'dust impalpable.' "

"I certainly share your feelings, Squire Thayne, with regard to both races," answered Sydney Weymouth, "only I think my historical aversions include a good many other names besides those of Stuart and Bourbon. They were no worse, it seems to me, than a host of others we might name."

"No; but they sinned, like Judas, against light."

"Look at poor Elizabeth Gaunt arranging the fagots which were to burn her, on the very threshold of the eighteenth century; and think of that magnificent monster, Louis XIV., draining the very life-blood of a nation—that's no fine metaphor, but a plain, downright fact this time—to adorn his palaces, and deck his mistresses, and make a blaze of splendor about his royal self. Ah! I ground my teeth thinking of it all among the splendid columns and glowing canvas of Versailles."

"Yes, it sets an American's heart and brain at work, as he gazes on all that splendor," replied Sydney Weymouth, and I really believe he fancied, for the moment, that he felt all he was saying.

"But," said Jacqueline, "what a retribution the gods, grinding their mills slowly through the centuries, have ground out for both families! Think of that cup of red wrath, the French Revolution, which the Bourbons drank to its bitter dregs, and of the Stuarts, wandering, uncrowned and homeless, about the world, their kingdom lost, their very name a scoff and by-word."

"And think of that monster, King Bomba of Naples, and that wretched Isabella of Spain! The flourishing green bay-tree cut down to the roots. Thank God! oh! thank God!"

Squire Thayne's voice reminded me strongly of the grand old fervor of some Methodist elder.

This, of course, was a side issue in the talk, yet I could not fail to put it down, letting you, as it does, into one side of the characters of these people; but the conversation got back again on more personal and local grounds.

They talked of Hedgerows, and of the people, and of the changes; of which latter, in the prosiest town, a decade must always have a large share; and of Sydney's father, and how well he bore his years; and of the elder man's desire that his son should settle down into a resident of Hedgerows, and a partnership in the factories—a solid, prosperous berth enough for any young man.

This brought back to Squire Thayne the scene which he had witnessed that morning in the office. He spoke now. "I see, Weymouth, your father has a new superintendent. I met him at the office when I dropped in on business to-day."

"Yes. Philip Draper is a good fellow—companionable, too, on a sail or a tramp; a man of culture, also—out of college not very long ago. I expect he's had some tough, up-hill work of it through life, although he never says much of himself."

"I liked the fellow heartily," said Jacqueline's uncle. "There's good stuff in him. He impressed me strongly at this interview."

Jacqueline looked at her uncle. She knew better than anybody else what strong praise this was, coming from him. She felt a momentary curiosity to see this superintendent, but forgot it the next in listening to her guest.

Somehow, though he was not really conscious of it, this praise grated a little on Sydney Weymouth; he could not for his life have told why, only from that time he did not like Philip Draper as well as he had done—had a vague feeling of antagonism impalpable as mist toward him.

He answered again—"Draper's a bright fellow, and seems to give very good satisfaction at the works." No very ardent praise, you see.

Perhaps the fact struck Squire Thayne. He was a man given to observing small things, but, with all his shrewdness, his great heart always kept him from growing cynical and morose over the weaknesses of his kind—such a good, broad, genial man to the core, that I love to write about him.

It was almost sunset before Sydney Weymouth took his departure. He would be sure to come again soon, and you might be certain he would be welcome when he did, from the kind of invitation which he carried away both from host and hostess.

Jacqueline, between her fastidiousness and her real soft-heartedness, was frequently driven to straits when it came to the temperature of her invitations to the Manse, as her uncle had a comical habit of calling their home.

The commonplace, half-pretentious type of people bored her immensely; she had no patience with it; was always relieved when its time came for leave-taking; yet when it came to letting anybody leave their threshold without carrying away a last warm sense of welcome, her heart always roused itself to the rescue, with sundry little reminders of con-

science lest she should overstep the bounds of truthfulness even in inviting a neighbor to call.

Her uncle and she had accompanied their guest to the door. After he had gone, they stood there a moment, looking at the splendor of color in the sunset.

"I wish Ruskin was here to see that," said Jacqueline, who had been deep in his "Modern Painters" of late.

Her uncle did not answer. He was looking at one cloud which stood out long and fiery from the bronze heap behind like some lofty human figure, golden mists seeming to sweep away on one side like yellow, floating tresses of a woman.

"What are you thinking of that cloud?" asked Jacqueline, seeing where his gaze rested.

"It was only one of my foolish fancies, child. But it seems to me Boadicea must have looked something like that when she rode down in her chariot in her crimson robes and floating hair, to meet the Roman legions on the field of Camaladonum. The grand old Britoness! What a figure she makes on that background of history! One brave heart, and that a woman's, defying the pride and power of the world!"

"Yes, it was glorious!" answered Jacqueline. "And with a little imagination you can have the whole battle-scene drawn out for you in the clouds up there. All the gray masses on the left are the Roman legions, with the horsemen and the banners, and the eagle whose beak has torn 'The noble heart of Britain, and left it gorily quivering.'

And then on the other side are the soldiers, with their forest of darts and bucklers, and the chariots and the scythes, and Boadicea, with her fair hair and her floating raiment, in the front. A grand figure, as you say, Uncle Alger."

And while they gazed, the whole dulled and blurred slowly, until the tall figure of Boadicea, and the chariots with scythes, and the Roman legions with their banners and horsemen, were first one huge brownish mass, and then a heap of light gray.

"Come in, it's chilly," said Jacqueline's uncle, closing the door, as the fall wind crawled up from the distant marshes, where it had been hiding all day.

"Well, what do you think of young Weymouth?" asked Jacqueline as soon as they regained the room.

"I like him. He's agreeable and intelligent. I'm really pleased to see he's turned out so well," said Squire Thayne, glad to say the very best he could of the son of his old townsman and neighbor—Jacqueline's old playmate, too.

She answered with animation—"I think he is all you say, Uncle Alger. I don't know when I've enjoyed a visit so much as I have this one. Sydney—I can't help going back to the old name—seems to have studied, and seen, and thought to some purpose all these years. I always liked him, you know."

"Yes; he was a bright boy," answered her uncle. And then the tea-bell rang.

During the meal, Squire Thayne related to his niece the scene which he had witnessed that day in the factory office. Such a story could not fail to touch and interest her. After her uncle was through, she made sundry inquiries about Philip Draper, very much what a woman would be likely to do, the principal points referring to his looks and address.

"I really should like to see him," she said.

"I intend you shall," replied her uncle.

"It must be dull work for the poor fellow, a stranger, too, shut up here at Hedgerows."

"I saw that by the way his face brightened when I asked him out here."

Sydney Weymouth, walking leisurely home that night, switching off with his cane the leaves from some hazel clumps on either side of the road, thought to himself that he had had a capital visit that afternoon, and that Jacqueline Thayne had made a grand sort of woman, handsomer, too, than he could have ever fancied possible, remembering her thin, colorless childhood.

She interested, stimulated him. She had always done that, with her bright, quaint ways and face when they were boy and girl together. He compared her with all the other women whom he had known, and she stood, to quote his own thoughts—and if he had been truly and inwardly capable of appreciating such a woman he would never have had so coarse and flippant a thought of Jacqueline Thayne—"head and shoulders above them all."

Beyond that, it came upon him all of a sudden that it might be worth his while to try and win this Jacqueline Thayne for his wife.

She was not precisely the kind of woman he had fancied, in an indolent way, would sometime wear and do honor to his name; but there was a strength and flavor about her which he relished, and which made other women seem dreadfully insipid when he came to compare them with this girl. Jacqueline would interest and amuse him always, he thought, and he should never get tired of her, which he should, for a dead certainty, of an ordinary woman.

"The dash and sparkle in her, the brave,

proud, fiery spirit"—you will bear in mind here I am quoting Sydney Weymouth's thoughts—suited him. Moreover, he had a secret feeling that Jacqueline Thayne's heart would be something better worth having, if a man once got it, than most women's.

Now, whatever was best and choicest in the world, Sydney Weymouth had a feeling belonged of right to himself—a wife among the rest. It is true, in the midst of all these thoughts which made so strongly for Jacqueline, he had a few secret misgivings. He was a little afraid of something in her, he could not precisely tell what; but it was a certain disregard of the world's opinion, a courage and downrightness which he had a little fear might be masculine.

But he remembered the smile with which she had looked up in her uncle's face that afternoon—the womanly sweetness, and tenderness, and devotion that shone out of her eyes. "Once let that girl love a man, and I wouldn't be afraid to trust her," thought Sydney Weymouth, switching off more leaves, and not noticing how the sunset dashed a red flood of wine over them.

The young man thought, too, how it would snit his father and his mother to see him settle down in Hedgerows with Jacqueline Thayne for his wife. There would be a handsome fortune waiting for her in Squire Thayne's will, for everything the man possessed would, of course, fall plump into his niece's lap.

"That consideration would not weigh so heavily with me as it would with father," thought Sydney Weymouth, possibly with a faint notion that there was something slightly mercenary or material in that "consideration," and when you came to money there was nothing miserly about him. "I've a foundation at hand, and prospects in store which, thank the gods, set me quite above any need of fortune-hunting in the way of a wife."

Through all this it never once entered Sydney Weymouth's thoughts to ask himself whether he was worthy of Jacqueline Thayne, whether he was the man to make her happy.

He took all that for granted. He certainly had a general wish and intention to treat well the woman who should be his wife, and it was his settled conviction that if any man in the world possessed every qualification necessary to promote the pride and happiness of such a woman, that man was pre-eminently Sydney Weymouth.

Turning an angle of the road, he came suddenly upon Philip Draper. The two young

men shook hands cordially, and walked some distance together—their way lying in the same direction.

There was no shade of difference in the manner of either, as they talked about the weather and the news, and had over their jokes, and one quoted a scrap of Horace, and another complemented it with a smack of Virgil. And it may be that that unacknowledged feeling of antagonism made young Weymouth a little more pronounced in his cordiality to his friend, for he had never said more heartily than he did when the two parted at the corner, "Don't turn the cold shoulder, Draper, as you've been doing of late, on an old crony. Show your face up at the house a little more frequently."

The other made fair promises, but Sydney Weymouth did not inform his friend where himself had been that afternoon, nor allude in the remotest degree to the Thaynes.

CHAPTER VI.

For several days Philip Draper had been promising himself that he would accept Squire Thayne's invitation to his house, and yet, when the time came, he always found some excellent excuse for putting it off, all the while secretly desiring to go.

He was no coward, this Philip Draper. Whatsoever, thus far, life had brought him to do, he had not failed in the prompt, brave doing. Once show him that his work lay that way, and he would have gone to the wilderness and faced all the dragons that haunted it; but for some unaccountable reason the young man—not so very young either, for he was deep among his thirties, did shrink from walking up to the front door of the Gothic stone cottage, with its quiet, mediæval air behind its greenery of clumps and shrubs.

I think Philip Draper had a vague, blind instinct that across that threshold some fate waited for him. It was singular how often at this time his thoughts were hovering about the inmates of that quiet house, between the pine woods and the widening of the river; but you must remember, despite the outward bustle and activity of the superintendent's life at this time, how essentially lonely and barren one side of it was, the deepest and best. So in the midst of driving bargains with sharp dealers in piles of wool, in the midst of all the jar and thunder of the vast machinery, as he mounted one story after another of the vast building, a face so misty, so much like a vision or a cloud that he was hardly aware of it himself, floated

before Philip Draper, but its faint, pure, shadowy lineaments were those of the woman whom he had seen when he stood under the bridge, and the face was drawn clear and pure as some rare sculpture against the murk and the shadows of the coming night.

He felt a craving curiosity to know more of the owner of that face, and of her uncle, who had made so strong an impression on the young man; yet though the way had been smoothed for him to the very threshold of the Thaynes, and it was the most natural thing in the world for him to take it, Philip Draper never actually found himself on the road.

One day, however, going home, if his boarding-house must, in want of a better, stand for that name, Philip Draper came plump upon Squire Thayne in his buggy. The latter was going home, the name in his case representing a fact.

"Ah! how do you do, sir?" he said, drawing up at once, and offering his hand with great cordiality. "I'm on the road home. Jump in and go out to supper with me."

The younger man hesitated an instant, and then took the current which came in his way. He sprang into the buggy, and in an instant young Draper found himself bowling along the road after Squire Thayne's brown mare.

Ten minutes' ride brought the two home. Squire Thayne showed his guest right into the library. You know already what sort of room that was; and I hope by this time you have seen far enough into Philip Draper's real self to fancy how this would strike him on first sight. He heard his host go to the foot of the stairs and call—"My bairnie! my bairnie!"

I may as well say here that Squire Thayne had had an old Scotch nurse, who had woven her own homely vernacular all through his first decade. Squire Thayne clung to the broad old Scotch through all his after life, loved it dearly, as any good man loves the scents and sounds of his childhood. It was always cropping out in his talk.

Philip Draper heard a swift rustle of woman's garments along the staircase, and there was a low murmur of voices, and some soft laughter between, and then the door opened, and Squire Thayne came in and introduced his niece to Philip Draper in his own fashion; for the individuality and the deep humor of the man made him always go through with these little ceremonies not exactly after any prescribed form.

So the man and the woman looked at each other. Jacqueline Thayne wore this evening

a white dress, with some little woollen jacket in dark blue, for the days were getting shorter and colder. It was as simple a toilet as possible, you see; but the white and the soft blue gathered about her throat were very becoming. Perhaps she looked unusually well this evening. I do not know.

This, then, was the face, shadowy, and misty, and sweet, which had been floating before Philip Draper all these days. I only know that when he beheld it, it seemed to him such a face as he had been dreaming of all his life, and in his eyes it wore some divine sweetness, and radiance, and loveliness, and that he thought of Helen, and of Guinevere, as she rode out from her silken tent to meet King Arthur; and of Enid, as she sat in her frayed and faded garments by her wounded knight, Geraint, and lifted up her tearful face to the gaze of wicked old Earl Doorn; and of all the beautiful women he had ever read and dreamed about.

Now, Jacqueline Thayne would have made no such impression on the eyes of most men as she came into the library that afternoon. Every man has his own ideal and type of beauty, I suppose.

It happened that Jacqueline Thayne's face, the strong, delicate outlines, the dark browns of hair and eyes, the faint touches of color, was above all others the type which suited Philip Draper.

The girl looked at the man, too, as she shook hands with him—a rather scrutinizing gaze, for she was a little near-sighted. I do not think the face struck her particularly at first sight. It was not so handsome as her uncle's or Sydney Weymouth's, she probably thought; and yet she would find all the time that if there was any disappointment in Philip Draper's face, it came with the first glance. The more you looked at it, the more you found in it of power, strength of the heart and soul which lay behind it.

Neither do I think, in the talk which followed during the next half hour, and which really had little worth setting down here, that Philip Draper showed himself at his best—at least to the girl. When it came to her uncle, he got on better.

To say the man was embarrassed, or, worse yet, bashful, in the presence of this woman, would seem to take away from him all the elements of a hero. Yet, for awhile, he never came so near feeling awkward and ill at ease in his life, as he did with that girl's bright, calm eyes upon him; his ideas never seemed

so slow, his faculties so little at his command, as was proved by his thoughts, which kept on in a kind of chiding undercurrent—"Rouse up, man! What's the matter with you? Don't make a fool of yourself."

Jacqueline did not share in any secret feeling of this sort. She could not help taking an interest in the man of whom her uncle had related such a story as the one he had witnessed in the office; but for all that she would have found a good deal more to say—have probably enjoyed the first half hour a good deal better, if Sydney Weymouth had sat in Philip Draper's place.

Squire Thayne, however, in the depths of his cool, sagacious mind, had come to the conclusion that there was something in this man, whether it lay on the surface or not, and he set about angling for it skilfully.

By the time they got out to supper he was a good deal thawed. People with much essentially in common, with wide, eternal affinities and sympathies, may not always get on at first half so well as those whose attractions lie wholly on the surface.

At that quiet supper-table, with all its tender home atmosphere about him, with the face, to him beautiful and divine in its womanliness, behind the tea-urn, with the talk of his host waking old memories of his college days and happy tea-drinkings at the tables of some of his old professors, although the talk then lacked some fine flavor of force, and feeling, and humor which was in his host's to-night, Philip Draper quite came out of his shell.

Interested and stimulated more and more, he regained the mastery of his faculties. It is true he had never had any of Sydney Weymouth's opportunities—had never been outside his native land, and, in fact, had seen but a very small slice of that; but it is of less consequence how much a man sees, than, to put it in Carlyle's trenchant way—"What he brings eyes for seeing."

Philip Draper was still a young man, but he had thought and felt more than most old ones. The problems of human life had come up one by one, and perplexed and saddened him more or less, as they had saddened and perplexed Jacqueline Thayne; although her path has been so unlike his, climbing up sunny, and smooth, and sheltered from childhood to womanhood, with never a salt-breaker of sorrow dashing across it; but she knew for all that what steep, barren, flinty roads were outside her own flower-bordered ways.

Philip Draper was a native-born student,

and he had devoured books, and his brain and heart had digested them afterward.

As he grew at ease during the supper, more or less of himself came into the conversation, notwithstanding he was naturally modest, and usually a little reticent.

"I haven't been disappointed in the fellow," thought Squire Thayne, and he looked pleased as they got on one and another of his favorite authors, and Philip Draper proved himself at home with them.

When they returned to the library, they found the fire blazing in the chimney, the room filled with a summer-like glow and warmth; while outside the night-winds groped up from the marshes through the chill, damp air, and moaned desolately at the windows; and it seemed to Philip Draper, as he looked about him on the warmth and softness, and home climate of the room, that he was nearer heaven than he had ever been before; and that the lady in white and blue before him was just the fitting divinity of the place.

Jacqueline had enjoyed the talk at the supper-table. She returned to the library with a new interest in their guest of the evening. As they were taking their seats, she glanced at her own, and turned toward a chair, thinking hers hardly dignified enough to occupy in the presence of a stranger.

Her uncle saw the movement. He turned quickly, placed his hands on her shoulders, and quietly placed her in her own seat—"There, bairnie, that's your place," he said.

And from that time the little hybrid, between campstool and chair, was a throne in Philip Draper's eyes.

He did not know it, but he turned and smiled on the girl, and Jacqueline's face started, and a little flush, half of surprise, dawned upon it. Philip Draper's whole face had taken part in that smile, and she thought the first look she had taken of him must have been in a poor light.

"I fear you must have found Hedgerows a little dreary," she said, speaking what came uppermost after that smile.

"One is apt to any place, I suppose, where all faces are alike strange ones."

"Ah! yes, my dear fellow, I know how that seems," said Squire Thayne, thinking of his first year in South America.

"You have, however, the same stuff to keep you from rusting and moping that I had—hard work."

Young Draper laughed. "Yes, whatever virtue there is in that, those two hundred people

down there at the factory seem determined that I shall have the benefit of it."

"Hedgerows seems the most charming place in the world to me," said Jacqueline, "but I wonder what it would appear if I came to it the first time, a stranger, without you, Uncle Alger."

"Very much the sort of place that it has to our friend here, I suspect," said the girl's uncle.

But Philip Draper began to think Hedgerows would never seem to him what it had for the last weeks.

So their talk lingers about the place and the people awhile, and then diverges; and the old man and the young one get interested, and the lady sits still and listens, for the most part, but her wide, brown eyes are no longer cool and calm as they were before supper. They have grown dark and radiant with eagerness and enjoyment, for the talk is ranging wide circles, now, of human life, of the past, and some of its grand dramas, of the present and the future.

She has gone over all this ground often with her uncle sitting in this very chair, with the red glow of the same fire on the ceiling overhead; but to-night she prefers to sit still and listen, finding this stranger at their fireside has something to say to her.

Late in the evening there comes through the hungry, desolate voices of the wind outside, a sound that startles them all—a rapping of knuckles on the casement. They turn and see a short figure at the casement, and a round, white thing that looks at first sight as much like a big plaster of dough as anything else, flattened against the panes.

"What's this?" says Squire Thayne, in the first surprise, and then, rising up and going to the long window, and opening it, while the others follow.

"Please, sir, I want the lady," says a pitiful voice, with a gruffness through its nose, and a squeak in its throat.

The gentleman by this time has drawn the boy inside, and the light dazzles his eyes, and the warmth strikes softly to the very marrow of his chilled bones.

"Now, where did you come from?" he asked, looking at the small, miserable object.

But Jacqueline has recognized it—the hair "like unpicked oakum," the shambling figure, the pinched, wilted mask of a face. She goes straight toward it, and then she starts back with a sudden shock, seeing what a terribly swollen blue-black eye turns toward her.

"You are the boy that I met on the bridge. You are looking for me," she says in a moment.

"Yes'm"—diving the toes of his old shoes into the carpet. "You told me to come here when I was hungry, and I'm dreadful."

"Poor child!"—drawing nearer to him at this confession, just as she had drawn that night on the bridge. "But where did you get that black eye?"

"My mother gave it to me. She took whiskey yesterday, and got high, and turned me out-of-doors."

Jacqueline turned her white, shocked face toward the two men. For a moment she could not speak. Her uncle came forward now.

"Come, my boy," he said in his kindest tones, "we will go out into the kitchen and see if we cannot find a good, warm supper, in the first place," and he took the cold, scrawny hand in his own large, warm one.

"I will go with him, Uncle Thayne," said Jacqueline, coming forward.

"No; one's enough"—looking at her face. "You must keep Mr. Draper company," and he went out and left the young man and woman alone together, with the fire humming in the chimney, and the winds fretting drearily outside.

Jacqueline settled herself down in her old seat—the shocked look on her face.

"It's a dreary world after all, I'm thinking," she said. "What do you make of it, Mr. Draper?"

"Not much. I fall back at last to remembering it is God's world, but sometimes it seems as though He had very little concern for it.

"If I had Uncle Alger's faith," she said. "He expects that it will all be made clear and right, sometime."

"So did my mother," answered Philip Draper, and then he was astonished at himself; he had hardly spoken to any woman of his mother since he had watched the gray clouds smoothed over her.

At that moment Squire Thayne came back. "The boy's in Paradise now," he said, "over a good, warm meal. One wants to bring a little of his sauce of hunger to the table to find out the sweetness there is in bread and butter."

Jacqueline understood what the light words covered.

"What are you going to do with him?" she asked.

"Put him into a good, warm bed, after he has got through with his supper, and think

about the rest to-morrow. Don't look so grave, my little girl. He will get over the black eye in a few days."

"But not over the whiskey and the bad mother," said the girl, sorrowfully enough.

"No; that is the worst of it," said Jacqueline's uncle. "We must try and do something for him. Where did you come across him?"

"I met him on the bridge one evening, returning from a walk; and the child's wretched looks smote me to the heart. I gave him some pennies and told him to come out here the next time he was hungry. It seems he hasn't forgotten; but the mother, drunk and brutal, was worse than I thought."

Philip Draper did not supplement Jacqueline's story with what he had seen himself; he only added—"Perhaps I can find some berth for him in the factory."

"Oh! thank you," said Jacqueline, turning

upon him a face with a sudden smile shining out of it.

"Well," said Squire Thayne, "if I hadn't made up my mind long ago that God's world was quite too large for me to carry on my shoulders, I don't think I should have lived to see this day; but I've got on, with lending a helping hand where I could, and leaving the rest with Him.

"The boy's case is bad, but a full supper and a warm bed have made his cup full for one night. What were we talking about, you and I, Mr. Draper, when the rap came at the window?"

They took up the old threads again, and wove them into another hour's talk; and I cannot tell which heart was the lighter, the boy, in his warm, fresh bed up-stairs, or the superintendent as he went home that night.

(To be continued.)

LAY SERMONS.

LOVE NOT CONSTRAINED.

MRS. EARLY had been fretted at the breakfast-table. The butter-knife, not being in its place beside the butter-plate, had given occasion for a sharp reprimand.

"Don't let me have to speak of that again," said Mrs. Early to the servant, in a tone of voice that made her husband's flesh creep, as we say.

Mr. Early glanced into her face, but its expression was so disagreeable to him, that he turned his eyes away. At the same time there came into his thoughts these lines of Shakspeare's:

"A woman moved is like a fountain troubled,
Muddy, ill-seeming, thick, bereft of beauty,
And while it is so, none so dry or thirsty,
Will deign to sip or touch one drop of it."

When it is known that Mr. and Mrs. Early had been man and wife for only about six months, it will be admitted that something was going wrong. The young husband had plucked his rose, the sweetest, to him, that the garden bore; but, somehow, it was losing beauty and fragrance.

The morning meal passed almost in silence. Mr. Early kept his eyes, for most of the time, on his cup and plate. It was never pleasant to look at his wife when she was out of humor. The expression of her face hurt him. Why was she out of humor? You know the cause. A careless or hurried servant had forgotten the butter-knife in setting the table—that was all.

Mr. Early only took one cup of coffee on that

morning. He usually drank two. Finishing the meal before his wife was done, he pushed back his chair, and, rising, said—"I'm in a hurry this morning."

He did not come round the table to kiss his wife—a little ceremonial which she had so perseveringly required at every daily parting, that her matter-of-fact husband began to reluct at the constrained salutes, but turned off abruptly and went into the hall to get his hat. Particularly was the kissing humor absent on this morning. Kissing was, with him, a sign of love, and he saw no image of love in the troubled fountain of his young wife's spirit.

"Why, Frank," cried Mrs. Early, in surprise, and with reproach in her tone. He understood what she meant, but it was always a hard thing for him to act against his feelings. Just then his wife was unlovely in his eyes, and he didn't want to kiss her.

"Good morning!—I'm in a hurry." And he started for the street-door.

Mrs. Early waited until he was near the end of the hall, and then springing up from the table, ran after him. He heard her coming, but did not pause. Opening the door, he passed out and shut it behind him. He felt that there was something hard, almost cruel, in this, but the fountain, in his eyes, was "muddy," and he had no desire to "sip," or touch one drop of it.

Mrs. Early stood in surprise and disappointment for some moments, and then going into the little parlor, sat down and cried. Unfortunately, she did

not clearly understand the case—did not see how, if there was defect of love on her husband's part, it was because she had made herself less lovely in his eyes.

When Mr. Early returned at dinner-time, he was in a repentant mood, and wished to atone by words and acts of tenderness for his neglect of the morning. But his wife gravely declined the proffered kiss, and looked at him with sober, accusing eyes.

"Oh! just as you please," was the slightly offended remark of Mr. Early. And taking up a book, he sat down and read until the bell announced dinner.

The meat was overdone, and Mrs. Early scolded about it sharply.

"A poor sauce for a bad dinner!" so Mr. Early thought, but, of course, kept his thoughts to himself.

Trifling omissions in setting the table, which a quiet word aside to the servant would have instantly supplied, were made the occasion of sharp reprimands that were especially disagreeable to Mr. Early. He ate in silence, and with contracted brows. Strangely oblivious to the real effect upon her husband by her table-lecturings and complainings, Mrs. Early kept up her fault-finding almost to the end of the meal. She was in an unhappy humor, and gave voice to it, as a kind of relief, without reflection. If she could have known just what was passing in her husband's mind, her lips would have been closed in sudden silence. You may think it strange that her perception was at fault. Her husband thought it strange. Indeed, he felt that she must have known how unpleasantly her conduct was affecting him; and this gave him less patience. It seemed to him that she was giving annoyance wilfully.

Mr. Early left the dinner-table, as he had left the breakfast-table, abruptly, and went away to his business. The parting kiss, as in the morning, was omitted. This time the young wife did not ask for it. There was considerable crying through the afternoon, and some thinking. After the crying came the thinking. There was a calmer state, but perception was at fault in the main. Pride came in to dim the clearness of her mental vision.

"I'll not beg for love!" she said to herself. "If he has no kisses to give, I will not gain them through solicitation."

So, when her husband came back at day's decline, she met him with a composed manner, slightly reserved, and without an intimation that she desired or expected the kiss he had prepared himself to give. We say, prepared himself to give—not from love, but from constraint. The kiss was not offered. There was a manner about the young wife that caused him to withhold it—a manner not usual, and not quite understood.

During tea-time no jar occurred. If everything was not just to Mrs. Early's mind, she repressed complaint. Once or twice her husband saw a cloud forming, and began to brace himself for a storm;

but there fell no rain, flashed no lightning. A few quiet sentences passed during the meal. They felt better on rising than when they sat down. Early looked into his wife's face, soberer than usual, yet veiled with a kind of tender depression that touched his feelings. "Have I been unkind?" he said to himself. The very question softened him. His wife came round the table and stood by his side. They walked from the room together, into the lower hall, and up the stairs. On the way he drew his arm about her waist, then bent down and kissed her lips—not with constraint, nor with a careless dash, but with a soft, lingering pressure, born of a loving impulse. The low, sweet thrill that ran through the heart of Mrs. Early was almost new to her.

"What does it mean?" she asked herself, in a kind of surprise, as she leaned toward her husband, yielding to the closer pressure of his arm. On reaching their sitting-room, Mr. Early withdrew his arm gently, and taking up a book, sat down to read. Neither was yet entirely at ease. Something unpleasant had arisen between them, and it was not yet wholly removed.

Mrs. Early's thoughts were still more than usually active. Seeing that her husband was getting absorbed in his volume, she took a late magazine, and tried to find interest in its pages. She had not read far, before a passage arrested her attention that made her heart beat quicker. She read it again, and then began pondering its meaning. We give the passage:

"Love is not constrained, but spontaneous. It is dimmed by solicitation; it is hurt by chiding. If you would be loved, you must put on the graces of loveliness. Thousands of young wives have poured out unavailing tears for the love they might have kept by sweet deportment. They fret over things disagreeable in their households; they scold their servants at meal times; they veil their countenances with peevishness, dissatisfaction, or anger, and then demand kisses and signs of love! But love is repelled, not won. From all this comes estrangement, not conjunction."

Almost stealthily, after reading the passage twice, did Mrs. Early glance across to her husband. His face was in repose; his lips wore a pleasant expression; his book was interesting him. Rising, she quietly left the room. Sitting down in another apartment alone, she began reviewing her conduct in the light of this new revelation, and saw it as she had never seen it before. Her cheeks burned as she remembered how rarely a meal had passed of late, without its quietness being marred by reprimands addressed to the cook or waiter. She was almost always fretted at the table because of some neglect or deficiency which a little forethought on her part might have remedied; and so very few meals were really enjoyed by either herself or husband.

"I will reform all this!" said Mrs. Early, when the whole case stood out clearly before her. "I don't wonder now at the variable temper of my

husband, hitherto a mystery—at the fact that clouds have fallen so often and so suddenly over the sunshine of his face. The fault was my own. As for kisses, I will win, not demand them, in the future. If they are withheld, I will look for the cause in myself, and not in my husband.”

On the next morning, a little before the breakfast hour, Mrs. Early went down to the dining-room and kitchen to see if things were being done in right order. Two or three serious omissions met her eyes. She repressed her quickly rising anger, and instead of scolding until her blood was heated, calmly but seriously pointed out the neglect, for which there came an instant acknowledgment, and a promise not to be careless again.

Still, even with this care and forethought, all defects were not foreseen and mended. On taking the cover from the sugar-bowl, on sitting down to the table, the vessel was found empty. This was a thing of frequent occurrence, and was usually accompanied by a sharp reproof, given volubly and with angry, flashing eyes.

A slight premonitory shiver ran along the nerves of Mr. Early. There had been an enjoyable calm and pleasant sunshine, but here came the cloud again, suddenly darkening the summer sky. He paused for the storm to break.

But there was no storm. There was scarcely a dimming of the light in his wife's face. She lifted the empty bowl, in a quiet way, and handed it to the servant, speaking to her aside and in an undertone. The servant said—“Oh! how could I have forgotten!” with sincere regret in her voice, and quickly supplied the omission.

When Mrs. Early looked across the table and saw the expression of her husband's eyes, which were fixed upon her, she had her reward. Admiration was slightly veiled by wonder.

How very small this incident! What a trifle it seems! But little things are pivots on which the motion of greater things depends. They are the keys by which we often unlock treasure-houses of happiness or misery.

When Mr. Early arose from the breakfast-table, his wife did not spring up as usual to demand her parting kiss, but sat with a gentle, subdued aspect, looking at her husband with love-lighted eyes. He came round the table, and stooping, touched her lips in a pressure worth more than all the kisses she had extorted from him in a month—worth more, as her full heart acknowledged to itself that instant.

There was no impediment, no constraint in love after that. It came full and free, drawn toward its object by the magnetic force of loveliness. T. S. A.

EVENINGS WITH THE POETS.

AT REST.

BY HESTER A. BENEDICT.

I AM come back, mother, through the sunset's glory.

With feeble steps, and weary, fainting frame,
To kneel, as in my childhood's days, before thee,
And hear thy sweet lips syllable my name.

I have been here in my feverish dreaming
Beneath the splendor of our own fair skies,
That ever in their ceaseless gleaming

Bend to the brook's low-murmured melodies,
And I have felt the soft thrill of thy fingers
Through all the brownness of my tangled hair,
And to my soul the voice where music lingers,
Floated through song and charmed me from my care.

'Twas but a dream. Into my silent chamber
Laughter broke sweetly with the summer dawn,
And round the trellis where my rose-vines clamber,
Bird-notes were trembling, but I missed thy song;
And so when jewelled hands I touched in greeting,
And beauty's lips were lightly pressed to mine,
I smiled, some low and gentle words repeating,
Yet turned away to hush a cry for thine.
And now aware of the glare and splendor
That filleth all the land beside the sea,
And wild with longing for thy touches tender,
I come, I come, sweet mother, unto thee.

You mind what time from out its gilded prison
My bird escaped with sweetest of sweet trills,
And fluttered, singing, where the sun just risen
Trailed golden raiment o'er the eastern hills,

You said: "Rejoice, rejoice, my child!" and, mother,

Remembering now your look and tone and words,
I think that he and I are like each other.

Only my heart is lighter than the bird's,
And the green hills where daisy-buds are blowing,
The lowland meadow where the strawberries be,
The dark wood, and the clear brook's flowing,
Are dearer for my bondage by the sea.

But tell me, mother, if the martin builded
Her nest this year, up underneath the eaves,
And raised her young where the soft sunshine gilded,
Just as of yore, the pine-trees' whispering leaves,
If the meek kine are in the valley feeding,
The valley with the wild, deep wood behind,
And the white lambkins in the long lane leading
Where waves keep well the secret of the wind,
And tell me, lower lean and whisper lightly,
Of that which lieth o'er the hills away,
The shelly mound, where dreamily and whitely
My little lamb sleeps all the summer's day.

Ah mother mine! in all the great world's bustle
There is no place so beautiful as this,
No sound so soothing as thy garments' rustle,
No song so thrilling as thy lightest kiss;
No love so kind, so true, so tender
As that which lures to the old home hearth,
And holds me in the moonlight's softened splendour
A happy captive from the halls of mirth.
Nay, hold me closer! Do not weeping leave me;
Kiss my pale eyelids till they close in sleep,
For nothing sorrowful can vex or grieve me,
If loving vigil by my side you keep.

LONGING.

BY JAMES RUSSELL LOWELL.

OF all the myriad moods of mind
That through the soul come thronging,
Which one was e'er so dear, so kind,
So beautiful as longing?
The thing we long for that we are,
For one transcendent moment,
Before the present, poor and bare,
Can make its sneering comment.

Still, through our paltry stir and strife,
Grows down our wished ideal;
And longing moulds in clay what life
Carves in the marble real;
To let the new life in we know
Desire must ope the portal;
Perhaps the longing to be so
Helps make the soul immortal.

Longing is God's fresh heavenward will,
With our poor earthward striving;
We quench it that we may be still
Content with merely living;
But, would we learn the heart's full scope,
Which we are hourly wronging,
Our lives must climb from hope to hope,
And realize our longing.

Ah! let us hope that to our praise
Good God not only reckons
The moments when we tread His ways,
But when the spirit beckons;
That some slight good is also wrought
Beyond self-satisfaction,
When we are simply good in thought,
Howe'er we fail in action

SINCE MARY WAS A LASSIE.

THE maple-trees are tinged with red,
The birch with golden yellow;
And high above the orchard wall
Hang apples rich and mellow.
And that's the way, through yonder lane
That looks so still and grassy—
The way I took one Sunday eve,
When Mary was a lassie.

You'd hardly think that patient face,
That looks so thin and faded,
Was once the very sweetest one
That ever bonnet shaded;
But when I went through yonder lane,
That looks so still and grassy,
Those eyes were bright, those cheeks were fair,
When Mary was a lassie.

But many a tender sorrow,
And many a patient care,
Have made those furrows on the face
That used to be so fair.
Four times to yonder churchyard,
Through the lane so still and grassy,
We've borne and laid away our dead,
Since Mary was a lassie.

And so you see I've grown to love
The wrinkles more than roses;
Earth's winter flowers are sweeter far
Than all spring's dewy posies;
They'll carry us through yonder lane,
That looks so still and grassy,
Adown the lane I used to go,
When Mary was a lassie.

NIGHT STUDY.

BY REV. GEORGE W. BETHUNE, D.D.

I AM alone, and yet
In the still solitude there is a rush
Around me, as were met
A crowd of viewless wings; I hear a gush
Of uttered harmonies—heaven meeting earth,
Making it to rejoice with holy mirth.

Ye winged Mysteries,
Sweeping before my spirit's conscious eye,
Beckoning me to arise,
And go forth from my very self, and fly
With you far in the unknown, unseen Immense
Of worlds beyond our sphere—what are ye? whence?

Ye eloquent Voices,
Now soft as breathings of a distant flute,
Now strong as when rejoices
The trumpet in the victory and pursuit;
Strange are ye, yet familiar, as ye call
My soul to wake from earth's sense and its thrall.

I know you now—I see
With more than natural light—ye are the good
The wise departed—ye
Are come from heaven to claim your brotherhood
With mortal brother, struggling in the strife
And chains, which once were yours in this sad life.

Ye hover o'er the page
Ye traced in ancient days with glorious thought,
For many a distant age;
Ye love to watch the inspiration caught
From your sublime examples, and so cheer
The fainting student to your high career.

Ye come to nerve the soul,
Like him who near the Atoner stood, when He,
Trembling, saw round him roll
The wrathful portents of Gethsemane,
With courage strong: the promise ye have known
And proved, rapt for me from the Eternal throne.

Still keep, oh I keep me near you!
Compass me round with your eternal wings:
Still let my glad soul hear you
Striking your triumphs from your golden strings,
Until with you I mount and join the song,
An angel, like you, 'mid the white-robed throng.

MY LITTLE ONE.

A PRAYER.

BY EDGAR FAWCETT.

GOD bless my little one! How fair
The mellow lamp-light gilds his hair,
Loose on the cradle pillow there.
God bless my little one!

God guard my little one! To me,
Life, widowed of his life, would be
As sea-sands, widowed of the sea.
God guard my little one!

God love my little one! As clear,
Cool sunshine holds the first green spear
On April meadows, hold him dear.
God love my little one!

When these fond lips are mute, and when
I slumber, not to wake again,
God bless—God guard—God love him, then,
My little one! Amen.

GARDENING FOR LADIES.

BY MRS. E. B. DUFFEY.

WORK FOR MARCH.

WITH this month begins the actual labor of the garden; for those whose flower-beds are already laid out, whose lawns are sodded, and whose walks nicely gravelled, the work is not heavy, as it only involves a clearing away of the rubbish and leaves that have protected the beds during the winter, and allowing the sun to warm the earth.

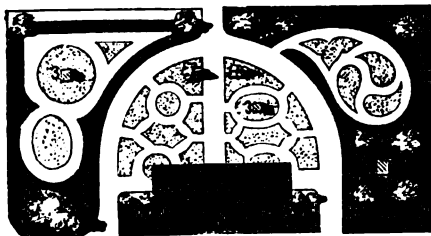
But we must suppose one amateur gardener is attempting the care of the garden for the first time, and therefore has everything before her to do.

The first pleasant day she must go out and take a survey of her premises, and see what its capabilities are. If it is only a city lot, in shape and size a small square or parallelogram, her labors are light in this regard. The inevitable border by the fence, and the circular or oval bed in the centre, is about her only resource. But if she is not limited in space, then she has ample room for the exercise of her taste.

There is one bad style that it is well to avoid, yet it is a style that is a favorite one with a certain class of self-called "landscape gardeners" and their imitators. This style is characterized by serpentine paths that wind around obstructions that have obviously been placed there after the paths were made; walks that lead nowhere in particular, and curve when they would be better straight. A master of the art, working on a grand scale, may attempt such things with success, but he is always governed by the lay of the ground, and by a regard for scenic views and scenic effects, and any imitations by an amateur on such space as an amateur usually commands, is certain to result in failure.

The simplest, the easiest, and the most satisfactory plans, in laying out the flower-garden, can be derived from combinations of geometrical figures. Straight borders, circles, diamonds, stars, triangles, are all readily drawn, easily managed, and pleasing in appearance. All the walks leading from the buildings should go to stationary objects, or encircle flower-beds.

We give this month three designs for laying out flower-beds.



No. 1.

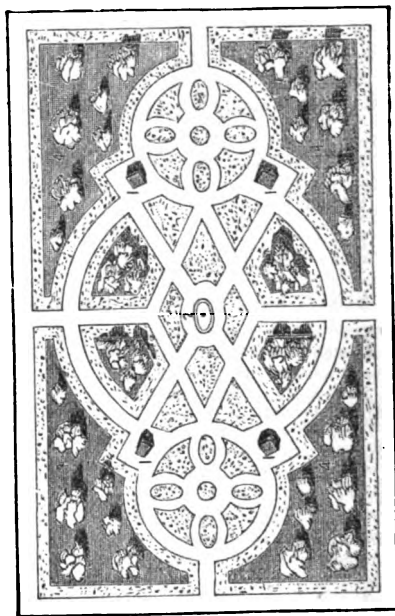
No. 1 gives a design, or rather two designs, for a flower-garden, when the garden is in front of the house, as the two sides are made different.

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Fig. 1 signifies the position of the house; Fig. 2 the veranda, and 3, 3, 3 places where large vases of flowers should stand.

The right-hand side, outside the circular walk, is a grass-plat, ornamented with shrubbery, and with a palm-leaf design of walks and beds cut in it, while on the other side the dark portion may be either grass or flower-beds.

This design may be modified in various ways. For instance, selecting either side of the plan inside the circular walk, and making both sides alike, of course, the large spaces inside the walk could be made into a miniature lawn, and planted with ornamental shrubs; or the plan might be reversed, and while the flower-beds are made outside the circular walk, the inside portion could be sodded, and devoted to trees and flowering shrubs.



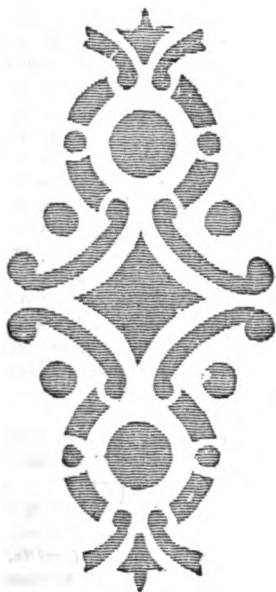
No. 2.

No. 2 gives a plan for a flower-garden, with a front of 80 feet, and running back 130 feet. The intention is that the paths shall be 4 feet wide. By reducing them to 3 feet, and size of the beds in proportion, the plan can be carried into effect on a piece of ground with a front of 60 feet only, and running back about 100 feet.

Figs. 1, 1, 1 indicate places where grass filled with plants are intended to be placed.

At Fig. 2 there should be a larger vase or trellis for some climber, or post for cypress-vine; or an arbor or summer-house may be introduced with good effect. Figs. 3, 3, 3 are clumps of rose-bushes, with bor-

ders for flowers. Figs. 4, 4, 4, 4 denote grass-plats with trees and ornamental bushes.



No. 3.

No. 3 is a graceful design for the arrangement of flower-beds on a lawn. These beds should be about two feet in width, with walks three feet wide between and encircling them.

Having determined upon the plan of the flower-beds, the next thing is to get them in order for planting. The ground should be thoroughly dug up, a good supply of well-rotted manure added, leaf-mould or dirt from the woods, and sand, if the soil is clayey. Border the beds with sod, bricks, boards, clam-shells, or whatever best suits the taste and convenience. Clear the walks of grass and roots of all kinds, and have them bricked or gravelled. If it is not expedient to do either, requiring, as they do, some outlay of money and assistance from others, those who use coal for fuel can make an excellent, hard, durable walk of coal-ashes and fine cinders—a walk that frost does not disturb, that is never soft even in winter, and that dries immediately after a rain. It is a material for walks and drives that is not sufficiently appreciated. The walk should be rounded over the top to allow for drainage.

SOWING SEEDS.—Hardy annuals, including eschscholtzian, nemophilas, candytuft, poppies, larkspurs, etc., may be sown at once. It is best to sow them where they are to bloom, and thin them out if they are too thick, as some of them do not bear transplanting well.

If it is desirable to have an early bloom of the tender annuals, they can now be sown in hot-beds, cold frames, or boxes.

A cold frame is formed by excavating the earth about two feet deep, and of a width to suit the sash to be used in covering it. The sides of the pit are to be boarded up, on the front or south side to the height of eight or ten inches, and at the back or north side some six inches higher. Fill in the bottom of this pit with fresh manure, and on the top of this a layer of good garden mould. Plant the seeds, and over the frame place a sash. On warm, sunshiny days the sash may be removed. If the weather should be colder than ordinary at night, it is well to place an extra covering of mats or straw over the sash.

Seeds may be sown in boxes filled with rich dirt, and kept in the house, the young plants well cared for until it is time to transplant them into the open air.

SHRUBS.—Transplant the hardy kinds. Let those which were covered for the winter retain their protection until the weather becomes established.

PERENNIALS that have been in place for three or four years will need to be lifted, and the roots divided. If there is a surplus, do not throw them away, but give them to your neighbors.

VICK'S ILLUSTRATED CATALOGUE AND FLORAL GUIDE.

WE have seen nothing prettier than the colored plate illustrating seven varieties of phlox drummondii, to be found in Vick's Illustrated Catalogue and Floral Guide for 1870, unless we except the natural flowers themselves, as they blossomed in our garden all the summer long, last year, almost the only bits of life and color that remained during the parching, burning drought. This catalogue is printed on tinted paper, and contains about two hundred engravings of flowers and vegetables. Mr. Vick is one of the best known and most reliable of florists and seedsmen, and all who deal with him will find him not only honorable, but liberal, and his seeds, roots, bulbs, etc., of the best quality.

This catalogue contains brief, yet explicit directions for the culture of each variety of flower and vegetable. It will be sent on receipt of ten cents—not one tenth part of its actual value. Address James Vick, Rochester, New York.

EARLY SPRING.

BY JOHN B. DUFFEY.

THE love of God breathes on the world to-day!
How holy is the air! How calm the sky!
Where floats a wealth of unhymined ecstasy
Amid the melting clouds of seeming May!
On odor-laden wings the south winds stray,
Seeking the blossoms that the hours deny;
But deem no sadness in their fluttering sigh—
'Tis o'er much bliss thus finds for utterance way.
All outer sights and sounds, as in sweet dreams,
Are seen and heard amid an atmosphere
Of shimmering rapture, by joy's tears subdued.
On such a day, wherein faint image seems
Of those that fill the measure of God's year,
How yearn we for the beautiful and good!

BUILDING AND ADORNING A HOME.

WE make the following extract from an article on rural homes, from the pen of Rev. D. Wise, in one of our exchanges:

"In favor of building and laying out for one's self, are the pleasures which accompany every creative act, and which arise from one's personal association with things around him. The act of building a home implies the deeply interesting consultations about plans, in the domestic council-chamber, which precede the employment of the architect; the delight which is caused by watching the progress of the building; the frequent, joyous visits paid to the structure during its erection. Then come the planning of the grounds; the selection and planting of trees and shrubs; the laying out of the garden; the novel experiments with flower-seeds and bulbs; and various other un-

namable little delights which spring up, like violets, in the paths of home-builders. When all is complete, there remains the pleasure of association. It may seem trivial to unsympathetic minds to say that a man feels a higher joy in watching the growth of trees and shrubs which he helped to plant with his own hands, than in beholding those planted by a stranger; nevertheless, most men, and nearly every woman, knows that it is so. There is for me a fresher beauty in the tree which I planted in my own ground, than in the one which others planted outside my fences. It is mine, I reared it. It is near to me, I love it. Its growth is its return for my affection. Its beauty is its grateful reward to me for my paternal care. The reader who does not comprehend this feeling, must charge his lack of perception to his unpoetic nature. They who know what communion with nature is understand it well. It is their own experience."

OUR NEW COOK-BOOK.

CHAPTER III.
SERVANTS.

"Expect not more from servants than is just,
Reward them well if they observe their trust;
Nor with them cruelty or mirth invade,
Since God and nature them our brothers made."

SERVANTS prove a prolific source of discourse and observation, upon which we might largely dilate; but, careful of the nerves of our readers, we will briefly allude to some few points connected with this useful, yet provoking class of society.

The young mistress of a household is often too apt to imagine that domestics who are *well recommended* are certainly to be trusted. They, therefore, depend on them, as being able to perform their several duties without any particular oversight—merely giving them general orders—and are extremely disappointed when they discover how completely they have been mistaken.

When the necessity for a new servant arises, her former mistress should be personally visited, and be carefully questioned as to the habits and morals of her former domestic, and the reason why she has resigned, or been removed from her situation. When called upon for the character of a servant, extreme care should be taken to give a just account—"doing unto others as we would they should do unto us." Angry feelings should be allowed no sway, but a calm and impartial opinion be given.

Were domestics convinced that correct characters would always be given, the certainty of their misconduct operating as obstacles to their obtaining good situations would have a powerful effect upon their behavior.

Too many servants are like the "too many cooks who spoiled the broth"—they add to the general

confusion, and are productive of waste. Just so many should be employed as are absolutely requisite to carry on the daily business of a family.

A mistress should personally inspect every department, and insist—firmly, yet kindly—upon the fulfilment of each allotted portion of labor, pointing out defects, and administering judicious commendations—when deserved. She will thus prove her capabilities as a housekeeper, and restrain any attempts at imposition. She will, also, thus acquaint herself with the dispositions and characters of those under her charge, and by a proper degree of control, advice, and kindly treatment, be made the means of real and lasting benefit to them, and secure for herself such a degree of attachment as will lead them to consider her interests their own, and make them permanent and valuable aids in the domestic economy.

The mistress of a family should have the complete control of every department, and regulate the entire machinery of the household. Kitchen utensils should be as familiar as embroidery implements; and the making of beds and arrangement of rooms be considered as simply a healthful exercise. But the nursery should be the crowning-point of a mother's attention and capabilities. The nurse should be quietly, yet closely inspected, by day and by night, for a sufficient length of time to prove her disposition and morality. Some nurse-maids are universally agreeable while the mistress is present; but no sooner is she out of sight, than the very restraint they have been forced to practise gives added strength to their natural petulance, which is wreaked upon the innocent babe. Nurses are very apt, too, to deceive parents, when suffered to take children out to walk; for, instead of carrying

them to designated places, or simply conducting them along the street a prescribed distance, they take the innocent little ones to the unwholesome, pent-up dwellings of their associates, or, what is far worse, into infamous dens, or among diseases; and in order to secure themselves from reproach, threaten or bribe their charge—if they are old enough to be questioned—and thus inculcate the spirit of falsehood. Is it not, then, most necessary, in view of such evils, to regard with a jealous eye the persons who are brought into such close contact with the younglings of the flock?

But there, are *duties due to servants!* Their meals should be regular, and their food substantial, and sufficiently abundant. Active service requires wholesome nutriment. Their apartments should be neatly and comfortably furnished, with due appliances for cleanliness. In case of sickness—unless the malady is of such a nature as to endanger the health of a family—servants should be kindly cared for, and not be sent into dirty and ill-ventilated lodgings, and among poor relations, who are unable to provide for their necessities and comforts.

Certain privileges should be extended to domestics, such as part of one day, or an evening each, or every other week for their own special use; also, they should not only be allowed, but encouraged to attend public worship at least once each Sunday. As it is very inconvenient to have the quiet and regularity of one's household broken in upon by frequent visits paid to servants by friends or relatives, it is best—upon engaging a domestic—to explain your objections, and limit them to certain seasons for the reception of such persons as you deem it proper for them to receive. *Too great a degree of indulgence*—as regards this matter—is oftentimes productive of evil, and aids in establishing a system of dishonesty, which is frequently carried on to an alarming extent before discovered.

MADE DISHES.

BAKED MACARONI.—Boil a pound of macaroni in some water, and then strain it through a colander. Whilst hot, add to the macaroni the following mixture, previously prepared. Four eggs—well beaten—one large tablespoonful of butter, some pepper, salt, and two heaped tablespoonfuls of pungent cheese. Put all these ingredients into a bake-dish, dust with grated bread, cheese, flour, and egg mixed together, and bake in an oven. If you prefer it, you can surround the compound with pie crust.

CORN OYSTERS.—Grate twelve ears of new corn off the cob, and add two eggs, a teaspoonful of milk, a little salt, some pepper, and a teaspoonful of flour. Fry as you would oysters.

CROQUETS.—Stew chicken or veal, then cut off the fat and pound the meat well in a mortar, and season it with nutmeg, mace, pepper, salt, and sweet-majoram. Form the meat into small cakes

or balls, dip them into the yolks of eggs, roll them in grated crackers, and fry them brown in lard.

CHICKEN SALAD.—Cut the white meat of a chicken into small pieces, and the celery also. Rub smooth with a spoon the yolks of hard-boiled eggs, and to each yolk take a teaspoonful of mixed mustard, half this quantity of salt, a tablespoonful of sweet oil, and a wineglassful of good vinegar. Beat all the ingredients well together, and then mix in thoroughly the chicken and celery.

COLESLAW.—Mix together the yolk of an egg, a small portion of cream, a lump of butter, a little salt, and some vinegar. Boil all together, and pour it over the slaw.

DRESSING FOR RAW TOMATOES.—Half a teacupful of cream; one hard-boiled egg, chopped fine; one teaspoonful of mustard, and two teaspoonfuls of sugar; a small portion of vinegar, some pepper and some salt. Mix all together, and pour over your tomatoes, previously sliced.

DRIED BEEF WITH EGG.—Chip your beef, and add to it a piece of butter about the size of a walnut. When sufficiently warmed, beat an egg or a few eggs, throw them into the pan containing the beef, and let the mixture remain on the fire until thoroughly cooked.

EGG SAUCE.—Melt some butter, but do not let it become too thin or oily; chop two or three hard-boiled eggs fine, put them into a bowl and pour the butter over them, and shake them well together.

EGG CHEESE.—Put a quart of sweet milk over the fire, and when it is boiled, stir into it a quart of buttermilk, and the yolks of eight eggs, well beaten. When it has formed into a curd, dip it out, put it into a fine cloth and let it drain; add a little salt. When cold, it is fit for use.

FORCE-MEAT BALLS.—Procure an equal quantity of lean veal and suet; chop them very fine, and season to your taste with sweet-majoram, summer savory, thyme, and a small portion of pepper and salt. Moisten with vinegar or water and the yolk of an egg.

HASHED BEEF OR VEAL.—Mince the meat fine, adding some of the fat, put it into a stewpan, with gravy or water; season it well, and if you please, add some catsup. Do not let your hash boil, for that will make it hard and tough, but let it simmer: have ready a dish well heated, and have ready also some toasted bread; pour the meat into the hot dish, and add in the toast. When meats have been previously cooked, when used for hash they should only be heated through.

LOB SAUCE.—Take about one and a half pounds of cold roast beef, and cut it into small pieces. Prepare some broth from the bones of the cold meat: skin about ten Irish potatoes and four onions; put these into a pot with the broth, and stew gently over the fire. When all the substance is extracted from the meat (shown by its fibrous appearance) and the potatoes and onions are boiled to a mash, throw in a little pepper and salt, some butter and chopped capers, or any pickle cut small.

OMELETTE.—Beat the yolks of six eggs very light; beat the whites to a stiff froth; add one teaspoonful of milk, some pepper and salt. Put a small piece of butter in a round pan, pour into it the eggs, and cook it slowly over the fire.

MACARONI A L'ITALIAN.—One pound of macaroni is sufficient for three persons. Have ready three pounds of beef, or any meat left from the previous day; brown it with a small portion of butter in a frying-pan, then put it into a saucepan, cover it with two quarts of water, and boil it into a broth; add two sliced onions—previously browned—and half a dozen tomatoes, and stew thoroughly, until reduced to about one quart; then strain it through

a colander, and add to the liquor, pepper, salt, cloves, and a small quantity of allspice. Half an hour before serving dinner, pour into the boiling broth a saucerful of browned force-meat, and half a tumblerful of vinegar, and at the same time break your macaroni into it; stir until sufficiently cooked. If the macaroni absorbs too much of the broth, add a little hot water to it. When nearly done, add a dessertspoonful of butter. Before the cooking is complete, the macaroni must absorb all the broth. When served, it is to be eaten with grated Dutch, Parmesan, or Italian cheese. In fact, any dry or sharp cheese will do.

TOILET AND WORK-TABLE.

FASHIONS FOR MARCH.

There is no special change in fashion to be noted this month. We give the usual styles in front part of magazine, to which we refer. Speaking of winter bonnets, *The Queen* says: The bonnets have all become round hats, or rather turbans, very high in front, and trimmed in the middle or on the left side with a large buckle of metal or precious stones. We must not omit to note that white bonnets are no longer worn. They are considered as a distinctive mark of persons who do not know how to dress. The bonnet now should be of the same shade as the dress, and be made partly of satin and partly of velvet. Bonnets designed to be worn indiscriminately with all dresses should be black, of tulle and lace, velvet and lace, or velvet and satin. But it must not be concealed that a black bonnet, although worn by elegant persons in certain circumstances, is not considered as an elegant bonnet, or one to be worn in paying visits; from the moment that the dress is not black, the bonnet must be of the same color. This is the only case in which the bonnet does not match the dress, and this distinction must be fully established, for the black dresses, so generally adopted, without colored bonnets, would have the air of mourning. The colors preferred for bonnets to be worn with black dresses are especially that beautiful shade called *prune de Monsieur*, a mixture of violet and purple of extreme richness; next come bottle green, very dark blue, almost black, garnet, caroubier, and raspberry—all rather sombre, but very rich tints.

DESCRIPTION OF RECEPTION AND VISITING DRESSES.

No. 1.—A very *distingué* reception-dress in two shades of the same color. The model was of a rather dark salmon-color, with trimmings of golden or Bismarck brown. The second flounce is of the dark color, and all the trimmings in the same

shade; a plain piece, matching each flounce, is scalloped and laid on with a piping as a heading to each flounce. Hair in loose braids and low in the back, with a band to match the dress, encircling the head. A gold chain and locket pendant is worn best with this dress.

No. 2.—A handsome visiting-dress, made in rich green and black changeable silk. The model is perfectly charming, and the illustration shows it well except the color, which was dark and rich, and suited to the season. The bottom of skirt, which is plaited *à la Tasse*, is graduated at each side, and the narrow ruffles set to correspond on each side. The overskirt, it will be seen, is separate, back and front, and lapped at the sides. A black velvet sack with lace trimmings would complete this costume, but we prefer to illustrate waist and sleeve, which will be well understood without description.

No. 3.—A full and elegantly trimmed black gros-grain, with skirt cut *en train*, but of moderate length. Each alternate ruffle is run with narrow velvet. The front is seen in the engraving, and the ruffle that defines the front breadth is carried entirely around the bottom, and has four rows of velvet on the ruffle, and one to separate the ruffle and the heading. A second ruffle is graduated down the front, but at the sides and back is of the same width as the first; this one is plain, with only a row of velvet between the ruffle and the heading. A bow, with two broad ends finished with one plain and one velvet trimmed ruffle, ornaments the back; the sash ends should be fifteen inches deep, as there is no overskirt. The waist trimming is graduated deeper at the back, and the sleeve has a cuff simulated. The neck is finished with lace, and a scarlet velvet with locket pendant is worn appropriately with this; also a band of scarlet velvet, with the tie at the top and in front of the braids, which are moderately high.



SPRING.



NAME FOR MARKING.

This robe m
trimming of the
a braiding decor
braided with sea



THE

This is a r
dress or ho
white lawn
sleeve. A
velvet is set

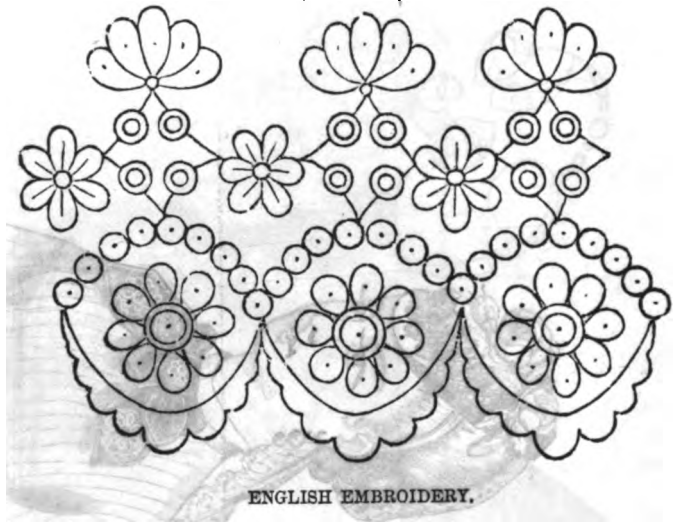
and so as toils may be made either of black silk or of the same material as the dress with which it is worn. For plays a ruff dresses that are made for indoor wear and without a casaque, it will be found particularly useful.

SPRING MANTELET (front and back view).



SPRING BONNETS AND HATS. (FURNISHED BY MME. DEMOREST.)

- No. 1.—La Couteusa Bonnet, composed of a puff of ruby satin and diadem and necklaces of black Spanish lace. Ornaments, ruby satin marguerites, with jet centres.
- No. 2.—Touquet of light-gray felt, with brim turned up on the sides, and faced with green velvet. Black lace scarf round the crown, ends falling low over the chignon. Spray of roses, with foliage laid on the top of the crown, the spray of leaves extending over the side.
- No. 3.—New spring Hat of black straw, narrow brim, bent down; full plaited trimming of black velvet, finished with trail of madonia vine. Long gauze veil.
- No. 4.—Diadem Hat of black horsehair, embroidered with cheville, and trimmed with black velvet and bouquet of mixed flowers. The straw diadem is scalloped out upon the front edge, a fine vein of embroidery following the line of the scallops, and surmounted by a quilling of black lace, pointed on the edge, and forming the necklace, which is completed by a bow of velvet in front.
- No. 5.—A new spring style, composed of a double fluting of straw, across the centre of which is a twisted band of black velvet ribbon edged with lace. Lace necklace ornaments, black velvet, and large rose with leaves.



ENGLISH EMBROIDERY.



BRAIDING PATTERN.



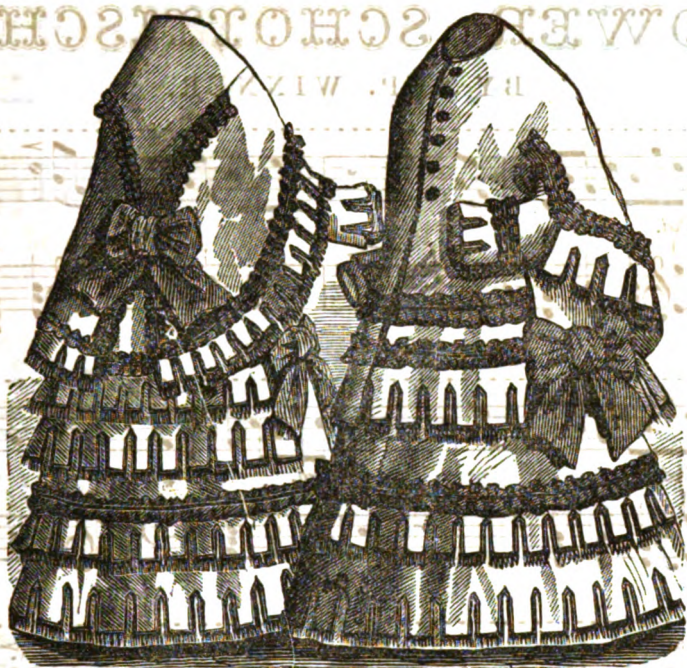
EMBROIDERY PATTERN.



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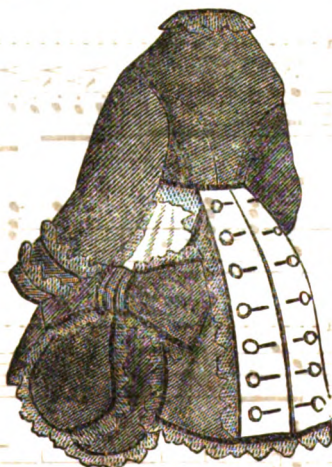
FASHIONS BY MME. DEMOREST.



CORINNE SUIT.

The underskirt is made with two volants—one ten, and the other four inches in depth: these are cut in battements, the lower one three inches wide, and same in depth, the narrow one half an inch less and headed by a plaited ruche.

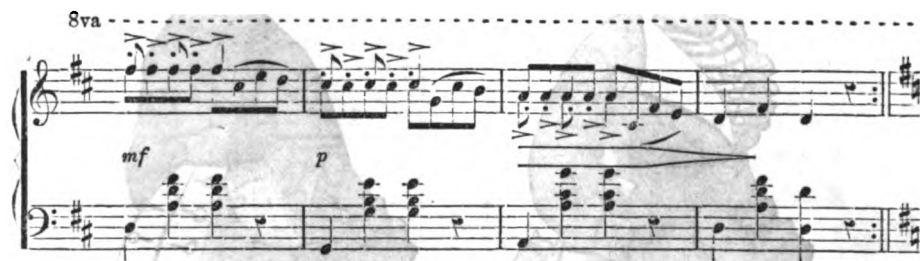
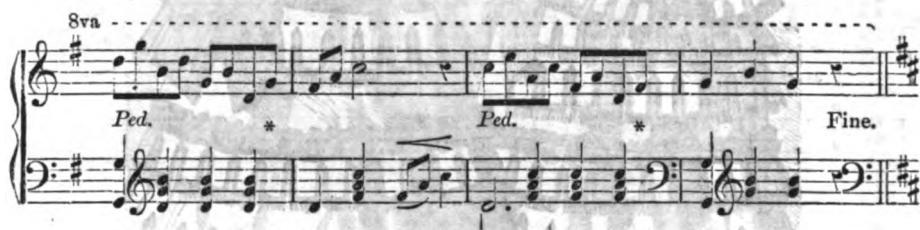
The mantle forms an overskirt, and in the back has two volants; and in front one, and an additional row of quilting. The shape is that of a straight sack, narrow and open at the side, and simply connected by a band of material, upon which a large bow is set. The hanging sleeve is cut in one with the front, and, from the shoulder-seam, is separate from the rest, and held in place by the bow attached to the belt. The model, from which we have described, is a suit made in green poplin, with ruche, bindings, and fringe of violet silk. These shades blend beautifully, and make an elegant costume.



THE GOSPARITO COAT.

A magnificent velvet coat. Waist made tight with open front and vest, revers and vest of silk. Vest trimmed with horizontal strips of velvet and buttons; plain coat-sleeve, with two rows of lace forming cuff. Skirt of medium length open at the sides, which are caught together with a large bow. Slashed up in the back with a back facing of silk trimmed with buttons. The whole coat trimmed with lace, either English thread or guipure.

BOWER SCHOTTISCHE.



(196)

8va loco.

p *f*

This system consists of a grand staff with a treble and bass clef. The treble staff has a dashed line above it labeled '8va loco.'. The music begins with a piano (*p*) dynamic and a key signature of one sharp (F#). It features a series of eighth and sixteenth notes in the treble, with corresponding chords in the bass. A forte (*f*) dynamic is marked later in the system.

TRIO.
Dolce. L. H. 8va loco.

p *cresc.* *f*

This system is marked 'TRIO.' and 'Dolce. L. H.'. It features a grand staff with a treble and bass clef. The treble staff has a dashed line above it labeled '8va loco.'. The music begins with a piano (*p*) dynamic and a key signature of one sharp (F#). It includes a crescendo (*cresc.*) and a forte (*f*) dynamic.

8va loco.

p *cresc.* *f*

This system continues the musical piece with a grand staff. The treble staff has a dashed line above it labeled '8va loco.'. It includes a piano (*p*) dynamic, a crescendo (*cresc.*), and a forte (*f*) dynamic.

8va loco.

p *cresc.* *f*

This system continues the musical piece with a grand staff. The treble staff has a dashed line above it labeled '8va loco.'. It includes a piano (*p*) dynamic, a crescendo (*cresc.*), and a forte (*f*) dynamic.

8va loco.

p *cresc.* *f* Da Capo.

This system concludes the musical piece with a grand staff. The treble staff has a dashed line above it labeled '8va loco.'. It includes a piano (*p*) dynamic, a crescendo (*cresc.*), a forte (*f*) dynamic, and the instruction 'Da Capo.' at the end.

FASHIONS BY MME. DEMOREST.

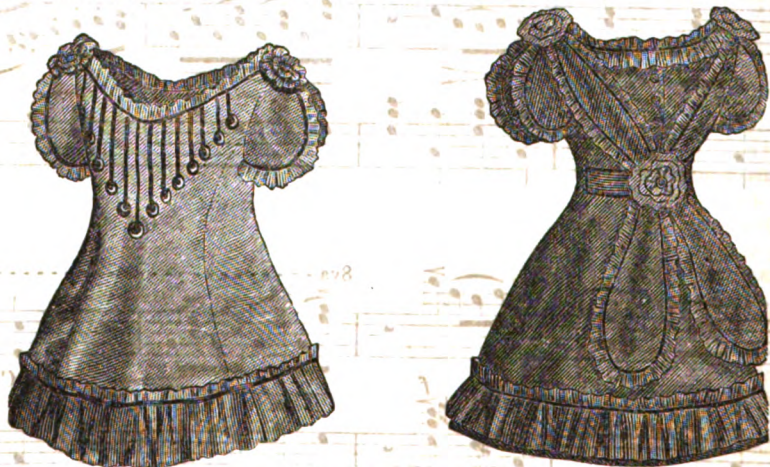


No. 1.—EVENING DRESS.

No. 2.—WALKING-DRESS.

No. 1.—Evening dress of crimson gros-grain, the back breadths full and plain, medium train, fifty-five inches back, for a skirt of forty-one inches front. The side breadths are gored, and two plaited ruffles in white silk set the entire length of the seam; the ruffles are two and a half and one and a half inches respectively. These are laid in small box-plaits, and the seam covered with a narrow box-plaited ruche of the dress material. One third of the front breadth is of the crimson, and the rest in white silk. At the bottom is set a seant flounce, eight inches deep, of the crimson; and above this one of twelve inches in white. Each of these flounces has very little fullness, and the upper one, it will be seen, has vandykes formed of the ruching. These are of crimson, and finished with an open pattern of black lace. Four rows of plaited ruffle in white, with a ruche of the crimson, cover the seams and ornament the part of the front which is made in white. The overskirt is short, cut in leaf-shaped points; the back very full, and caught up so as to effect a full puff, and finished with black lace and ruching same as the dress. The front points have a plaiting of white, with a ruche of crimson to finish. The waist low and square, with a little cap of white silk for the sleeve.

No. 2.—Walking-dress of black gros-grain; skirt plain, with the exception of two bands of bias velvet, each three inches wide, set between two bias folds of the silk. A polonaise, lined and plain at the bottom, but looped high, gives a plain but elegant overskirt. The round cape is attached to the neck, and a braided passementerie of velvet and silk serves to loop both cape and polonaise. Cape and sleeves are finished with black thread lace of a rich pattern, and three and a half inches wide.



THE "DAISY" DRESS (front and back view).

A low, gored dress in pink all-wool delaine, for girls of three or four years. The bretelles extend only to the shoulder. The front is trimmed with straps of velvet of graduated lengths, in the same style as the illustrated "muslin" apron. The trimming consists of ruffles of the material, headed with black velvet. Five yards of delaine, and a piece of velvet, would be required for the dress.

ARTHUR'S HOME MAGAZINE.

APRIL, 1870.

AFTER MANY DAYS.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "TEN NIGHTS IN A BAR-ROOM."

"AHI you have cards for the wedding, I see."

"Yea."

"Are you going?"

"Yes. Can't stay away without giving offence."

"It's to be a stupid affair, I hear."

"Stupid enough. But Lyman is a character in his way, and when he sets his mind on doing a thing, saints and angels can't change him."

"There's to be no wine."

"Not a drop. Did you ever hear of such an absurdity? A wedding without wine?"

"Yes, I've heard of such things, but never happened to be a guest at so odd an affair in good society."

Talk like this was heard among a few young men, on the eve of a wedding, to be celebrated at the home of a well-known citizen residing on Chestnut Street.

A few weeks before this, in a family council at the Lyman's, a discussion took place that it is our province to record. Mr. Andrew Lyman is a merchant of Philadelphia, of high character, large wealth, and good social standing. He has two sons and one daughter. These children grew up among the sons and daughters of people of like position with their parents, and acquired the tone of thinking common to their class.

Adeline was an attractive girl in person and in manner, a little spoiled by her position, and the true grace of her sex a little marred by that saucy dash and jauntiness which too many of our girls mistake for ease and independence.

She was to be married. We cannot say that Mr. Lyman felt entirely at ease in his mind touching the future of his daughter. Not that he had any special objection to the young man who had wooed and won her. He was good

enough in his way—a fair specimen of the class he represented. The son of a well-to-do merchant, he had been fairly educated, and at the age of twenty introduced as a clerk into his father's business. He was now a partner with a limited interest, and good expectations. As to his character and personal habits, they were yet in a formative state. The influences surrounding him were not all of the safest character, and he shared the common danger of those who were subject to like influences. He might rise to a high and noble manhood, or sink to unfathomable depths of moral degradation. Nothing in his character as yet developed gave to Mr. Lyman, who had studied him closely, a clue to his future; and so, very naturally, he did not feel altogether at ease in his mind.

But, to the discussion in family council:

"There is one thing," said Mr. Lyman, speaking in his slow, quiet way, when his mind was made up, "that I have thought over a great deal. We have too much drinking at our social entertainments. At nearly all of them wine is used by young men with a dangerous freedom; and very many, I fear, are drawn on and on by the temptation of social parties to their ruin. Now, for one, I have made up my mind to stand conscience-clear in this matter."

"But we are not going to give a large party," said Mrs. Lyman; "it is only a wedding reception."

"With a handsome entertainment," remarked Mr. Lyman.

"Yes," responded the lady.

"But no wine," said Mr. Lyman, setting his lips firmly.

"Why, father!" exclaimed the bride-to-be, actually starting to her feet in surprise.

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"You are surely not in earnest," said Mrs. Lyman.

"Altogether in earnest," was answered.

"I have thought about the matter a great deal, and meant to have spoken of it before, and less abruptly than now. I wish that I could get you all to look at the matter as I do. It would be so pleasant to me if we could all see eye to eye, and act in harmony."

"But a wedding without wine, father!" said Adeline, in a voice that was almost choking.

"I have seen a number of weddings in my day," answered Mr. Lyman. "At some of them wine has flowed like water to the hurt of many. At a few of them there has been no wine. And as far as my observation goes, the presence or the absence of wine has not had anything to do with the future happiness of the parties, except so far as its presence on the occasion favored its after use."

"But it is the custom in good society, father," urged one of the sons. "We would draw the laugh upon us from everybody."

"I am sorry you said that, Horace," replied Mr. Lyman.

The color mounted to the young man's forehead; he understood his father.

"He who cannot, in a right cause, brave so small a thing as a laugh, is not made, it seems to me, of very sound stuff," added Mr. Lyman.

The young man winced a little, but answered—"If any good were to come of it, one might set himself against the customs of society. But we shall simply draw the laugh, as I said, and there the matter will end."

"My son," replied Mr. Lyman, "you may set this down as a rule that has no exception; society always gains by the right act of an individual. If I see that evil consequences flow from our social drinking customs, and break the custom so far as I am concerned, then society must be the gainer, small though it be."

"How? In what way?" asked the young man doubtfully.

"It gains through my example. Our neighbor who sees and deplores the evil of intemperance as I do, but has not the moral courage to set himself against it, strengthened by my act, grows brave enough to do in like manner himself. That is one gain. Another may be found in the fact that some weak, young man, who cannot deny his already vitiated appetite, when others are drinking around him, goes away from our house with a clear head, and it may be a thankful heart. Your friend, Hartwell, will, of course, be here?"

"Yes, sir."

"And if there is champagne on our table, will drink too much?"

"I am afraid so," answered the young man, a slight depression in his tone of voice.

"He shall never go home to his father and mother from my house, with his brain confused by wine!" said Mr. Lyman, speaking in so emphatic a way that no one for awhile made answer.

At length the daughter said—"I'd rather have no reception."

"As you like," returned her father.

But the family council could not decide against a reception. That would be a social innovation they were not independent enough to make. So the entertainment was without wine.

Was it a stupid affair? By no means. The bride was lovely—the ceremony impressive—the entertainment liberal—the company in the best of spirits. Sisters and wives who, on similar occasions, grew dull and silent as the wine exhilarated brothers and husbands, now showed unusual life and brilliancy. Young men, who were apt at social parties to be silly or boisterous, were now sensible and truly convivial, doing their true part in the festivities of the occasion.

"The pleasantest wedding reception of the season," said one to another, as the guests separated. "And there was no wine."

"No wine!" answered a gentleman to whom the remark was made.

"That's so, as I live! And I never observed the omission. What does it mean?"

"Just this, that Lyman has been brave enough to do what he sees to be right, and I honor him for it, even though not brave enough myself to follow so good an example. Of course, he'll be laughed at."

"Not by any one whose laugh is worth a dime. Sensible people never laugh at such things."

"I believe you there."

On the very next week another family council was held, but not at the house of Mr. Lyman. One of his neighbors had sent out cards for an evening party. The absence of wine at the Lyman's wedding reception set this neighbor to thinking, and gave him courage to think with a purpose. If the invitations had not been out, there would have been no party—the wine and liquor question would have decided that. But, being out, the battle between a clear perception of right, and the dread of a false public sentiment, had to be fought.

"It will never do for us to set ourselves

against society," said the wife timidly. "Some of our guests will take it as a reflection upon themselves—others will think it a virtuous affectation—a bid for notoriety, or a setting up of ourselves as leaders in a reform. We can't, indeed, husband. I am not strong enough for this."

"Shall we not be strong enough to do right, my dear," answered the husband. "No one that I have heard of laughs at or censures the Lyman."

"But theirs was only a reception. Ours is to be an evening party; and who ever heard of such an affair in good society without wine?"

"If a new thing under the sun," replied the husband, "we shall have the credit of its inauguration."

"It won't take," said the wife. "People are not going to follow our lead in that direction, you may be sure. We shall only get laughed or sneered at, and accomplish no good."

Here the daughter, a young lady of twenty, spoke out in no uncertain way.

"Don't have a drop of liquor," she said. "I'm on father's side. Young men drink a great deal too much at parties. Harry Grant took so much champagne at Mrs. Elmore's, last week, that he was foolish all the evening. I never was so sorry for any one in my life as I was for his sister Julia. And I saw Mrs. Bedford's anxious eyes following her son, George, in the supper-room, and read sorrow and pain in them whenever he put a glass of wine to his lips. I wouldn't on any account see in our house what I have seen at fashionable parties. Father is right. Don't let us have any liquors. I'm ready to face the whole world in this thing."

Thus reinforced, the anti-liquor cause prevailed, and at the party no more exhilarating beverages than coffee and chocolate were served. There were some liftings of eyebrows, and exchanging of shrugs when the company assembled in the banqueting-room, and the usual reinforcements of sherry and champagne were missed. A few of the old stagers, who came more for what they would get to eat and drink than to honor the host and hostess, and who were never able to show their best social points until after the corks began popping, were duller than usual; but a finer and more sympathetic element of pleasure soon evolved itself, and in a little while the room was echoing with rich laughter, and the mingling of happy voices.

"Well done, my friend!" said a gentleman to the host, as he stood sipping a cup of coffee.

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"Champagne always gives me the headache, fool that I am ever to touch it! But how can one resist when it sparkles in his eyes temptingly? You have done a brave thing, and I honor and respect you for it."

Now, if there was one in the company about whose opinion the host was over sensitive, this was the man. He had looked for light banter, just covering a sneer; but, instead, got hearty approval.

"I cannot set up a drinking-saloon in my house, nor make it a place of temptation for the sons of my friends," answered the host.

The man took the cup of coffee from his lips, and stood in thoughtful silence for a few moments.

"It never struck me just in that way," he said at length, quite soberly, and with a little abstraction of manner. "And yet, the idea you have put in words has more than once dimly shaped itself in my mind. Making drinking-saloons of our homes! That's just it! I thank you, my friend! I shall remember your words."

"Well, it's all over, and I'm glad of it," said the wife, in a tone of relief, after the last guest had departed. "It wasn't as stupid as I feared it would be. But there were many who missed the wine."

"Perhaps so, but they were better without it."

"I don't imagine," said the wife, "that any particular good will come of all this. Our guests of to-night, at the next party they attend, will have plenty of liquor, and drink as freely as usual. We have only intermitted, not stopped the flow of wine."

The husband made no reply. He was not over sanguine as to the effect of his example. But he had done what reason and conscience told him was right, and there he rested. As to party-giving, it was at an end with him and his family. He could not have liquor, and did not feel like again setting himself in opposition to a social custom. And so the matter soon passed out of thought, and became a thing of the past.

But, like every other right act in the world, it bore fruit. Not every one sees the harvest of his good deeds; but still the harvest is sure.

One day, nearly five years after the reception given by Mr. Lyman on the occasion of his daughter's wedding, a gentleman, after paying him some money in settlement of a bill, said—"I owe you another debt not so easily cancelled."

"Ah! On what account?" asked Mr. Lyman, with surprise.

"A few years ago you gave society a lesson and an example which have not been lost."

"Indeed?"

"Yes, sir. I was not at the wedding reception of your daughter; but I attended a large party given a week afterward, by one of our citizens residing near you. Following your good example, he excluded all kinds of intoxicating liquor from the entertainment. A thing so novel set people to thinking and talking; and I know that the sad evils that come from the free use of wine among our young people, so common at evening parties, was soberly discussed in many family circles, and that in not a few of them no party has since been given because, with some member of the family, conscience forbade the free circulation of liquors; and the rest were not willing to brave public opinion like you and your neighbor, and give an entertainment without wine.

"But I have something more nearly personal to say. I have two sons. One of them, lured on by our social-drinking customs—tempted with wine at fashionable evening parties, where 'good citizens' turn their dining-halls into drinking-saloons—lost for a time the control of his appetite. Often has he come home to us from the house of a friend, with his brain all stupid or on fire from the wine and brandy that friend has poured out for his guests, young and old, as freely as though it were water.

"He was at the party to which I have referred. His mother and I were guests, both of us bearing in our hearts a dull weight of anxiety about our boy, whose many good and noble qualities were in such danger of a sad eclipse. When supper was announced, I saw my wife's eyes turn instinctively toward our son, and knew by the expression they wore what was in her thoughts. Ah sir! they only know who have had a fear like ours what a light bound of relief our hearts gave when we clearly comprehended the fact that there was no wine on the richly furnished table.

"Well, sir, we received our boy home that night as clear-headed as when he went out. And, what was better and gladder still, were able to lead him into such a conviction of his danger that he set a seal of abstinence on his lips that has not up to this day been broken. It was the contrast of that evening, and the discussion it awakened, not only in our home, but in the homes of many of our friends, that gave light to our boy's mind, and strength to his

will. He saw himself on the brink of a dark and fearful gulf, and started back in horror. I thank you, sir, for the good example you set. It has blessed my home, oh! so richly—and many other homes, I doubt not."

And giving the hand of Mr. Lyman a grasp full of strong emotion, he turned and went away.

So, after many days, Mr. Lyman gathered from the field where he had sown in doubt a few ripe sheaves; but of the rich harvests that grew in other fields from the seed of this planting, he could not know, but many hearts gathered them in thankfulness and joy.

THE MARCH OF THE SEASONS.

BY FAUSTINE.

FIRST the spring, with rosy fingers,
Scatters blossoms o'er the earth,
Brings the song-birds and the sephyræ,
Fills the brooklet's voice with mirth;
Paints the sky with hues of azure,
Clothes the earth with robes of green,
Kisses all the slumbering blossoms
Till their blushes bright are seen.

Then appears the gorgeous summer,
With her wealth of heat and glow,
Crowned with roses red and gleaming,
Decked with lilies pure as snow;
All the passion of the tropics
Burning in her fiery heart,
Onward sweeps the queenly summer,
She has played her brilliant part.

Autumn follows in her footsteps,
Laden with the golden grain,
With the harvest fruits which prove
That summer gave no smiles in vain;
Touches with her magic brush
The leaves upon the forest trees,
And they turned to gold and crimson,
Flaunt awhile within the breeze;

Then, their slender hold unloosing,
Flutter downward one by one,
Fading, dying on the ground,
Their brilliant hues grown brown and dun;
Lying graveless 'neath the weeping
Of the dreary autumn rain,
Ne'er shall beauteous life be given
To the fallen leaves again.

But old winter, coming fleetly,
Spite of all his weight of years,
Seems the leaves and flowers to pity,
Lying dead upon their biers;
So he gives them dainty snow-shrouds,
O'er them piles the snow-wreaths high,
And above their graves the north wind
Sadly moans as he goes by.

IF.

A STORY IN THREE CHAPTERS.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "WATCHING AND WAITING."

CHAPTER II.

SHE would not break her heart over it. There was work to do in the world, and whatever mistake she had made, whatever chance of happiness she had lost—saddest of all, whatever life she had helped to mar, it was sheer, wicked waste of time and force to sit down weeping and bewailing, as if all power of action were exhausted in the past mis-doing. Better be up and working with fresh vigor; for while there is a right to do, what folly to sit grieving over a wrong done! Ah me! A million times by a million sufferers the same thing has been said; but how few in the million with strength of mind to act as well! For it is hard to put away the sorrow and regret, the longing and the pain, the tears and the lament, and bravely face a future out of which all the brightness of love, and the rainbow splendors of hope, have dropped—a future with no distinct figures in it, only a dead, level blank, to be filled up somehow with commonplace duties, cold and compulsory, like those of the present, with no heartglow or inspiration in them.

More frequently than ever, now, Paul Hermann happened in of an evening to chat an hour with Carlotta, and the "hour," unconsciously to both, quite often lengthened to two or three. They had always a host of things to talk about, though they rarely talked of themselves, and time slipped imperceptibly, while Carlotta's woes, like the ills of a chronic invalid, were forgotten momentarily in the interest of more cheering matters. Whether the professor understood the case, she did not know, nor, indeed, think. There were none of those personal confidences between them which, whatever present comfort they may seem to yield, are too often afterward remembered with regret. It is a mistake to suppose that *trust* implies the pouring of every thought, feeling, and experience into another's keeping. The strongest, truest friendships may, and I might say do, exist without the interchange of any such tender confidences. We do not love nor trust our friend the less because we do not make his bosom the receptacle of all our griefs.

It must have been three months after St.

John's marriage, for that was in midwinter, and this, I know, was in the dawn of spring, for the constellations which had flashed and sparkled so brilliantly through the crisp frosty nights were hanging on the western rim of the sky, their most glorious lights flickering pallidly now like dying tapers faintly discernible through the soft, warm mist; and there was a thunder in the valleys of streams set free from their icy prisons and swollen by spring rains, a chirrup of frogs in the watery marshes, and a balmy softness and sweetness in the air suggestive of the delicious odor of swelling buds and springing woodland flowers.

Carlotta had gone out for a long breath under the maples that stood about the house, bearing on their straight, upright branches, like candelabra alight, little, feathery, fragrant jets of bloom; and here, coming for his evening call, Professor Hermann joined her, walking up and down the sere-brown sward, which in sheltered spots began to show a tender, delicate shade of green, faint and beautiful as the scarlet glow in the branches overhead.

The soft, odorous air out-of-doors was so much sweeter and purer than the close atmosphere of the dark little parlor within, that they did not hasten to enter, but continued to walk back and forth beneath the trees, waiting the rising of a star that was to settle some light astronomical dispute into which they had fallen.

A hoarseness in the professor's voice, and a slight, hacking cough, to which he was subject, smote discordantly on Carlotta's ear. She glanced at him with affectionate concern, and taking the scarf that had dropped upon her arm, she wound it about his neck with a touch of sisterly care, folding it warmly over throat and lungs.

Her hand had hardly finished its kindly office before it was seized and covered with passionate kisses.

"My darling! my darling!" murmured Professor Paul.

A sudden chill and dread struck to Carlotta's heart, and she withdrew her hand quickly from the ardent clasp in which it was held. What meant that tender, impassioned tone, that swift, breathless caress? Had she been so blind, so

wrapped in her own selfish feelings, that she had mistaken for calm, brotherly regard a sentiment of a warmer nature? Had she unconsciously, in her open, frankly expressed pleasure in his society, fostered, and seemingly responded to a passion whose existence she had never suspected?

Gentle, sympathetic, with a delicate and intuitive understanding of her moods, Paul Hermann seemed much like a woman friend, and perhaps, in her loneliness and desolation, she had welcomed him more warmly, and manifested a greater degree of affection than the nature of their relations warranted. She could not tell if it were so—her thoughts were in a whirl and tumult—and she had never considered the matter until that moment when it seemed to her that if God had ever given her a brother she must have regarded him with much the same feeling that she cherished for this man, a still, calm, trustful affection, true and tender, but not a thing to move her soul profoundly, to rule and sway her wholly, like the master love of life.

Vague, troubled impressions, rather than clearly defined thoughts, were these which flashed on her mind in the brief space of silence that followed the professor's passionate exclamation, and she did not know that she had turned quite away from him in her sudden repulsion of feeling, until with gentle force he drew her again to his side.

Quite as rapid had been his reflections, and more clear, if not less agitated, than hers. He was not a man given to strong exhibitions of feeling, and this impulsive and unpremeditated overflow was an earnest of deeper things. However little such a demonstration might mean with others, he knew it was sufficient with them to disturb the sweet security and confidence of their previous relations, and render Carlotta shy and cold, and he saw—his thought glancing over the matter with lightning swiftness—that a full confession and perfect understanding must follow, to restore the freedom and ease so suddenly lost.

"I did not mean to startle you—to offend you, perhaps—by this premature betrayal of my love," he said gently, "but the secret escaped me unawares. After all, you must have known sooner or later how dear you are to me—dearer than anything in life, Carlotta, dearer than life itself."

She was wringing her hands in passionate distress, and he saw in the dim light that her face was pale and agitated.

"Hush! Paul Hermann, hush! You must

not say such words to me," she interrupted with an appealing gesture.

"They are truth, Carlotta," he answered simply, "Forgive the utterance at last. I have wanted so long to say—I love you, I love you, my darling!"

She shrank away from him, repelled by the thrilling tenderness of his voice and the fervor of his look, felt, rather than seen, through the growing dark.

"Paul Hermann, Paul Hermann—Brother Paul!" she wailed, with flowing tears. "Do not say it in that way—do not say it with that look. It is cruel. I needed your love, but not such love. We might have been so happy. Your friendship was such a comfort to me, and I needed comfort more than you know. I had such confidence in you—you were so frank, and kind, and brother-like—and I treated you without reserve, for I felt such entire sisterly freedom with you. Perhaps you have misconstrued both words and actions of mine; perhaps you have thought"—she choked suddenly, and recoiled from him another step—"perhaps you have thought that my regard for you was of a tenderer nature than friendship, and warranted such language as this?"

"No, Carlotta, no," he hastened to say, with a generous warmth that left no room to doubt his sincerity, "you have never given me the slightest encouragement to speak such words. Your manner has been always that of a frank, true sister—nothing more. Do not let any such reflections embitter your feelings toward me. I have no foundations to build a hope upon, and it was ungenerous to betray your confidence in me by the unexpected and unwelcome confession of a love that you do not, and perhaps never can, reciprocate. Forget for to-night that I have said anything to disturb the harmony and freedom of our relations, and be your own kind, genial self once more. Another time we must talk further of this matter, but not while it distresses you so much. Your hand, Lotta. Let us go in and read our evening lesson in Schiller just as if nothing unusual had happened out here."

She responded by laying her hand silently on his arm, and they walked up the path to the house and went in, mindless of the winking splendor of the star for whose rising they had forgotten that they waited.

But in spite of their united efforts to pass the evening in their usual happy, unreserved fashion, there was a constraint of feeling and manner between them never before experienced, and their thoughts were a good deal less on

the things they talked about, than on the little episode which they were trying to forget. It was later than usual when the professor rose to go, for he was loth to leave without saying something to remove the unhappy effect of his involuntary confession, but nothing to the point occurring to his thought, he sadly took his departure with only a silent, lingering pressure of Carlotta's hand, who seemed nervous and fearful lest he should revert again to the subject which filled the minds of both.

Left to herself, Carlotta ran up to her own private room, shut and locked her door as if that were a necessary precaution against intrusion, and throwing herself on a lounge, buried her face in her arms, and let the tempest that had been gathering all the evening have its way.

One of "woman's rights" from nature you know. Stand to it, sisters—the right to weep. No sulky, sullen, rainy-day dripping and snivelling before folks, but a downright sky-clearing, air-purifying tempest, with a cataract of tears and a hurricane of sobs, and your door shut, and the bolt slipped, and the window closed, and the whole night ahead to get through with it, and over it, and no one to molest and make afraid. Haply all the griefs that you ever suffered will contribute their heaviness to the cloud of your new affliction which you are to do your best to dissipate in tears and sighs, and so make a finishing of the business for the time, and have done with it. Faint, and worn, and spent, with hardly life to breathe after the storm, but with vision wonderfully cleared, and heart wonderfully lightened, lying close to God, humble, and patient, and submissive, ready to know and do.

Carlotta told herself that she had but one friend in the world—and, oh! cruel fate!—she was about to lose that one. And then the storm burst, and she lay low in its power—all the loneliness and desolation of her lot pressing in upon her soul, more dreary and awful from vivid contrast with the joy and blessedness that might have been—that might have been if—if—O Heaven! she must not think. And the rain descended, and the floods came, and the wind blew as in that scriptural story of the house that was builded on a rock, and was not swept away.

But one friend in the world—that was the sad refrain to her tempestuous thoughts—none the less mournful because not quite true, since she believed it. And to lose that friend. For she thought she understood human nature well enough to foresee that a lover rejected never

could be a friend. And it would be so hard to part with Paul Hermann, so hard to go on her lonely way without the friendly sympathy and companionship that had brightened it, so hard to give up her friend.

Need she give him up?

The question came to her after her strength was spent, and she lay with nerveless hands thrown over her head, and bosom heaving, now and then, with swift, shuddering, spasmodic sighs. *Need she give him up?* He was good and true, and she loved him with a calm, gentle affection which she could not believe would ever fail. What was there in the marriage vow that she might not truly promise? To love, honor, and cherish in sickness and in health—that would not be difficult. Nothing within the bounds of friendship would be hard to promise or perform—but beyond? Swift as lightning, and as defiant of her will, the thought of St. John flashed into her mind, and she shrank with an involuntary shiver of aversion from the suggestion of any closer union with Paul Hermann than the bond of brotherly affection.

Worldly prudence would have counselled her that in the very source of this shrinking from and repugnance to the suggested union, lay a potent reason for its consummation as a means to aid her in the duty of forgetting one whom it was no longer her right to remember with any lingering thrill of tenderness. But that tempest of feeling had swept her up to a higher region of thought than worldly wisdom ever may reach, and she saw that however much wrong was involved in the tender memory of St. John—and God knew she did not voluntarily harbor such memory—the acceptance of an honest undivided love which she could not requite would never right that wrong. It seemed to her that the latter were the deeper sin of the two. For she was not of the ivy type of women, whose affections, torn from one support, can readily twine themselves upon the next that offers.

Slow in coming to a consciousness of her love, the sentiment once recognized and acknowledged became a part of her life—its ejection, or transfer to a new object, a present impossibility. She had faith to believe that, in time, by resolutely ignoring the existence of this slow, strong passion—which had taken her soul in its grip so quietly that she did not guess its power until she came to struggle with it—she might crush out its life and be free of it; but the victory should be her own. She wished neither helpers nor confidants; and let worldly

prudence counsel as it might, she would not rush into a marriage repulsive to her feelings, as if she were desperate, or afraid to trust herself. The same pride ruled her here that had determined her to remain in Burnshire after her rupture with St. John. She would not run away like a coward, with a consciousness of guilt. She would not leave behind her a man whom, if by any chance she should meet in after life, she would fear to face, under whose eye she would flush or pale, whose hand she would tremble to touch, whose name she would falter over.

Right there where she had come for permanent occupation and usefulness before she knew of St. John's existence, right there she would stay as though St. John were not, and instead of striving with guilty sense to forget, learn to remember with indifference.

To this grim resolution she had thus far staunchly held, and in like spirit she proposed to deal with the new trouble. Marriage, she argued, was a divine institution set apart to those who gave themselves freely, unreservedly, and eternally to each other, and it was a sin to enter it with a divided heart, a shame to make it a shift to escape from thought of one who must be as the dead to her. One sin could not be exorcised by another.

And having come to this decision, she lifted herself from the cushions where she had lain motionless while thought worked, and slipping softly down upon her knees, with the humility and dependence of a little child, prayed to God, who, in His tender and benign Humanity, seemed standing close beside her, for strength to keep her resolutions and do the right.

And rising with a consciousness of blessing that does not always follow prayer, she quietly disrobed in the dark, warned by the stillness of the house of the lateness of the hour, and with wet bandage over fevered eyes and throbbing temples, dropped upon her pillow, and fell into the deep, almost breathless sleep that comes with peace after exhausting mental conflict.

Now you know that these high resolves, formed in the solitude of night, and in exalted mood, seem something too heroic brought down to the garish light and common matters of the day, and insensibly they slip away from us, or we slip away from them, under the influence of counsel and example which we think we ought to respect, and motives of prudence and low self-interest govern us after all.

But Carlotta, perhaps because she was free from intermeddling advisers, who would have

insisted on substituting their wisdom and experience for her own clear convictions, held firmly to her purpose, and when the professor came again, with a tender eagerness in his greeting that hinted of a secret, trembling hope of her favor, she said to him, not without a struggle, for she suffered deeply in the course she felt constrained to pursue—"After what passed last night, Professor Hermann, I am not happy to see you again."

He had been sitting silent for some moments, watching in a dreary sort of reverie the sparkling fire in the grate, for, with the fickleness of spring weathers, this evening, unlike the previous one, had the chill of winter in it, and the little parlor that had seemed so dark and dingy in yesterday's warm, rose twilight, was once more aglow with the only light in which it ever looked cheerful.

He started slightly at her words—shrank as if he had received a blow, and, leaning forward, with his elbow on his knee, dropped his head upon his hand without response.

A thrill of sympathetic pain, and a soft swell of pity, disquieted Carlotta's heart as she noted the movement and the pathos of the attitude. So good, so gentle, and with a nature so susceptible of suffering, she thought, her eyes filling with tears as she gazed at him. Why should she, whose own happiness was wrecked, make him also wretched? If such affection as she had to bestow was of any worth to him, why should she withhold it? If her acceptance of his love would make him happier, why should she reject it? For she had henceforth only the happiness of others to think of and care for.

She bent forward, with an impulse of tenderness moving her to kneel down by the bowed figure before her and offer the consolation of hope; but principle triumphed over feeling, and she leaned back again, biding the answer to the words she could not revoke. She would be true, let who must suffer. It was the lack of fidelity, she argued, the willingness to feed on husks, the readiness, when the highest good is missed, to grasp at something lower, that made life so mean, and its relations so gross and unholy. She would be true to her convictions of right. It was all that she could do to exalt and ennoble what others had debased and profaned.

The professor rose to his feet, cast a troubled glance at her, took two or three slow turns across the room, with his head bowed upon his breast, and at last came and stood beside her.

"Carlotta," he said, "do not send me away.

You do not love me now, but I can wait months—years—a lifetime—give me but the shadow of a hope. Do not send me away, Lotta."

"I do not send you, Brother Paul," she answered quietly, motioning him to a seat; "but there is nothing to wait for. All that I can ever give you I give you now—a sister's true, fervent affection—and God knows how happy your satisfied acceptance of this would make me."

Paul Hermann's pale face grew a shade paler. "Your regard may deepen," he ventured, and a faint red dashed his pallor. "As years pass, your feeling may change—"

"In degree, perhaps, but not in kind," she said with decision, finishing his faltering sentence.

Her firmness seemed to irritate him. "How can you be so sure?" he questioned, with a flash of resentment at variance with his usual gentle habit—"how can you be so sure if you have never loved?"

Her eyes drooped away from his, her heart gave a bound, sending the conscious blood to her cheek.

Professor Hermann looked at her in a dazed, bewildered way. "Have I been so blind?" he said, putting his hand to his forehead in sudden abstraction of thought, which, if it improved his vision, did not lift the grave shadow that had fallen over his face.

He folded his arms on the little table between them, and looked at her intently. "Lotta, I think I see—but may I ask—"

"Nothing," she said briefly, cutting short his gentle interrogation.

"Forgive me. I did not mean to be impatient," he apologized. "But I am not secretive in matters of the heart, and did not reflect that others might be. I love you, and all the world may know it. I think the little world of Burnshire does know it, and is better for it. No man or woman can love truly and purely without bettering the world. Your landlady has the misfortune to possess a very vixenish temper, but when I come to see you she smooths her brows, and smiles at me benignantly, remembering the long-ago dream of her youth, which I am sure was never realized, and for half an hour she is bland and sweet as a summer zephyr, and all the house is freshened. Even the passers on the street, who meet me turning in at the gate, bow with involuntary reverence, as if they knew the errand that brought me hither, and move on with a sudden light breaking in their usually hard, material

faces that tells of a tender feeling touched, or a sacred memory revived. The truth you were slow to discern was patent to every one else, for I never thought to conceal it—I loved Carlotta Castleton better than my life, and the firm exaltation of spirit that came with the consciousness seemed like an atmosphere enfolding all who approached me, and confessing to all its luminous centre and source."

"And now?" she said, as if all that were a thing of the past.

"And now," he repeated, looking at her with tender sadness, "can there be any difference? The knowledge that you do not respond to my love does not change the fact of its existence. The qualities that inspired it remain. I shall go on loving you just the same to the end. Do not vex yourself about it. It is none of your business."

"People will call you weak," said Carlotta.

"That will not make me so," was responded.

"They are weak whose love thrives on favors, and dies with repulse. My regard for you is not founded on nor supported by your regard for me. In other words, I do not love myself in you, and feel no shame in loving you unloved. The charge will never make me blush."

"But if it were a sin," she said, in a low, awe-stricken voice, turning her face half aside, as if there were some story in it which she would have hidden.

"What could make it that?" he asked quickly, looking at her keenly.

"My marriage with another," she answered with constrained quiet.

Paul Hermann started slightly, with another swift, searching glance at her averted face. "I should never trouble you," he said, "never interfere in any manner with your chosen relations. For the rest it is a matter that does not concern you nor any one, but lies wholly between my God and myself. There is no law, human nor divine, that forbids a love, pure and unselfish, seeking only the highest good and happiness of its object."

Carlotta did not answer, and a silence of several minutes ensued, broken at last by the professor, who, rousing himself from his abstracted study of the coals, turned about and laid his hand upon the arm of her chair.

"I have seen your heart, Carlotta," said he quietly.

"Then you will go," she returned without looking at him.

"No. I shall stay. You have need of me."

"What encouragement have I given you?"

"You called me Brother Paul just now."

Her face brightened. "Will you really be my brother?"

"Since I cannot be your husband."

"A thought never to be named. Are you sure that you understand me, Paul Hermann?"

"I am sure that I understand you."

"And you will never renew the subject of this evening's conversation—never, so long as we both shall live?"

"Never, so long as we both shall live," he responded solemnly.

"Brother Paul."

"Sister Lotta."

They stood up simultaneously, and clasping hands, looked into each other's faces like old friends newly met.

"The seal to the compact," said the professor, bending forward to press a kiss upon her forehead.

And here was the new birth of a friendship with the germ of immortal life in it, and they sat down gravely silent, yet with the solemn joy that comes with triumph over temptation, and peace after conflict.

I cannot say that they tasted the full sweets of their new covenant at once. There were doubts and regrets, the pain of unmet love, the ruin of precious hopes, the trouble of reviving memories, and it required time to wear away the feeling of constraint which these things produced, and beget the full confidence and freedom that belonged to their promised relationship.

Two or three years passed without other event to Carlotta than the partial realization of her scheme of a home earned and maintained by her own labor—a partial realization—for the state of her finances as yet allowed only the rent of a pretty cottage and grounds on the outskirts of the town, where, with her housekeeper, her gardener, and a half dozen pupils as boarders, she set up her Lares and Penates, and arrogated the dignity of a householder. A favorite dream of hers was, later, to make her home a shelter and refuge for some more helpless, friendless, and uncared-for than herself, but for the present her limited resources compelled her to make it, as far as possible, self-supporting, and her charitable impulses in this direction had to expend themselves mainly in plans for the future.

People who thought her course somewhat erratic for a beautiful young lady with good matrimonial chances (to which every woman, as a matter of course, is supposed to have an eye), wondered if there were not some disappointment in her life, and if she were quite

happy. She could not have told them. She never asked herself whether she were happy or miserable—never thought about it. It was not a question of such profound moment that it would matter a hundred years hence which way it were answered. The question which immediately concerned her was, whether she was making the most of her life, and in her anxious endeavor to meet this inquiry fairly and satisfactorily, she forgot to make her own feelings the subject of painful investigation and solicitude. Her days were given to the duties of her profession, her evenings were devoted to study or the entertainment of her very few chosen friends, and as she courted sleep rather than retrospection through the dead night-watches, there was left only the narrow margin of the twilight for reveries and dreams which reached out into the light of the future rather than back into the shadow of the past. The monotony of her life was pleasant to her, and she would have been disturbed by any unwonted ripple in its even current.

Of St. John, though living in such close proximity, she knew comparatively little, never having interchanged a word with him since that fatal night when Professor Hermann's presence had innocently wrought him up to such a pitch of jealousy, and driven him to the desperate decision which no after repentance could revoke. It was not because she had indulged her desire to avoid him; her purpose to think of him precisely as she would of any other indifferent acquaintance, did not permit her to go a step out of his way; it was, rather, because he had avoided her, a kindness for which, if she had allowed herself to have any feeling in the matter, she would have been profoundly grateful, since it saved her the humiliation of manifest agitation and pain, which, in spite of her resolute and rigorous system of repression, would have resulted from contact with him.

To the current gossip about the infelicity of his domestic life, she gave no ear. It was nothing to her, she said, and would not have confessed that it was pain instead of indifference which made her shrink from hearing it discussed. To his public life she paid more heed, though here there was nothing satisfying to one who knew his generous gifts, and had anticipated for him a brilliant and useful career. It was all sadly disappointing, the more because the promise had been so bright. In what measure was she responsible for this failure? She could not face the question. She turned away shud-

dering, with Cain's indignant cry—"Am I my brother's keeper?"

One whisper in the gossip concerning him caught her attention more frequently than any other, because of its sad significance—"People say that he drinks." Nothing more explicit than this, no instance cited, no proofs nor persons quoted, only that vaguely indefinite phrase, "People say." She summoned courage once, at a public meeting where he was one of the speakers, to look at him closely, with intent to discover if this report of him were true, for the habit would tell quickly on a physical organization as sensitive as his. The pale, finely moulded face, she saw at a glance, had grown fuller, and was deeply flushed; his eye had a restless, vacant look; his manner was nervous and excited, and his speech, though startling with brilliant flashes, was rambling and inconsequent, giving no impression of the power which she knew was his under favorable conditions; for his was a nature so peculiarly susceptible to influences, that even the measure of his power depended on the persons and events that affected him. She walked home like one in a dream, seeing as in a vision the nobly endowed man slipping from degradation to degradation, until at last he reached the lowest deep of all, a drunkard's grave. What a happy escape! she said, and piously thanked God her life was not linked by outward bond with his. But she shuddered in the midst of her self-congratulations. It is a nice point to decide whether the evil which we congratulate ourselves on escaping would ever have existed if we had rightly fulfilled our part.

This was not the only instance in which St. John had failed to meet the expectations of those who knew his ability. People wanting justice had grown afraid to trust to his pleading. There were cases of doubtful issue which he conducted so brilliantly that the town rang with the noise of his triumph, and he became for the day the envy of his less successful legal brethren; but, perhaps, the very next suit, placed in his hands with full confidence and every advantage in his favor, was lost through his unskilful management, and with injured reputation and hosts of new-made enemies, he would bide his time for another triumph, which was too certain to be followed by failure again to insure continued satisfaction and patronage. Nobody dared employ an advocate so uncertain, and in disgust he abandoned his profession, and accepted a share in the banking business of the elder St. John. But here, too, ill luck, like an evil fate, pursued him, for he had been but

a few months connected with the house when it failed, involving all concerned in hopeless ruin—swallowing up pitilessly the hard-earned savings of those who had trusted in its integrity.

It was while the agitation of this failure was at its height, and dark insinuations were whispering here and there, that Carlotta, returning from a visit to Professor Hermann, whom a recent hemorrhage of the lungs had confined for a few days to the house, paused at a certain street crossing with her usual indecision regarding the way she should take. Going from town, the shortest route home lay, from this point, straight before her, but for a long time she had instinctively turned to the right, traversing several squares to reach her destination. Why did she do it? She turned upon herself suddenly with that question one day, and discovered, to her mortification, that it was because by the shorter way she had to pass the dwelling-house of St. John, and cross the street which led to his place of business at hours when she would be likely to be met or overtaken by him coming or going. In wrath with herself, she made it a point, after that, to march straight ahead, like a grenadier going to meet the enemy, for what was this man to her, that she should walk miles in the course of the year to avoid the chance of meeting him? Still, unless fully on her guard, there was always that involuntary halt, and instinctive turning when she came to this particular crossing, but her step invariably quickened after the momentary pause, and her cheek, on this day of which I write, glowed a deeper crimson; for, surely, after all these years of stern self-discipline, she ought to have conquered such weakness.

As she came in view of the house, which was one of the lions in her way, a sight unusual met her eyes—St. John pacing slowly back and forth upon the balcony. Like a high-mettled steed that sees some object of terror starting up suddenly in his path, she stopped short and gazed, but in an instant the goad of pride pushed her forward again. She knew, though her eyes were fixed straight in the distance ahead of her, that St. John had paused in his walk, and was looking at her intently, but she passed the house without turning her head, like a woman on the march of "manifest destiny," seemingly unconscious or careless of observation, seeing only the goal for which she was steering.

The cool breeze and the strip of sky breaking between the houses gave her a sense of relief. Her object of dread was passed, and

she was beginning to breathe more freely, when a hurried step behind her quickened her pulses again.

"Miss Castleton."

An almost irresistible impulse to run seized upon her, but, commanding herself, she turned about and stood face to face with St. John.

The possible event which we quake with terror in contemplating, praying with fervency that we may be spared its fearful test, often turns out a very common-place, inconsequential affair when it comes. The race of her pulses suddenly stilled, and she bowed composedly, as if her meeting with him were an every-day occurrence.

"Permit me to restore a book which you accidentally dropped in passing," he said, presenting a dainty copy of a poem lately issued.

"Ah! thank you. One I had just finished reading to Professor Hermann. I would not like to have lost it," she returned quietly, taking the book from his hand with a parting bow.

She had been reading the book to Professor Hermann, and she would not like to have lost it. Two facts gratuitously stated in connection, to let him know that it was valuable from associations in which he had no share, argued St. John. But the bow did not dismiss him. The pavement was wide enough for two, however much she might regret the fact, and if he chose to walk that way there was no disputing his right. He had kept step with her too often in the old days to get in advance or fall in the rear going the same road.

"Your friend, the professor, has been quite low, I hear," he remarked, as one neighbor to another.

"Yes," she said, in a voice subdued by the memory of the white face that had startled her with its deathly look when, with the first news of his attack, she had hastened to his rooms. "But he is gaining strength rapidly now, and will soon be on duty again," she added more cheerfully.

"Do you have hopes of his permanent recovery?"

"Scarcely. The malady is too deeply seated. It inheres with his life. Consumption, he tells me, is the heritage of his family."

St. John looked at the lovely, serious face, clouded with concern, the sweet lips quivering with emotion, the dark-fringed eyelids downcast and pearly with tears.

"Carlotta," he said gently, "I hope this threatened bereavement may be long averted. My most fervent prayer is always that you may be happy."

She glanced up quickly. Very evidently he misunderstood her relations with the professor, as many others had done. Was it necessary to undeceive him?

"It is sad to miss our friend from the places where we have been used to see him," she answered softly, "to hear his voice, to meet his hand, to look in his face no more—it is very sad. But for one who regards death as less a separation than a change, there are infinite sources of comfort. We lose our friend upon the lower plane of companionship only to find him on a higher. Sense is bereaved to give to the soul. The visible friend at our side may not be so close to us as the invisible."

"You have no need, I see, of any consolation that I could offer," St. John responded gloomily; and they walked on in troubled silence until they reached the corner at which he was accustomed to turn.

"We part here, I believe?" Carlotta said, stepping back, surprised to see that he made no movement, turned no look in that direction.

"No, I am not going that way to-night. I have no business on that street now," he replied, pausing an instant for her lagging feet to come up, and walking steadily forward again.

For the first time since he joined her, she gave him a close, scrutinizing look. His face was haggard and careworn, his eyes sunken and heavy, as if they were strangers to sleep, his whole appearance that of a man in deep trouble and anxiety of mind. Her heart cried for the privilege to speak to him as a friend might do, to ask his trouble, and to plead with him against the indulgence of that fatal habit which was slowly undermining and laying in hopeless ruin the structure of a life that had once promised to be so noble; but she durst not break the ice of apparent indifference that had formed between them, for underneath sobbed and swelled a current which, once set free, would bear them she knew not into what wild, passionate, forbidden speech. She could not talk to this man as she would to another—both might be betrayed in the attempt.

But the silence between them was growing insupportable with its unutterable thoughts, and casting about for some topic of conversation which did not concern themselves, she seized upon the first that presented itself to her mind—the sudden disappearance of one of the chief sufferers by the late failure, a mystery of which every one was talking.

"That is a strange affair, is it not?—the sudden vanishing of Giles Parrish's portly person."

No tidings of him have been received, I suppose?"

She looked up for the response, which seemed too slow in coming, and was startled by the deathly pallor that had crept into his face. It was some moments before he controlled his agitation sufficiently to answer—"No tidings have been received, I believe."

Carlotta looked away from him, a vague terror clutching at her heart, and ventured no further remark. The night seemed closing around them fast, with some unwonted chill and darkness, and she breathed a silent "Thank God!" as her hand touched the gate leading to her little cottage. She entered and closed it. He stood without.

"Carlotta," he said huskily, as she turned away with a low good-night, "will you ask me to go in with you? I am in deep trouble; I need sympathy and counsel. Let me confide in you."

She did not dare trust herself to look in his face. She glanced past him at the angry spark of red glowing like a coal in the gray, ashy clouds that had hidden the sunset, and the roar of the river which crossed the street below rose to the thunder of a cataract in her ears.

"St. John, pardon me, but I must refuse you," she answered. "There is one to whom your confidence belongs; there is one whose sympathy and counsel in trouble is your right. Go to her."

She withdrew her eyes from the distant point beyond him, still without letting them fall to his face, and hurried up to the house; but at the door she looked back.

St. John stood with his head bowed upon the gate; but while she struggled with the impulse to go back to him with more generous words, he lifted himself, and, without another glance in her direction, walked slowly down toward the river road, and was lost to her among the swaying shadows of the windy twilight.

(Concluded next month.)

ALL poetry may be reduced to two classes—the first expressing thoughts common to the human mind, and pouring out the melody and raising the chorus in which the multitude will join; the second embodies thoughts entirely original, speaks only to the highest order of cultivated intellect, and appeals to persons of the most refined and delicate sensibilities. The great majority of poets belong to the former class, while there are comparatively few in the latter.

MAUD.

BY MARY E. MACMILLAN.

LOVELY was Maud, with starry eyes,
Shaded by lashes of shining gold,
A straight, proud nose, a roseleaf mouth,
A dimpled chin of cunning mould.

Gifted was Maud; a poet's heart
Beat 'neath her bosom, so snowy white;
Maud's mind was a garden where bright flowers
bloomed,
Blossoms of sentiment, sparkling and bright.

Polished in rhythm, in sentiment pure,
Maud's own life was a poem sweet;
But, alas! too short for those that read,
For it ended where maiden and woman hood meet.

"Whom the gods love, die young," they say;
So Maud, our sweetest, our fairest, our best,
Died at the close of a summer's day,
When the sun in its glory illumined the west.

We laid her to rest in a sunny dell,
Where oft in her lifetime she loved to rove;
How we shuddered, as earth clods dropped between
Us and our beautiful, pure, white dove.

We mourn without ceasing, but not without hope,
For we know that afar in heavenly lands
When the silver chords of life are loosed,
Maud will meet us with outstretched hands.

MY NEIGHBOR.

BY KATE WOODLAND.

"I ASK no more of her," I said;
"She treats me ill, I will not go
Beneath her roof to taste her bread,
Or any way my friendship show."
And thus I passed her day by day,
And sternly looked the other way.

The child I loved was prostrate laid
Just on the verge of death's dark door;
In helpless agony I prayed
The Lord my darling to restore.
My prayer was heard; to save my child
He sent the neighbor I reviled.

With tireless service, kind and sweet,
She wooed my loved one back to life;
Ashamed, and humbled at her feet,
I sought forgiveness for my strife;
And now to her I fain would be
All that my neighbor is to me.

Our neighbors, ah! in prosperous days,
And smiling seas, with scornful pride
We toss our heads, and go our ways,
And ask for naught, the world is wide;
But, oh! when adverse waves we see,
Our hearts reach out for sympathy.

MOTHERS' MISTAKES.

BY NEIL FOREST.

IT is to be doubted whether in any other line of life one can be as conscientiously inconsistent as in a mother's. Even when trying to do her best, she must feel that she is constantly making mistakes. A first child is to be pitied, still more, its mother. One often hears the older children of a large family complaining that their little brothers and sisters are spoiled; they fancy that the hand which held so tight a rein formerly has become feeble. But the mother only smiles, and then sighs, as she wonders if, in avoiding her first mistakes, she is now falling into others equally bad. A great deal has been said about over severity and too great indulgence, still more about the neglect of children by worldly women. But the first never lacks criticism from the on-lookers, and the last is a gross and glaring sin, appreciated by the most commonplace. The mistakes which influence the character of children are subtle matters. A conscientious woman may thank God that she is holier than some of her frivolous friends, she may pride herself on her motherly care, yet all the time be sinning against her own cherished little ones. One of her earliest errors is in looking upon her first-born as an ideal. It must inevitably grow up as all children do; it will be a very fair average child, doubtless, but this does not content her; she is determined, by principle and practice, precept and example, to convert this little creature into an ideal child. It has been said that a child learns more of perfection from example than precept, by-the-by, but this is the hardest way for the mother, who soon falls into the habit of relying on precept. Of course, as far as intellect goes, the little bundle of flannel is to be far superior to all other similar bundles lying round in different parts of the universe; that is a foregone conclusion. But a young, imaginative, and religious mother thinks of more than this. She devotes her darling to the Lord, as did Hannah, but she forgets that all are not called to be Samuels. Great are her sorrows when, after the lapse of a very few years, her ideal fades slowly but surely before her eyes, and only a romping, rampaging, riotous boy remains. The thirst which, she fancied, would induce him to drink deep of the Pierian

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Spring, is easily slaked by the alphabet, and the multiplication-table proves a surfeit. Worse than this, the stubborn, sturdy, little red knees refuse always to bend in prayer; at times, even a wrestling match ensues before they can be made to assume the conventional attitude. Even then little Samuel puts up a petition for toast or hot bixit, or giddle-cakies, instead of the orthodox daily bread, and after many peeps through his fat fingers, and winks of his bright eyes, prefers to pull the maternal nose, rather than to say amen. Surely this is very different behavior from the little prophet's, who, girded with his linen ephod, served willingly in the temple. The mother sees irreverence, and very likely punishes it, insists upon a repetition of the holy words, and listens to the sobbing, halting prayer, feeling that she is doing her duty, though it gives her a heavy heart. She even wonders if it is a possible thing that her child is not one of the kind of which the kingdom of heaven is composed. This thought disturbs her, and she resolves to bring it up in the way it should go. The result is a long and bitter struggle. The little four-year-old looking on its mother's face, sees there that to worship is to fear. The little four-year-old angel looking always on its Father's face in heaven, sees that to worship is to love. The mother, all unconsciously, teaches her child to be afraid of God, while she would conscientiously teach it the fear of God. Two very different things. One leads to coldness, distrust, hardness of heart; the other, to those gentle paths where the loving Saviour carries the lambs tenderly in His bosom. When the mother sees her mistake, she is content to wait till the voice of God shall call her child, deeply grateful if, in obedience to her simple teachings, he shall answer—"Speak, Lord, for thy servant heareth." It is, however, a very common mistake to expect a spiritual life in children, because the Saviour made use of them as emblems of purity. Obedience and docility can be attained by children; they believe what they are told to believe, and do what they are told to do, which is more than can be said for most adults; but this is their religion. They know nothing of the inner life of the soul, they have no doubts nor conflicts,

thank God; they have no experience of life, no trial of faith; why should they? How can they lead spiritual lives?

Yet many mothers will sigh because the daily prayer is a burden to these restless little souls, and inwardly groan because the boy prefers a romp to his Bible, the inspiring ditty of Dumpty-Diddlety to the cradle hymn, or the story-book on Saturday to his Catechism on Sunday. They will speak of the neglect of a habit of prayer with deepest sorrow, in which a hopeless feeling is predominant. They have reasoned with, they have prayed, they have striven for this child, yet, at nine years old, he dislikes the habit of prayer, does not take to it naturally, and has to be constantly reminded and forced to do it.

Our experience goes to show that very few, if any, boys like the habit of washing their faces and hands. Yet this form of hydrophobia generally disappears about the age of fourteen. Need a mother look upon her boy as an outcast from society because his finger nails are in permanent mourning at the age of nine? As far as the habit goes, it will be formed when the necessity for it is felt. The child does not see, what the young man does, that the requirements of society demand outward purity. The child cannot see, what the Christian does, that the requirements of religion demand inward purity. A child may be scrubbed daily, and will resist daily, weeping soapy tears from smarting eyes. This process will hardly make it love its bath; and it may be coerced into prayerful habits, and may repeat its prayers daily with inward impatience; but this will hardly make it love religion.

Have patience, young mothers. See how slowly all things move that move in order. It takes many days of rain and sun to open the rose, many weeks of patient waiting before that grain is ripe for harvest. The butterfly lies dormant many a month in its chrysalis condition; the tree shows nothing but leaves for years before it bears luscious fruit.

There comes a time when the child realizes the great truth, that when it would do good evil is present with it. "Mamma, I want to be good, but somehow or other I can't," is the childish version of St. Paul's abstruse theory. Ah! this is the time to watch for the bending of the knee, to show the light of the lamp of life, to point earnestly to the hallowed cross, to speak of the tried and tempted One. Yet many a mother thinks the lessons of infancy enough; that because the habit of prayer has been formed, she need not watch so closely now.

Another mistake is the very common one of forcing open a child's mind as one would an oyster. Bible stories told to illustrate the punishment merited for some childish peccadillo, is part of this system. Countless mistakes are made in the one matter of Bible education. The fearful story told to a young child works upon the emotional part of its nature; it produces a great impression, doubtless, just the same that the sensation novel will awaken a few years later. The story of Elisha and the mocking children will make a little one scream lustily at nights, after the light has been taken away, because the workings of the sensitive conscience suggest that the errors of the day invite the retributive bears to an abode beneath the nursery crib. The recollection of having called its mother "an old thing" under its breath at high noon, will cause the poor little sinner to tumble out of bed in the dark, and run wildly in search of the old thing, feeling in imagination the bear's teeth in its fat little leg as it runs. Or if it is of an inquiring turn of mind, it will ask, "How did the bears know that the children were naughty?" a question hard to reply to, unless one adopts a short method, as a goaded mother once did in despair, and answer, "Oh! bears know everything."

The story of Ananias and Sapphira, told to illustrate God's hatred of the sin of deceit, is salutary, but it is too often read in a threatening tone. "See what you'll get," is what the child understands the mother to mean; and, calling to mind several acquaintances who have all been known to err more or less from the strict path of truth, yet who still enjoy excellent health, it naturally concludes that "such things don't happen nowadays." Oh! let little children be taught the love of Christ, and forbid them not to come unto Him by terrifying their souls with stories of God's judgments on the wicked. Children are not wicked; these stories are not meant for them. The time comes all too soon when their nature, asserting itself, requires to be held in by these bits and bridles. But a little child! What has it to do with God's anger? It is a great pity to make a little child declare that it loves God better than papa or mamma. Perhaps not many go as far as this, but children are often told that this is required of them. When long years shall have shown them that their idols are of clay, they will learn to love God best; but this is the lesson of a lifetime; a child cannot feel it, and it is a hard requirement, too hard for them who have not seen the end of what is called perfection here below!

It is a mistake of the same nature to insist upon it that Sunday is the pleasantest day of the week. It is hard for a child in church to listen to the hymn—

"Thine earthly Sabbaths, Lord, we love,"

while its whole frame is twitching with impatience to have the long service concluded, and it is possessed with a great desire to kick over the kneeling-bench, as a protest against hypocrisy; for, not understanding the length and breadth of human nature, it can only judge of others by itself, and cannot comprehend that frame of mind in which Sunday really becomes a delightful day. Would any mother sincerely wish her child to subscribe to the concluding lines of this same hymn—

"Fain would I leave this weary road,
To sleep in death, and rest with God?"

No! such thoughts and wishes are for those who are wearied and burdened, who have suffered and sorrowed, not for the little ones whose joyous voices ring clearly in laughter, as their feet go bounding along the sunny pathway of their lives. Yet many a mother will give this beautiful but highly inappropriate hymn to her child to learn, as a Sunday-afternoon exercise.

But far greater than this is the mistake of repeating a child's little sayings in its presence, especially if these be of a religious character. Such sayings the mother should keep in her heart, but never make them public. A child, hearing its mother repeat them, is at first surprised, then mortified, but finally proud and pleased that it has said anything worthy of repetition. All unconsciously, the mother who does this is an enemy sowing tares, and cant and hypocrisy will be the plentiful harvest. Perhaps none more effectually choke the good seed.

A mother makes a mistake if she tries to make her child believe she is perfect. The clear eyes see through all flimsy pretences, and though little ones are apt to think that "the king can do no wrong," they acknowledge privately that "*sometimes mamma is a little bit cross.*"

These little critics easily distinguish sentiment from sentimentality. Two opposite errors are equally bad. To heat a child red hot, and hammer it into shape, or to coax it into submission. Both methods form character quickly; the first hardens into a very human pattern, the last melts a kindly nature into an indistinguishable, shapeless mass of selfishness. The mother who tries it had far better tame a panther and keep it for a pet.

Children are wholly devoid of tact, which is an acquired, not a natural characteristic. It is

the development of a gentle nature thrown in contact with a rougher world; it is the union of the wisdom of the serpent and the harmlessness of the dove; it is rarely seen in children. Yet it is expected of them, and this is a mistake. Blunt speeches, contradictions, recriminations, arise from a deficiency in this respect, much more than from any bad feeling. A child is often punished for a downright honest speech, which looks like, but is not, impertinence.

Mothers almost invariably expect their children to agree together, as Dr. Watts declares that birds do in their little nests. But surely that good man was more to be depended upon for his theological than his ornithological information. A half hour's inspection of an apple-tree on a sunny summer's morning would send many mothers home to their nurseries with enlarged views on this subject. Children do agree just about as well as birds in their little nests, but they love each other heartily while they are squabbling briskly. If they are not interfered with, they will settle their little matters amicably and with tolerable justice. Children are good by fits and starts, apt to be righteous overmuch, tender-hearted, but not forgiving one another very easily—rarely malicious, however, full of generous impulses, and transparent as crystal to sensible loving eyes; provoking, careless, affectionate, sensitive to praise or blame, opening like flowers beneath the sunshine of love, but withered by the frost of sarcasm. A mother who ridicules her child, alienates it; one who underrates, crushes its ambition; one who flatters, loses its respect. Ah! many are the sins of ignorance, and from all such, good Lord deliver us.

Can any mother feel that she has done her whole duty? Not if she is a conscientious woman. But her mistakes need not discourage her. Recognizing in herself a poor, weak child, let her ever seek wisdom where it may be found. It is a hard thing for a mother to know when to see, and when to be blind; when to hear, and when to be deaf; when to speak, and when to be dumb. But knowledge comes with years, and God, who gave the children to the mother, gave loving hearts to both. If she only grasps her staff of faith firmly, her children can cling to her; if she gains wisdom from above, her children can see its bright beams in her loving eyes; and knowing all the rocks and pitfalls of her journey, she can gently lead her little ones by many. So, looking back along the road on which she has brought them, they shall not say of her that she did well or ill, but that she did her best.

DEACON JOHN FLINT.

BY ROSELLA RICE.

I READ in the "*Chronicle*" this morning the simple, quiet announcement:

"Died at his residence in Ontario, Ohio, Deacon John Flint, in the seventy-second year of his age." Just a little line it was, but I caught my breath suddenly, and a mist of tears dimmed my eyes for a moment.

I turned to Lily and said—"Good old Deacon Flint is dead."

She looked up from her lessons, gave her curls a toss, and said—"Why, I never heard of him! Was he a great man?"

The ways of the world had touched the child already—alas! that such things will be, in spite of all our best teachings!

"I think he will be called a great man in the kingdom of Heaven, to which he has gone; but here, among us, he was a very plain, unobtrusive man—so common in appearance that one would not have turned to look at him the second time!"

"Oh!" she said carelessly, and bent her head over her books, and the click, click of her slate-pencil showed that my announcement had not even stirred a ripple in her thoughts.

Was he great? I will tell you.

There was a ministerial meeting and communion-service one raw November Sabbath, at Greentown Church, away out in the country. The family all rode over in the spring wagon, while I stayed at home to have a hot dinner ready when they should return.

Services lasted longer than usual, and I was annoyed in trying to keep the roast chicken and mashed potatoes good and warm. The fire burnt down low, and I looked at the clock often, and was very glad when I heard the rattling of the wheels coming down the hill road, and saw the horses tossing their shiny manes, and champing their bits.

We had just sat down to dinner with sharpened appetites, when a big, tosey carriage stopped at the gate, and three elderly men got out of it. Two of them were preachers, and the little, thin old man, with the quick, nervous ways, was Deacon Flint.

"What shall we do?" I said. "The fire is very low, and the dinner is all on the table, and we're tired and hungry, and don't want to see company, I'm sure;" and then I began

to fret real woman-fashion, and magnified, and made a good deal of trouble out of nothing.

"Oh! never mind," said grandpa, with his ready tact, "just put this same dinner about the stove again, and after they are gone we'll eat what's left. Poor fellows! let's make them welcome; maybe we'll never see them again." So grandpa got some of his good, dry Sunday wood, the very best, that was kept purposely to start quick fires when we were in a hurry.

I am ashamed to say it, but, indeed, that little wee wrinkle, that I don't like at all, did come right visibly between my eyebrows, and showed itself as plainly as a scar while I was flying about putting the chicken and dinner back again to the stove. Just then grandpa opened the door, and met the men, and shook hands with them. When he introduced me as his daughter, the head of the household, I couldn't look amiable, and wouldn't be deceitful; and I remember now that my greeting was not the most cordial, and the hand I extended had no more warmth and expression in it than would be in a frozen potato.

The ministers spoke kindly—looked in my face, and touched my hand deferentially. Good old Deacon Flint's prying eyes gazed inquiringly and sympathizingly into mine, and he said—"How do you do, child?" in a soft, cooing voice as his old, gnarled hands slid over mine in a tender, caressing way.

One of the preachers said—"We don't want to put you to any trouble, sister, but we have to ride twenty-five miles yet to-day, and would be glad for a bit of dinner, and some hot coffee."

I snapped out the reply, that if they would eat a half-cold dinner it could be ready in a few minutes, but I did wish they had happened along a little earlier. It was an unkind reply, and cost me dear—it was a thorn in my pillow when I went to bed that night, that kept me awake a long time.

I hurried and set the meal before them. They ate heartily, and grew talkative, and told stories, and laughed, and seemed very happy. They talked of pioneer life, for they were all men who had emigrated to Ohio when it was a wilderness, and if there is any subject that

will bring men all on a level, and fill them with love and good will to one another, it is that of relating the trials and hardships of the early settler's life.

I forgot all my dignity, and lost my chilliness, when one of the oldest ministers told how hard it was to refrain from swearing when he ploughed new ground, that was all interlaced by a network of tough roots. He was a professor of religion at the time, but he said it was almost impossible not to swear, when a lithe root would spring out of the ground unexpectedly before the plough, and strike him across the legs with full force. The good stories drew us all together, and the little gash of a wrinkle smoothed itself away from my forehead before I knew or thought of it.

After dinner came a basket of golden pippins; and the hand of the clock pointed to the hour of four before the tosey carriage and the sleek farm horses stood again at the gate. When they were ready to start, they all said they were so glad they had called at our house, and that the little visit made them feel again the fire that had warmed their youthful blood when they were felling the big oaks, and burning the heaps of brush under the quiet stars of still nights.

They promised to come again, and make grandpa a long visit.

I stood in the doorway, leaning my cheek on my hand, and thinking there was nothing in the world much lower or more unworthy than an ill-natured, fault-finding, whining woman, when I saw Deacon Flint turn around at the gate, twist his fingers together, pull his hat down over his eyes, push it back, loosen his collar, and finally turn and come back to the house. He was embarrassed, and stammered out—"I couldn't go away, child, till I had told you all. You see I don't feel quite satisfied—not likely I'll ever see your face again, 'cause I'm an old man, and growing feeble, but I *must* ask you, do you love the Saviour? is He your friend—the one Friend above all others to whom you can go when your way is dark, and your heart is heavy?"

I laughed right out, a short, nervous, quick laugh, that came accompanied by tears of joy and gladness, as I assured him that I had found this One a Friend above all others. His, a friendship worth more than all the friendships of this poor life combined together.

"And now, child, there is one other thing I want to tell you, and don't you think unkindly of me," and his knotty hand held mine in a grasp that made me feel that the little old man

before me was honest, and very earnest, and truthful. "You were not pleased when we came to-day—there is too much of the spirit of Martha of old among the women nowadays. They make themselves unhappy, and impart the same feeling to those about them. We all felt miserable enough to go right on home without eating a morsel here, but it has all turned out pleasantly in the end. Grandpa, with his old-time hospitality, made us all feel welcome, while the toss of your head, and the limp touch of your hand, and the snarl of the words that you tried to hide, made us feel like creeping away into dark places like ugly bats. Don't you ever do it again, sis. Sweet, cheerful words, coming from a kind heart, are worth more than gold and gems—not a soul but needs them, and expects them, especially from those who love our Lord Jesus Christ. Keeping His beautiful character in view is one of the best antidotes against pride and selfishness. It is not the good dinners, and the variety of dishes that makes the visitor glad, it is the welcome, and the cheery cordiality that is extended toward him.

"I often tell my women folks when I see them flurried and troubled about a visitor coming suddenly, that it would be better to sit down to a dinner of dry bread and water, if the hearty welcome from the heart came with it. I wish you women would learn this, and not fret over such trifles, and become annoyed if everything is not in the most perfect order. Oh! a sensible woman, with a kind, true heart, is so lovable, and such a treasure!"

"I do beg your pardon, Father Flint, and thank you most heartily for your earnest words of advice," I said to the good old man, as we shook hands and parted, never to see each other's faces again in this life.

Then as the big carriage rolled down the road, and was lost to sight beyond the dell, with a stronger heart than I had borne for many a long day, I went into the kitchen, washed the dishes, reset the table, and prepared our own meal out of the remains left of the good men's dinner.

I was strong in the new resolves I had taken—nothing perplexed me then—everything was right. I was so thoroughly ashamed of myself, that I resolved to cut the acquaintance of the woman I had been. The old deacon's words, while they hurt my self-love, filled me, and lifted me with a feeling akin to grandeur.

I made some tea, put the remnant of the chicken over the fire with some pieces of bis-

cuit that were left, poured a pint of sweet cream on it, put in a lump of butter, a pinch of salt, a dash of pepper, let it come to the boil, and poured it out in a tureen over the half-warm potatoes that remained; set a nice mince pie in the oven, and then said—"Come, lads and lassies, let us dine now."

"Oh! aint you glad we had such good men to eat our dinner first?" said the baby, her chubby face almost as broad as it was long through very jollity, as she climbed up into her table-chair.

"May the Lord go with them," said grandpa. "I am sure I never saw three finer old men. Oh! their talk just did me real good."

"Poor fellows, it's too bad," said Trot, "that, after all, our dinner is so much better than theirs was."

At this we all laughed heartily, as we picked the bones and ate the fragments, for Trot was so loving and so unselfish that she was always afraid for fear the best of everything would fall to her share. I reached over and pinched her hard, fat cheeks, and pushed the stubby, curly hair back from her brown forehead, while I felt a strange little desire to cry wrinkling my face and dimming my eyes. Nothing touches my better nature like the unselfish love of a roguish little child.

"I am glad 'cause they made us all glad; aint you, Roey?" said she, looking me sharply in the face.

There was nothing left for me to do, driven as I was to the wall, only to apologize to the whole family, which I did, adding—"I am really ashamed of myself, and I mean to profit by the lesson taught me by that good old darling, Deacon John Flint."

THE LEANING TOWER AT PISA.

BY C.

PISA, which is a walled city of Tuscany, in Italy, is celebrated for its famous leaning tower. The height of this remarkable tower is about one hundred and eighty-seven feet, and its diameter fifty feet. It is inclined from the perpendicular so much, that the upper story overhangs the base fourteen feet. It is ascended by three hundred and fifty-five steps, and contains seven bells. It stands alone, unconnected with any building, and was probably intended as an ornamental belfrey. It is built of white marble and granite, and has eight stories, formed of arches supported by two hundred and seven columns, and divided by cornices.

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Its form and proportions are graceful, and its whole appearance is remarkably beautiful. When approaching the city, which is situated on an extensive plain, at the distance of a few miles, the effect, when the tower is seen over the tops of the trees, between two others which are perpendicular, is so striking, that the spectator feels almost inclined to doubt the evidence of his senses. It was erected about 1174, by Wilhelmus, a German architect, assisted by two Pisans. From the inclination of the stairs, it seems to a person going up or down hastily to roll like a ship. This beautiful structure, notwithstanding its inclination, seems to have withstood the ravages of time with more than usual success, as it has now stood for more than six hundred years without any fissure or the slightest perceptible sign of decay. Travellers, antiquaries, and the learned in general, have been perplexed and divided in opinion with respect to the cause of this deviation from a perpendicular line. Some have thought it the result of design; others have believed it to be accidental. Dr. Arnot, in his popular work "On the Elements of Physics," says it was built intentionally inclined to frighten or surprise; but he was probably mistaken.

Among the paintings in the Campo Santo, which are supposed to have been executed about the year 1300, more than one hundred years after the tower was erected, is a large painting of the now leaning tower, where it is standing perfectly upright. It may, therefore, now be considered as certain that the inclination was caused by the gradual sinking of the earth, as in many other instances in Italy. This opinion is confirmed by the circumstance of the lowest row of pillars being sunk deep in the earth, the mouldings not running parallel with the horizon, and the inclination of the stairs.

Pisa is the capital of a province of its own name, situated in a marshy but fertile plain, on the river Arno, seven miles from its mouth. It is no wonder that in so many hundred years such an immense structure as this tower should settle as it is now seen, especially as its foundation is on marshy land. Very accurate models of this leaning tower are frequently beautifully made in alabaster and marble. Pisa has many very elegant edifices built of marble. Its cathedral is one of the noblest ecclesiastical structures in Italy; and a marble bridge, which crosses the Arno, is one of the finest in Europe. Pisa was the birthplace of Galileo, of which the present inhabitants often boast.

DELAFIELD, W^R

JACQUELINE.

BY VIRGINIA F. TOWNSEND.

CHAPTER VII.

MR. and Mrs. Stephen Weymouth sat together one evening in their drawing-room. Everything about them was handsome, elegant, solid. The large, spacious stone house had the air, inside and out, of a broad, substantial property. There was nothing to find fault with anywhere. Everything was in good taste and in good order, from the carved cornices overhead to the crimson figures of the velvet carpet underneath.

What money could do it had done here. There was nothing simply pretentious or superficial. Stephen Weymouth liked gold and rosewood, not gilt and veneering.

There he sat among his papers, with his broad, solid figure, and his Roman head, and his large, shrewd, well-moulded face. He was a good-looking man, and he knew it. In fact, he had a very comfortable estimate of his own merits in general, but good sense enough to keep this opinion moderately in the background. He was a practical, sagacious man to the core of him. He had made his own fortune by his own wits, and now, on the broad and sunny slope beyond his prime, the man was taking his ease among the goodly harvest-fields of his wealth, "Whatsoever a man soweth, that shall he also reap," holding true of things material as well as of things spiritual.

Mrs. Weymouth sits opposite her husband, busy in embroidering a crimson stripe of Afghan. She was a handsome maiden years ago. She is a handsome matron now. Sydney came honestly by his good looks from both father and mother.

The clusters of grayish curls, the handsome lace coiffure, set off the lady's regular face and features to advantage; and there is a glitter of gems among the glow of her wools as her fingers move swiftly over their work. No wonder her son was proud when he took out this handsome, young-looking mother of his, leaning on his arm. He had so much to be proud of, this Sydney Weymouth! As to the woman herself, behind the handsome looks and the fine laces, as to the heart and soul of her, which are the main things after all, I hardly know what to say. I only know I never saw

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Mrs. Stephen Weymouth without thinking of the wife of

"Sir Aylmer Aylmer, that all mighty man," always with a little twinge of conscience afterward, for the woman was something more, after all, than that

"Faded beauty of the Baths,
Inspid as the queen upon a card."

She was good-natured, and I rather think she was kindly hearted. She believed in her husband and her boy, and in a Providence that would always have in especial care, and shine with His kindest beams upon the house of Stephen Weymouth & Son.

As for the world outside, I honestly wonder whether she ever felt a pang of pity for it, a thrill of hearty interest in it. I used to wonder, too, what kind of soil the ploughshare would turn up, if it struck down beyond the fair, smooth levels of her commonplaces—whether all those swarming human souls in her husband's factories were of any more interest to this woman than just that number of animals would have been; whether it ever struck her with solemn force that they had human hearts and souls as well as herself, and Stephen, and Sydney? Yet no doubt, if poverty or suffering had come in her way, she would have slipped back the rings of her purse graciously enough; the servants, too, had orders never to refuse a worthy beggar at the kitchen door. Thus much, at least, the recording angel has put down to the benefit of Mrs. Stephen Weymouth.

"Where is Sydney to-night?" said the gentleman, laying down his paper, stretching his limbs, and closing the register in front of him, for the room was growing warm, and he was of rather a plethoric habit.

"I strongly suspect that he's ridden out again to Squire Thayne's."

The lady did not lift her eyes, but that fact, perhaps, did not lessen a certain significance in her tones.

"To Squire Thayne's?" repeated Mr. Weymouth. After a moment's reflection, he turned suddenly to his wife. "Does a wind set in that quarter, Mary?"

"It has struck me there does of late, Stephen," answered his wife, still intent upon her

wools, the bright, soft work seeming precisely suited to her.

Mr. Weymouth reflected, this time longer than the first, his fingers working slowly with his gray beard. "Well, Mary, it's wholly news to me, but you women are wider awake on these matters than we men."

"Yes, we are, Stephen," a little flattered. "I have been on the watch of late, and I have put a good many things together, which have satisfied me that the wind blows from that quarter. Sydney goes over to Squire Thayne's whenever there is an opportunity, and he is not long at a loss for finding one."

"Possible! possible!" said Mr. Weymouth, in a slow, amazed kind of tone, and then he was silent—from no lack of interest in his subject, certainly.

"Well, Stephen, what do you think of it?" asked Mrs. Weymouth at last, pausing in her work.

Mr. Weymouth did not seem to know precisely what to say. He drew his hand rather irresolutely across his face—it was not a frequent motion with him. The image of Jacqueline Thayne rose before him—the fair, delicate, intellectual face, the swift, quiet, brown figure which he met so often on the country roads when he was riding out.

He had always liked the girl, fancied the sparkle of her talk, with the little, sharp edges to it, to use his own words; but he had always associated some oddness and individuality with all this. Jacqueline Thayne was not just like other women, he fancied; and when it came to looking on her as the future wife of his son, he was a good deal startled.

"I had never thought of the boy's taking a wife at Hedgerows," said the gentleman, rather parrying his wife's question.

"Neither did I. Jacqueline Thayne is not, I must admit, the kind of young woman I should have supposed would strike Sydney's fancy."

"Perhaps she hasn't, after all, Mary. You know they were old playfellows, and the boy may go out there as much to see the squire as his niece."

Mrs. Weymouth shook her head. "When it comes to these things, a mother is not easily deceived."

"It's a good family," continued Mr. Weymouth after a pause, "but there's an odd streak in the Thayne blood."

"There you've hit it precisely," said Mrs. Weymouth, with so emphatic a gesture that a heap of her wools fell from her lap to the floor. "The girl's got it in herself, too."

"Of course. She came honestly enough by it. Squire Thayne's a capital fellow, a scholar and a gentleman to the core, but there's some oddness at bottom of him," answered the gentleman.

His wife moved uneasily, and there was a shadow on the face under the gray curls and the handsome coiffure. She had an instinct of antipathy to independence and peculiarities. She had always fancied that Sydney would choose a wife after the pattern of his mother, a handsome, stylish woman, who would do with becoming grace and dignity the honors of the elegant home in which it would be her good fortune to be placed.

As for this Jacqueline Thayne, nobody could question her being a lady, certainly; but she had such odd notions, habits, ideas, not at all in the line of Mrs. Weymouth's.

The elder lady had never understood the younger one, and if the honest truth must be told, was a little afraid of her, although a pleasant, half-neighborly acquaintance had subsisted between them, Mr. Weymouth and the squire being the best of friends, as the world goes, and the two most prominent men at Hedgerows.

"There's one thing," said Mr. Weymouth, with that eye to the main chance which had so far distinguished him through life, "the girl will have a snug little fortune of her own one of these days, for, of course, whatever Squire Thayne possesses will eventually fall to his niece."

"I suppose so; but money isn't everything, Mr. Weymouth," said his wife, and I believe it was the first time she had expressed a sentiment of that kind.

"Of course not, Mary; but it is a very comfortable thing, as we are all aware. In fact, I never knew it come amiss," said Mr. Weymouth, with an involuntary glance about his elegant drawing-room, and a very agreeable sense of proprietorship. "Squire Thayne is too fond of his books and has too many crotchets to put himself heart and soul into business, and he has some curious ideas about property which, in my opinion, wouldn't answer for most of us to carry into the brunt of business."

"I have always considered it very unfortunate for Jacqueline that she should have been brought up wholly under her uncle's influence. She has imbibed his notions and ideas too fully ever to make just the right sort of a wife for any man," continued Mrs. Weymouth.

"Perhaps so," answered her husband a little reluctantly; for, with all his hard, practical

shrewdness, Stephen Weymouth had an under liking for Squire Thayne—honored him, I think, a little more than he did any other man in the world.

"Isn't there something we can do to nip this liking in the bud?" suggested Mrs. Weymouth with a good deal of nervous irritation in her voice. "I don't think matters have progressed very far yet. I only see where they are tending."

"It's rather dangerous to meddle with these things. I appreciate your feeling, Mary, but after all, the boy might go farther and fare worse. I should want to take the matter into serious consideration on all sides, before I took any active measures." I really do not suppose Mr. Weymouth was conscious that he was at all influenced in this matter by a feeling which he had had for years, that there was a magnificent water-power going to waste in the river that bordered Squire Thayne's property, and that broad lands behind might, within a decade, be cut up into splendid building sites.

Hedgerows was a growing town. Stephen Weymouth knew the value of every foot of land, present and prospective, within its limits. If, in connection with Jacqueline Thayne for his son's wife, visions of the water-power put to vast manufacturing services, and the lands beyond cut down into building lots which brought city prices, and all falling into Sydney's net—the best fish floating as by some natural law into the Weymouth seine—don't be too hard on the man. He was only following his own instincts, after all.

Mrs. Weymouth was too much of the Lady Aylmer type to maintain any very salient opposition to her son or husband. Yet the very mild disapproval which the latter manifested regarding his son's fancy caused the lady as much chagrin and annoyance as it was in her nature to feel.

"I really wish, Mr. Weymouth," she said, with unusual energy, "that you would bestir yourself in this matter while there is yet time. It seems to me very unlike your usual way of doing business, to fold your hands and let things take their own course because there's a chance Sydney may do worse."

"Well, my dear, you see meddling with one's courting affairs isn't so easy a matter as making a shrewd bargain."

Mrs. Weymouth usually laughed at her husband's jokes, however mildly they effervesced; but this time her face maintained an imperturbable gravity. Noticing it, he said, in a more sympathetic tone, "Well, now, Mary, what would you have me do?"

"I should like to have Sydney got off to New York for two or three weeks. Absence and change of scene might break the spell, and I'm sure you could invent some business to make the journey necessary at this juncture."

"Ah! now I'm on my own ground. Mary, I could easily accomplish that."

"Well, then, do it, Mr. Weymouth, without delay," said his wife, with a dramatic fervor that was almost startling in one of her usually placid deportment as she folded up her woofs.

On the very evening, while this talk was transpiring between Mr. and Mrs. Weymouth, the two principal subjects of it sat together in the library at Squire Thayne's. The owner himself happened to be absent.

They had had a very pleasant evening. Sydney Weymouth and Jacqueline Thayne were always certain of that when they were together. The more the man saw of her, the more he enjoyed the wit, the brightness, the power and sweetness of the woman.

He made up his mind that all her little oddnesses only gave her a certain pungent flavor, which, by contrast, made the ordinary woman insipid.

He had tried that type pretty thoroughly; indeed, he had outgrown the first illusions, the sting of delight and excitement there is in an ordinary flirtation; or if this is saying too much, a good deal of practice had made the whole game an old story to Sydney Weymouth. But he never attempted anything of that sort with Jacqueline Thayne. Some instinct warned him off that ground.

This much, at least, may be said to his credit: Sydney Weymouth had the power to perceive there was in Jacqueline Thayne something finer and loftier than in most of her sex. Whatever circle the thought of the two swept, it was certain to come back at last to their childhood, and the old, happy days at Hedgerows.

Young Weymouth had not been slow in detecting the magic which these associations exercised over the heart and memory of Jacqueline, and he had been biding his time, resolved on making a little adroit stroke of his own.

Sydney Weymouth was deep in some story of an afternoon when they had wandered off into the woods together and got lost. Jacqueline had forgotten the whole affair until he brought it back to her, with so many picturesque colors and touches, that she was quite bewildered between the plain outline of facts, and the glow of fiction which overlaid them.

Either her memory was shamefully at fault,

or her companion had drawn very strongly on his fancy.

All this, with a laugh, she told Sydney Weymouth, but he saw she was interested and amused, and thought that his time had come now.

He drew from his pocket a small box, a bit of fanciful Swiss carving, and handed it to Jacqueline. "Will you do me the favor to look inside?" he said. "It is possible you may find something there that will interest you."

Jacqueline opened the box. Inside lay a little, netted, crimson purse, with silver rings. She took it up carefully and shook it out in the light, the silken fashes and the silver beads flashing before her eyes.

"O Sydney!" she exclaimed, and her whole face was moved.

"You remember it, then, Jacqueline?"

"Perfectly. But to think you have kept my poor little gift all this time!" and she regarded the little, bright, silken thing with touched, tender eyes, thinking of the summer days long ago when she sat by the roses at the south window, and her thoughts were sweet and happy.

"As linnets singing in the pauses of the wind," while she netted the purse for Sydney, who was going away to prepare for college.

"Did you think I should ever lose that, Jacqueline?" for they had long before this come back to the old names. "I see the little girl standing at the front gate, with the flush in her cheeks, and the wind blowing the hair about her eyes, and just how she said, 'Here, Sydney; I did every stitch of it with my own fingers, and you must think of me every time you use it.' There was no need to say that. I have not taken out the purse in all these years without the picture of my little friend with the glow in her cheeks and the wind blowing the hair about her face rising up before me, and without thanking her over again, not only for the gift, but for the picture embalmed in my memory."

That was very pretty talk, no doubt. If it was true, it was something a great deal better than that. Yet, if Jacqueline could have known at that precise moment that Sydney Weymouth had come accidentally upon the identical purse the day before, stuffed down, where it had lain for years, at the bottom of an old trunk full of wrecks and debris of toys and old treasures of his boyhood, there would have come a sudden revulsion in her feelings, all the greater because she believed and knew Sydney Weymouth wished her to believe that he had been

carrying her little, childish souvenir all over Europe with him.

What now if away down in his heart he were secretly felicitating himself over his fine stroke, much as an ambassador would over some successful manoeuvre in political diplomacy?

Sydney's words had brought back the whole scene to Jacqueline. She stroked the little silk talisman in her hand, and the smile on her lips and the tears in her eyes were at strife as she said, looking up at him—"O Sydney! that was so long ago. I shall never be the little girl standing in the gate again—the happy little girl, with the winds in my hair, that I was when I gave you this."

Sydney Weymouth was emboldened by his success. He was tempted to lean forward and kiss the fair forehead upturned to him. I cannot tell whether his courage would have failed him at the final moment; but at that instant Squire Thayne walked in, brisk and genial as ever; and Sydney Weymouth took the purse out of Jacqueline's fingers and put it away in the box again, as though it were something very precious. If the thing had only possessed a tongue, and told to what new honor it had been suddenly raised from the ignoble corner where it had been stowed for the last twelve years!

"What a good fellow Sydney Weymouth is!" said Jacqueline, speaking suddenly out of a long silence, during which her uncle had been steadily regarding her.

Their guest had been gone for some time, although he had remained more than an hour after Squire Thayne's entrance, the two men having had their own talk together.

"What has impressed you with that fact so strongly at this particular moment?" asked her uncle, smiling a little at her fervor.

Jacqueline related the little incident about the purse. Her uncle did not say much in turn, but it might be that he was having a good many thoughts in that deep head of his. He knew men better than his niece did, and he had not precisely made up his mind about this Sydney Weymouth. But he kept his doubts, if he had any, to himself.

Meanwhile, Sydney Weymouth, going home in the gray, starless night, the winds panting through the air with a chill in them that reminded one of snow, was saying to himself—"If her uncle had not come in at that unlucky moment, I would certainly have kissed her. None of your 'faint hearts' when it comes to winning a fair ladie.'"

CHAPTER VIII.

Philip Draper was heartily glad to see young Weymouth when he dropped into the office that morning. The two had not met for more than a week; and as they had been together almost daily when the former first arrived at Hedges-rows, one might have suspected their ancient good feeling had undergone some change.

Young Draper would have strongly repudiated this. So, probably, would Weymouth, and attributed their not seeing each other entirely to accident.

The superintendent had at least done his part, for he had gone over twice to his friend's residence, and happened to find him out on both occasions.

The greetings of the two were as cordial as ever. Each fancying the other might feel a little aggrieved, was prolific of apologies. Young Weymouth declared, which was the simple fact, that he had not been in the best of humors for the last two days, his father having projected a trip to New York for him, to which, at this juncture, he was strongly disinclined.

"I tried to slip the burden off on your shoulders, Draper, but the governor insists you are quite too important a personage here to be spared for a day; so you see what comes of making your services of so much 'consequence.'"

Draper laughed a little, yet rather with the air of a man too simply conscious of the value of his services to be greatly tickled at any compliment regarding them, and added—"I should hardly suppose that a journey to New York would be a very disagreeable prospect, at this season especially."

His companion was naturally not inclined to confide the thing which lay at the bottom of his reluctance to going away at this juncture. He found the prosecution of some plans on which he had set his heart altogether too stimulating and agreeable to wish anything to interfere with them at this time, so the young man made answer to his companion—"Hedges-rows is a drowsy place enough, but it's home, and when a fellow's been tumbling about for as many years as I have, he likes to settle down snugly in a corner without an inclination to stir, and that's precisely my case; but the governor says this business must be attended to, and there's nobody but your humble servant to do it."

You perceive by this that the elder Weymouth had acted adroitly on his wife's suggestion. His son and heir had not the faintest suspicion of the fact which lay at the bottom

of his father's aggravating pertinacity about this particular business.

While the two young men were talking, a buggy drove up to the office, and Sydney's father alighted, and Squire Thayne, who had picked up the gentleman on his way to the mills, sat inside, and lifted his hat to the two young men.

What surprised young Weymouth was, the squire's calling out, quite with the air of an old friend, to the superintendent—"You've shown yourself in no great haste to give us the pleasure of a second visit, my dear sir."

"Thank you, Squire Thayne. If I have not inflicted myself on you, it was only out of consideration for yourself."

I do not know what the reply was, but as the squire's buggy drove off, the younger Weymouth turned to the superintendent, saying, in a light tone, which masked some composite feeling—"What, Draper! on such a friendly footing as that already?"

"The squire dropped in, one day, and we had a little chat together. The next time I met him he insisted on taking me up, and driving out home. That is the extent of our acquaintance," explained the superintendent.

But the brevity of the acquaintance only gave additional emphasis to the cordiality of the squire's manner.

The language which he had used on the only occasion when he ever spoke of Philip Draper recurred to young Weymouth, and with it came back that old feeling of hostility only stronger than ever.

It was singular how the young man, from the beginning, seemed to have some strong instinct of rivalry in connection with the superintendent, when there was not the faintest apparent cause for this, and what a secret feeling of antipathy it awoke in him toward Philip Draper, as that of somebody who might stand in his way.

It was doubly singular in this instance, because Sydney Weymouth was not a jealous man naturally. He had quite too high an opinion of his own merits to trouble himself about rivals; and in the present instance, he certainly possessed every conceivable advantage over Philip Draper. Jacqueline's nature was a loyal one, as you have seen, and I do not hesitate to say for her, that if, at this time, she had married any man in the world, it would have been Sydney Weymouth, for the very good reason that she liked him better than any other.

How in the world, then, this precience of a rival in his father's superintendent, which seemed simply absurd, should take more or

less possession of young Weymouth, I cannot explain. I only state the fact, and that, as he walked away from the office where he had left his father and the superintendent deep in some business matters, Sydney Weymouth felt less and less inclined to leave Hedgerows at this precise juncture.

No doubt Draper would be out there again in a few days to see Jacqueline. Nobody knew how often he might go on the strength of this unaccountable fancy which the squire had taken to him.

Draper was an intelligent fellow—in every respect far in advance of anybody at Hedgerows. So much Sydney Weymouth was compelled to admit to himself. What if he could bag the game, and have it thoroughly secure before going off? It was rather hurrying matters to a conclusion, but courage and valor, whether the prize was a woman's heart or the walls of a beleaguered city, usually carried the day.

Then Sydney Weymouth had that comfortable faith in himself which made him believe his suit pretty certain to prosper wherever he carried it. After a long process of reflection, he made up his mind to go over and propose to Jacqueline Thayne that very afternoon.

That young lady, little suspecting the real purpose of her friend's visit, was in no wise surprised to see him that afternoon. Her face brightened, as it always did on meeting him; and Sydney came out oftener to the Thaynes than even his mother, ever on the watch, suspected; and he had really brought some new color and interest into Jacqueline's life at this time.

She was not at all surprised, either, when Sydney invited her to take a little drive that afternoon. He had done that several times since his return home, and the people of Hedgerows had had their gossip over it all, of which Jacqueline was blissfully unconscious.

It was a pleasant afternoon for a drive, a tender softness in the brown air, and something pathetic in the pale, clinging sunshine, which made one feel that the year, worn and heart-broken, had gathered all its faint energies into one last clinging smile and caress over the poor, despoiled earth, waiting for some kindly snows to come and cover its shame and nakedness.

It took Jacqueline all by surprise. They had been riding for about an hour down the broad, winding river-road, which had a solemn beauty of its own at this season, with the wide, dun-colored sheet of water below the shelving

banks on one side and the upland swell of the bare forest on the other—here and there tufts of crisp, faded leaves clinging forlornly to the trees.

They had been going at a rapid rate, talking in a sparkling vein most of the time. Jacqueline was never so uniformly merry with anybody as she was with Sydney Weymouth. He brought out, just as he had in childhood, the fresh, sunny side of her.

Suddenly there came a little pause in the talk. Jacqueline fancied he wanted to breathe those splendid bays a little. Sydney Weymouth did not make gradual approaches to a climax, as he would have done with any other woman. He fancied, and he was not far wrong in this, that the truest way with Jacqueline Thayne would be the frankest and shortest—a few words, having a sound of immortal truth in them.

"Jacqueline," turning upon her suddenly, and pulling up his horses into a slow walk, "I have something to say to you. I should be glad to do it with sweet and eloquent speech, such as becomes the subject, but it is altogether too real and vital a matter to tell you in any words but the fewest and plainest."

"I shall like best to hear them in that way, Sydney," said Jacqueline.

He looked in her face. He saw then she had no faintest idea of what was coming.

You will wonder at this. Perhaps Jacqueline did herself some day. She was a sensible woman, and had the swift intuitions of her sex regarding such matters. In any other case she would have had some prescience of the state of things; but Sydney Weymouth, you must remember, was her old friend and playfellow. He lingered among the still enchanted gardens of her memory. She had loved the boy without thinking when they played together; but then nor now had she thought of him as her lover.

So she waited. I think Sydney Weymouth would have been glad to see her fluttered a little. I think it was, after all, rather a trying moment to himself when it came to getting the words out, which he had prefaced so adroitly, but they came in a moment.

"Jacqueline Thayne, I love you. Will you be my wife?"

How she quivered in every nerve of her! How her face faltered and shook out of all its bright calm! Yet her answer was altogether characteristic.

"Why, Sydney! Why, Sydney?" she said.

He strained his ears to find what was in the

tones; but he could make out neither pain nor joy there, only a blank amazement.

Then he took her hand. She did not draw it back, neither did the delicate, white thing nestle softly in his palm. It only lay still there. Could he take hope from all these signs? He could not tell; neither could Jacqueline.

"Didn't you know all that before?" he said, and his voice was like a lover's.

"No, Sydney, no," hers was breathless and strained still with amazement; but after that first start and quiver she sat very still.

"I thought my manner must have told you all this, long before my words did." Sydney Weymouth did not stop here to consider whether he was telling the truth or not. "Are you glad, Jacqueline?"

"I cannot tell, Sydney. It has all come upon me so suddenly," and she put up her hand to her face, shaken with pallor and blushes, in just that sort of perplexed way which he remembered as a habit of her childhood.

Then Sydney Weymouth said some other words—no need to repeat them here—they were well spoken—they had a ring of feeling and tenderness in them, which they could not have had if the speaker had not believed he was telling the truth.

He waited a little while, thereafter, and Jacqueline spoke, still with wavering face and voice. "You must give me a little while before I can answer, Sydney."

"Oh! yes; only I cannot wait patiently, Jacqueline. Let the time be short."

"Give me until to-morrow," she said, as though she craved a favor. He could not deny her that, although I think it would have pleased him better to do so.

They were bowling rapidly home now, across the smooth, hard levels of the winter road. "All the beauty of the afternoon was going down in one wide, dull blur of clouds. Winds with damp, clammy chills began to take possession of the air, and fill it with moan and mutter.

I am not sure that either the man or woman were conscious of the change. One thing struck Sydney Weymouth at this time, which he never forgot afterward, and that was the total absence of any instinct of coquetry in this woman. If she had been any other in the world, he would certainly have thought she was only delaying now to enhance his ardor and the sweetness of her consent.

But it was impossible to have any such thoughts of Jacqueline Thayne. When they

reached home she looked up in his face and smiled such a sweet, touched smile, that he leaned down and kissed her forehead.

"Little playfellow," he said, "it is not the first time," and those words made the kiss something no other man's could have been to her.

"Sydney," she said, speaking at the last, "whatever my answer is, you know it must be best for both of us."

"It can only seem best for me in one way, Jacqueline," he said, and he left her at the threshold, and drove off, on the whole satisfied with what he had done, and with what her reply would be to-morrow.

"Not at all like other women," he said to himself, "but by so much the better."

That evening Jacqueline did not come downstairs until summoned to tea. She found her uncle awaiting her in the library.

"Where have you been this afternoon," he asked.

"I went out to drive with Sydney Weymouth, uncle," she answered, and something in her tones struck him.

He watched her at supper. She was thoughtful and absent, sparkling up occasionally in some of her old talk, but letting the threads go loosely the next moment.

"Something is the matter with my bairnie," thought Squire Thayne.

When they returned to the library, she sat still for a full half hour without speaking one word. She thought it was only five minutes. Her uncle read, or pretended to, his papers.

Suddenly the man leaned forward and laid his hand on her lap.

"Little girl," he said, "has any man been asking you to marry him?"

She almost sprang from her seat with the start she gave. Her whole face flamed. She need not to have answered him, but she did in a moment, in a very characteristic way.

"Yes, Uncle Alger, there has."

"I thought so," he said. "I thought so," speaking mostly to himself. "Folks were right after all. These Thaynes were odd people."

"What made you think so, Uncle Alger?" asked Jacqueline, drawing closer to her uncle.

"I saw it in your face to-night."

"It took me by such utter surprise; almost as much as though you had come home yourself and told me you were to be married."

"I can hardly say it has taken me by surprise. I find now that I must have been rather expecting it," said the elderly man, quietly enough.

"Why, Uncle Alger," she answered, and she was so astonished she said no more.

"So Sydney Weymouth has been making love to my little bairnie?" said her uncle, after a long pause, in which he had been regarding the profile half turned from him toward the fire; and now he put his hand on her soft, shining hair. "Well, does she love him?"

"That is what I don't know, Uncle Alger. I wish you would help me," turning up to him her wistful, perplexed face. Sydney Weymouth had thought truly—there was no instinct of coquetry in this woman.

"It seems to me there ought to be no doubt on this subject," said the man, thinking how Evangeline had once answered him.

Jacqueline drew a long breath, and turned her face to the fire. The clock chirruped away on the mantle, and the broad flame laughed up the chimney. "I like Sydney Weymouth," she said at last, speaking half to herself. "He is more agreeable to me than any man in the world excepting yourself, Uncle Alger. He always interests or amuses me. Whenever he comes, I am glad to see him; when he goes away, I am sorry. We have, I think, a wide range of tastes and sympathies in common. He is a good fellow, a noble fellow. How fond I was of him in my childhood! I would sacrifice almost anything to give him pleasure. It seems to me I should never grow weary of him. His presence is always a fresh stimulant and delight to me."

Jacqueline's uncle had been listening to every word, weighing each one carefully. Think how he loved that girl, and what a life-and-death matter it was to him. Not that Squire Thayne would have thought of himself for a moment when it came to Jacqueline's happiness; but he would sooner have laid his little girl out among the waiting snows, between her father and mother, than given her to wife to a man unworthy of her.

That Sydney Weymouth was this, Squire Thayne had not, perhaps, consciously admitted to himself. He was not a man given to hasty conclusions, and he did not like to think or speak evil of others; but from the beginning he had maintained a singular scrutiny of Sydney Weymouth, having, perhaps, a vague prescience of what was coming. A variety of small circumstances, "light as air," which would have escaped any other person, and which Squire Thayne could not have repeated, had gone far, however, to giving the man an impression that under Sydney Weymouth's fair and stately outside were some arrogance, and hardness, and

selfishness which only wanted time to come to the surface.

But he was a just man—nay, he would deal more sternly with himself because of the live pang that struck to his heart, now there could be no question what was that most precious thing of which Sydney Weymouth was seeking to rob him.

He leaned forward and laid his hand on the girl's shoulder. "But all this you have said is not love, Jacqueline."

"That is what I doubted, Uncle Alger; that is why I asked Sydney to wait until to-morrow. Yet my feeling for him is something very different from an ordinary friendship."

Her uncle secretly suspected that the charm of those old, childish associations, had much to do with Jacqueline's feeling. But he resolved to test her thoroughly.

"Jacqueline"—taking no immediate notice of her last remark—"how would it seem to you to have Sydney Weymouth come to dwell always with you and me, he another with us—a part of our everyday life, thought, feeling? Think well, now, before you answer."

She was still a little while, and then, her answer came. "It would seem very odd at first. I suppose such things always do; but I cannot think of Sydney Weymouth's ever being otherwise than welcome and agreeable even here with you and me, Uncle Alger."

He tried her once more. "Well, Jacqueline, if either must go away, this young Weymouth or myself, for half a dozen years, which could you spare easiest from Hedgerows?—which would give you the longest and sharpest heart-ache to part with?"

There was no hesitation now. She turned straight around upon him, and her face, in its steady radiance, said all that her words did. "O Uncle Alger! I could part with Sydney Weymouth a thousand times the easier, as I love you a thousand times the better. Happy at Hedgerows with him without you!" and she clung to her uncle.

"Jacqueline," he said simply, "you do not love this man."

"I—don't—believe—I—do," she said very slowly, the truth beginning to grow clearer to her.

Then she added in a very little while, very softly and sorrowfully, "But if I do not love Sydney best, and not as the woman who marries him, I do love him enough to be grieved to the heart at the thought of anything which would give him pain. He must have loved me, or he would not have said what he did to me to-day." The tears shook in her eyes.

Her uncle would not tell her, what he was provoked at himself for thinking, and could not help, after all, that Sydney Weymouth's heart would not suffer so much as his self-love at his niece's refusal, so he only said, "However hard it may be for him, it would be harder to do him that other wrong."

After he had said this, there was a silence of some minutes, and the thoughts of both were busy, and suddenly, in an overflow of gladness and exultation, Jacqueline's uncle put his arms about her. "O my bairnie! my bairnie!" he said.

She understood him. "Why, uncle, are you so glad as that?"

"Just so glad, dear. And yet, if you loved him, and he were a good man, I would not come between. I would stand aside and thank God with my whole heart."

The next day Sydney Weymouth came. It was the hardest, cruellest hour of Jacqueline's life. It was the bitterest of his, for he had set his heart on making Jacqueline Thayne his wife, and there was the sharpness of his wounded self-love. It was the first time that Sydney Weymouth had been denied what he coveted.

Yet it seemed that any man might easily forgive such a refusal as Jacqueline's.

"Is there any other man?" he said to her, almost fiercely.

"None, Sydney, none. I love you better than any man in the world, saving my uncle."

"Then, Jacqueline, he shall not stand between us. Come to me. I will not be jealous of him."

"No, Sydney, if you will not be just to yourself, I must. You are worthy whatever is best in the heart of a woman. I will not wrong my friend so deeply as to let his generosity take less than he deserves."

So at last he went away, taking a kindly leave, for he could not help being touched and impressed by her manner; but as he went home, some anger and bitterness grew toward her in his heart.

She had refused him—Sydney Weymouth.

She would remember it all her life, and so would he.

It may be that the loss enhanced the value of Jacqueline Thayne's love in the thought of Sydney Weymouth. He must have loved her, too, in his way, I think; and when he saw young Draper standing in his father's office door, there was a sudden glare of hatred in the young man's eyes. Yet Jacqueline's words

came back to him, and he knew that girl had spoken the truth. The superintendent could not be his rival.

Yet for all that, the old feeling remained in sufficient force to make him avoid the other; and so, going home by a circuitous route, the favorite of fortune, the heir of the richest man in Hedgerowa, felt himself more mortified, chagrined, and miserable than he had ever been in his life.

(To be continued.)

ART POVERTY IN AMERICA.

SAYS a writer in *Appleton's Journal*:

"Life is sweeter, even to the poor, under a civilization which is favorable to the growth and cultivation of the artistic perceptions. The poor man is happier, has more varied and elevated intercourse with Nature and his fellow-men, in Italy and in France, than in industrial England and America. Our poverty in art is poverty in the ameliorations of civilized life. We rightly employ science to enlarge our empire over the material world and mitigate pain; but in the meantime we do not administer sufficient consolation to man's spiritual life, now neglected, now outraged, nor do we labor to accumulate and co-ordinate the moral and æsthetic elements of the past and present. A great museum of art is the only adequate sign and institution of those neglected and exquisite forces, which play through the life of the people of the Old World. A museum of art would afford us adequate instruction in the vestiges of the ancient civilizations—a solemn and beautiful teaching—it would foster reverence, without which man is barbarian, and obnoxious to every fine and noble sense of the difference of things. We are a raw, and noisy, and obtrusive people; but place one generation of us under the influence of the past, let us see something grand and beautiful, *not* made by our hands, yet made by the hands of men, and perhaps we shall feel the sweet flower of humility break through our pride and diffuse its gracious influence over us. Humility, that flower of the religious life, and reverence, which is the growth of our appreciation of what is above and independent of us, are sentiments which have no place whatever in our life at present. An humble and reverent American should be the first object to be labelled and pedestalled in our new museum; but will probably be the last work of art we shall get."

MARVELS OF THE INSECT WORLD.

BY J. B. D.

FOURTH PAPER.

IN the present and following paper we shall endeavor to notice a few of the more remarkable or curious among those forms of insect larvæ which, as has already been stated, are popularly known as grubs and maggots.

The most obvious difference between the two is that grubs, like caterpillars, are provided with legs, though not with false or pro-legs, while maggots have no such means of locomotion.

It is amongst the larvæ of the sheath-winged insects, or beetles, that we find the most perfect types of the grub. When in small numbers, the larvæ of beetles may do no great injury, but when they appear in large numbers, as is frequently the case, the agriculturist has no more dreaded enemy. The grubs of the European cockchafer, which live in their larval condition from two to three years, often become a scourge to the farmer on account of the destruction they occasion by devouring the roots of grasses. But it is the orchardist and the tree-grower to whom the ravages of beetle-grubs are most formidable. Almost every kind of tree is liable to the assaults of one or more species. Eighty thousand grubs of one kind have been found in a single tree; and, some years ago, forty thousand trees were destroyed by them in the forest of Vincennes, near Paris. Many of these tree-grubs, when first hatched, are found between the bark and the wood. Starting thence, the little creature, in the earlier stages of its life scarcely larger than a pin's head, eats for itself a winding path into the solid timber. This path increases in size with the growth of the insect, till it attains in some instances a diameter of one or two inches.

By a reference to our engraving this month, the reader will obtain a clearer notion of what a true grub is than by any mere word description. It represents the transformations of the stag-beetle. The fat, helpless-looking creature on the right side of the picture is the grub. Above is the female of the perfect insect, one of the very few exceptions to the rule that the females of beetles are larger than the males. In the lower left-hand corner we see the pupa in its cell; and the animal above it, with seeming stag-like horns, so formidable in appearance, but not at all dangerous in reality, except

that it may pinch one smartly if carelessly handled, is the full-grown male.

The common stag-beetle attains to a length of two inches or more, including the mandibles, which, from their resemblance to a stag's horns, give the insect its popular name. Its color is a dark chestnut-brown. Though very strong, the stag-beetle is an inoffensive creature, rarely attacking other insects, and lives principally on the sap of trees, occasionally making a meal from the leaves. May, June, and July are the months in which they usually appear, flying only in the evening, and in the heat of the day frequenting the woods, where they may be found climbing the trunks of trees.

The stag-beetle is very fond of liquid sweets. Swammerdam had one which followed him like a dog when he offered it honey. Wood speaks of one which "became quite tame and playful, and sometimes amused himself by tossing about a ball of cotton with his horns."

The grub of this beetle is whitish, with a russety head, and lives in the interior of trees. It remains in the larval condition nearly four years. It is supposed to be the Coccus of the ancient Romans, on whose tables, especially those of the rich and titled, it figured as a great delicacy. In our own day, the grugru, the grub of a South American beetle, which lives in the soft and spongy centre of the cabbage-palm, is esteemed a great treat, when roasted, sprinkled with cayenne pepper, and eaten with bread-and-butter. Its fragrance, when thus served up, is said to be as tempting to European colonists as to native inhabitants. It is an unsightly creature, fat and oily, of a whitish cream color, and as long and as thick as a man's thumb.

It is chiefly among the beetles that grubs are the whitish, inactive, plump-looking creatures we so readily recognize. Even in the larvæ of the water-beetles, to say nothing of other aquatic insects, whose young, being neither caterpillars nor maggots, seem to be best described as grubs, these characteristic are not observable. As a type of the larvæ of the aquatic *Coleoptera*, we may notice those of the great water-beetle (*Hydrophilus Caraboides*), formidable-looking, active creatures, armed with powerful sickle-like jaws, with which

they attack almost every living thing in their reach, even small fish being destroyed by them. This carnivorous habit is characteristic of the whole family. They will seize sticks presented to them, and even suffer themselves to be cut to pieces, rather than loose their hold.

Another interesting aquatic larva, which may be included among grubs, is that of the caddis-fly. Living always in the water, it is remarkable for its fastening together, by means of silken threads spun from its own mouth, small stones, bits of sticks, or small shells, thus constructing a sort of case in which the soft parts of its body is protected, while the head and breast, which are harder in their nature, are alone protruded. These dwellings are not quitted until the insect's metamorphose into the perfect caddis fly. Entire beds of white, marly limestone, composed of minute shells, once used by these larvæ for their dwellings, are found in various parts of France. The whole plain of Limagne, occupying a surface of many hundred square miles, is said to be almost entirely covered with these beds, which average five or six feet in thickness.

The grub of another member of the same order as that to which the caddis-fly belongs, is noteworthy as having an existence prolonged for two or three years, while the perfect insect lives but a single day. We allude to the larva of the ephemera or May-fly, an active, voracious little creature, living in galleries in the beds of rivers, breathing like a fish, through gills, at the side of the abdomen, and preying on small insects. Like the short-lived fly it eventually becomes, it has a sort of tail consisting of two or three jointed hairs of considerable length. Living but a few hours, the perfect insects have a mouth so soft and small as to be of no apparent use. It is a curious fact in their history, that, even when they have apparently reached their perfect state, they undergo a final change, to which no other known insect is subjected. After enjoying its first flight, the caddis fixes itself to some convenient object, and withdraws all the parts of its body, even the legs and wings, from a thin shell which has covered them like a glove. Then follow a few more hours of fluttering existence, and the insect drops to the ground lifeless. The perfect flies appear in astonishing numbers, and their dead bodies have frequently been gathered up by the cart-load, and used for manure.

Of the same order as the caddis, is that brilliant, graceful, and agile insect, the dragon-fly, whose larva may not improperly be included among the grubs. A common inhabitant of

the muddy bottoms of ponds, the larva of the dragon-fly, or "snake-feeder," or "horse-stinger," as it is frequently called, is an ugly looking animal of a light brown color, with huge, prominent eyes, and having the air and movements of a small reptile, rather than those of an insect. A greedy devourer of other insects, as well as of small fish, tadpoles, and the like, it captures its prey in a curious and peculiar manner. Under cover of a sort of living mask, at once its under-lip and an arm, it creeps with cat-like stealth toward its intended victim. As soon as within reach of its prey, the mask is thrown down and forward with the suddenness of a flash of lightning, and the two powerful pincers at its end seize the unlucky object of the creature's attack; and draw it up to be devoured. Another remarkable peculiarity of this grub is connected with its respiration. Its abdomen is terminated by appendages which it opens to allow the water to penetrate into the digestive tube, whose sides are furnished with gills. Deprived by these of the necessary air, the water is then expelled by the opening through which it entered, with such force as to urge the insect along, whilst its feet seem at rest.

Closely allied to, and greatly resembling the dragon-fly, we find the ant-lion, whose larvæ, however, unlike those of its graceful relative, live entirely on land, and in the driest, sunniest places. There is little of the conventional grub appearance about the young ant-lion. In color a rosy, rather dirty gray, it has an abdomen of aldermanic proportions, and covered with minute tufts of blackish hairs. By a peculiar arrangement of its legs, it can walk backward only. This singular grub is frequently met with in sandy places, where it scoops out, with its strong, square head a funnel-shaped hole, at the bottom of which it hides itself, only its powerful jaws, curved and pointed like sickles, and fitted at once for seizing, piercing, and sucking, showing above the sand. Here it awaits its prey, principally ants. One of these treading too near the treacherous pitfall, a few particles of sand are dislodged from its edge, thus warning the ant-lion below of the approach of the victim for which it has waited so patiently. The eager grub now displays an unwonted activity, and begins to toss up, by repeated and rapid jerks of its head, successive showers of sand, to alarm the ant, and cause it fall to the bottom of the pit, where it is seized by its hidden foe, sucked of its juices, and then tossed out to make room for the next unwary traveller.

In the months of June and July, says a popular French naturalist, one sees on nearly every tree, and on plants of the most different kinds, a sort of white froth, composed of bubbles of air. Concealed in this froth are certain grubs, green above and yellow underneath, the larvæ of an insect which the peasants of France call *Ecume printanière*, or spring foam, and which is known in England as the cuckoo-spit froghopper. Its scientific name of *Aphrophora* may be translated "foam-bearer." Swammerdam calls it the flea-grasshopper. The grub of this insect cannot live long out of its frothy envelope, only leaving it when it emerges from the pupa. If prematurely withdrawn from it, its body grows rapidly smaller, seeming to dry up, and the poor creature perishes, like a fish taken out of its natural element.

De Geer, a celebrated Swedish naturalist, who carefully studied the metamorphoses of the *Aphrophora*, regards the froth enveloping the grub as designed to protect it from the burning heat of the sun. It seems also to guard it from the attacks of carnivorous insects and spiders. Wishing to know how it produced this singular covering, De Geer took one of them from its frothy dwelling, wiped it dry with a camel's-hair pencil, and placed it on a freshly cut stalk of the honeysuckle, and this is what he observed:

"It begins," says he, "by fixing itself on a certain part of the stalk, in which it inserts the end of its trunk, and remains thus for a long time in the same attitude, occupied in filling itself with the sap. Having then withdrawn its trunk, it places itself on a leaf, where, after different repeated movement of its abdomen, which it raises or lowers and turns on all sides, one may see coming out of the hinder part of its body a little ball of liquid, which it causes to slip along, bending it under its body. The same movements are repeated with a similar result, the second globule filled with air like the first, being placed side by side with, and close to the preceding one. The same operation continues till the sap in the insect's body is exhausted. It is very soon covered with a number of small globules, which, collected together, form a white and extremely fine foam, whose viscosity keeps the air shut up in the globules, and prevents the froth from easily evaporating. If the sap which the larva has drawn from the plant is exhausted before it feels itself sufficiently covered with froth, it begins sucking anew, until it has got a fresh and sufficient quantity of froth, which it takes care to add to its first stock."

It is in this froth that the larva changes into a pupa. It has then, says De Geer, the art of causing the froth inside to evaporate and dry up, in such a manner as to form a space inside, in which its body is entirely free. The exterior froth forms a roof closed in on all sides, under which the insect lies quite dry.

HE NEVER CUT BEHIND.—There are hundreds of people whose chief joy is to help others on. Now it is a smile, now a good word, now ten dollars. May such a kind man always have a carriage to ride in and a horse not too skittish. As he goes down the hill of life, may the breeching-strap be strong enough to hold back the load. When he has ridden to the end of the earthly road, he will have plenty of friends to help him unhitch and assist him out of the carriage. On that cool night it will be pleasant to hang up the whip with which he drove the enterprises of a life time, and feel that with it he never "cut behind" at those who were struggling.—*De Witt Talmadge.*

THE STRENGTH OF A SPIDER'S THREAD.—A bar of iron one inch in diameter will sustain a weight of twenty-eight tons; a bar of steel will sustain fifty-eight tons; and according to computation based upon the fact that a fibre only one four-thousandth of an inch in diameter will sustain fifty-four grains, a bar of a spider's silk an inch in diameter would support a weight of seventy-four tons.

A WORD OF WARNING.—"It has been my lot in life," says a teacher, "to meet with many poor drunkards, not a few of them men of high attainment. In conversation with them I have usually asked the question, 'Where did you learn your first lessons in drinking?' 'Ah sir! I learned to love the drink at my own father's table,' has usually been the reply."

NEXT to mitigating the poverty of helpless and infirm persons—relieving them from hunger, and protecting them from cold—certainly, we should rank an effort to make all classes acquainted with the beautiful and curious manifestations of the human mind, and the lovely and interesting works of men's hands. For this purpose, we must have the means of general and special instruction in art, in its broadest sense.

MOTHERS' DEPARTMENT.

AUNT MARTHA'S PREVENTION.

BY M. O. J.

"A H Aunt Martha! here you are! You don't know how glad I am to see you. I was afraid that drifting snow-storm yesterday would delay you. Come right up to the nursery, and take off your things. It's warm and cosey, and I'm in such a hurry to show you my baby."

Thus chatting in merry tones, Anna Frankfort ran up-stairs, followed by the old lady, whose coming was most welcomed where she was best and longest known. Active, cheerful, even-tempered, the years which silvered her hair had left her heart still young and warm. Slow to blame, ready to sympathize and aid, and blessed with strong, steady good sense and ripe experience, she was ever a reliable friend; and to Anna she was far more, for she had been to her orphaned girlhood all that a mother could be.

"Dear little one!" she said tenderly, when, divested of her outside wrappings, and settled comfortably in the great easy-chair, she took the baby in her arms. "She is a beautiful baby, Anna; is she perfectly healthy?"

"Except colic; she has that very often."

"Why do you let her have it, Anna?" questioned the old lady quietly.

"Let her have it!" Anna exclaimed in astonishment. "Why, auntie, what do you mean? You don't suppose I neglect her. Babies always have it more or less."

"Anna," said auntie, in a firm, though pleasant tone, "there is no need. Remember the old saying—never was one truer—'an ounce of prevention is worth a pound of cure.'"

"Tell me how to prevent it, Aunt Martha; I would do anything in my power. It is so hard to see her in pain. I've given her catnip, pennroyal, camomile, and anise-cordial—they relieve for the time, and I thought that was all anyone could do."

"Very good remedies, dear—better not to need remedies. And now let me question you a little, and see if I can make some useful suggestions. Look here—these tiny arms and dainty shoulders are beautiful to see, and this embroidered cambric quite tasty; but suppose baby's arms, neck, and chest—far more delicate than you think—were well covered with soft flannel, or cashmere sacques—not open-work ones—they're well enough for June. You can make these as stylish as you please with embroidery. Let me see her feet. Ah! yes, the prettiest socks you could buy; but, Anna, they are not long enough. Will you try these?" And she drew a small package from her pocket, and unrolled four pairs of delicate Shetland-wool stockings, long enough to reach the knees.

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"I knitted these evenings," she added; "I wanted to bring baby something."

"O auntie! how kind you are," said Anna sincerely; "these are quite as pretty as mine, and ever so much better," as she drew off the "tasty" socks, replacing them by a pair of the new ones.

"You've thick flannel skirts—I'm glad to see that," continued auntie—"half the colics are caused by cold, especially the feet. You don't wash her in cold water?"

"No, auntie, of course not."

"Well, do you keep her warm enough while giving her the bath?"

"I don't know—I always wash her here by the fire."

"In your lap?"

"Yes, while she is so little. I shall have a baby's bath by-and-by."

"Let me advise you to wrap her in a warm cradle-blanket, and expose the skin to the air as little as possible. Use warm water, and a soft sponge; wash, and perfectly dry one arm, for instance, then cover it, and wash the other, and so on. Children washed in this way always enjoy it, besides being safe from colds."

"I said, cold causes half the colics; wrong feeding does the rest."

"Ah! I'm very careful there. Lily's never had a moment's pain from over-feeding or sour milk."

"No; but may have had from scant feeding."

"Auntie, I declare, if it were anyone else, I should be offended."

"Very likely. But Lily is thin, dear; and I know that very many mothers, nurses, and even physicians, nearly starve infants."

Anna's face was an exclamation-point.

"Do you nurse your baby?" asked her aunt.

"Only in part."

"Well, there's the especial danger. You are afraid of giving too much, while, in all probability, she gets almost nothing from you; in fact, that should not be counted at all. You use a nursing-bottle?"

"Yes."

"What quantity of milk in twenty-four hours? and how much diluted?"

"One fourth cream, three fourths water."

"That will do to begin with; but the proportion of cream should be gradually increased, and after a time, some milk used. You know, of course, that the bottle must be kept perfectly sweet, and the food never given cold. It should be made warmer than breast milk, as it cools in the bottle. A healthy child, at seven months, will bear clear milk, and thrive better on it—only changes should always be gradual and the milk should be scalded."

Most children, at that age, need about a quart a day."

"A quart of clear milk, Aunt Martha! You astonish me."

"I mean so, dear, and your baby now needs certainly not less than a quart of the mixture you give her. For how much real nourishment would she get? Only half a pint!"

Anna sat silent and thoughtful a few moments; then said candidly—"I think you are right, Aunt

Martha. It seems reasonable. I thank you, and will adopt your suggestions."

"Only don't change the food too much at once, dear."

"No; there's the tea-bell."

[NOTE.—To those who may doubt the efficacy of these simple rules, I would say that the old lady is about all the fancy in my sketch; the management recommended I have tested thoroughly, and with the happiest results.]

BOYS' AND GIRLS' TREASURY.

GRANDY'S STORY.

BY ROSELLA RICE.

"I DECLARE," said little Mary Tracy, "if we haven't all gone and left grandpa sitting alone in the kitchen! That looks just as though we didn't like him, or as if we were glad to get away from him—that's too bad!" and the child laid down her book and went to the kitchen, saying—"Why, grandy, we all dropped off, one by one, into the sitting-room, following after ma, and were laughing and enjoying ourselves finely before we missed you. Come and sit with us."

"Oh! no, dear," said he. "I want to mend Jenny's harness, and it wouldn't be nice to litter up the carpet with bits of leather and strings, and such stuff. The kitchen's the place for such work."

"But I'm afraid you'll be lonesome," persisted the child.

"Oh! no; I never grow lonely," he replied.

"Well, I wouldn't either if I were in your place, grandy, 'cause you know so many stories that you can think over, and wonder at, and laugh about, just all by yourself," said Mary, her eyes dilating, and her lips parting with a bright little ha! ha! that grandpa echoed heartily.

"Sposing I stayed here with you, would you tell me a horse, or dog, or Indian story?" said she, leaning over, and peeping up into his face cunningly. "But then I wonder if, long, long ago, when you first came to Ohio, when it was all woodsey and Indiany, if you weren't too poor to own a dog," said the child sadly.

Grandpa laughed, and said that a man would be very poor indeed if he could not keep a dog.

"Why, Mary," he said, and he rested his hands on his knees, and the old pioneer fire was kindling, "the best dog we ever had was the one we owned first after coming into this country in February, 1811. Her name was Venus, and she was a slender, middle-sized, gray dog, with the temper and energy of a good woman.

"The Indians had a village of sixty or eighty huts at the bend of the creek, about a mile and a half above our cabin. Sometimes I would go with

my father and see them. They were friendly at that time. We always let Venus go with us, but somehow she didn't like them, and would always stick close to my heels when we went there.

"One time I was standing near their big fire out-doors, warming myself, and I had both my hands thrust deeply into my pockets, away down, as far as they would go. I was shivering with the cold, when a mischievous little Indian boy, a year or two older than myself, slipped up slyly behind me, and seizing my arms just above my elbows, pressed them closely to my sides, and tripping my feet out from under me, threw me down on the ground, and tumbled, and pushed, and wallowed me about among the dirt and leaves until I cried bitterly.

"Oh! I did wish I had my hands out of my pockets. I cried because he took the advantage of me, and came upon me so slyly, just like a little Indian would. I sat on the ground and cried, and Venus crowded closely up against me, barking at the boy in a very wicked, threatening manner, as much as to say—'You little, brassy-colored Indian, just touch my little master again, and I'll bite your black head off—see if I don't!' All the old Indians laughed at me, and the old squaws grinned, and thought it was very funny.

"I coaxed my father to permit me to kiss Venus, and let her tear the Indian boy's leather leggings, but he said they would get angry, and maybe sink a tomahawk into her head, and then my little companion would be gone from me forever.

"I wiped my eyes on my sleeve, and sullenly refused the nice strip of tanned deer-hide that the old chief offered me, and went home, feeling as though I could never grow to be a manly man at all.

"Some of the white settlers, living three or four miles farther up the creek, above the village, wronged the poor Indians, and they avenged themselves by murdering the two families who had injured them. The rumor spread like wildfire that the Indians were going to kill all the white families, and then there was consternation, and people were almost paralyzed with fear.

"The few families in our neighborhood went to work and built a strong, large, square, log-house, called a blockhouse or fort, close to the creek, about a mile below where we lived, and then we all moved into it, so our fathers could protect and care for us.

"We left our home in a great hurry, only taking with us such things as we could carry and pack on our horses. We went in the twilight, as quietly and softly as we could walk. Our horses each wore a cow-bell on his neck fastened by a strap, so that when they were out in the woods picking up something to eat, and we had to hunt them, we could hear the bell, and know where to find them. I remember, before we took up our sad line of march that evening for the blockhouse, my father stuffed some soft grass inside of the bells so the Indians wouldn't hear us if they chanced to be out scouting through the woods.

"We were so badly frightened that none of us slept much that night, for our fathers stood at the port-holes with their muskets ready to defend their wives and little ones.

"Toward morning I fell asleep, and dreamed of my old home on the beautiful shores of Lake Champlain, and of my playmates, and of our spring, and the winding path that led to it; and then I seemed to be bidding good-by to all the little boys and girls that I had known and loved, and I was climbing up into the wagon, and getting ready to move away to the far-off Ohio. I thought I could hear my mother crying piteously as she bade farewell to the dear old home. The dream affected me so much that I awoke, and I still heard the plaintive crying. I rubbed my eyes wide open, yet the cry still sounded distinctly in my ears. I got up, and looked all around me, and then went out. It was broad daylight, and the first thing I saw on the opposite bank of the creek was my dear old dog, Venus, her head laid back, and her white breast whiter and prettier than it had ever seemed before. She was howling, and the cry was as pitiful as a human wail. She had two little baby dogs that were not large enough to walk, and we had left her and her family asleep out in one corner of the garden, in a kennel made of bark and sticks, and covered with moss and leaves. Sometime in the night she had missed us, and had followed our track, and found where we had gone. I hurried, and took the skiff, and went for her. Oh! we were all very glad to see poor Venus. About noon she swam the creek, and visited her children, and came back to see us in the evening. She alternated between the two places—her kind heart was divided.

"One morning about a week after we had left our home, I was awakened by the same sad cry, and there, on the opposite bank of the stream from the blockhouse, her head up, and her white breast showing whiter than ever, sat Venus, with one of her puppies lying on the grass beside her.

She was crying, and calling for me to come, and take her and her baby across the water in the skiff. She had carried it in her mouth all the way from our house, following the path through the brambles, and the thicket, and the tangled underbrush, like a true and loving mother as she was. I brought them over, and made a nice little kennel like the one at home in the garden, and she took her puppy into it, and he put up his snubby little nose, and smelt of it, and became acquainted with it, and then laid down with a satisfied chuckle of contentment. After it went to sleep she stood away, and in the afternoon came back, and stood on the bank of the creek, and hailed over in a real, jolly sailor fashion for assistance. Instead of the wail that was as full of sorrow and heartache as the cry of a distressed human soul, the call came across the water now like a seaman's—'Heave ho! my shipmate, and lend a helping hand!' I looked over and answered—'Ay, ay, my hearty!'

"There she stood, or rather sat, on the tender, plushy grass, and beside her lay her little dumpling of a fat dog-baby, looking so cunningly, and so funny, with its soft, lopping ears, and its white little nose, squarer and snubbier than ever. It was a perfect beauty! It looked up into her wise, trustful face, while I was loosing the skiff, as much as to say—'O mammy! won't you take good care of me now, and wrap me closely, and don't let me fall into the water.'

"My poor little dog-baby,' she would say, looking down into its newly opened eyes, and smiling the best and the sweetest that she knew how to do, 'your mammy will care for you tenderly as long as you trust and obey her. This little boy in the skiff is an old acquaintance and associate of mine, and we are going to live with him, and try and do him good.' After I took them across the creek, she snatched her puppy up in her mouth, and capered off with a light step, and laid it down in the kennel beside the other one. Then she stepped back, and tipped her head this way and that, and surveyed them with a look of intense satisfaction. Then she stretched out her tired legs, and yawned, and caught a long, resting breath, as though she would have said—'that hard task is done now, and my mind is at rest.' She came and licked my hands, and rubbed her head against me, and smiled, and said she was under lasting obligations to me for my kindness. I blushed and looked down at my feet, and said—'Oh! not at all—not at all, madam.' And this is the story about my first dog, Venus."

The *Waterbury American* says—"The mother of a little five-year-old girl in this city, one evening made her understand what the katydids were saying—'Katy did, Katy didn't,' etc. A few evenings after, the little girl happening near the door, heard them again, and ran back into the house, exclaiming—'Mother! mother! those bags are out here conterdictin' again.'"

GARDENING FOR LADIES.

BY MRS. E. B. DUFFEY.

WORK FOR APRIL.

HAVING laid out the flower-beds and got them in good working order, the next thing is to decide what plan to follow in planting the seeds. There are various ways, and each has its zealous advocates. There is the "ribbon" style, now very popular in Europe. This plan is to set plants of the same height and color in a row, each row being of a different color, and several rows forming a bed. This has a very pretty effect for a border, the beauty of which is further enhanced by making the back row of some tall plant, and graduating the height of each row until the front row measures only a few inches. Thus the front row might be of white candy-tuft, the second of red phlox drummondii, the third of blue rocket larkspur, and the fourth of scarlet double sinningia. Or a circle might be formed having for its centre a clematis, then a circle of double sinningia, next French marigold, then larkspur, and in front of all, portulacca. A very pretty ribbon-bed is made by taking different colors of the same flowers, like phlox drummondii, larkspurs, stocks, or asters.

When space will permit, beds containing only one variety of flowers are very effective. Thus an entire bed of verbenas, another of phloxes, another of mignonette and so on, make a brilliant show.

If one wishes to develop each single plant to its utmost, the best way is to set out each one singly, allowing it plenty of space, both above and below, to grow in. By this means the plant will often attain a magnificent development. But to do this, a great deal of ground must be occupied, and, according to our opinion, not one half the real beauty is obtained that can be secured by other means.

If one wishes the greatest display of bloom with the least amount of space, the best way is to plant a variety of flowers of different colors, and heights, and periods of bloom in a single bed. If the ground is made rich so as to bear the tax upon it, flowers can be planted very thickly, and never seem to suffer. There is one thing to be observed—not to let the tall flowers jostle one another. Plant these at the ordinary distances apart, and then fill in the space with smaller flowers, until—when the plants shall have reached maturity—the ground shall be completely hidden. Always let the tallest be nearest the centre, and the plants perceptibly decrease in height as they approach the outer edge. A single circular bed of eight or ten feet in diameter can thus be made to contain an almost infinite variety of flowers, some of them beginning to blossom six weeks after sowing the seeds, and others keeping up a bloom until frost.

PERENNIALS.—Divide and reset, and sow seeds for new stock.

SHRUBS may be transplanted. Spiraea, weigela, snowballs, lilacs, mock-oranges, azaleas, laurels, and roses of all sorts are desirable shrubs for a garden.

ROSE TREES should be pruned this month. Hybrids and damask perpetuals must be shortened to three or four eyes. Tea roses and noisettes (or monthlies), if the wood is well ripened, may be permitted to retain more of the last year's growth. Give them a plentiful supply of well-rotted manure. Chip dirt is excellent to put around them. Moderate root pruning has a good effect in conjunction with manuring.

GLADIOLUS.—Put out the bulbs in April, setting it in a nest of sand to the depth of five inches. If the weather is unpromising, it is better to start them in pots.

DAHLIAS.—Dahlias may now be started in hot-beds or cold-frames, setting in the whole root, just as it was taken up in the autumn.

MONEY EXPENDED IN THE DECORATION OF A RURAL HOME.

REV. D. WISE has an interesting article in one of our exchanges, entitled "Shall we Procure a Suburban Home?" from which we make the following extract:

"I do not know of any way of spending money—Christian benevolence excepted—so wisely and profitably as in erecting and keeping up a beautiful rural home. If the love of the beautiful soften the memory and refine the feelings; if the cultivation of trees, shrubs, and flowers afford innocent and profitable occupation; if riding and driving be promotive of health—then their cost is money well spent. When Judge Field showed me a group of six standard rhododendrons, which he imported at a cost of some four hundred dollars, I was disposed at first to consider him extravagant; but when I saw the exquisite delight with which he described the hundred flowers which one of those noble plants produced in one season, and considered that this enjoyment was reproduced every time he viewed or thought of them, I asked myself if the judge could have purchased so much innocent pleasure in any other way with four hundred dollars. I contrasted the act with the habit of wealthy city people, who often spend thousands of dollars in a season upon grand parties, which yield them little else than annoyance and care, and I concluded that the judge had made a better use of his money than they."

WILD-FLOWERS IN THE GARDEN.

THE most indifferent admirer of nature cannot but feel a thrill of pleasure at sight of the first flowers of spring. The trailing arbutus, the anemone, the violet, are all favorites; and many look forward to their appearance in early spring with an ardent longing which can only be satisfied by a sight of their fragile, pale, delicate-tinted blossoms.

As soon as spring is here, we find them in the woods and glens, on hillsides and by roadsides, a lavish array of loveliness; while yet our gardens show only hyacinths, snowdrops, narcissus, and other spring-blooming plants, in a waste of yet untenant flower-beds.

But why should not our wild-flowers be domesticated? Some few of these have been, we know; but there are many more equally deserving. They blossom so early that if transplanted into our beds and borders, we might, from the earliest spring, rejoice in a profusion of bloom, which would continue until the garden flowers were ready to take their places.

The pedate violet of the Eastern States is one of the most beautiful and showy of the spring wild-flowers. It may be found of every tint, from the palest purplish blue to indigo. Its leaves grow next the ground, and it sends up its blossoms on long stems, in clusters sometimes numbering twenty or thirty flowers.

It will bear transplanting readily, and makes a beautiful edge to a flower-bed or border.

We have growing in our garden a bed of moss pinks, transplanted from the woods when they were in full bloom, which held up their heads as brightly and as long as though they had never been disturbed. We have also transplanted catchflies by the basketful, and had them blossom well the same year.

We have never yet succeeded in persuading the trailing arbutus to grow, but believe the thing not impossible. This would probably best bear transplanting in the fall.

But it is unnecessary to specify wild-flowers by name. Our desire is simply to prompt our readers to adopt these little children of the woods and fields, and see if they will not repay the love and care bestowed upon them, by even more beautiful and generous bloom than in their wild state. The important thing is to observe the conditions of the plant in its native home—the degree of shade and moisture its nature requires—and supply them as far as possible.

These plants are, no doubt, capable of improvement, if proper means are taken. The best way to begin to improve wild-flowers would be to collect the seeds of any that are fixed upon as likely subjects during the autumn. When this seed is sown in good, rich soil, especially if it be quite different from its native soil, there is great probability of some change taking place. Most plants are en-

larged and improved by successive growth in richer soil, but many varieties may be raised as well. If any variety is deemed worth perpetuating and intensifying, the proper way is to pull up every other plant of the kind, so that it may not be impregnated with the undesirable varieties, and to save seed from that plant only. The chances are that next year the seed will produce a considerable number of plants of the desired variety, some of which will be more fully developed than the parent. These must in like manner be selected, destroying all others, and at last permanent varieties, often very unlike the original, are formed. Plants are very pliant in the hands of the skilful floriculturist, and there is no saying what curious changes may be induced by careful selection; but time and patience are required.

 SPRING.

WE give this month a beautiful engraving of "Spring," which every lover of the woods and flowers will know how to appreciate. We can find no better description of this engraving than Longfellow's poem, entitled "An April Day," which so fitly describes the characteristic graces of the season.

AN APRIL DAY.

When the warm sun, that brings
Seed-time and harvest, has returned again,
'Tis sweet to visit the still wood, where springs
The first flower of the plain.

I love the season well,
When forest glades are teeming with bright forms,
Nor dark and many-folded clouds foretell
The coming-on of storms.

From the earth's loosened mould
The sapling draws its sustenance, and thrives;
Though stricken to the heart with winter's cold,
The drooping tree revives.

The softly warbled song
Comes from the pleasant woods, and colored wings
Glance quick in the bright sun, that moves along
The forest openings.

When the bright sunset fills
The silver woods with light, the green slope throws
Its shadows in the hollows of the hills,
And wide the upland glows.

And, when the eve is born,
In the blue lake the sky, o'er-reaching far,
Is hollowed out, and the moon dips her horn,
And twinkles many a star.

Inverted in the tide,
Stand the gray rocks, and trembling shadows throw,
And the fair trees look over, side by side,
And see themselves below.

Sweet April!—many a thought
Is wedded unto thee, as hearts are wed;
Nor shall they fall, till, to its autumn brought,
Life's golden fruit is shed.

EVENINGS WITH THE POETS.

BETTER LATE THAN NEVER.

LIFE is like a race where some succeed
While others are beginning;
'Tis luck in some, in others speed,
That gives an early winning;
But if you chance to fall behind,
Ne'er slacken your endeavor;
Just keep this wholesome truth in mind,
"Tis better late than never!"

And if you keep ahead 'tis well,
But never trip your neighbor;
'Tis noble when you can excel
By honest, patient labor;
But if you are outstripped at first,
Press on as bold as ever;
Remember, though you are surpassed,
"Tis better late than never!"

Ne'er labor for an idle boast,
Or victory o'er another;
But while you strive your uttermost,
Deal fairly with a brother;
Whate'er your station, do your best,
And hold your purpose ever;
And if you fail to do the rest,
"Tis better late than never!"

Choose well the path in which you ran,
Succeed by noble daring;
Then, though the last, when once 'tis won,
Your crown is worth the wearing;
Then never fret if left behind,
Nor slacken your endeavor;
But ever keep this truth in mind,
"Tis better late than never!"

DEFTON WOOD.

BY JEAN INGLOW.

I HELD my way through Defton Wood,
And on to Wandor Hall;
The dancing leaf let down the light,
In hovering spots to fall.
"O young, young leaves! you match me well,"
My heart was merry and sung—
"Now wish me joy of my sweet youth;
My love—ahe, too, is young!
Oh! so many, many, many
Little homes above my head;
Oh! so many, many, many
Dancing blossoms round me spread!
Oh! so many, many, many
Maidens sighing yet for none!
Speed, ye wooers, speed with any—
Speed with all but one."

I took my leave of Wandor Hall,
And tread the woodland ways.
"What aill I do so long to hear
The burden of my days!"
I sighed my heart into the boughs
Whereby the cullivers coked;

For only I between them went,
Unwoofing and unwoofed.
Oh! so many, many, many
Lilies bending stately heads!
Oh! so many, many, many
Strawberries ripened on their beds;
Oh! so many, many, many
Maidens, and yet my heart undone!
What to me are all, are any?
I have lost my—one.

SOJOURNING AS AT AN INN.

BY A. D. F. RANDOLPH.

I LOOM abroad upon the verdant fields;
The song of birds is on the summer air;
Within, how many a treasure something yields
To bless my life and round the edge of care;
And yet the earth and air,
All that seems good and fair,
That still is mine, or once hath been,
Now teach me, I am but a pilgrim here,
Without a home, and dwelling in an inn.

Not ever has the outlook been so clear;
There have been days when stormy gusts went by,
Nights when my wearied heart was full of fear,
And God seemed further off than stars and sky;
Yet then, when grief was nigh,
My soul could sometimes cry
Out of the depths of sorrow and of sin,
That at the worst I was a pilgrim here,
With home beyond, while dwelling in an inn.

Now I complain not of this life of mine;
I less of shade have had than of the sun;
The gracious Father, with a hand divine,
Has crowned with mercies his unworthy one
My cup has overrun,
And I, His will undone,
Have changed his blessings into sin.
As I forgot I was a pilgrim here,
Homeless at best, and dwelling in an inn.

Look at me, Lord! Have I not need to pray
That this fair world, which gives so much to me,
Serve not to lead my steps so far astray,
That at the end they leave me not with Thee?
Dear Lord, let not this be;
Nay, rather let me see
Beyond this life my days begin,
And singing on my way, a pilgrim here,
Rejoice that I am dwelling in an inn.

Dear Son of God! by whom this world was made,
Yet, homeless, had not where to lay Thy head
(Not e'en by kindred was Thy body laid
In Joseph's tomb, Thou Lord of quick and dead),
By Thy example led,
Of me may it be said,
When I shall rest and peace begin,
He lived as one who was a pilgrim here,
And found his home while dwelling in an inn.

THE HOME CIRCLE.

EDITED BY A LADY.

THE SERVANT QUESTION.

THERE is now a strong pressure being brought to bear upon American girls to force them into the kitchen, to take the place of incompetent foreign servants; and it is argued that if once this could be done, servants and mistresses would alike cease to have cause of complaint, and a new and better order of things would be instituted. No doubt much may be said on both sides of this question, but a communication we have received, has brought the adverse side prominently before us. This communication, from an undoubted American girl, and bearing testimony as to the intelligence of its writer, goes to show that intelligence and capability on the part of servants do not always insure consideration, or even humanity on the part of masters and mistresses. Before the root of the servant difficulty is reached, there must be a double reform.

The writer says: "May I become a member of your 'Home Circle'? My occupation is 'kitchen girl,' and I could give you the benefit of my actual experience in domestic affairs. I am not ashamed to work with my hands for a living. Although the life of a hired girl is not strewn with flowers, yet one can, at least, improve every opportunity of learning something which may be of advantage to her in after life.

"Perhaps it might be interesting to many to know that hired girls have souls as well as bodies, and sometimes feelings of both mind and body. One of my experiences in domestic life occurred while working in a hotel. As soon as supper was over, every day, either the landlord or landlady would come into the kitchen, and take the stove-covers off, so as to let the fire go out as quick as possible; then take the coal out, and put in the kindlings for a morning fire, leaving the kitchen-girls, of whom I was one, without any fire to sit by in the evening, and nowhere to go to warm ourselves, unless we went into the bar-room, which we did not do.

"Again, it was my fortune to work in the family of a retired Methodist minister, who severely reprimanded me for attending church on Sunday, and leaving the family to get their own lunch at noon. It is a well-known fact, that girls who do housework have nearly as much work to do on Sunday as on any other day of the week.

"Ought these things to be? Would it not be well for those who are seeking to elevate woman, to make labor respectable, so that a hired girl, if she be virtuous, may be considered a member of society?"

We can say to our correspondent, that we believe the true laborers for the elevation of women are those who, while recognizing the differences which culture, education, habits, and tastes will always ordain in society, yet all other things being equal, would place the working-woman far above the butterfly or the drone. And when working-women, as a class, shall have made themselves the equals of their idler sisters in intelligence and refinement, we believe the place will not be denied them.

TO THOSE WHO HAVE THE CARE OF CHILDREN.

BY LIEU. H. HOLMES.

YOU who are much in the society of children, do you realize what a sacred trust this is? Whatever may be your relations to them, God has given you a duty, and will hold you responsible for the manner in which you perform it.

Do you ever think that "children are a bother?" Ah! if those bright, wide-awake eyes, that seem to spy out mischief continually, were to be closed forever to all things on earth; those busy, tireless, little feet, if they had taken their last step; if those little hands you think make you so much trouble—if they, too, had done with all, and you beheld them white and still, lying above that little heart that loved you so; then you would never remember that little one to have been a "bother." Think of it now, mothers, and bear with them patiently, tenderly. If you are a true mother, you often put up a silent prayer for strength, and grace to do your duty by your children faithfully.

With the first lisping of your child direct its thoughts to God. When you transplant a flower, do you wait until it is ready to blossom, and until amidst the heat of summer? When you wish a plant to thrive, do you cover it from the rain and dews of heaven until it shall get its growth? No; you transplant it when it is young, and how carefully you water it, and care for it that it may be goodly, and fair, and strong. So with the human plants which you are fitting for God's garden.

Talk with the children about Jesus. Tell them the truth. You will be surprised to find how well they can understand. If they ask questions about God that you cannot answer, do not put them aside with an unsatisfactory reply, but say—"Dear child, I do not know; but God knows. He knows everything—every thought of your heart. I cannot understand this thing you have asked me. But we know it is true because God says so in the Bible." Oh! what a world of trust you can implant in that little soul!

I have noticed that in the teachings of some

seem to be the seeds of self-righteousness. They will say: "You must be a good child so that you can go to Heaven when you die." The child should not learn to be good through fear of punishment, or hope of reward, but for the reason that goodness is pleasing in God's sight.

Fathers who have family prayer (every one of you should), and who ask God's blessing on your food, put your petitions in simple words that your little child will catch and understand. They do not know what "permitted to assemble," and "earthly board" means. They do not understand the "unmerited favors," and such long words. Besides, these phrases are but a species of religious cant, which, from their mechanical repetition, too often become meaningless to those who use them.

If you lead your child toward heaven, you must be journeying thither yourself. Are you? If not, set out at once! Be what you would make your child. Never speak an impure word in its hearing. Never speak one at all, for God hears. I think impure conversation is as hateful to God as profanity.

If God takes your little child from you, you knew it is safe from sin and every hurtful thing. Let all bereaved ones be imbued with the spirit of the poem in a recent number of the *Howe*:

"I have two little angels waiting for me
On the beautiful banks of the crystal sea;
Forever free from sorrow and pain,
Spotless and pure from all earthly stain;
Never in erring paths to rove—
Safe in the bosom of infinite love;
Evermore, evermore walking in light,
Those beautiful angels robed in white."

To every sorrowing heart I would say, let the dear loved ones gone be to you "Angels of Peace," serving to draw you unto Him who afflicts not in anger, but in love.

WE CAN MAKE HOME HAPPY.

BY DELLE MAY.

THOUGH we may not change the cottage,
For a mansion tall and grand,
Or exchange the little grass-plot
For a boundless stretch of land—
Yet there's something brighter, dearer
Than the wealth we'd thus command.

Though we have not means to purchase
Costly pictures rich and rare—
Though we have not silken hangings
For the walls so cold and bare,
We can hang them o'er with garlands,
For the flowers bloom everywhere.

We can always make home cheerful,
If the right course we begin,
We can make its inmates happy
And their truest blessings win;
It will make the meek room brighter,
If we'll let the sunshine in.

We can gather round the fireside,
When the evening hours are long—
We can blend our hearts and voices
In a happy, social song—
We can guide some erring brother—
Lead him from the path of wrong.

We may fill our home with music,
And with sunshine brimming o'er,
If against all dark intruders
We will firmly close the door—
Yet should evil shadows enter,
We must love each other more.

Oh! there are treasures for the lowly,
Which the grandest fail to find,
There's a chain of sweet affection,
Binding friends of kindred mind—
We may reap the choicest blessings
From the poorest lot assigned.

ADVANTAGE TO CHILDREN OF READING ALOUD IN THEIR PRESENCE.

THERE must of necessity always be a great difference in the general intelligence of children brought up in the general atmosphere of the family circle, and those who are confined to the nursery, in charge of the ignorant and irresponsible.

The conversation at table, where the news of the day is discussed, whether it be the Pacific Railroad, the laying of another cable, or the opening of the Suez Canal, or the visit of Father Hyacinth, all have their influence upon the developing mind of childhood, often far beyond our apprehensions.

I was led to the above thoughts by a little son of mine, five years old saying, when I remarked that Dr. Livingstone had discovered a chain of lakes in Africa—"I thought he was dead." He had never been told anything about Dr. Livingstone, and it is some time since the article was read in the family, purporting that he was dead. This is an evidence of the utility of children being in the room while some one is reading aloud. Though apparently engaged in play, the mind picks up, and retains many a fact. From a necessity of the case, I had then to explain to the child that the report of Dr. Livingstone's death was incorrect, &c.

The other day, after having seen the picture of the "Explorer," the steamboat that went up the Colorado River, upon the cover of the report of that expedition, he was busy all day long making steamboats with a stern-wheel. I then showed him a picture of the "A. D. Patohin," a steamboat in which I went around the lakes, in 1848, in company with my sister, and showed him the windows to the state-rooms, &c. After he retired, and had said his "Now I lay me"—his head was full of the steam boat, and he inquired—"Who got it up?" and, though contrary to my practice to talk to him

after he has lain down, I had to tell him of James Watt, who watched the steam of the teakettle when a boy, and so invented steam engines; and then alluded to Robert Fulton, who "got up" the first steamer in the United States, that went up the Hudson, in 1807.

Without effort, and almost unconsciously, children will acquire knowledge and elevated thought,

by being permitted to mingle in the family circle, instead of being shut up with nursery maids to perhaps imbibe foolish fears and notions that can scarcely be eradicated by the reasoning powers of the matured mind.

Read to children in books and papers prepared for them, and, also, let them listen to such as your own mind enjoys, especially the Bible. R. R.

OUR NEW COOK-BOOK.

CHAPTER IV. ECONOMY.

"We sacrifice to Dress till household joys
And comforts cease. Dress drains our cellar dry,
And keeps our larder clean. Puts out our fires,
And introduces Hunger. Want, and Woe,
Where Peace and Hospitality might reign."

THE proper expenditure of an income devoted to household requirements is another point which demands the exercise of prudence and judgment. The allotted fund should be properly and carefully divided between *essentials* and *luxuries*, and this division should be invariably adhered to. Extravagance should be sedulously avoided, whilst all that is conducive to *comfort* should be supplied.

A point in connection with this subject, and one upon which we may very properly dwell a moment, is the great impropriety, so common to the present generation, of endeavoring to outvie others in richness and costliness of attire without due respect to financial circumstances. To act thus manifests a want of propriety, judgment, good taste, and conscientiousness; and although some may be found who are ready to applaud, others, more sensible and consistent, will be apt to reward such efforts with contempt, and make them a subject of ridicule.

There is a beauty, a *gentility in consistency*, which applies equally well to the dressing of our table as to the dressing of our person. There seems something both laughable and contemptible in an entertainment where everything is as strange and unusual to the host as to the least-acquainted guest—where it is very evident the Amphitryon has entirely deserted his natural way of living—knives, forks, and plates are all hired or borrowed, and the malicious are at liberty to whisper—"Perhaps the eatables will never be paid for," "We all know A. has but — a year, and how can he procure such luxuries?" Be assured, sensible reader, that the frog made but a poor imitation of an ox even before he burst. And regal banquets attempted with limited resources have quite as little resemblance to the true thing as resulted from the unfortunate efforts of *Keop's* ambitious hare.

The following quotation is worthy of attention: "Extravagance is certainly a levelling principle, which renders all its votaries alike needy; whilst economy, if it have not the power of alchemy, at least confers a twofold value on every possession." Economy is a virtue worthy of being practised by the rich as well as the poor, and is specially noticeable when we hear of their being obliged—by reason of *extravagance*—to neglect the fulfilment of *social* and *moral duties*, "restraining generous impulses, and delaying the payment of just debts." Some persons do not properly comprehend the term *economy*; they regard it as implying meanness, instead of its simply defining a *living within means*, and an avoidance of such expenditures as would create debt, and, thereby, *discomfort*. The entire expenditures of a household should be in conformity with the income of the head of the family, not being so curtailed as to incur the censure of parsimony, nor so profuse as to cause the master to

"Dread that climax of all human ills,

The inflammation of his weekly bills."

Benevolence and charity are subjects which ought, also, to claim a due attention from every house-keeper, who should so endeavor to limit her expenditures as to be able to bestow, at proper seasons, aid to those who lack the comforts of life. The cultivation of the spirit of charity will induce not only to the happiness of others, but to that of ourselves individually. And although we may not be able to give liberally, nor in accordance with our desires, yet, like her of old, the "mite" we bestow, if it be accompanied with sincere desires for good, will so enhance its value as to bring into our hearts the whisper of "Well done, good and faithful servant," from that great Being who "judgeth not as man judgeth."

"The drying up a single tear has more
Of honest fame, than shedding seas of gore."

OYSTERS.

FRIED OYSTERS.—First give the oysters a scald in their own liquor, then take them out, and dry them in a clean towel. Mix finely pounded crackers with eggs, dip the oysters into it, and fry them with fresh butter.

OYSTER PIE.—Get as many oysters as you please, strain off the liquor, and then put it into a saucepan with the oysters, adding a quarter of a pound of butter. Give them a boil up, and skim them well; mix in as much flour as you think will thicken the liquor. Make about six force-meat balls of veal and suet, and season them slightly. Cover the sides of a deep dish with finely made pie paste, and then put into it the oysters and force-meat balls, adding three or four raw eggs, and half a wineglassful of vinegar, if desired. Cover it with pie paste, and bake.

OYSTER PANCAKES.—Mix together equal quantities of oyster liquor and milk. To a pint of this mixture put a pint of wheat flour, a few oysters, two eggs, and a little salt. Drop the batter by spoonfuls into hot lard, and fry the pancakes a light brown.

PICKLED OYSTERS.—Take as much water as will cover your oysters, or, if you prefer, use the liquor. For one hundred oysters, throw in one tablespoonful of salt; put the liquor on the fire, and as the steam rises take it off; when it boils, throw in the oysters, stir them often to prevent them from burning, and the instant they boil take them out of the liquor with a skimmer, and plunge them into cold water; let the salt water cool. Then take mere than half a pint of vinegar, a pinch of mace, a tablespoonful of whole cloves, allspice, and pepper; boil all together for a few minutes, and then set it aside to cool. Lay your oysters on a board to

strain, and when all the articles are cold, add them together, put them into a jar, and cover them up close.

SPICED OYSTERS.—Procure one hundred and fifty large oysters, and carefully pick off any small portions of shell that may adhere to them. Place the oysters in a skillet, and strain the liquor over them; add as much salt as you please; without salt they will not be firm. Set the skillet on the fire, and allow the oysters to simmer until they are heated through; then take them out, leaving the liquor in the skillet, and add to it one pint of rice, clear cider vinegar, three dozen of cloves, and three dozen of peppers; let it come to a boil, and when the oysters are cold, pour it over them. Add a small portion of mace. They will be fit for use immediately, or may be kept for a week.

MACARONI WITH OYSTERS.—Boil the macaroni in salt water, and drain it through a colander; then take a deep earthen or tin dish, and put in alternate layers of macaroni and oysters, sprinkling each macaroni with fine grated or cut cheese, and Cayenne pepper. Bake in an oven or stove until it becomes brown on the top. One quart of oysters will answer for a large dish. Use plenty of butter, putting it between each layer.

OLIVES ROYAL.—One pound of potatoes, four ounces of flour, one ounce of butter, cold beef seasoned highly, and a little butter. Make the olives in the form of a turn-over pie, and fry them brown in lard or butter.

TOILET AND WORK-TABLE.

FASHIONS FOR APRIL.

There are as yet no material modifications in the fashions of last year. Suits are still worn, rendering outer wraps superfluous, except for the coldest days. The tendency this spring is toward an upper dress which answers the purpose of over-skirt and jacket, and can be worn with a single skirt cut walking length.

A new spring cape is cut somewhat pointed front and back, but short over the arms. It may be trimmed with ruffles, with rows of lace, or rows of fringe.

Scotch scarfs, and striped Arabs are much worn. Shawls are only fashionable when draped, and worn as mantles.

Full suits of black alpaca, or black silk, are most in vogue for this season of the year. The newest black alpaca suits are made with a skirt or polonaise. The polonaise is made to fit the figure, but the back of the skirt is gathered up into side seams. The back is filled in with a short, wide

sash. Flounces promise to be more fashionable than ever. Skirts are made the same as they were last year.

Print and gingham dresses are now usually made without a lining. They may be made as a loose, gored wrapper belted in at the waist, or a skirt and blouse, or long basque, forming a sort of costume.

Hoops are imperatively necessary to give a proper appearance to the present mode of costumes, but they are worn very small.

Bonnets are, if possible, smaller than ever, and we would not be surprised to find them developed before the season is over into something of the character of the Spanish mantilla. There is now a "mantilla," or "Capulet" bonnet, which is really more of a veil than a bonnet.

Pretty designs in fluted straw consist of two rims, one bent toward the forehead, and the other standing up to fit the front of the *chignon*. The rims are lined with bright-colored silk.

NEW PUBLICATIONS.

Among the new books on our table this month, we find a delightful little volume for the young people, entitled *Household Stories*, and translated from the German of Madame Ottilie Wildermuth, by Eleonor Binmont. Happily combining moral instruction with pleasing narrative, these tales are of more than ordinary merit, and have had the advantage of a careful and spirited translation. The book is well and copiously illustrated. Published by Hitchcock & Walden, Cincinnati, and Carlton & Lanahan, New York.

A very pleasing collection of anecdotes, some old and some new, which, while being humorous and witty, do not offend good taste, has been made by the Rev. B. F. Clark, an aged clergyman, for thirty years pastor of the Congregationalist Church, North Chelmsford, Massachusetts. Lee & Shepard, of Boston, are the publishers of this somewhat unique volume, which is entitled *Mirthfulness and its Exciters; or, Rational Laughter and its Promoters*. For sale in Philadelphia by Turner & Co., 803 Chestnut Street.

A Roman Lawyer in Jerusalem: First Century—is the title of a poem containing some six hundred lines, just reprinted in pamphlet form, from Blackwood, of Boston, of Boston. Its author is Mr. W. W. Story. The poem contains many fine passages, and is wrought out with impressive imaginative power. The aim of the poet has been to analyze, in the person of an intelligent Roman lawyer of the time, the story of Judas's treason. The conclusion he comes to, after a thorough examination of the sorrowful narrative, is, that Judas was a mistaken enthusiast, who did what he did in order that "his Master should be glorified," by being placed in circumstances which would render necessary some striking manifestation of His divine power.

From D. Appleton & Co., New York, we have received *Vivian's Banquet, Pictures of Women, and other Poems*, by George Hill. The main poem of this volume is one that rises considerably above the dead level of correct commonplace of our modern poetasters. A quaint and tender fancy, rather than strength of imagination, characterizes Mr. Hill's productions. Many of his shorter pieces are exquisitely neat and delicate. As a sample, we quote:

"TO A WHITE LILY.

"Companion of my solitary hours,
Vestal of Nature's temple, nup of flowers,
Bending thy graceful form as if in prayer,
Incensing with thy breath the morning air,
Thou seem'st to bid us kneeling, give to Heaven
Our earliest thoughts. Ah! that to be forgiven,
We had no cause to kneel! Then had not I,
Beheld thy stainless beauty with a sigh!"

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To those of our readers, who, having some knowledge of the German language, desire to enlarge their acquaintance with contemporary German literature, we know of nothing likely to be more useful than the *Literarischer Monatsbericht*, a monthly record of the movements of the German literary and publishing world, issued by E. Steiger, 22 and 24 Frankfort Street, New York. Coming from the most extensive publishing and importing house in the country, where German books, magazines, and newspapers, are made a specialty, it is full of information that cannot but be of interest to students of the German. It will be forwarded—free of charge—to all who send their names and addresses for that purpose.

Our thanks are due to Messrs. Washburn & Co., seed merchants, 100 Tremont Street, Boston, for a copy of their *Amateur Cultivator's Guide to the Flower and Kitchen Garden*, one of the fullest and completest works of its class. Mailed to all applicants from any part of the United States or Canada, on the receipt of twenty-five cents.

Henry A. Dreer, seedsman and florist, No. 714 Chestnut Street, Philadelphia, has sent us his *Garden Calendar for 1870*. It contains, besides select lists of seeds and plants, brief directions for the cultivation and management of the vegetable, flower, and fruit garden.

Both the above publications are copiously illustrated, and come from seedsmen upon whose honesty and integrity in their business transactions all desirous of dealing with them may implicitly rely.

H. B. & T. W. Carter, of Boston, have published a neat edition of Mrs. Strutt's "*Feminine Soul*," a book written with great clearness and frankness, on the side of an essential and eternal difference in the spiritual organization of the sexes, by which one must forever be male, and the other female. She has the weight of reason, common sense, and common instinct on her side.

INDUSTRY.—Man must have occupation, or be miserable. Toil is the price of sleep and appetite—of health and enjoyment. The very necessity which overcomes our natural sloth is a blessing. The whole world does not contain a bribe or a thorn which Divine mercy could have spared. We are happier with the sterility, which we can overcome by industry, than we could have been with spontaneous plenty and unbounded profusion. The body and the mind are improved by the toil that fatigues them. The toil is a thousand times rewarded by the pleasures which it bestows. Its enjoyments are peculiar. No wealth can purchase them, no indolence can taste them. They flow only from the exertions which they repay.

2000



JAPANESE GIRL PAINTING HER LIPS.

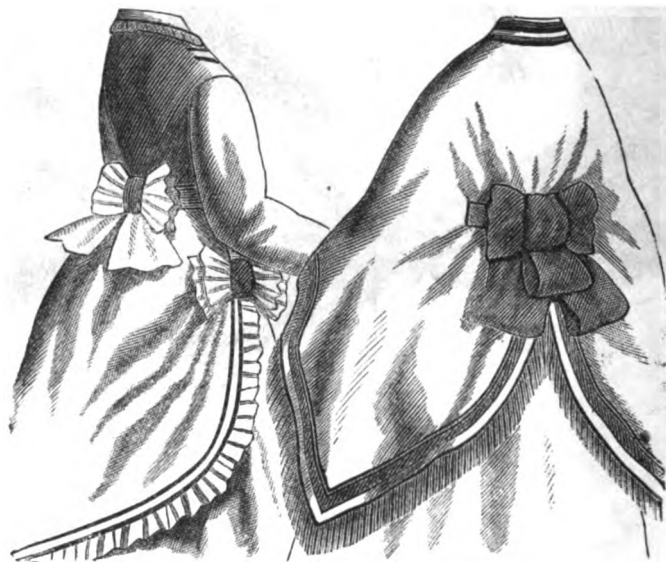
(See Home Circle.)

are bows laid flat
collage, with an
of blue, curled
as the chignon,
blue grosgrain



No. 1.—A costume of steel-gray mohair, with a walking-skirt trimmed with a founce five inches deep, set on in box-plaits, arranged in clusters of three, and bound with a fold of black silk about three fourths of an inch wide. The heading for the founce is composed of a band of the goods cut in points to fall into the spaces of the founce, trimmed on both sides with a plaited ruching of black silk about an inch wide, headed with narrow black velvet. The overskirt is cut in four points, the front left open and turned back en revers.

No. 2.—An elegant home-dress of Metternich green silk, with jupe rond, garnished with a bias founce of rich black silk about seven inches deep, cut in very decided scallops, and bound with green satin, set on perfectly plain. Above this are two bias bands of black silk about two inches wide, trimmed with satin to match the founce, and placed with about the width of the fold between them. The corsage is cut high and plain, and, with the upper part of the sleeve and the lower founce on the same, is made of green silk. The tunique is of black silk, trimmed with pipings of green satin, cut very long, the back looped from underneath to form the panier, and the sides gathered in graceful folds.

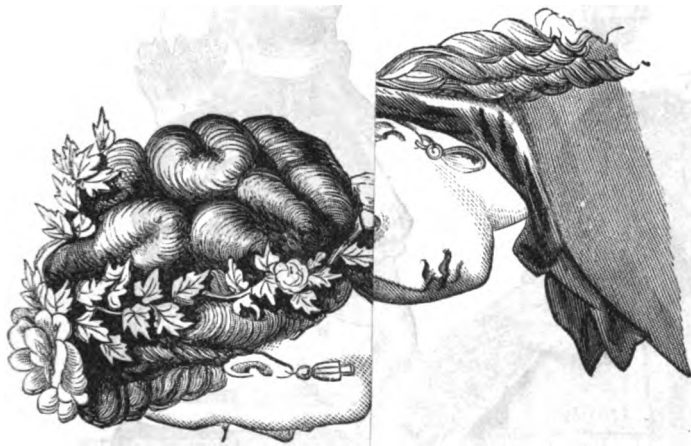
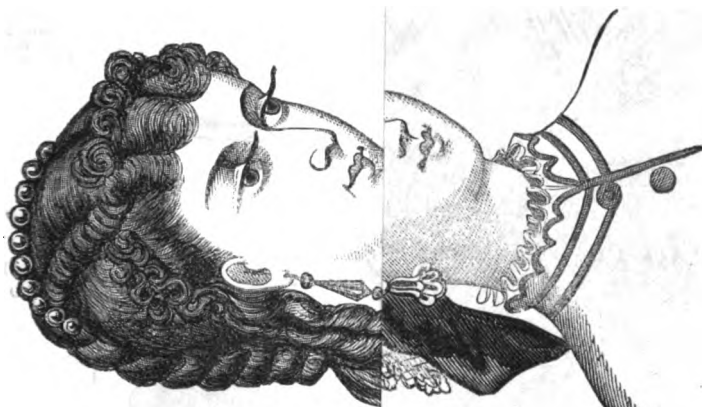


No. 1.—NONPAREIL PALETOT.

No. 2.—SHAWL METTERNICH.

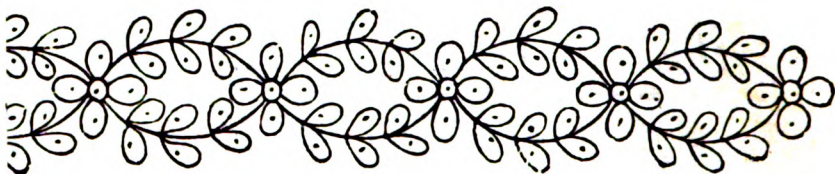
No. 1.—This is another style of the "Paletot," so much worn at present with walking-suits. The model is of poplin, trimmed with quillings of the same, bound with satin a shade darker, and headed with satin piping. It is cut tight-fitting, with tab-shaped fronts, revers, and sailor-collar. The back is arranged as a panier, and attached to the front by large, fluted bows of poplin, bound and crossed with satin. The sash is formed of two short loops underneath a double fluted bow, to match those on the skirt.

No. 2.—The front is cut in mantilla shape, and the back is so looped that it has more the appearance of a shawl than any we have before presented. This promises to become a great favorite, being peculiarly adapted to the goods used for early spring wraps.

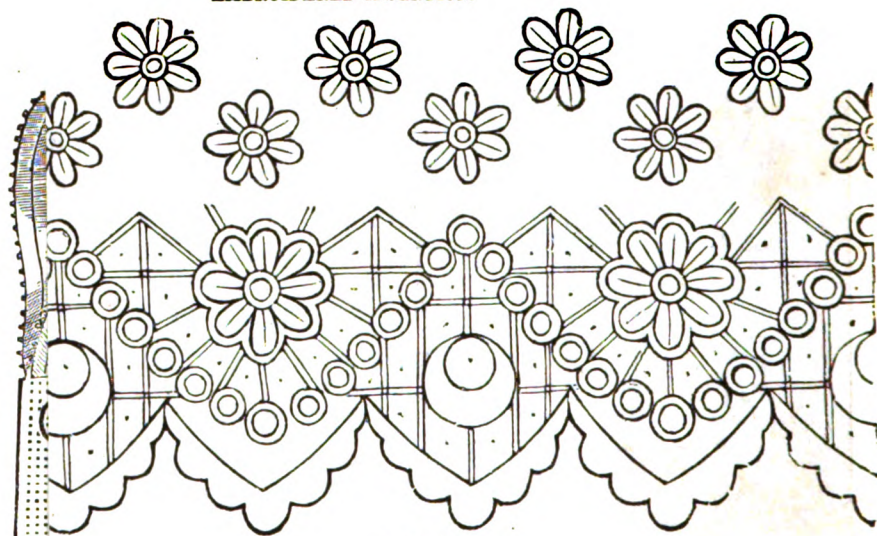


SPRING BONNETS AND COIFFURES. (FROM MME. DEMOREST.)

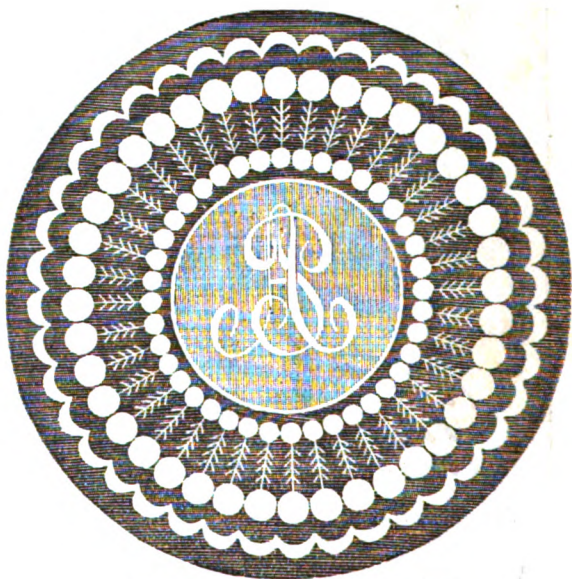
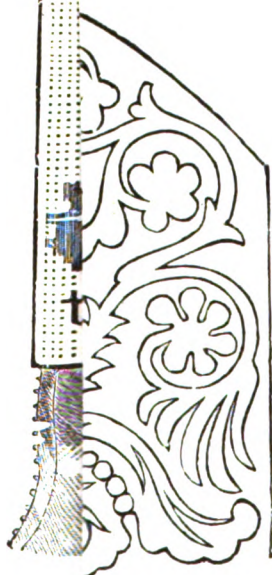
- No. 1.—A simple Coiffure, consisting of the hair, arranged in puffs and curls, with "châtelaine" braid at the back, descend upon the neck.
- No. 2.—Evening Coiffure, consisting of back hair arranged low in double puffs; front hair in side curls, laid close to the temples. Two long curls No. 3.—Plain In-door Coiffure of hair arranged in a light net, with two long curls falling at the back. Black velvet band, with square bows laid flat without ends, to the top of the head.
- No. 4.—Diadem Bonnet of puffed crape, with satin band and strings, fastened with a shell ornament. Trimming consists of a rose in foliage, with an edging of white, pointed blonde.
- No. 5.—Straw Toquet, bound upon the edge with blue velvet put on full, covered with an edge of black lace, and headed by a band of blue, curled feathers. A bow of blue velvet is placed on the top, toward the back of the crown; and a band, to which a wide lace is attached, surrounds the chignon, and is fastened underneath.
- No. 6.—Duchesse Bonnet of black, fluted crinoline straw set upon a coronet of blue velvet surmounted by jet balls. Wide strings of blue grosgrain tied under the chin. Blue ostrich feather—which may be replaced by a fall of lace later in the season—curling over the chignon.



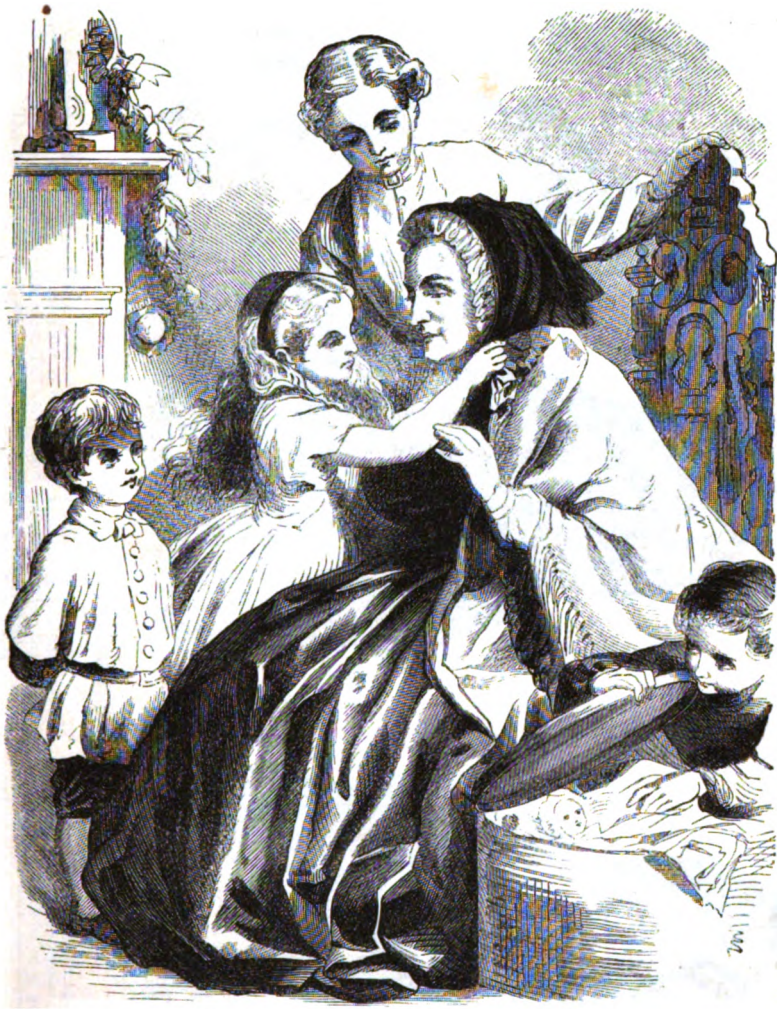
EMBROIDERED INSERTION.



EMBROIDERY.



MONOGRAM FOR HANDKERCHIEF.



“FIXING FOR GRANDMA.”

BY A. H. POE.

We're fixing up for grandma,
She's coming here to-day;
We'll have to hurry, Bennie,
I 'spect she's on the way.
You run and bring some wood in,
And put it on the fire;
I'll get the biggest turkey-wing,
To make it blaze up higher.

And now we'll bring the rocking-chair,
And the cricket for her feet,
And on the little table
Put something nice to eat.

And when she comes, we'll make her
A splendid cup of tea;
O dear! I hear somebody—
I'll have to run and see.

There she is, O Bennie!
Let's meet her at the gate!
You needn't mind your mittens—
I can't begin to wait.
I'll take your basket, grandma;
Did it tire you much to ride?
It seems to me it *smells* good—
I wonder what's inside!

NOV 1 1966

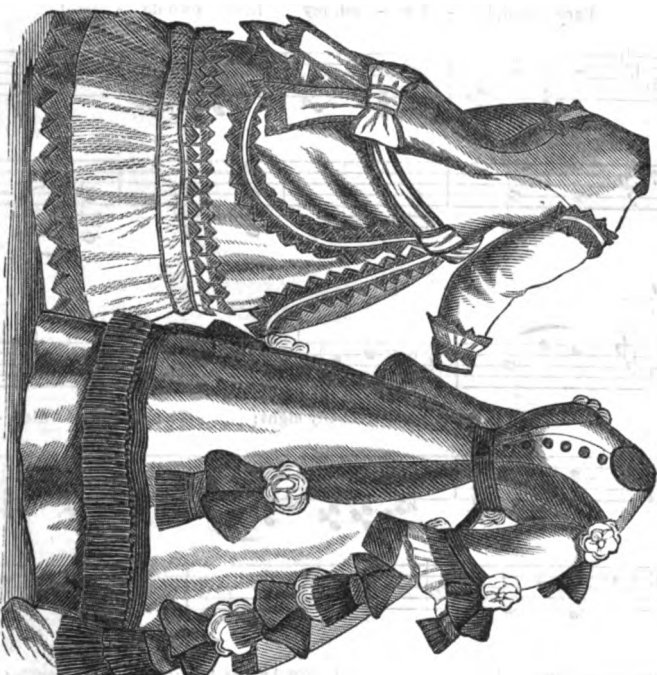
FASHIONS BY MME. DEMOREST.



No. 1.

No. 2.

FASHIONABLE TOILETS.



No. 3.

No. 4.

No. 1.—Trained dinner-dress of light salmon-colored grosgrain, trimmed with narrow velvet and black lace. Round the bottom of the skirt there is a flat "kilt" plaited flounce, headed with a band of velvet and lace, inserted in the upper edge. The upperskirt is rounded up on the sides, and ornamented with a bow of velvet with ends. Panier sash of velvet, trimmed with lace. Low Marie Antoinette bodice, trimmed with velvet and lace.

No. 2.—Walking-suit of dark-green empresse cloth, trimmed with black velvet, put on in plain lines. The suit consists of short dress, upperskirt, sash bow,

with pointed ends and capes. Fifteen yards of material, and four pieces of velvet are required to make it.

No. 3.—Walking-toilet of poplin, trimmed with velvet, or of mohair, trimmed with silk, or with the same material bound with silk. In the latter case, the sash would be made of silk.

No. 4.—Carriage-dress of white, corded silk, trimmed with scarlet-velvet and black fringe. The scarf ends commence at the shoulder, and extend down the sides of the front as sash ends. The roses are composed of leaves of silk, cut out and bound with satin.

Music selected by J. A. GETZE.

REMEMBER ME.

WORDS BY FRANZ KUGLER.

MUSIC BY S. J. CAUFFMAN.

MODERATO.

PIANO.

Dolce.

Fare - well, be - lov - ed, my life's own de - light, Doubt not my

love though I part from thy sight; Though e'er so dist - ant near thee will I

[Entered according to Act of Congress, A. D. 1869, by LEE & WALKER, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court of the United States for the Eastern District of Pennsylvania.]

be; Dar - ling, fare - well, fare - well, remember me.

This system contains the first line of the song. It features a vocal melody in the upper staff and piano accompaniment in the lower two staves. The key signature has two flats (B-flat and E-flat), and the time signature is 4/4. The lyrics are: "be; Dar - ling, fare - well, fare - well, remember me."

Ritard. *ad lib.*

Dar - ling, farewell, farewell, Farewell, remember me. Dar - ling, fare - well, fare-

Cres. *p*

This system continues the song. It includes performance markings: *Ritard.* (Ritardando) and *ad lib.* (ad libitum) above the vocal staff, and *Cres.* (Crescendo) and *p* (piano) below the piano staff. The lyrics are: "Dar - ling, farewell, farewell, Farewell, remember me. Dar - ling, fare - well, fare-"

well, remember me.

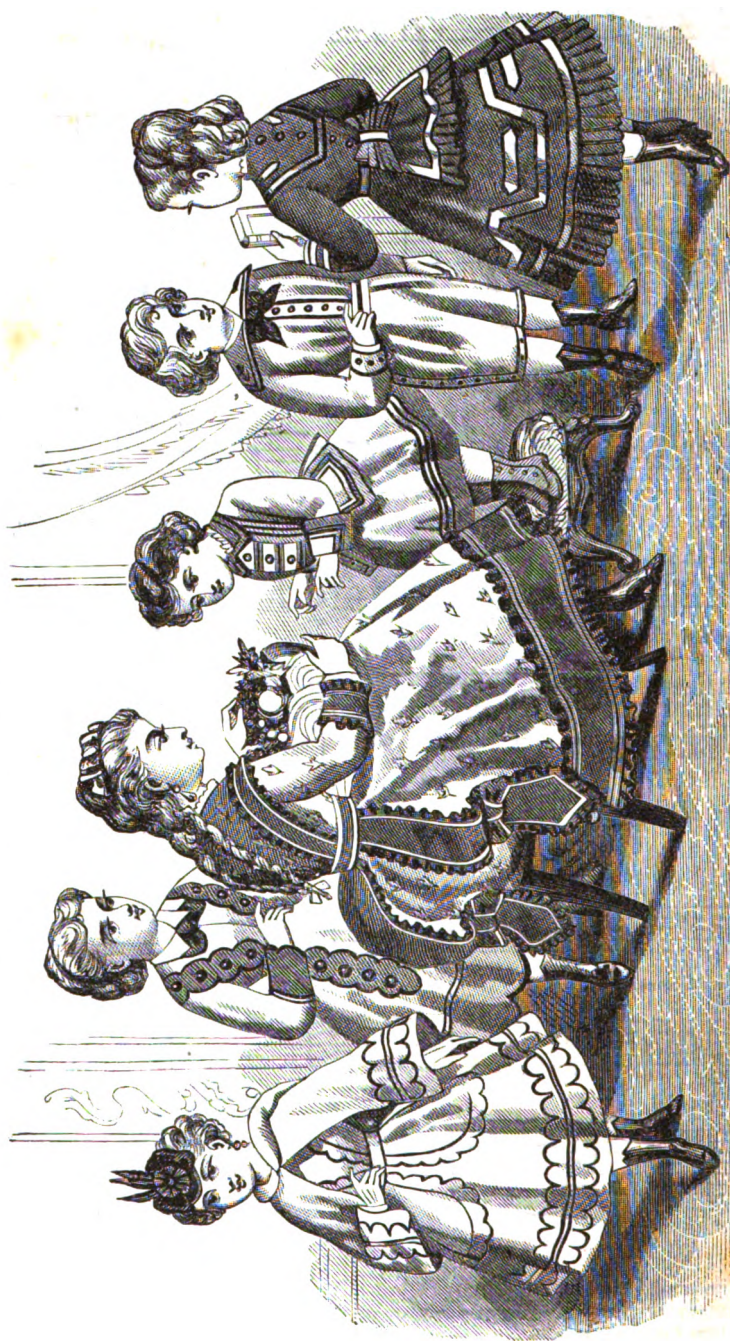
p

This system concludes the musical piece. It includes a piano (*p*) marking below the piano staff. The lyrics are: "well, remember me."

I'll not delay, thou knowest, my dear,
The time swiftly speeds, how speeds the passing year,
Soon will I return, thine ever to be,
Darling, farewell, farewell, remember me.
Darling, farewell, &c.

What though dark fate should us part in tears
And keep us afar through many weary years,
Beyond the grave I'll belong to thee,
So grieve thee not—farewell, remember me.
So grieve thee not, &c.

FASHIONS BY MME. DEMOREST.



CHILDREN'S FASHIONS FOR SPRING. (See Fashion Department for description.)

ARTHUR'S HOME MAGAZINE.

MAY, 1870.

WHAT LILY POMOROY DID.

BY MARY E. CONSTOCK.

NOT that it was anything very remarkable that Lily Pomoroy did, but then it was so different from what anybody expected she would do.

Lily blossomed into girlhood with perfect health and great beauty of a delicate, flower-like type. Her clear little brain and ready tact not only took her safely through all the school "ologies" and dreaded examinations, but also enabled her, notwithstanding all little rivalries and jealousies, to keep friends with her numerous classmates, as well as with her admirers of the other sex belonging to the High School over the way. However personal claims might be denied, all agreed that Lily Pomoroy was the sweetest, best girl in the world.

Nobody called her talented—not even Mr. Blenerhassett, whose favorite pupil she was. In Lily's peculiar organization, sweetness seemed to drink up smartness. She was simply Lily Pomoroy, kind-hearted, pleasing, bright, and pretty.

When Mr. Pomoroy died, and it was found that his salary had been the sole maintenance of the family, and that the generous way of living and the easy hospitality of the house had left no surplus to be laid up for the proverbial "rainy day," representatives from the various branches of the family held a council.

Uncle George and Cousin Reuben, as well as others who had their say on the subject, thought without a doubt that Susan, that was Mrs. Pomoroy, had better take little Katie and go home to grandfather's.

The sale of the furniture would give a little spending fund for the present. Harry could have a situation found for him that would pay board, and a little time and experience would suffice to put him in the way of a salary. As

for Lily, why, of course, she would make an early settlement—there was no question of that. Meanwhile, being a most entertaining companion, she was welcome everywhere. She could find a niche in the homes of all the friends successively—everybody wanted Lily. This was the way the relations settled the matter, very much to their own satisfaction.

And Lily, sitting cutting paper dolls for little Katie as fast as her nimble fingers could fly, and interspersing remarks to the child, talked with the mother one of those first days when realities intruded and must be met.

"Did father ever do anything about securing this house for our own, mother?" at length she asked.

"No, dear. He hoped to this year. He liked the place, and wanted to buy it, but"—and sudden tears stopped utterance.

Lily took Katie and went to the window to show her "doggie," Mr. Mason's big, black Brave, who came and put his paws on the sill and looked in upon them from the piazza, and the subject was not returned to till the day after the evening Uncle George came over to have a private conference with Mrs. Pomoroy. The next morning the lady appeared with swollen eyes and tear-stained face. Not even Lily's brightest smile could win a faint return. Five years seemed to have passed over her since last night. Uncle George had brought her a statement of her affairs. The mother looked around upon her darlings. Uncle George's plan meant separation.

Lily suspected how it was. It was strange her face did not cloud. She did not seem to notice her mother's indisposition to conversation.

While the lady was washing the china and silver, however, Lily flitted down from her

own room, left in daintiest possible order, and with a piece of delicate embroidery sat down in the low sewing-chair.

"Uncle George stayed quite late last night," she ventured, by way of introduction.

"He came to talk about our plans for the future," said the mother.

"Cousin Charlotte told me what his mind was. He wants you to give up the house."

"I suppose we will be obliged to do that, Lily. There seems to be no other way."

"I do not think so, mother."

Although Lily's voice was so calm and soothing, there was in it a tone of quiet decision that surprised Mrs. Pomoroy more than the words did.

Uncle George doubtless knows more about it than we can, dear."

"I do not think we will give up the house, though," reiterated Lily cheerily. "If Harry is to have a situation that will pay his board, why not let him board at home, mother?"

"Girls know so little of the expenses of living!" exclaimed the mother. "You do not consider, my love, that we have no income of any kind whatever."

"We must have an income from the house," said Lily. "I am coming down-stairs to room with you and Katie, and we will clear the light clothes-press and put Harry there, dear fellow! That leaves the chambers clear for boarders."

A faint gleam of sympathy now came to Mrs. Pomoroy's face, but it gradually disappeared.

"I had thought of something of the kind," she said, "but your Aunt Sophy tried taking boarders. She came to the conclusion there was little profit in it, and the 'wear and tear' is great."

"Aunt Sophy had to buy everything to begin with. We have a fair supply of most everything for some time to come, and the 'spoiling of our goods' will not be much more than it has been with the guests we have always had. Boarders will at least enable us to live, mother, and to stay in our home with each other."

"I wish I could think so," said the mother. "Perhaps I might if it were not for the rent, but that would be a burden constantly to be borne. I see no provision for it."

"Buy the house, and put an end to the rent." "Lily Pomoroy, are you beside yourself, my child?"

"No, mother—not at all, I think. We can sell the piano, and perhaps some of the other furniture, and make a payment down."

"Sell the piano!"

A great sob sprang to Lily's throat, but it was kept down, though her voice was unsteady. The new piano had been a birthday gift from her father.

"Better that than part with everything."

"True, my love, I had forgotten."

"We must get time for payment of the balance. If we cannot do that, we must get a loan, and get time for the payment of that. There will be little helps along the way. Mrs. Williams has promised me her two little girls as music scholars, and Emma Mason is engaged to me besides."

Mrs. Pomoroy did not speak directly, but presently she came around where Lily sat, and Lily rose, and the mother laid her cheek on the daughter's sunny head, and they stood in a long embrace, and the silence was broken only by the chirp of canary Dick.

"Have you heard what Susan is going to do now?" asked Uncle George one day, as he came in to dinner, addressing Aunt Sarah.

"Sam was telling me. About taking boarders, you mean?"

"Yes."

"She never can do it in the world. She isn't used to that sort of thing, and she hasn't the faculty. Don't know anything about economy. They might have got along so comfortably, quite according to their usual habits, the way you proposed to them. I should think Lily might persuade her mother out of the idea. Keeping boarders will just make a slave of Lily."

"Pretty girls like Lily," said Cousin Sam, "that entertain company well, and work embroidery, are not your hard-working, useful kind. You needn't be afraid for Lily."

"She had better have accepted Mr. Blenerhassett's situation!" laughed Charlotte.

"What was that?"

"Didn't I tell you? I was over there when he came. It was right after school, and he walked over in dressing-gown and slippers, his bushy hair all on end, the oddest figure you ever beheld. 'Can I see you alone, my dear young lady?' Lily took him into the back parlor, but he spoke so loud I could hear every word. 'Our institution—ah—of which you were so long a most exemplary and ornamental member, I may say—would, my dear young lady, be honored if you would consent to take the superintendence of one of its departments.' He spoke as though he was in turn a hesitating school-boy, and a would-be fluent orator. 'I—ah—have spoken to the trustees, and, in short,

if you would accept the primary department, which, on Andrew Jackson's principle, is a most important one, we would be most happy. We are quite sure our dear juveniles would be "started aright," and we would then—ah—endeavor to put them *ahead!* I will call for your answer to-morrow, if you please," and he bowed himself out, dressing-gown flying, displaying ink stains by the dozen."

"What a curious old chap he his! What is Lily going to do?"

"She will decline the offer."

"Of course. Girls like Lily are not the style to make themselves useful beyond a certain point. I should hate though, myself, to see Lily mewed up teaching."

Now this was the way Lily stated the matter to Mrs. Pomoroy:

"The boarders will be a great deal more profitable than the teaching, you know, mother. You will need my help, of course, and the music class will take but two days in the week, so that I can be home most of the time, as it is arranged. Mr. Blenerhassett was so kind, though, in offering it, I hated to refuse, and he was so embarrassed, and tried so hard to put it delicately, the dear, old"—and Lily hesitated.

"He is not old, my dear."

"I know it, mother; but then it comes natural to call him so. But I couldn't take the situation, of course," concluded Lily with a faint little sigh, "now that we have the boarders."

It had been an easy matter to fill Mrs. Pomoroy's house. The hospitable home of the old time seemed very inviting to those who had been wont to be entertained there. The minister and wife came and took the guest chamber. Miss Leaventhall, the Academy preceptress, with one of her favorite pupils, had the sunny room that used to be Lily's. Mr. Golding, the owner of the house, whose family had gone on a visit while repairs were being made at home, took a room. Also the new merchant, nephew of Mr. Blenerhassett. The young doctor applied in vain. Mrs. Pomoroy's pleasant chambers, according to present arrangement, would accommodate ten persons, and they were all filled.

"It's 'fairly begun,' as the children say, but I don't know how you will come out!" said Mrs. Pomoroy, who in talking with her daughter always assumed the enterprise as Lily's own, but at that young lady's request, in talking with others always let her remain a silent partner.

"They said my mother had no tact, no faculty," had been Lily's inward comment. "It is not necessary they should know the workings of our little machinery!"

It had, indeed, fairly begun, and "Well begun is half done," responded Lily cheerily. "Isn't this vine handsome?" and she displayed a spray of daintiest embroidery. "Della sent me the pattern, and I think it is exquisite."

"I don't see when you accomplish it all, Lily," said the mother.

"In the early mornings, when I am watching my desserts in the oven, before breakfast, when Hannah has the kitchen so clean and fresh; after school, when Miss Leaventhall wants me to sit with her, and when anybody drops in to sit awhile, you know. It seems to do itself, mother," and she folded away the lovely work in the covered basket, as she noted that it was time to go out to the little music children.

Spring waned to summer, and summer to fall.

"It beats all how comfortably Sarah gets along, and how hopeful she seems to feel," said Uncle George. "She must be largely in debt, though—such a table as she sets."

"They say Mr. Clinton is very attentive to Lily," remarked Charlotte.

"What, that white-handed student of a merchant, Blenerhassett's nephew?"

"He is very polite to all the ladies of the house," said Uncle George, "takes Miss Leaventhall or some of the ladies always with Lily."

"Only a blind," said Cousin Charlotte. "Lily is doing the greatest quantity of needlework. She scarcely takes her eyes off from her work when I'm there, and I never see her doing anything about the house."

"I haven't seen her for some time," said Sam, "till yesterday. Came in on the train with her. She had been out to see Kitty Gleason. Clinton drove down to the depot with Miss Leaventhall to meet her. Lily was looking fresh and crisp, as usual. Guess she don't take much of the care herself."

Of course, Cousin Sam did not hear what Lily was saying to her mother, the night before, during their usual nocturnal chat. "Mr. Gleason said he would send in the strawberry-vines to-morrow, mother, and David is coming to set them for us. I got full directions. Nobody has such success with strawberries as the Gleasons. Fruit of our own will be a great help and saving, and David may as well attend to our currant brush while he is here," and Lily twisted the masses of her fair hair into a shining coil for the night.

"By the way, mother, I was so glad you checked Clara Johnson this evening when Mr. Blenerhassett was here. What if he did tip over that vase, and absently think he was comfortable in that small chair, it was nothing to provoke a smile, to say nothing of good breeding. My dear old teacher."

"My dear, why will you persist in calling him old?"

"It is only a term of endearment, mother. Kate Rhodes and I have always called him so since we used to have such beautiful times in geometry and chemistry. But I never knew how noble he is till Mr. Clinton was telling me something of his history. Mr. Clinton says he owes his own education and business prospects to him entirely. Mr. Blenerhassett has been like an elder brother to him, and we all know how gentle and beautiful he was to poor little Dick. Mr. Clinton spoke so beautiful of him, mother!"

Winter settled down upon the household, and a gay winter it was in Salem. After the day's attention to pupils, cuisine, and needle-work, the sparkling moonlight nights, with their gatherings and sleigh-rides, were most refreshing to Lily.

"Look, there's the young doctor taking out Lily Pomoroy," said Miss Peckham, taking a peep from behind the window-curtain. "See him put down that robe for her to walk across. Dear me, how attentive! Did you see him tuck her up? I wonder whether it's him or Mr. Clinton now that's the favored one. To my certain knowledge Mr. Clinton takes her bouquets most every day."

"A good deal of pains to take this time of year."

"I guess Mr. Blenerhassett would have a word to say about it. They say he's been the making of Mr. Clinton. He's rich as a Jew himself, for all he teaches, and lectures, and writes for dear life. He hoards up like everything. Guess he'd want Clinton to get money with his wife."

"I suppose Blenerhassett would give them something pretty handsome if they should marry. You know he used to set a store by Lily."

"Well, they'd need it—they could spend it. I wouldn't pretend to tell how much Horace said Mr. Clinton's living bill was, and he always looks, you know, as though he'd just stepped out of a band-box. Lily, she's handy with her needle, and she has a few music-scholars, I believe. I suppose she's willing to do what little she can in their straitened cir-

cumstances, but she wouldn't do for a poor man's wife, by any means."

"I wonder, now," returned the other speaker, Miss Peckham's sister, Mrs. Osgood, "how Mrs. Pomoroy is getting along with her boarders. I wonder if she is making a good thing of it. They're the closest-mouthed people; very pleasant always, but you can't get anything out of them, and Hannah, she's lived there so long she's just like them. We shouldn't know anything about it now, if Lily was going to be married to-morrow. She's been making a sight of pretty things, that I know."

Lily was not going to be married to-morrow, however, nor next week, nor next month, for that matter, though Mr. Thomas, editor of *The Express*, had the audacity to tell his wife the day after they took tea at Mr. Pomoroy's, that if he were a young man he would not wait very long before he made endeavor toward such a consummation.

Lily had slipped a roll into his hand while his wife was having a farewell chat with Mrs. Pomoroy.

"I wonder if you could make use of these, Mr. Thomas," she said. "Mother and I look pretty closely to ways and means now, or I would not trouble you with the proposition. Do not let me be known, but examine them at your leisure, please."

Poor Mr. Thomas undid the neat little packet with ominous forebodings, casting, as he did so, a rueful eye at drawer and pigeon-holes full of unused or useless MS. matter. That Lily Pomoroy, "the sweetest girl in the world," had made this request of him, was a fact he would like to have ignored. He had known her all his life—wouldn't refuse her a favor for the world—but why would young ladies take to literary and pecuniary aspirations combined! He could not afford to pay for sonnets and essays. He could supply the Fireside Department quite well enough by scissoring. No doubt, Lily wrote very prettily, but he felt embarrassed by the offer.

Judge of his editorial surprise when, having summoned resolution to enter upon the examination, page after page of clear manuscript treated in clear, trenchant paragraphs of one local matter after another.

This was exactly what he had been wanting to say about the "new bridge." That mention of the new member's speech in Congress was very much to the point, and witty, too. The question of the proposed park was treated aptly, and, in fine, the whole was timely, and must find a place in the next issue. He would

like to fill his paper with just such articles on the everyday questions of the town and county.

The next day Mr. Thomas called to see Lily.

"Will they be of any use to you?" asked Lily, coming to the point directly.

"They are exactly what I want, Miss Lily. The fact is, your ready pen appeals most powerfully to what I must confess as innate laziness in myself; but truth is, that editors in my position are expected to 'make brick without straw.' You ought to try the magazines."

Lily shook her head. "No, I cannot spare the time or study. I can turn a paragraph occasionally about everyday matters I know all about, as I would send a letter to an absent friend in a leisure moment. I did not know but they might chink in somewhere. That is all."

"The compensation would be too small to offer you," said the generous editor. "This is the only reason of my hesitation."

"How much could you afford to pay?"

The sum was hesitatingly named, and delightfully accepted.

"I will send them in at that," said Lily, "and you can pay for such as you use. Every little helps us, Mr. Thomas."

Miss Peckham and Mrs. Osgood, across the way, held frequent consultations, and made various decisions regarding Lily Pomoroy's matrimonial prospects. But one season succeeded another, and Lily rode with one, went to a concert with another, received bouquets from Mr. Clinton, kept company with the piano to the doctor's flute, and all in such a frank, friendly way, that would-be prophets were nonplussed.

By-and-by the name of the new-comer, Jonas Rathburn, manufacturer, began to be linked with Lily's by the gossips, when the elegant new house being built by Mr. Clinton caused a diversion to the old channel of opinion.

"Mr. Clinton may be going to bring some stranger to Salem; but at all events he has paid more attention to Lily Pomoroy than to any other young lady since he came here," said Mrs. Osgood. "Whoever is the mistress of that house, be she Salemite or stranger, she will have the handsomest place in town. Mr. Clinton must have larger means than people thought. Everything used is of the very nicest kind."

"Mr. Clinton," said the minister's wife, "has a great deal of artistic talent. He has turned the situation into capital, to begin with, and has made the most of all natural advantages.

I remember when we had our Christmas-tree at Mrs. Pomoroy's the fine effect was largely due to his arrangement. He has a gift in such directions."

"Mr. Blenerhassett has great interest in the house," continued Mrs. Osgood; "I see him going up there most every day and looking around. He is very fond of his nephew. They seem more like brothers."

"Well," piped up little Miss Gershon, "what makes me sure it's Lily Pomoroy, is that she's getting ready to go to New York, and she's going to have Mr. Clinton's escort when he goes down for goods. The sights of pretty things that girl has been making up for the past year or more is astonishing. She is continually at work at those leaves and vines, and all sorts of finifying. Does it beautifully, too."

And the new house progressed, and Lily Pomoroy, at the exact time set by the gossips, made her journey to New York to visit Aunt Cleaveland. The days seemed winged, and her absence was prolonged, while the mother missed her more and more as the time went by. One offer of escort after another was unimproved, until one bright morning, in the holiday vacation, Mr. Blenerhassett walked into Mrs. Cleaveland's pleasant parlors, and seemed to bring the very atmosphere of Salem with him.

He had come to the city to see his publishers, and was the bearer of sundry packets and messages to Lily, together with the request that if her visit would be concluded at that time, she would bless impatient Salemites by favoring him with her company on his return a week hence.

"What an extraordinary man!" said Mrs. Cleaveland, when he had taken his departure.

"Why so?" asked Lily, with the delicate color mounting like quick flame.

"I cannot analyze," said the lady, "but I have a feeling as though one of the old masters had dropped down upon us from the past. He is so unconventional, so singular, and yet impresses one as being so powerful. I fairly quailed when he looked at me from under his shaggy brows while I was making some insignificant remark to him. Do tell me who and what is he, Lily."

"Why," said Lily Pomoroy, "he is my old teacher! He is the author of 'Revelations of the Rocks,' that entertaining little geological treatise in your library, and I don't know how many other books. He took me through my Academy course, and my year at the Institute afterward was only play in comparison."

"I would infer as much. The last man I should imagine to be a teacher!"

Lily laughed. "He gets absent minded, sometimes, and lets the urchins play, it's true; but his benevolence cannot be content without leading some one over his own favorite paths, and where there is love for study, he is the most enthusiastic of guides. I have seen him get so absorbed in the beauty of a theorem, that time and place were no longer verities to him."

"There is poetry in his nature, too," said Mrs. Cleaveland, looking into Lily's animated face. "One could tell that by the way he took up that hyacinth and held it while he was talking to you—tenderly, as though it were a little flower-child. He has a remarkable head, certainly; but what an odd way he has of running his fingers through his hair. The effect is truly astonishing. And his necktie was actually fastened on one side, my dear."

Lily laughed a little nervously. "I like him all the better for those things," she said.

The lady looked at her in a peculiar manner.

"It makes one feel that if he is among the stars in intellect and goodness, he is not quite independent of common mortals, after all." And Lily took some infinitesimal stitches very carefully, and did not speak again for several minutes.

In early spring, when the robins came and the buds were swelling, and there was an undertone of secret gladness in everything, there was a wedding in Salem that electrified the whole town. Everybody knew Lily Pomoroy, and Mr. Clinton had become a popular man in the community. Hence, Saint Paul's church was packed to overflowing with expectant friends and acquaintances.

"I guess Lily Pomoroy has received about as much attention as any young lady," said one to another; "but I don't believe it can be said she ever jilted anybody."

"I don't think anybody ever heard it charged upon her," was the reply. "She has the rare art of being truly friendly with all, and of delicately giving them to feel the exact limits of her regard. There are few young ladies as attractive with as clear a record as hers."

There were several flutters of false expectation, and then every eye was fixed upon the advancing bridal party.

"There never was a prettier bride!" said the old ladies; and "Isn't she lovely!" was the exclamatory hum of the young ones, as Lily, sweet and pure as one of her fair floral sisters

of the same name, came up the aisle on Uncle George's arm, with a bevy of fair maidens in train.

"I don't see Mr. Clinton," said old Mrs. Riverton. "He ain't in the right place, certain. Bless my soul, Martha! Why, you don't say! 'Tain't Mr. Blenerhasset, now! Well, if that don't beat me! My sakes alive!" as, the last of the organ notes vibrating through the arches, the tall preceptor, in white vest and unexceptionable kids, his hair reduced to conventional limits, stood to receive the bride with a look of ineffable peace and serene joy, solemnizing to any beholder that could understand it.

Sympathizing looks of surprise and exclamation were exchanged on every hand, and when, the ceremony over, the last of the bridal cortege had passed out, there was a perfect volley of suppressed expression ready to break forth. "Who would have thought it?" and "Did you ever?" were reiterated on every side.

"Well," said Cousin Sam next day, "I don't wonder the majority of the people were surprised. I don't know when I've been more astonished than I was two weeks ago, when Lil told me how the matter really stood."

"And to think," said Cousin Charlotte, "that they've been engaged a year and a half; and Lily wouldn't be married till she could leave her mother with a home of her own, and Harry earning something. So strange that nobody suspected it! It is very convenient to have a nephew!"

"To send bouquets by, and to call upon at his boarding-place and get to superintend house-building," added Sam.

"Mr. Blenerhasset planned everything, though," said Aunt Sarah.

"And beautifully he has done it," said Charlotte. "Lily must be happy to think she has left her mother so nicely provided for and out of debt."

"I never would have believed Susan had so much management," said Uncle George. "Her success is certainly surprising. To keep things up as she has done, afford such servants, clothe her family, and buy her house out and out, I don't understand it!"

"You don't know, then, what Lily did?"

"Oh! Lily helped herself some with music-scholars, I know. Very well so far as it went, but couldn't amount to much."

"And that is all you know about it? I wish you could have heard Hannah go on last night!"

"What did Hannah say?"

"Why, after they got away she came to me.

'You're one of the family, and I'd like to ask you, if I might, if you'd just go in and right up Miss Lily's room. Her old room Miss Leaventhall had awhile. It 'ud try Mrs. Pomoroy awful to do it, I know, and I aint fit.'

"Certainly, Hannah," I said, 'if you're sure auntie would like it.'

"I went at once, and she followed me, and stood by the door and talked.

"O Miss Charlotte! I know she's only gone to Philadelphia and Washington, and the rest of the places, but it seems just as though she never was a-coming back—so it does. It seems awful in here. So many times Miss Lily used to say to me—"Hannah, when you come upstairs, you come into my room, and we'll talk over breakfast a little." I'd a-most allus find her a ritin away on them papers she used to get ready for Mr. Thomas's boy. Ritin didn't hurt her eyes in the night, she said, and needlework did. But she'd stop just as pleasant. "I'm a-going to make the jelly in the morning," she'd say, or pickle the oysters, or put up the jam. "I'm going to do halves for us and for Mr. Ferrin," and Hannah threw her apron right over her head, and begun to cry—"I can't help it one bit, Miss Charlotte," she would say—"I know she's mighty happy, but it seems just as though she was dead, O dear! And she was allus so pleasant about everything. Her mother used to say, "You can't do so much, Lily," and she'd say—"Just as well much as little, that's my way, mother, you know." And she'd allus say, "You forgit, mother, how well I am—never feel an ache or pain. Work won't hurt me." I aint much of a talker or'narily, Miss Charlotte, but you're one of the family, and I can't say a word to her mother. I spect we'd both git a cryin.'"

"It seems," said Charlotte, dropping Hannah's story, "that Lily has done the canning of fruits and jellies for the Ferrin Brothers, and made a very handsome money transaction out of it, too. Did it all before breakfast, with her desserts and cakes. Then that embroidery she was always doing, I found out, by an allusion in one of Sid Campbell's letters, was done for a New York store. Kitty Cleaveland took a quantity before her marriage; one handkerchief alone, she said, could not have been bought in the city for less than twenty-five dollars. When Kitty had got her supply, Sid made this engagement for Lily with the store. Her receipts in that way must have been quite an item. You know Lil was always at it, early and late."

"Then that strawberry-bed," spoke Aunt

Sarah—"Harry told me Lily started it, and got him to pack and send the fruit to market. The proceeds of that counted by hundreds. She called it 'Harry's speculation.' I think it was her's quite as much."

"Anything else?" said Sam, in a tone of resignation, and tipping his chair back in an ugly way Charlotte could not break him of.

"Yes," said Aunt Sarah. "Mrs. Thomas told me Lily had written half the editorials for *The Express* the past two years. She said she supposed it was no secret in the family. Mr. Thomas told her he couldn't afford much for them, but she accepted the trifle on the principle that 'every little helped.'"

"A shrewd girl, my niece!" said Uncle George.

Sam laughed. "Thomas looked blank," said he, "at the wedding. Said he to me, afterward—"Well, maybe I shall like it better by-and-by. Blenerhassett's a man of weight. He's profound, and he adores Lily. He has got every sense under the sun but common sense, and Lily's got enough of that for both of them, and some to spare then.' Well, well," and Sam brought his chair down to a level, and rose to his feet, "I had no idea Lily was doing all that. I suppose, to draw a conclusion now, that a great six-footer like me ought to be of some more use than he is to the household or community."

"Ah! but," said Charlotte, "you know what the beggar said to Napoleon!"

Just now, while I was writing, Lily Blenerhassett stopped in her pretty little carriage before the door. She was looking remarkably lovely in her fresh little hat, sacque, and driving-gloves.

"Do give me your company," she said to Cousin Charlotte. "Mr. Blenerhassett has gone to Raleigh to be gone two days. I'm like a child about it, I know, but I never can be content to sit down and apply myself to any purpose in his absence. If I know he may come in at any moment, why, I am happy in a kind of quiet expectancy, but I want you for a good, long drive to-day. Ladybird is feeling finely," and she looked out at the graceful little brown pony which, with the low, easy carriage, had been a recent present from her husband, and laughed and chatted while Charlotte was getting her things.

"Lily is happy as a bird, and did you ever see any one improve so much as Mr. Blenerhassett has since his marriage?" said Aunt Sarah

when they were gone. "He is really quite social, and acts like other people. Any one can see that Lily is as happy as the day is long."

"The little flower!" said I, as with a bright

smile she nodded us good-morning. "I never would have thought she would have done as she has, though."

"Nor would anybody else, for that matter!" said Aunt Sarah.

THE DRUIDS.

BY C.

WHEN the Romans invaded Britain, they found the Druids not only presiding over, and conducting the worship of the country, but also acting as judges and arbiters in all differences and disputes, both public and private. It was from Cæsar, and other Roman writers, that most of the information respecting them is derived, for they had no written laws or regulations either as to their religion, their science, or their government. The accounts of these historians of the religion and customs of the Druids, written principally from mere report, and under a hostile impression toward them, are not to be implicitly relied on, and many of the barbarities ascribed to them, in the ceremonials of their religion, are so much at variance with their high and acknowledged character in learning and general science, that it is probable they are greatly exaggerated, if not altogether fabulous. The best authorities respecting the Druids agree that they were the first and most distinguished order of people among both the Gauls and Britons, and chosen from the best families; that the honors of their birth, with those of their function, procured them the highest veneration among the people. They were versed in astrology, geometry, natural philosophy, politics, and geography; they were the interpreters of religion, and judges of all affairs in their community; they were the instructors of the youth, but taught by memory, and never allowed their instructions to be written. The garments of the Druids were remarkably long, and they wore a white surplice when employed in religious ceremonies. They believed in the immortality of the soul, and worshipped one Supreme Being. All their great solemnities, both sacred and civil, were regulated by the age and aspect of the moon. In medicine they were proficient, and possessed a great store of knowledge in all sciences. The Romans on their invasion sought

to exterminate the Druids, but they could not induce the natives to adopt their system of polytheism. The seeds of their ancient religion were implanted in their minds, which, however, gave a ready access to the doctrines of Christianity, for these, from the first, made great progress in Britain and Gaul. Of this old patriarchal religion all that remains are the stone temples, which are in an imperfect state. They are all in a circular form, which was supposed to be emblematic of the Deity. There is one on the summit of a bold and commanding eminence near Keswick, a situation so wild, vast, and beautiful, that it has impressed a solemn feeling on all visitors, its profound solitude, greatness, and awful wildness make it severely grand; it is called Castle-Rigg, and is the centre point of three valleys. Many of these round temples or towers are scattered over the country. Many forms of religion have been abandoned, and the time will no doubt arrive when rites and ceremonies now venerated will become like Druid's temples, a mere theme for the antiquary. But time rolls his ceaseless course, bearing on his wings the lessons of divine truth. May all heed those lessons, and do the good they teach.

DELAFIELD, WIS.

PICTURES IN OUR ROOMS.

A room with pictures in it, and a room without pictures, differ by nearly as much as a room with windows and a room without windows. Nothing, we think, is more melancholy, particularly to a person who has to pass much time in his room, than blank walls and nothing on them, for pictures are loopholes of escape to the soul, leading it to other scenes and other spheres.

I F.

A STORY IN THREE CHAPTERS.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "WATCHING AND WAITING."

CHAPTER III.

BURNSHIRE was startled next day by the arrest, upon his own confession, of Geoffrey St. John, for the murder of Giles Parrish.

The story ran in this wise:

St. John had been on an errand to some of the humbler creditors of the defaulting company, making over to them, in the rush of his impulsive sympathy, the personal effects which he scorned the law's leave to retain, and returning in the dark and rainy twilight, had met upon the river bank, a little out of town, this man, Giles Parrish, whose love of money had excluded the desire for family ties, and whose recent considerable loss had shaken and unstrung him as much as the loss of a dearly cherished friend would have shaken and unstrung a man of more human affections.

St. John, with the sincere pity and regret that he felt for all who had suffered by the late unhappy failure, had stopped in the drizzling rain to speak with him, bearing with patience the harsh, vindictive language called forth by his expressions of sorrow, trying with softness to turn away wrath, until one bold, broad insinuation against his honor fired his never-too-cool blood with sudden passion.

"I tell you, I don't believe it," Giles Parrish had vociferated in response to St. John's humble repetition—"I'm sorry for it, Giles. Heaven knows I would have borne the shock for you if I could."

"I tell you I don't believe it. It's hypocrisy for the like of you to palaver with pretended pity over a misfortune that you're fattening on."

"Man, what do you mean?" St. John had demanded sternly, stepping up to him and laying a hand on his shoulder.

"I mean—take your hand off me, you hypocritical knave! I mean that you and your scoundrel crew have reaped a rich profit from this failure that you are so melancholy over, and have feathered your nests finely with honest men's money," retorted the other, in language not so refined as to be ambiguous.

St. John was not certain what he did—his anger was at white heat, and he was insane for the moment—but he supposed he must have dealt the man a heavy blow, for he staggered

back a few paces, and fell with a dull splash into the river, to whose brink they had been, in their excited colloquy, unconsciously approaching.

The sound quenched his wrath as water quenches fire. Without an instant's deliberation, with the same mad, impulsive haste that had characterized the first action, he leaped into the river after his victim, whose life he was ready to save at the cost of his own, beating about in the darkness among the swift-rolling waves, beckoned here by a dash of foam that looked like a pallid face, catching there at some dark, indistinct body, that proved but mocking drift-wood; darting yonder, where some gurgle and motion of the water seemed to indicate the object of his search; swimming desperately after sounds and shadows, until, thoroughly beaten out and almost ready to sink, he was warned by the instinct of self-preservation to strike for the shore, reaching it he scarcely knew how, with his fast-failing strength, which was utterly spent in the struggle to drag himself up the bank. How long he lay there, in a state of exhaustion and semi-unconsciousness, with the water still lapping his feet like the tongue of a hungry beast, he could not tell; but he thought it must have been several hours, for when, at last, after repeated effort, he stood up and looked about him, it was thick night; and as he walked slowly and feebly toward the town, he found the streets silent and deserted, the houses mostly closed and darkened.

There was no life to save now, but there was one to give, and he went forward with the vague intent to rouse the officers of law, and yield himself a prisoner; but the longing to look once more in the faces of his friends before the knowledge of his crime should overshadow them with horror, the desire to feel himself yet a few hours longer a free man, overcame his half-formed resolution, and he bent his steps sadly toward home, thanking God, for once, that there was no little child there to bear his name and suffer for his sin. He asked only this brief respite—justice should be satisfied on the morrow.

But the morrow found him prisoner to a low fever—the result of the evening's exposure and

excitement, and two or three days passed before he was able to quit the house. During that time the rumor of Giles Parrish's sudden disappearance came to him with various conjectures and ventured explanations, which showed how far removed he was from suspicion of any connection with the singular circumstance; and the temptation to bury the secret in eternal silence beset him so strongly that he had actually, in his growing horror of the consequences, yielded so far as to abandon the intention of any present confession, accepting with much thankfulness a situation which seemed to favor only secrecy.

What had led him to reject the protection of silence, and return to his first resolve he did not say, and when questioned upon that point, he had answered evasively that there was only one person in the world whom it concerned to know, and the questioner was not that person.

This was the story, and it did not lack corroboration, incredible as it at first appeared.

A solitary old woman, living in a deserted toll-house near the place of encounter, when put upon oath, testified reluctantly that, on the evening in question, she had heard voices in altercation, one violent and denunciatory, the other earnest and remonstrative, and, stepping out the door, she had seen in the indistinct light two men standing on the river bank, and had fancied that she recognized in one of them the straight, arrowy figure of St. John, whom she recollected seeing pass late in the afternoon. The coarse, abusive language which came to her ears, coupled with his name, convinced her that she had not mistaken the person, and she confessed that her own blood had boiled at the insulting epithets applied to him, and that she had felt a quick sympathy with the arm suddenly leaping in swift vengeance at the lying accuser; but she was frightened when she saw the man reeling back, and heard the ominous splash in the water, and, without daring another glance in the direction, she had run in hastily and closed the door, trying to hear no sounds, and resolving, let what would come, to know nothing about the affair, and never to bear witness against Geoffrey St. John, who had won her everlasting gratitude and approbation by the rendering of some legal service for which he would accept no compensation.

All this, however, did not convict St. John of the murder of Giles Parrish, for whose body the river was dragged vainly. Either the rapid current, swollen by spring rains, had borne it to the sea, or by some miracle too improbable for

belief he had escaped the flood and was yet alive. A mere suggestion, this latter, no one being wild enough to entertain so irrational an opinion.

It was near midsummer, and after the search was given up, that, quite by accident, a body was discovered caught and partially concealed among the drift in a little inlet a long distance below Burnshire; and though in process of decomposition the face had become unrecognizable, there were general features of resemblance in form, height, and clothing, by which it was readily identified as the body of Giles Parrish.

St. John, newly tried, was convicted of manslaughter, and sentenced to imprisonment for life. There was a strong manifestation of public sympathy for the unfortunate man, who, though he had many bitter enemies, had more warm and earnest friends, with whom his nobler qualities far outweighed his faults, and who would have left no means untried to obtain his acquittal; but the case was so clear, and the rule so plain, there seemed no appeal from the decision. As for St. John himself, he accepted his sentence with resignation and entire composure, as the inevitable consequence of the action into which his passion had betrayed him, and the kind-hearted, sympathizing friends who went to condole with him, found him contemplating his maddening doom with more serenity and cheerfulness than they themselves could do.

It was the day before his removal to the prison, where he was to expiate by life-long servitude the unpremeditated act of a moment, that Carlotta, undeterred in the solemn present by the doubts and scruples of the past, obeying simply the unerring impulse of her heart, went, among others, to bid him a last friendly farewell. Should I frame some apology for her as if I feared you might think the action wrong? I do not.

She had not attended the trial, and had never seen St. John since that night when she turned from him at her own gate, with the parting injunction to seek the sympathy and counsel that he asked of the woman who was pledged by the most solemn promises to stand by him through good and evil, and to comfort him in his hour of need, but who, now that that hour was come, had nothing but reproaches to give him—no pitying, sorrowing love, only maddening lamentations that he had brought such disgrace upon her.

He went forward as the door opened to admit Carlotta to his cell, bowing low and reverently, but without presuming to touch her hand.

"It is kind of you to come, old friend," he said, placing a chair for her, but remaining standing himself, as if he felt unworthy to sit in her presence. "I thought you might shrink from me."

"Is the fruit so much more shocking than the germ?" she asked gently.

"Well, it is accounted so. People with whom I was hail-fellow when I had only a murderer's heart, now that I have also a murderer's hand gape at me in horror, and stand back as if a great gulf had opened between us. It must be that the deed is more shocking than the will to do. I am myself more horrified by it. It seems incredible that I, Geoffrey St. John, could have done such a thing, and, thinking of it, I doubt sometimes my own identity. I wake in the night from dreams of the long ago—my sleep is full of such dreams of late—and they alone seem real, and the shuddering recollection of what I am, sweeping suddenly across me, is the frightful nightmare from which I strive to escape. I remember how I used to feel that the man who had lifted his hand against another's life was beyond the humanizing touch of love and sympathy—a hardened, desperate wretch, whom to put out of the reach and peril of temptation was the highest mercy and the only safety. I never suspected that I had anything in kind with such—that those swift, fatal heats of anger could ever culminate in crime. John, the beloved, spake the truth when he said, 'He that hateth his brother is a murderer.' But, Carlotta, if I live a thousand years I can never be angry again. My passion consumed itself in that mad, destroying flame, and no breath of man or woman born can ever revive it. What I have suffered has made me patient to endure all things, even the living death to which I am condemned."

She had gone there, Carlotta Castleton, with a few calm, friendly words in her thought which she meant to project into the dead, aimless future of the prisoner when he would have only memories for company and solace; but she sat with her lesson all forgotten, the slow tears dropping over her face, and falling on her helplessly folded hands. She essayed to check them now, and to remember what she had come to say.

St. John looked at her. "Let them flow, Carlotta," he said. "They are better than speech. They relieve me of some hardness and heaviness of heart which words do not touch. People have come here to reproach and revile me, to lament over me, to console

me, to strengthen me, and to pray for me; but no one has come here to weep—such tears as an angel might weep over my lost, fallen estate. No doubt you had some brave, inspiring words in your thought for me, but your heart knows that your pity and sorrow go farther toward reconciling me to my fate than any conned phrases of the tongue. I have wondered what you felt, whether you had any sympathy for me, any charity, any interest, even; and if I had not feared you would shudder to approach me, I should have sent for you to come. I did send an intense, pleading prayer."

"I heard your messenger, and came," she answered simply.

"Heaven bless you, Carlotta," he said in a voice strangely shaken. "I thought once you sent such a messenger to me. It was that night when, sorely against your will, I walked with you to your gate, and asked you to let me tell you this story of crime, whose secret pressure on heart and brain was slowly maddening me. Somehow I felt, in my desperate strait, that only in you could I confide, only on your advice could I act. You remember how you answered me—a proper answer, such as you had a right to give. I did not blame you, for you could not know what heartless mockery there was in it. I walked on recklessly, feeling as if God Himself had forsaken me, feeling as if I were of no more worth in the world, fit only to be cast out and trodden under foot like salt that hath lost its savor; and I did not notice whither my feet were tending until I came, drawn by some shuddering attraction, to the spot where that swift flame of wrath and hate had wrought such fatal consequences. All night I walked up and down beside the river, seized at moments with the desperate purpose to leap into the rolling flood and drag my sin and trouble, which I knew not what to do with here, into the light of the spiritual life; but a hand held me back—your hand, Carlotta Castleton—and a voice that I would know among ten thousand urged me to confess manfully to the world the deed I had done, and leave with God the issue. I could have sworn that you came to me that night with warning and entreaty, for I saw you as plainly as I see you now, heard you speak, felt the pressure of your hand upon my arm; yet, when I attempted to grasp it, I found it as impalpable as a shadow, and when I would have detained you, you vanished like a sun ray behind a cloud, leaving me desolate, yet strangely strengthened and uplifted. How was this, Carlotta?"

"I will tell you," she said quietly. "I knew

that you were in deep trouble, and I thought of you intently that night after we parted, some conception of the truth bearing in upon me, and shadowing forth dimly the temptation which assailed you. I did not know whether I had done right or wrong in refusing your confidence, but I did know that my intent was right, and so I had assurance to carry the matter straight to God, and ask help of Him. Our influence has an extension beyond word or presence. Spirit acts upon spirit not only through but over matter, and our intense desire for the good of our friend—or our enemy—affects him none the less strongly because he is not conscious of it. Prayer is an electric telegraph between souls, and the wish transmitted becomes the inspiration. I have great faith in prayer, not that it moves the Infinite and Eternal Power, but that it brings us into closer sympathy and union with that Power and with each other. Prayer for a soul astray is like an invisible oar dropped in beside a wandering boat to head it toward the heavenly port. The divine life, stirred and deeply shaken in one heart by strong aspirations and longings unutterable, may vibrate in right impulse and resolution in another. We think, we desire, we pray, and our signal flashes along the electric chain that links us in a common brotherhood until it reaches the one whom it is meant to move, and then, if sense be not too gross to receive the impression, it becomes a sudden inspiration whose source, as is best, is seldom recognized."

"And you prayed for me that night?" St. John said in a hushed, reverent voice.

"Earnestly, until the morning. It was all that I could do."

"It was a great deal. You saved me from self-destruction. But"—St. John paused and looked at her with troubled, questioning eyes. "Ah Carlotta! if years ago you had chosen to exercise the power delegated to you, I never should have done the deed I did, nor become the man I am."

She had feared that any allusion to the past would move her more deeply than it ought—that any implied reproach or regret might hurry her into some unwarrantable betrayal of feeling; but she found herself, as any woman of right motives and true principle would, standing firm as a rock against the shock, her heart beating evenly, her thought free and clear, her eyes meeting his unflinchingly. Not for a moment could she forget or overlook his relations with another; and in that last hour, heavy with the shadow of his awful doom, she

could no more have permitted him to speak a word disloyal to the woman he had called his wife, than she could herself have uttered it. Her fine instinct of honor gave quick warning of any approach toward dangerous ground.

"I did not come here to talk of years ago," she said with gentle dignity. "The past is dead and irretrievable; its mistakes, its failures, whatever they were, do not concern us now. It is with the present and the future that we have to do. As your friend, I could not suffer you to go away to your long atonement without some expression of the sympathy that I feel for you in this day of darkness, whose trial I firmly believe will, in some way known to God, be made subservient to good. As a friend, also, I wished to tell you that if it will relieve any the maddening monotony of your punishment to remember that I cherish no bitterness toward you, that I shall always think kindly of you, and pray for you as for a brother in your dreary banishment, I would like you to know it, and to reap what comfort you can from the knowledge. But chiefly I wished to say to you that it will depend greatly on yourself whether you gather fruit golden or ashen from your hard sentence. Do not look upon the deprivation of your liberty wholly as the penalty of your crime. It is that, but much more than that. God is not so prodigal of suffering as to leave it but one use to serve. There is always an end higher than the apparent one to which it may minister. The pain that follows surely the violation of physical laws, serves but half its use, and that the lowest, if it does not refine, and strengthen, and elevate the spirit, make it more reverent, patient, charitable, and Christ-like. So this suffering of yours, Geoffrey, will fail of its purpose if you regard it solely as a punishment to be stolidly endured, and not more as a school wherein you are to learn the lessons of a diviner life."

St. John was listening intently, his eyes bent reverently on her face, which was much finer and purer than in the old days when he had dared to touch it with his lips.

"Go on, Carlotta," he said as she paused, doubtful of the effect of her words. "You are giving me thought and impulse for future years."

But I have not space to report to you all of that morning's quiet talk. I have repeated enough to show you its tenor. The interview was not a protracted one. At the expiration of half an hour, the turnkey, as she had ordered, came to show Carlotta out, and she

parted with the prisoner as friends part who never hope to meet on earth again.

And the day following, St. John, manacled and strongly guarded, was transferred to the living tomb, from which he looked for release only at the call of death.

* * * * *

Summer waned, and the autumn splendors blazed like auroral lights again over the Burnshire hills.

Paul Hermann was failing rapidly. He still made a pretence of attending to his classes on days when his strength would sustain him. When he could not do this, he would yet insist on going through the usual routine of rising, dressing, walking, and sitting at the table. People said, seeing his shadowy, spectral figure moving about, that he would breathe his last upon his feet and in the harness.

I would not wish any sentimental reader to conclude that the professor was dying of unrequited love. I don't think men often die from such causes. Do they ever? If Shakespeare's *Rosalind* may be quoted as authority, "The poor old world is almost six thousand years old, and in all this time there has not any man died, in his own person, in a love cause. Men have died, and worms have eaten them, but not for love." I suppose, if Paul Hermann had never met Carlotta, the hour which no man knoweth would have come to him just as soon.

There had been several days of heavy, oppressive weather—clouds hanging low, and rain dripping sullenly, until human spirits began to droop and sour under Nature's subtle influence.

Suddenly, one morning—Sabbath morning—the clouds lifted, and the sun soared up in golden splendor, touching the parting fragments of mist with rose and silver as they rolled away, leaving the air so clear, and pure, and etherealized, that the eye, gazing into the vast, infinite space in which there was no appearance of that azure wall we call the sky, could almost scan the habitations of angels.

Carlotta was walking down the flower-bordered alley of her garden, lifting up her asters crushed by the long rain, clearing her verbenas of dead leaves, and bending in a kind of rapture over her royal pansies, with their gold and purple robes gemmed with brilliants, when a carriage stopped at her gate, and, setting down the professor, turned and drove back to town.

She hurried to meet her friend with warm welcome, mingled with tender reproof as she noted with quick glance the change that had come over him since she saw him last.

"It was presumptuous in you to come out to-day, Paul. You ought to have sent for me," she said, alarmed by his ghastly look and tottering step. "Here, take my arm. I am too glad to see you to scold you as you deserve."

"Don't blame me, Lotta," he whispered, availing himself of her proffered support. "I wanted to die quietly. I would like to drift out of the world without being tortured with bottles of hot water at my feet, swathes of hot flannel about my body, spoonfuls of cordial poured down my throat, a doctor to count my pulse, a priest to pray for my soul, and a crowd of curious gazers tip-toeing about my bed with sepulchral whispers concerning my looks and the probable length of time I will hold out. One wants to pass one's last hours on earth in a serene, cheerful atmosphere, undisturbed by tears, and groans, and useless vulgar offices. There—rest a moment, dear. I am leaning on your strength too heavily."

"No, Paul, my dear brother," Carlotta said, struggling to overcome the sudden weakness which made her tremble under his light weight. For months she had been anticipating this hour, but, now that it had come, she was deeply shaken, as, in spite of our philosophy, we all are in view of the mysterious change awaiting those we love—a change of whose glory we talk, but whose shadow only we feel.

Perceiving her agitation, the professor endeavored to support himself, as far as he could, in their passage to the house, but the effort was too great for him; and as he sank upon the sofa in her cheerful, sunshiny parlor, an ashy pallor overspread his face, his eyes glazed, his features grew pinched, and the handkerchief which he feebly pressed to his mouth was saturated with blood.

Carlotta knelt down beside him, arranged the pillows for his head, wiped the purple stain from his lips, and gently chafed his hands; but the marble face, with its closed eyes, lying back among the crimson cushions, looked so like the face of the dead, that she scarcely dared to hope it would ever beam on her again with the old love-light and intelligence.

For an hour she watched beside him, doubtful at moments whether she watched with the living or the dead. Her entire household was absent that day, as usually happened on the Sabbath, and a deep, unbroken stillness reigned in the cottage, as in the world without—that profound autumn stillness wherein, in the hush of earthly sounds, one listens to catch some echo of the life beyond.

The golden noonday sun, filtering through

the trailing flower-screen of the southern window, shimmered over the reclining head like the halo of a saint, and touched magnetically the white, sculptured face on the pillows.

Carlotta felt a faint thrill in the hand she held, and the sealed eyes she was watching suddenly unclosed and looked wonderingly into hers.

"Brother Paul," she murmured, in the tender rapture of one whose dead is given back.

"Lotta," breathed the pallid lips, and instantly her ear was bent to catch the faltering words. "I seemed, just now, in a vast waste and solitude, forsaken and desolate, and there came to me one like you, and yet unlike you, more beautiful even, more angelic, nearer, and more truly mine, and she called me by a name that is not in our speech, sweeter and tenderer than Beloved, which drew my soul to hers, and swept me up to heaven."

"The spirit-bride, no doubt, for whom you would have mistaken me," Carlotta whispered.

His eyelids drooped heavily, and she thought he was lapsing again into insensibility to worldly things; but presently she found him looking at her earnestly, his lips moving with some inaudible words. She bent her head.

"Who told you, Lotta?"

"I don't know. It may have been she whom you saw. It came to me like inspiration, one day—the thought that you might love mistakenly one who bore some faint resemblance to the nature created to perfect and blend with yours in an eternal union. We so often grasp the shadow for the substance here, but in the life so soon to be yours, dear Paul, we shall see more clearly."

"I see already, upon its border, child," he murmured, "that the worship of the shadow has brought me closer to the substance."

The effort to talk was too great for him, the extraordinary exertion of the morning seeming to have drained completely his remaining physical forces, and he sank again from utter exhaustion and weakness, the shadow of death gathering more closely over the still, set face and prostrate form.

Slowly and painfully the mysterious work of separation went on, paroxysms of agony in which the soul seemed fighting to break and escape some last, shackling link of its dissolving fetters, alternating with dead, breathless calms, in which, the struggle ended, the temple of clay, ruined and broken, seemed deserted and tenantless forever more. A strange, solemn day to Carlotta, lonely watcher with a spirit vacillating like a pendulum between two worlds,

sweeping at moments beyond the reaches of human thought and comprehension, and coming back with visions of things utterable.

Toward night, footsteps and sounds about the house announced the return of some of its occupants, and the housekeeper's tap at the parlor door presently brought to Carlotta a vague, bewildered sense of something required of her. Could it be that the gross machinery of living, with its round of cooking, eating, and drinking, must go on just the same while the solemn majesty and mystery of death brooded over the house?

Again the knock sounded on the door. She rose and went toward it. It would not do to say that Professor Hermann was dying, it would not do to let the woman see his strangely transfigured face; instantly there would be outcry and lament, a hurrying to and fro, a frightened summoning of neighbors and physician, an excited rush for restoratives, and the peace and quiet he had come to her to secure would be invaded and destroyed. It should not be. She would respect his wish to the last.

She opened the door and stepped out into the passage with some low-voiced order, returning in a moment to her post. The dying man's hand groped weakly for hers. "I cannot see you, Lotta," he murmured. "It is growing very dark."

She walked to the west window, threw open shutters and sash, letting in the full glory of the setting sun.

Still the dying one complained that it was dark, and she was so far away.

She knelt down beside him, slipped her arm beneath his head, and laid her cheek to his. And so, without a struggle, his soul drifted over the twilight borders of earth into the morning of eternal life, drawing by the strong power of sympathy the spirit of the faithful watcher, who felt herself, like the disciple of old, caught up into paradise, and heard words unspeakable, which mortal tongue hath no knowledge to utter.

How long she remained in this half ecstatic, half painful trance, she could not tell. When she came back to her earthly life she found the day departed, and through the open window the young moon looked in with pale, low, melancholy light.

She laid her ear on her brother's heart. It was still. She loosed her hand from the close, rigid clasp of his, and swept it softly over his face. It was icy cold.

Dead. But the old chill and terror had dropped out of the word.

She rose from her knees and walked down the moonlit-path to the window, stretched out her hands into the silent night, and with uplifted eyes stood a moment in wordless prayer. Then with remembrance of the sad offices to be performed for the dead, she turned quietly, and with a last, lingering, reverent look at the unconscious clay, passed from the room. In the hall, one of her pupils, and his, hovering about the door, sprang to her side with breathless exclamation—"Tell me quickly, dear Carlotta, how is the good professor?"

"Better," she answered softly, and they moved on together to the music-room, where were gathered her returned boarders with two or three of their friends, among them a young divinity student, who was giving point to some theological discussion into which he had led them by reading aloud in his impressive manner the touching story of Lazarus's death and resurrection.

Carlotta, gliding in unperceived, stood by his side, listening intently, with head bent, and hands folded on the table before her.

When he had concluded, she leaned forward with unconscious pathos in her gesture, and in a low, tender, solemn voice that thrilled them like an echo from the other world, repeated—"Our friend Lazarus sleepeth."

They turned and looked at her, and every heart understood.

But there was no outcry, no noisy demonstration of grief, such as he would have shunned, and after a moment's hush, in which the calm of Carlotta's spirit seemed to have penetrated to theirs, they rose, and went silently in together where their beloved professor lay, and amid softly flowing tears and murmured remembrances of his goodness, their young hands, untrained to such offices, but taught by affection, reverently composed the sleeper for his burial.

* * * * *

Five years later, Carlotta, coming out of the private entrance to Burnshire Cemetery, whither she had been to lay her memorial of immortelles on the professor's richly blooming grave, was met by a young friend hurrying toward her in breathless excitement, her eyes large with the wonder of the story she had to tell—"Carlotta Castleton," she panted, "the strangest thing has happened. Giles Parrish has come back, I found when you were gone, and ran hither in haste to bring you the tidings."

Were heaven and earth coming together? She threw up her hands, and gasped for breath,

staggering for support against the iron gate she had just passed.

"What—what was it that you said?" she faltered. "Am I dreaming?"

"Giles Parrish has come back! Do you hear? Giles Parrish has come back alive and well, and St. John is not a murderer," reiterated the girl in joyful excitement. "Mercy! are you going to faint? I thought you would be glad."

There must be some mistake. It was too like the improbable incidents of fiction to be believed. And the sharp prick of doubt alone enabled her to retain her senses under this sudden shock of joy.

Nevertheless, incredible as the fact at first appeared, Giles Parrish had come back, not from the dead, but from the wild, wandering life which he had led since that twilight encounter with St. John, by the river, nearly six years before.

How had he escaped? was the universal question. Easily answered. Simply stunned by the blow he had received, his backward plunge in the water had restored him speedily to consciousness, and being a powerful and experienced swimmer, he had regained the shore without difficulty, while St. John, imagining that the current, swift and strong, must be bearing his victim rapidly downward from the point where he had disappeared, was vainly buffeting the stream far below.

Burning with malice and revenge, as he confessed, the fiendish thought had occurred to Giles Parrish to let his assailant believe he had perished in the flood, and suffer, at least, the pangs of a guilty conscience for his death; and having no ties to hold him to any place, and all the valuables he possessed being about his person, he had hastily decamped, concealing his identity through these years under an assumed name, leaving conjecture, in the absence of any evidence of his escape, to fasten, as we have seen, on the unrecognizable body of a hapless suicide, whose story, having no connection with this, it is not necessary to recount.

And so, not to linger over the method of this man's repentance, which is nothing to us beyond its results, St. John, the victim, instead of the victimizer, released from his unjust punishment, came home, bowed and broken in health, with his close-shorn locks whitened with frost that was not of years; and yet with a certain power and majesty of presence that gave a vivid impression of the man's innate dignity and nobleness of character which even

the degradations of prison life could not lower or tarnish, whose growth they had not served to check, but had rather seemed to promote, the strongest natures, often, from sheer revolt, developing the richest graces in an atmosphere of evil.

Came home, I said. That is rather a figure of speech. In point of fact, beyond the warm welcome of friends and acquaintances, each one of whom had closer interests and fellowships, there was nothing of the heart-cheer and comfort, the rapture and thanksgiving, that should have attended such a return; there was no heart all his own to be blest above measure by his coming, and failing that, in the true significance of the term, he felt there was no such thing for him as "coming home."

Death and change in his absence had scattered his family through heaven and earth, and the woman who had solemnly promised before God to take him for better or worse, and, forsaking all others, to cleave only unto him so long as they both should live, had accepted without demur the freedom which the law, on the ground of his supposed crime, gave her, and had pledged herself by the same solemn vows to another in a union over which the same minister of Gospel had pronounced the same words wherewith he had sanctified the first—"What God has joined together, let not man put asunder."

Said a friend, commenting on the fact—"The wording of the marriage covenant needs revising."

"Or is it the hearts of the covenanters?" queried St. John.

But the vacancy in his life seemed to be filled by his profession, to which he at once devoted himself with an energy surpassing that of his youth, and vividly contrasting with the reckless, aimless effort of later years, when success or failure were alike indifferent to him. Something more than the promise which had flattered his friends in the beginning of his professional career was realized at last. There may have been fewer flashes of brilliancy than of old, but there was steadier aim, and a resistless force and earnestness which made his name a synonym for power and conquest, and brought for his advocacy the cause of the weak and oppressed, whose faith in him he never failed to justify.

During these months of self-redemption, chance favored him with no interview with Carlotta, and he was far too proud to seek it until he had in some measure wrought out his salvation. But this could not go on forever.

The requirements of honor might be stern, but the appeal of the heart was strong, and moved by memories and aspirations, the close of a summer day through which her image had haunted him incessantly, found St. John bending his steps resolutely in the direction of Carlotta's cottage.

She was sitting on the veranda in the purple gloaming, tracing with absent eye the darkening outline of the hills against the opal-tinted sky—those wondrous Burnshire hills, with their shifting lights and shadows, corresponding to every phase of feeling, and to her sight varying so often in expression since she had dwelt among them, that she could easily credit the statement of Swedenborg, that the scenery of the spiritual world is the outgrowth of mental states.

She rose to her feet as St. John came up the steps, and put out her hand in a welcome that seemed to hold some warmth beyond its common expression.

"I have dared to come, Carlotta," was his greeting.

"I expected you," was her simple, quiet answer.

And they sat down in silence, with thoughts that eyes could speak more eloquently than tongues.

"You know why I have come," at last spoke St. John.

"I know."

"To confess in words the mistake of which my life has been a sad enough illustration."

"And yet, in the wonderful ruling of God, even mistakes have been made subservient to good," she said gently.

"But through purgatorial fires, Carlotta. God's end is human good, and He will accomplish it at whatever cost; but I cannot believe He plans to work inversely, or that His results, reached through sin and suffering, are as rich and perfect as they would be if our will had wrought with His. I have erred, and good has resulted, not from my error, but from attempted atonement for my error, and the force spent in sinning and atoning is so much taken from the progress that I might have made."

"Why do you talk of your error? Call it ours," said Carlotta softly.

"Ours? No. All else I will share with you, but not error. That is mine. You are above and beyond blame in this matter. Do you remember that October day on the hills, Carlotta?"

"Can I ever forget it?"

I cannot. Every look, tone, and gesture of yours is burned into my heart. How many times since I have cried in agony of soul, 'Oh! if I might live that day over!' For there, Carlotta, was the fatal mistake of my life, from which flowed all those later evils. If I had but respected and yielded to your convictions, instead of making war against them! But my love was selfish in those days."

"And yet," sighed Carlotta, "I have reproached myself deeply as the cause of much evil which might have been avoided if I had consented to be governed by your wishes."

"Long ago there were mad moments when I, too, reproached you for my wrecked life, but that was in the blindness of my passion and despair, before suffering had driven out delusions, and brought me to a clearer understanding of the truth. I cannot see now that you were in any way answerable for my follies. It was your right to defer the solemnization of our marriage until you felt fully assured that you would never repent it; it was my privilege—too late appreciated—to wait on your deliberations with patience and respect, though they had consumed three times these years lost in the bitter consequences of my rash and ill-advised action. My sad matrimonial experience taught me reverence for your doubts. Ah Carlotta! Carlotta!"

She had no answer, though that shuddering wail went to her heart with a stab of pain. All else she had forgiven long ago, but his mock-marriage had seemed to her the sin unpardonable. He got up, and walked once or twice across the floor, came back, and sat down with a sigh.

"I would not wait," he said, "but now I must wait perforce—a waiting without hope of reward. For a name stained and disgraced, even by imputed crime—worse still in your sight, a name once falsely given to another—I can never offer you. Yet even the blessed privilege of waiting—so near you—brings me closer to heaven than I once expected to get, and hereby I know that I love you unselfishly, because I am satisfied to give without seeking."

"And am I to give unsought?" she questioned, smiling.

He caught his breath. "Carlotta, what have you to give? Contempt and reprobation?"

"No. A love that has stood the test of doubt, desertion, and disgrace, that has fought with itself for years without power to conquer or to kill, faithful to you above the law, to which it was nevertheless obedient; yet a love

so exacting that it cannot accept your perjured vows, that will be true as truth to you in the invisible and eternal union of the spirit, but will reject the outward bond and covenant which you have profaned."

"Carlotta, I have no cause of complaint. One who has felt the gall of the 'outward bond' representative of a union that was not, might well be satisfied with the union without the visible bond that human laws can forge and sunder; but this, neither death, nor life, nor angels, nor principalities, nor powers, nor things present, nor things to come, can ever sever."

GONE.

BY MARY E. M'MILLAN.

HE is gone! And I loved him so.
O winds of the balmy South!
Pass on, pass on with your honeyed breath,
And steal me a kiss from his mouth.

He is gone! And I loved him so,
And gone is my day of grace—
O sun! have pity, and smile less bright—
Have pity and hide your face.

He is gone! And I loved him so,
And the flowers of my heart are dead:
O flowers of the earth! take pity on me,
Take pity, and droop each head.

He is gone! And I loved him so,
And the songs of my heart are still:
O bright-winged warblers! pity take;
Have done with that tiresome trill.

He is gone! And I loved him so—
The sun, the birds, and the flowers,
Are faithless all. I only am true,
As I weep through the leaden-winged hours.

The heights by great men reach'd and kept
Were not attain'd by sudden flight;
But they, while their companions slept,
Were toiling upward in the night.

Standing on what too long we bore
With shoulders bent and downcast eyes,
We may discern—unknown before—
A path to higher destinies.

THE MILLENNIUM.—I believe, said Theodore Tilton, that the millennium, if it will not actually have come, will certainly be near its coming, when every man's sweetheart is his wife, and every man's wife is his sweetheart.

WOMAN'S WORK AND WOMAN'S WAGES.

BY AN AMERICAN WOMAN.

THE EDUCATION OF GIRLS.

GEORGE ELIOT, in "The Mill on the Floss," points out plainly the absurdity of educating youth all after one plan, without any regard to their individual tastes and capacities, or their future calling in life. Thus Tom Tulliver, when he applies to his Uncle Dean for a situation, and is met by the objection that his classical education cannot be of the least use to him in a mercantile life, is made to reply, "But, uncle, I don't see why the Latin need hinder me from getting on in business. I shall soon forget it all; it makes no difference to me. I had to do my lessons at school, but I always thought they'd never be of any use to me afterward—I didn't care about them."

This is too much the case of the young women of the present day who receive the doubtful advantages of a female institution of learning. They care nothing about their studies. They have to learn their lessons at school, but as these lessons do not seem likely to be of any use to them afterward, they make it their business to "forget it all" as soon as possible. And, indeed, the whole course of their education, except such as results in mere outside show, seems to have been prescribed and carried out for no other purpose than that of being forgotten as soon as school-days are over. I say, "seems to have been." Still, it can hardly have been so. I suppose the original designers of the traditional "course of study" for a young lady, must have had, like Tom's teacher, Mr. Stelling, some vague ideas about the disciplining of the mind, and must have been also impressed with the opinion that a set course of study is equally applicable and equally beneficial to all minds, irrespective of individual tastes and circumstances.

In dealing with the subject of the education of girls, it is an exceedingly difficult matter not to speak of education in general, and to question whether the time-honored systems of our schools and colleges might not be somewhat modified and improved. It might be debated whether in other cases differing from that of Tom Tulliver, a classical knowledge and general familiarity with the ancients, does not prove so much useless lumber in the mind, which has been made to take the place of more

important things. But I will strive to keep to my text, and consider only what kind of an education will prove most beneficial to a woman in the various phases and vicissitudes of life.

Far be it from me to desire the limits of female education to be narrowed. No one will rejoice more heartily than I to see all the honored institutions of learning in our land thrown open to women equally with men. Then, and not till then, shall we learn the intellectual capacities of women. Then, and not till then, will women begin to comprehend what it is to become really educated.

There are several colleges and universities in our country where women are admitted equally with men. In some of these this equality has been one of their ruling principles from the beginning. In others it is a recent, and, to conservative minds, somewhat startling innovation. That no harm can arise, and that much good may result, is the general testimony of those who have given the subject their careful attention. And it is time that the world at large was considering the matter. Viewed apart from the educational advantages it will afford to young women, there are other equally beneficial results that may be hoped for from more familiar intercourse between the sexes during the years of school life.

The convent system—that of entire seclusion from the world—has been thoroughly tried in European countries, and with a most unsatisfactory result, judging from an American standard. The young lady graduates and enters society with polished manners and a certain fund of superficial accomplishments, but light and trifling in thought and behavior to such a degree that it is never considered safe to trust her for a single moment without strict surveillance.

Our own system of boarding-school life, borrowed from the English, seems but little better in its results. Girls are shut up in semi-prisons, and subjected to the closest guardianship from their teachers. In this seclusion, and under this repression, the natural exuberance of youth is forced into improper channels, and the sentiments attain a hothouse growth, and become morbid and unhealthy. When at last the young girl gains her liberty—the full, unrestrained freedom of an American woman—it is not strange that she does not know how to make a proper use of it. Hence arises the

host of evils which young girls have accredited to them as the spontaneous outgrowth of their natures, but which must be charged on a false and pernicious system.

A well-known religious paper contained, during the past year, an article referring to the freedom allowed women, and especially young women, in this country, and lamented that they were not subjected to the same restraints as in continental Europe. In support of his position, he related an incident which had come under his immediate notice in a railroad car on its way to New York. A young lady travelling alone, and apparently returning home from school, met, for the first time, a young gentleman on the car; and so rapidly did the acquaintance progress, that before the city was reached a rendezvous in the street was agreed upon for the following day. The worthy editor prophesied an elopement or a mysterious disappearance, with all its attendant miseries, as the probable result of this act of indiscretion, and argued that if the young lady had been properly attended and watched over, the affair would never have taken place. Very true; but equally true, if the same young lady had not been subjected to the false and artificial restraints of boarding-school life, the first young man she met would not have proved so great an attraction to her, for no other reason than that he was a representative of the other sex, as to make her forget all propriety and all prudence. Our editor did not reason deeply enough. Our young girls need more freedom rather than less. They will never betray any trust reposed in them. It is only where they are made to feel that there is no trust, that surveillance becomes necessary.

For the fullest development of the strongest, the noblest, and the best characteristics of men and women, there is no better plan than that of the family. In schools, in society, and in all the various departments of life, the same plan should be carried out as far as practicable. The sexes should meet daily and familiarly, until all the glamour of false sentiment which affects the eyes of either sex in regarding the other shall be dispelled, and each shall appear to the other what they really are.

Dr. Bushnell, in his rather curious work on "Suffrage—against Nature," brings the following testimony to bear concerning the joint education of the sexes. "The joining of the two sexes in common studies and a common college life—what could be more un-university-like, and, morally speaking, more absurd? And so far as the young women are concerned,

what could be more unwomanly and really more improper? I confess, with some mortification, that when the thing was first done, I was not a little shocked even by the rumor of it; but when, by-and-by, some fifteen years ago, I drifted into Oberlin and spent a Sunday there, I had a new chapter opened that has cost me the loss of a considerable cargo of wise opinions, all scattered in loose wreck, never again to be gathered. I learned, for the first time, what it means that the sexes, not merely as by two-and-two, but as a large, open scale of society, have a complementary relation, existing as helps to each other, and that humanity is a disjointed creature, running only to waste and disorder, when they are put so far asunder as to leave either one or the other in a properly monastic and separate state. Here were gathered for instruction a large number of pupils, male and female, pursuing their studies together, in the same classes and lessons, under the same teachers; the young women deriving a more pronounced and more positive character in their mental training from association with young men in their studies; and the young men a closer and more receptive refinement, and a more delicate habitual respect to what is in personal life, from their associations with young women. The discipline of the institution, watchful as it properly should be, was yet a kind of silence, and was practically null—being carried on virtually by the mutually qualifying and restraining powers of the sexes over each other. There was scarcely a single case of discipline, or almost never more than one, occurring in a year."

The sexes need each other as a mutual restraint and a mutual inspiration. Young men naturally incline to vice, when left without any restraining influence; young women to folly and frivolity. The respective reputations of our college students and our boarding-school misses go to demonstrate this. But let young men and women associate together in the same halls of learning, meet in the same classes, and unite in social intercourse out of study hours, and it has been demonstrated beyond dispute that the one sex becomes morally, the other intellectually, strengthened by the contact.

It is the only drawback to one of the noblest institutions of our land—Vassar College—an institution which is almost entirely free from the charges we would bring against other establishments of education for women, that it is intended for the benefit of one sex alone; and by this exclusiveness its pupils are deprived of that which would result in the development of

the fullest and noblest womanhood—the daily contact with intelligent men.

Up to a certain point—thanks to our excellent common-school system—boys and girls are educated equally well. This system is not yet perfected, but I hope time will gradually modify its faults; and if the elements of a good English education are not acquired under it, as a general thing it is safe to ascribe the trouble to scholar or parents. But this is, after all, only a beginning, only the basis of an education. If the girl desires anything further, the institutions which are established for her especial benefit are most incomplete and inadequate in their plans of education. In the regular branches of the course there is too great a number and variety of subjects attempted, considering the time limited for their acquirement. And, further, there is an almost indefinite number of “extras,” each of which alone would require more time than is allowed for all together. And it is no uncommon thing for a girl of fifteen or sixteen to be entered for all or nearly all these extras in addition to her regular studies, and she is expected to graduate at eighteen or twenty—proficient in them all.

I will venture to assert that the young lady who, during the same length of time, reads the papers, magazines, and books of the day carefully and thoroughly, and associates with intelligent people, will possess a greater fund of general, useful, and practical information that will stand her in good stead in any and every circumstance in life, than the young boarding-school graduate.

The time is too short, the studies too numerous and varied—not infrequently the teachers themselves too incompetent—for anything like a thorough and practical education to be acquired. Nor does there seem to be any attempt to make these studies practical. It does not follow that because a young lady has gone methodically through the various branches of mathematics, that she is consequently a skilful accountant. Though she may speak French glibly, it is not at all certain that she can write correct English. Of her knowledge of chemistry she knows not how to make practical use when called into the kitchen. She may know geography by heart as it is to be studied in text-books, but it is a wonder if she can tell where the coffee comes from which she drinks at breakfast, or the sugar which sweetens it, or the coal which boils it. She may go over readily enough the technical botanical terms and the scientific names of flowers and plants, but it does not follow that she knows an oak

from a maple, or one species of the commonest grass from another. She may be tolerably familiar with ancient history, but her mind is somewhat confused about current political events.

In brief, she has a smattering of a good many things, but not enough knowledge of any one of them to be of any practical use to her whatever. And when school life is ended, she proceeds to “forget” the little she has learned as the proper thing next in order.

And the ornamental part of her education is no more thorough. A young lady of no mean intelligence, who graduated from a boarding-school where French was the only language spoken—a school of wide celebrity in this country, on account of its supposed advantages in certain departments of a polite education—confessed to me, that though she learned to speak that language fluently, she learned neither to read nor translate it; and she had since found, coming in contact with genuine Frenchmen and Frenchwomen, that the pronunciation she learned at the school was something very different from its actual and correct pronunciation. And I have reason to believe that the experience of this young lady is not an exceptional one.

Only a superficial knowledge, obtained at the hands of incompetent teachers, is what must also be looked for both in music and art, and what is really learned is, after all, often more harmful than otherwise. A genuine musical or artistic genius may actually acquire faults in style of playing, drawing, or painting, that many years of care will hardly correct. The teachers of these arts met with in the institutions of learning for women, are scarcely ever truly qualified to teach. They teach as well as they were taught themselves, and that is all they can do. Or if really competent, they become careless and, we might almost say, conscienceless. And who can wonder, when it is considered what is expected of them? Pupils of all degrees of intelligence or dulness are placed under their instruction. The parents of the stupid ones expect their children to display as much progress as their more brilliant companions, and if they fail to do so, the teacher receives the blame. A teacher of drawing and pastel painting, in a young ladies' institute of learning, confided to me her plan of instruction, carried on with the full sanction of her employers. She gave all the assistance she could to those who showed anything like genius. Those whose talents were only moderate, she let dabble away at their pictures as

best suited them during the hour of drawing, and then took these pictures away with her, erased all the bad portions, and re-drew them. If the pupil showed no capacity in the proper direction, she wasted no time in the attempt to teach her, but excluded her altogether from the drawing-class, and executed the entire pictures for her, allowing them to be exhibited on commencement-day as the genuine productions of the young lady, and to be carried home as such. I expressed surprise that this manner of teaching was not detected by the parents and friends of the pupils; but she assured me that such a thing was very unlikely. The young ladies themselves would never wish the fact known, and so, of course, would never mention it; and as they would never, by any chance, take up the pencil after leaving school, having neither taste nor inclination for the pursuit, it was impossible that the fraud should ever be detected. She satisfied her own conscience with the assurance that they were receiving their money's worth in pictures, if not in instruction, and far better pictures at that than they could possibly have executed themselves. One hardly knows which most to blame in a case like this, the deception of the teacher or the folly and stupidity of parents which seem to make such deception necessary.

Now, as education with a man is acquired with more or less regard to the plans he may have for his after-life, why should it not be the same with a woman? As it is, she is not fitted for any of the energetic, out-door employments of life. She does not learn to be a business woman, nor a professional woman. A boarding-school education is a positive drawback to a literary career; for I think all editors will agree in their horror of articles which bear the stamp of boarding-school views of life, ideas, and sentiments, and it is not until subsequent contact with the world shall have worn all these completely away, that she can hope to be successful with her pen.

But the conservative will reply that he wants woman to be none of these, and will doubtless become eloquent over the duties and pleasures which await woman as a wife and mother within the sacred precincts of the domestic circle. Very well; place her where you please just for the present. But the old question still arises whether the course of training she has been subjected to fits her any better for private than for public life. Is there any branch among the many taught which will indicate, even in the remotest manner, the best and easiest way of managing a household? Is

plain sewing included among the accomplishments?—is cookery regarded as one of the fine arts? Does physiology, as taught in our schools and seminaries, show a woman how to be regardless of her own health, or how to preserve that of the precious ones which may be intrusted to her keeping? Does political economy give a hint as regards economy in household management and expenditure? Are those graces of manner and deportment, those accomplishments of hand, eye, and voice, which serve so well in the attraction of a lover, of equal use in retaining the affection of a husband? The contrary of all this is notoriously the fact. If a story-writer wishes to "point a moral" in domestic life for the benefit of the gentler sex, the heroine is almost invariably brought fresh from a boarding-school, and installed as the mistress of an establishment; and her mistakes and short-comings are held up to ridicule and censure, and considered as the result of personal faults instead of that of an erroneous system under which she has been trained.

We want something more practical in the education of women. They must be regarded as human beings, liable to all the vicissitudes which befall the other sex. Life is too short for any time to be spent idly, foolishly, or unprofitably. Girls, like boys, must first be given an object in life, or taught to select one for themselves, and then all their studies should be with direct reference to the attainment of this object.

There is one branch of a woman's education, which, whether the narrowest or widest limit for her sphere is demanded, should be the first to be considered. And that is a knowledge of household affairs. "A woman is never fit to get married until she can broil a beefsteak and make a cup of coffee," a facetious middle-aged man used to say to me. Yet, how many young women in the middle and upper circles of society possess this knowledge? How many young women in any grade of life know how to do these properly and well? The young married lady, conscious of her own ignorance in these matters, trusts to her cook; but, alas! Bridget is scarcely wiser than her mistress. Bridget spoils the breakfast, and then, on a word of remonstrance or reproof, flounces off; and leaves madam to do the same by the dinner. Then there is a terrible outcry about the "domestic evil"—the incapacity and perverseness of servants. Let the young lady, before she takes upon herself the duties of an establishment, learn these duties thoroughly; and

then, if circumstances justify her in delegating them to others, she will at least be able to instruct these others properly, and will be no less prepared for any emergency.

A little incident has been going the rounds of the papers concerning the daughter of Commodore Vanderbilt. She was one day discovered employed in teaching the grandchild of that millionaire to mend stockings, and when questioned concerning the necessity of such a proceeding, her significant reply was: "There is no telling what may happen in this country."

This idea should be present in the minds of every father and mother in the land. "There is no telling what may happen in this country," where fortunes are made and lost in a single day; where, on the one hand, rail-splitters and tanner-boys may become presidents, and their wives, chosen in their years of obscurity, be recognized as the first ladies in the land; and where, on the other hand, the children of affluence may, at any time, by political or financial changes, find themselves reduced to poverty and destitution.

In this article, though I have allowed myself various and wide digressions, my main design has been to show the relations existing between education and the work and wages of women. In a former article, discussing the subject of suffering among working-women, I have touched lightly upon the same point, and have expressed the belief that those women who failed to find employment sufficiently remunerative to keep them and their young families from destitution, must credit their failure to their incompetency to do anything well. There are exceptional cases, of course—those with delicate or failing health, and those who have no business tact or faculty for management, and who are consequently made the prey of every sharper who has dealings with them.

The woman the most to be pitied, and at the same time the most to be blamed—if we shall blame the victim of a false system of education—is she who has known a comfortable or luxurious home, and has had every opportunity for culture of mind and hand, but who, when the time for learning has passed by, and that for action come, is by a sudden reverse of fortune thrown into a position which calls for the fullest exercise of her faculties in the effort for self-support, and yet who finds these faculties so imperfectly trained that they fail her in the hour of need. We know these women. They throng our cities by hundreds and thousands, and swell the list of our helpless poor. The

efforts they make are really heroic, but their results, how small!

Many of them set out at first with the idea that literature furnishes a smooth and flowery path to wealth and fame. They write their pretty, sentimental sketches or poetry, abounding in adjectives and figures of speech, and, sending them, accompanied by a private note telling a pathetic story of their needs, to some editor, hopefully await his answer. It comes sooner or later; but how different from what their hopes had pictured! Other editors, on subsequent trials, prove equally lions in their path, shutting them out from the flowery fields of literature; and at last they are fain to turn elsewhere. Some look to music, others to art. They know that immense sums of money have been spent on these accomplishments, and it seems only just that there should be some little pecuniary return. But it is only in novels that amateur artists sell pictures at fabulous prices. In real life their art efforts have absolutely no money value whatever.

If these unfortunates are still unmarried, and are free to come and go as they choose, they may finally find situations as teachers of either the useful or ornamental branches, when they will, perhaps, impart as thorough a knowledge to others as they themselves possess, and do their share toward sending out into the world a host of half-educated, incompetent young women, to go through again, in their turn, the same melancholy role.

But if they are left widows with young children, their case is still harder. They have the choice before them of opening a small store, keeping boarding-house, or taking up the needle. Their shop proves a failure, as likely as not, for want of proper business ideas and habits; their boarding-house is no better for the same reason, added to an unfamiliarity with the small details of housekeeping; and at last we find them in a garret, doing the plainest and coarsest of sewing, and trying to keep body and soul together on twenty-five or fifty cents a day. In the years of their young-ladyhood they could embroider and crochet, and do all kinds of fancy work; and though ignorant of the mysteries of plain sewing, they thought themselves far advanced beyond it, in their skill with the needle. But embroidery, fancy knitting and netting have no marketable value, fine shirts they cannot make, and so their only resource is the slop-shop.

We may expend our pity on these women; we may give more substantial aid to individual cases; but we must try by some means to ex-

terminate the class. The public mind has been awakened to inquire the causes of suffering among working-women. It is to be hoped that when they are once comprehended, an effort will be made to apply the proper remedies.

Every father and mother, in planning and superintending the education of their daughter, should have before their minds the not at all remote possibility that this daughter may at some time, and by some chance, be obliged to earn her own living. And it should be the desire of both, a desire as strong and lively as that which actuates the father to lay aside money for her future use, to try to fortify her against, and prepare her for such a catastrophe. Fling to the winds the notion of feminine dependence as it is generally interpreted, learn her to be strong, self-reliant, and self-dependent. Let her education be as broad as time and means will permit, but let it be thorough and practical. Study well her disposition, her inclinations, and her talents, and let her studies lie in the direction indicated by these, never forcing upon her attention those branches for which she has no taste. If she incline to the study of languages, furnish her with the best of masters, and encourage her not only to ground herself thoroughly in the grammar and construction of each tongue she acquires, but to familiarize herself with its literature as well; and do not insist that she shall be equally proficient in music. If she has a fancy for mathematics, do not compel her to cram her head with history at the same time, which will only be forgotten as fast as it is learned. Insist upon her being thorough in everything she undertakes. If her education should not be broad, let it at least be deep. Do not send her to school with the idea that in three or four years she can master a dozen or more regular branches and "extras," any one of which, to become even moderately familiar with, would require the entire time. If she is compelled to attempt all these, do not let her parents flatter themselves that she has received anything more than the thinnest varnish of an education, which a few rubs and knocks in actual life will cause to disappear entirely. No matter if the young girl fail to fulfil the programme of her school, and is entitled to no diploma; the actual experiences of after life will convince her, and all interested in her, that it was well a mere piece of parchment was not permitted to outweigh more really important considerations.

I do not wish to be understood as disclaiming against a high standard of education for

women. There is no position in life, private or public, in which a carefully disciplined, well-informed mind has not immense advantages over an unregulated, ignorant one. But it is this smattering of various abstract subjects, which are seldom or never presented to them in any practical light—this universal superficiality in attainments and ideas, that is the bane of the school-girl. A girl of eighteen or twenty has actually learned nothing. She has done well, if she has laid a firm foundation for future study and acquirement of knowledge—if she has learned how to learn. To call her education finished when she has reached this point, is as if the farmer should carefully plough and harrow his ground, and then, without sowing any seed, declare the labor of the season finished. And to declaim against the incapacity and inability of women who have been allowed and encouraged to pursue such a course, is as unreasonable as this same farmer would be should he come in the fall, and after looking vainly for a crop, rail against his land for its unproductiveness. The farmer will find plenty of weeds, no doubt. And so the carefully prepared mind of the young lady, if the seeds of true knowledge are not planted and cultivated, will harvest a luxuriant crop of vanity, extravagance, false sentiment, selfishness, and kindred follies.

If a woman wishes to measure her intellect with that of man's—and the world is now calling on her to do so—she must prolong her years of study as he does his. Her intellect may be as vigorous, her faculties as quick, and her intuitions far readier than his; but she cannot expect that she shall accomplish as much as he, with a less amount of preparation. We are constantly reminded that the number of women who have distinguished themselves in the sciences and arts is very small compared to that of the other sex. But did ever any statistician attempt to ascertain the exact ratio of distinguished men and women, and compare it with that of men and women who have received equal advantages of education? Where there is one woman thoroughly educated, there are ten, I do not know but I may safely say, fifty men. The whole training of a woman is directed rather to prevent than to lead her to any peculiar excellence in any special department. It is diffusive and superficial. Concerning those women whose names the world delights to honor, I think investigation will prove that their course of study has been exceptional, and formed more after masculine models than after feminine ones. It is

well known that such is the case with Harriet Hosmer and Rosa Bonheur, two artists who stand at the head of their sex in sculpture and painting, and whose works will compare well with the best of modern art productions. If these two ladies had been compelled to gain their ideas of their respective professions from a boarding-school or recognized feminine point of view, it is very doubtful whether the world would ever have heard of them.

Give our girls good, thorough, practical educations. Whatever they are set to study, encourage them to learn, and furnish them with the means of learning, as though the knowledge they acquire were to be put to practical use.

Every young lady should consider for herself that there is no knowing what may happen in this country; and while she adorns her mind and her deportment with those graces which may serve her in the highest station, and which are never out of place even in the lowest, she should try to prepare herself in other ways to meet any and all changes of fortune, be they good or ill.

It cannot be denied that, in many departments, woman's wages are inadequate to the amount of her labor. But it is because the standard of her labor has been so degraded by the incompetency and unreliability of the many; and the excellent few have been made to suffer in consequence. Raise the standard of excellence by adopting a plan of education which shall increase the number of accomplished and reliable workwomen in all branches of employment, and there can be but little doubt that wages will rise in proportion.

SPRING IS COMING!

(From the German of Geibel.)

BY MRS. ANNA BACHE.

OH! where are you flying so fast, sweet bird?
 "To northern climes I fly;
 For spring has begun, and clear shines the sun,
 And the brooks go dancing by."

Then hasten, oh! hasten your flight, dear bird,
 And on me this favor confer:
 To my lady-love say, that I think all the day,
 And dream all the night of her.
 And ne'er will my heart from its loyalty part,
 While its pulses with life-blood stir.

And greet every rose, round her dwelling that grows,
 Sweet birdie, when o'er it you fly;
 Would I were a flower, to bloom in her bower,
 Or on her fair bosom to die.

THE WA-KULLA.

BY L. A. H.

HIDDEN in a lovely glade among the grand old woods of Florida, lies the beautiful spring known as the Wa-Kulla. This curious little lake is visited by all strangers from the neighboring city of Tallahassee, and is looked upon as a great natural curiosity. The purity and translucence of the water is such, that the smallest coin dropped from a boat, in its centre, where the depth is about sixty feet, can be plainly seen as it lies at the bottom, and the chemical nature of the water encrusts everything it touches with a substance resembling coral. Thus, the whole of the basin in which it lies is white as ivory, and the beautiful effect, as you float upon its surface and gaze down into its fairy-like depths, must be seen to be fully appreciated. It is surrounded by superb live-oak trees, with their rich, myrtle-like leaves, the haunt of multitudes of southern birds, whose beauty lights up the shaded avenues like sudden gleams of sunlight; and in the solemn stillness of a summer noon the wild, thrilling strain of the mocking-bird may be heard at times, like enchanted music from elf-land. From bough to bough hang suspended, in endless festoons, the trailing vines of the yellow jasmine, with its golden bells of fragrance, and the long, waving streamers of gray moss, known as the curtains of death, add a sad and mystic charm, totally unknown to the scenery of our northern land. We can wish our readers no greater pleasure than a visit to this interesting spot.

BAD temper is oftener the result of unhappy circumstances than of any unhappy organization. It frequently, however, has a physical cause, and a peevish child oftener needs dieting more than correcting. A child of active temperament, sensitive feeling, and eager purpose, is more likely to meet with constant jars and rubs, than a dull, pensive child; and, if he has an open nature, his inward irritation is shown in bursts of passion. If you repress these ebullitions by scolding and punishment, you only increase the evil by changing passion into sulkiness. A cheerful, good-tempered tone of your own, a sympathy when his trouble has arisen from no ill-conduct on his part, are the best antidotes. Never spoil children by making them too unhappy. Happiness is the atmosphere in which all good affections grow.

JACQUELINE.

BY VIRGINIA F. TOWNSEND.

CHAPTER IX.

THE superintendent was in his office. A group of farmers and sheep-raisers, in heavy overcoats and furred caps, had been cracking jokes and aiming tobacco-juice at the spittoons in either corner while settling their accounts for the vast piles of wool which lay waiting their turn to be seized by the jaws of the vast monster overhead.

The superintendent had his jokes also with the big, burly group about his desk, fresh from hills and pastures, a strong, homely scent of mother earth clinging to them, their very wit having some broad and heartsome flavor of their own fields, the man at the desk thought.

These men liked him—would be sure to say so when they talked him over in the keen, frosty air out yonder, getting their teams ready, meanwhile.

If Philip Draper, superintendent of the woolen factories of Weymouth & Co., had taken a fancy to run for member of Congress, governor, or something of that sort, he could have made some capital out of the good feeling of these varied kinds of men with whom he was brought in daily contact. He was the last man in the world to take on airs with anything human, having with one side of that a fellow feeling, and having, also, some ideals of character and manhood which kept pretty effectually in the background any overweening sense of superiority; at bottom of this man, however, a sturdy self respect which prevented any undue familiarity on the part of others.

As the last figure disappeared at the door the superintendent pushed back his books and rose up, looking at his watch. It was high time to make his daily round over the factory.

Suddenly from behind something plucked at his arm. He turned and saw, first, Fin Brummer's flabby face and woolly head.

"Well, Fin, what's wanting this time?"

"I've—I've—there's a girl outside what wants a place in the factory. She's a good deal skeered, and wanted me first to come in and see if there's a chance for her."

"Go back and fetch her in, and tell her to try me for herself, and see whether I'm anything to be mortally afraid of," answered the superintendent, with the smile that Fin remembered on the

day that his board-bill was settled. He had not played "hookey" since.

Fin shuffled out, and returned in a moment, followed by a young girl probably not far out of the first half of her teens, all wonder and shyness and blushes, but as pretty a creature as you ever laid eyes on. Pretty is precisely the word, not handsome nor beautiful, if you give its deeper and finer content to either adjective. The prettiness was not of the sort to last late; years, or toil, or trouble would soon fade it out, for it was the prettiness of youth, and health, and bloom, but it was delightful, after its kind. Under the little brown hat were cheeks like roses when they grow reddest in June, and lips that seemed to have caught the very stain of mountain strawberries, and dimples and rows of white teeth, and eyes that set one to thinking of harebells, and violets, and all those blue, soft, purplish things.

There she stood, shy and blushing, before the superintendent, who had so keen a sense of beauty, and there by her side stood Fin Brummer as spokesman, with his face that looked as though it might have been hurriedly moulded out of putty.

"Well, now, do I really seem like a person to be very much afraid of? I'm curious to know," said the superintendent, with his smile coming out again, for he pitied the child, who was stealing glances at him and drawing on and off the cotton glove from her little, brown hand, in a great flutter.

At that smile she looked him steadily in the face, and smiled in her turn, showing the pretty dimples. "No, sir, I don't think you do."

"Very good. Now that fact is settled satisfactorily, we will make a beginning. Fin here tells me you want a place among us. Is he a relative of yours?" glancing from one face to the other for any subtle sign of family likeness.

The little autobiography came out then by scraps. It was as common as human life.

The girl had lived all her days away up among the Vermont hills. No city could ever have rounded the deep, healthful bloom of those cheeks, any more than it could the wild raspberries along the still roadsides. Her family were all dead; the Brummers and they had once been neighbors. The girl had lived for the last year

with an aunt, but had grown tired of dairy work and the long, cold winters, and Fin had written to her cousin, who was an old crony of his, glowing descriptions of his factory life at Hedgerows, so the girl had concluded to come away and try her chance at the factories.

It might seem a very small plunge to many people, requiring no great pluck or vim; but the superintendent did not think that at all; he knew what anxious days and sleepless nights the effort had cost.

The superintendent promised to do his best to find the girl a place in the mills, and went out a moment to speak to the men in the yard before he made the tour of the factory; and he left the girl and Fin seated in the office until his return.

"Now, Ruth, didn't I tell you so?" said Fin, rubbing his red hands with excitement as soon as the superintendent had disappeared. "Isn't he a brick?"

"I think he's splendid, Fin," answered Ruth Benson, that word having to do a tremendous amount of service in the American young woman's vocabulary, whatever her grade may be. "He acted as though he'd known me all my life."

"He al'ays does," answered Fin, and he kept on talking with enthusiasm to a most interested listener, while Ruth Benson's heart grew lighter every moment, and she quite got rid of that dreadful feeling of strangeness, and of wanting a good cry which she had from the first moment she stepped from the stage two hours before into the new world of Hedgerows.

Ah! the good a few kind words at the right time can do, the little they cost! It was not long before the superintendent put his head inside the office door. "Come, now, I'm all ready for you," he said, in his heartiest tones, and the boy and girl followed him out.

He was a busy man these days, but behind all the business, he managed to hold in clear, serene, purple airs his thoughts and dreams, not an unhappy man, after all, as the days went here at Hedgerows.

Going through the lower stories of the factory on his tour of inspection, the superintendent stopped a moment at the room where they were sorting the wool.

His companions stopped with him.

The man might have sent Fin back at once to his work, but he realized what the sight of a home face must be to the boy and girl; moreover, he was inclined to reward Fin a little for his faithfulness, and I think, in the long run, the mills of Stephen Weymouth & Co. did not

lose anything from that half hour's grace on the part of its superintendent.

One of the men who was sorting the wool looked up as Ruth Benson stood there. He was rather a new hand, also.

From the first, however, Draper had not liked the man, felt a kind of subtle aversion to him. He was a youngish man, with a certain disagreeable air of smartness about him; rather tall, heavily built, with a florid complexion and light, thin, reddish whiskers.

Reynolds, that was the wool-sorter's name among the workmen, might have been good-looking, probably thought himself so—if it had not been for a disagreeable smirk of self-conceit, changing sometimes into a sinister look, which came into the man's bold, dark eyes. This Reynolds carried himself with a swagger, took on airs among the workmen, cracked coarse jokes, and told stories that brought out loud guffaws of laughter, and left a bad taste in the thoughts afterward.

Nobody seemed to know anything about Reynolds's antecedents, yet with his larger knowledge of the world and his stories with a bad flavor, he was rather a favorite crony with the workmen.

From the first, as I said, the superintendent had disliked the man. Once or twice he had caught the bad leer in those bold eyes. Among the hundreds of operatives with whom he was daily brought in contact, Philip Draper would probably have selected this man as the one most likely to be guilty of any surreptitious meanness or villainess.

As Ruth Benson stood in the doorway, the wool-sorter looked up from his piles, and saw the pretty, blushing face.

He stared at it with those bold eyes of his, until the girl moved uneasily under the man's half-admiring, half-insolent gaze.

The superintendent, turning around, saw the stare. Man as he was, it affected his nerves a good deal as though some vile, cold, crawling thing had touched him. "Come away," he said to Ruth quickly, glad to get her out of the man's sight.

Perhaps Reynolds noticed the gesture. He had a poor opinion of his kind, and always hated his superiors, with the feeling that their being this was a personal wrong to himself. "The fellow has a relish for a pretty woman. I'll wager my old hat he's got his eye on her now for himself," he muttered, with a dark sneer under the pale, reddish whiskers as he turned to his work again.

Up-stairs, Ruth Benson was initiated into

her first factory work of winding spools. Amid the crowd of strange faces, with the loud, endless thunder of the machinery, that first day at the mills would have been a dreadfully homesick one for the poor, half-scared, half-bewildered child, if it had not been for the smile and the cheering words with which the superintendent had left her. She clung to that, as, far out at sea, a sailor clings, through blinding drifts of the tempest, to the lights far out on the horizon.

If I had not something to do besides writing a love story, I should have kept better track of the acquaintance which began away back in the autumn between the superintendent and Miss Thayne. That was progressing, though, after its kind, and in a rather desultory fashion.

Philip Draper was rather morbid in his dread of intruding on people, and though the squire's invitations increased, if possible, in their cordiality, Philip Draper was rather slow in availing himself of them. Still, he went frequently enough to have these visits shed a certain glow about his life at Hedgerows, which otherwise had been dull enough.

Longer acquaintance only enhanced the mutual regard which the elder and younger gentlemen had felt toward each other from the beginning. Their talks together by the wood-fire in the library swept wide circles of human life, the older man bringing to these his fine intellect, his ripe experience, the younger his dreams, his ardor, the poetry that was like a cool, deep well-spring in the soul of Philip Draper.

On one side, while the talk waxed warm as it glanced over wide fields of philosophy, history, human life, Jacqueline sat still and listened, saying unusually little at these times. Indeed, she had grown rather silent of late, the thought of Sydney Weymouth lying heavy on the soft heart of the girl; not that she ever regretted the reply she had once given him—it was not in her to do that; only it grieved her to think she was giving her old playmate pain—that for her sake he was banishing himself from Hedgerows through this long winter.

Jacqueline was not always silent, though—it was not in her nature to be—and then, when it happened that Squire Thayne and his guest disagreed on any topic under discussion, which of course happened sometimes, her uncle would turn around to the pale, shining face—"Come up, bairnie, to the rescue," he would say. "Tell us what your opinion is of all this."

And so Jacqueline would find herself drawn into the current of talk; and there she was at home, whether the subject in hand proved to be

some one of those grand historical characters, which tower up so far above the dead, level dark of the past that a ray of immortality touches them and they stand out clear to us, or whether it was some system of philosophy or ethics.

Jacqueline's uncle had carried her more or less along his own heights of thought and reading. The atmosphere there would have been too fine and stimulating for most minds, perhaps. It had not been for hers.

Yet it always struck Philip Draper that she hardly ever looked at any of these subjects just as the two men did. Her feminine insight went down oftener to the very soul of things, it seemed to him—always threw some coloring of grace and tenderness over all she talked of. He learned a great deal from her in these talks, but the best thing of all was, he gained some new and clearer ideal of womanhood.

On that low hybrid of hers between arm-chair and camp-stool, she would turn often and look at her uncle, sometimes in pauses of her most earnest talk, for she was a woman, and never talked much without feeling what she said, and a softness would come into Jacqueline's eyes, and something would flutter about her face that seemed like the faint glimmer of some great light behind. Jacqueline never loved her uncle, never clung to him, just as she did these days. It seemed to her that her answer to Sydney Weymouth had set them two apart, shut them up to all the world besides.

Certainly one might have fancied Philip Draper's stars were unlucky here. This was the time of all others least likely for any man to make an impression on the heart or mind of Jacqueline Thayne.

In one way and another, though, during these infrequent visits, I believe an interest in the superintendent, in the man's character and individuality, grew on her. He had not, thus far, however, taken possession of her fancy, unless in the very faintest degree—not a tenth part as much as Sydney Weymouth had.

"A stanch fellow that—sound to the core of him," her uncle would say sometimes, after one of Philip Draper's visits, standing before the fire and rubbing his hands.

"Yes; I think he is—he talks well," Jacqueline would reply, in an acquiescent, half-matter-of-fact tone, which made her uncle look at her and wonder if she would really care whether she ever saw the superintendent again. But he never told his thoughts, being a wise man.

But something happened of a sudden which materially affected the relations subsisting between the superintendent and the squire's niece.

Squire Thayne had a passion for architecture. Jacqueline was always rallying him over it. The house was a slow outgrowth from time to time of one and another of his fancies, being long, and low, and picturesque.

The people at Hedgerows accepted it, as they did the squire himself, thinking it would not be like the Thaynes to live in a house just like ordinary mortals; so there was a pointed gable on one end, and bay windows at another, an addition thrown out here, and a wing there, with dormer or lozenge-paned windows, "odd as Dick's hatband," some folks said, with not the faintest idea of where that threadbare comparison originated. The man's last notion had been to run up a couple of rooms on the best side of the house—a round tower, Jacqueline playfully called it, though, indeed, the lower apartment was to serve for a supper-room, and the upper one for a kind of observatory of the sunsets and the wide landscape, which commanded a grand sweep, including the whole town of Hedgerows, the doubling of Blue River, with its outlying creeks and brooks, and beyond the wide lush green of the meadows and slopes of woodland, up to the royal company of the hills, who held solemn court here all the year round, whether in tender greens, or radiant purples, or, last of all, in still, dazzling ermines.

"I shall come up here every afternoon with my reading," said the squire, picking his way with his niece among the rubbish and debris of the partially laid floor to the window. "Ah Jacqueline! think of reading to these sunsets."

The girl drew a long breath, flushes of pleasure growing in her face. All the time Jacqueline had had a lurking doubt as to the advisability of this new supplement to their home. "Where was the use of flanking it with a round tower?" she had wondered. "As though their dove-cote had not ins and outs enough already, and was not quite large enough for those two!"

But when she looked out of the window at the winter sunset that day, and saw the whole, wide landscape enchanted and idealized in the light, she said—"O uncle! you were right after all. This will be our dearest room—for daylight, I mean," thinking of the evening wood-fires and the library.

"Isn't it delicious, bairnie? So all my botching and buttressing hasn't come to naught, you see."

"Uncle Alger, I'm remorseful enough for those words, without your throwing them in

my teeth," her eyes on the distant hills, their snowy summits in a splendor of browns and purples. At last she turned her face around. "Ah Uncle Alger! it is a good world to live in," she said.

"Yes; while there are such scenes as that to see in it," he said—"yes."

The next afternoon Jacqueline picked her way up the half-built oak staircase again, to watch the sunset.

It was late in December now, and there had been a fresh fall of snow the night before, and the whole landscape, as well as the summit of the distant hills, was one pure, dazzling white, broken by the dark, steely gloom of the river.

After stopping awhile at the window, a fancy seized Jacqueline to go out on the balcony. This was a perilous undertaking, the merest skeleton of planks having been laid here; but Jacqueline was a careless creature, and stepped out boldly on the narrow planks, slippery with a thin coating of ice, as though they had been a smooth, solid flooring.

The view here was perhaps finer than the one from the window. At any rate, it made the girl forget everything else, as she stood still, quite regardless of the consequences of a misstep on the slippery planks, while she gazed on the wide, white landscape, and the smoke from the farm-houses floating slowly in the wind, pale grays and silvers, she thought, like sails of some phantom fleet.

But it was no time or place on that slippery bridge to be indulging pretty, quaint fancies about the smoke, and drawing analogies between that and phantom fleets.

They had been excavating the ground beneath for a drain. Into this had been dumped a pile of jagged stone, on which the girl must inevitably have been precipitated if she once lost her balance.

A cutter dashed suddenly around the road, a couple of men inside. Squire Thayne had picked up Philip Draper somewhere on the roads and brought him out to tea, saying with a laugh, "You may count on being kidnapped whenever I can get my grip on you."

There was not a workman in sight, the whole squad having taken a half holiday, some firemen's celebration and parade coming off at Hedgerows on this afternoon.

They saw the girl standing there. It was a strange sight. She seemed hanging between heaven and earth, every line of the fair, clear face, the delicate figure, cut out sharply against the cold, blue air.

Both the men turned pale at the sight. "Is

the girl stark mad!" muttered the squire between his teeth, giving his horse a sharp cut, which made the creature plunge, and start, and tear madly along.

At that moment Jacqueline caught sight of the men. She turned hastily to go in; her foot slipped, the figure swayed a moment, and then they saw it sink.

"O my God! my God!" cried Philip Draper.

It was more than a cry—it was a prayer. He was out of the sleigh in a moment; the next he had leaped the high fence, the old college seats, among whose athletes he had been foremost, serving him well now.

Jacqueline hung there. It was for life or for death. But the timbers were slippery, and her hands were numb and her strength was failing. A few moments more and help would be there; but could she hold out those few?

She closed her eyes. The voice of Philip Draper came to her loud as a trumpet in that last gasp—"Hold on! hold on! I'll save you!"

She expected to drop every moment. She heard his feet thunder along beneath her. A ladder lay on the ground. In the twinkling of an eye it flashed up through the air and rested against the planks. Jacqueline felt it graze her shoulder. The next a stout arm was around her waist. She knew nothing more. She was quite senseless when the superintendent bore her down the ladder and laid her in her uncle's arms.

The elder man had just reached the ladder. He, too, had sprung from the sleigh, but his youth was gone; he could not leap the high fence, and Jacqueline's life had hung on the superintendent's accomplishing that feat. Had her uncle been alone, she could not have kept her hold until he came up.

CHAPTER X.

They carried the girl into the library. She came out of her faint in a few moments. She was naturally bewildered on the instant, but seeing the faces of the two men about her, for they had not yet summoned a servant, the whole came back on her.

She turned to her uncle and put out her arms. The man had not spoken when he received his niece at the foot of the ladder from Philip Draper—received her literally from the jaws of death.

It seemed to Squire Thayne that he had lived years in those few moments when Jacqueline had hung by the planks; his strong nerves had been shaken like a woman's. Perhaps he would

never show it to the world, but he knew he had grown old in that time.

He put his arms about the girl; the strong heart gave way. "O my child! my child!" he said.

Philip Draper went out of the room, partly for their sakes, partly for his own. He walked up and down the portico; he did not know it, but he was crying and thanking God.

After awhile, he could not have told whether it was minutes or hours, but it was growing dark, Squire Thayne came and brought the young man into the house. Jacqueline was sitting by the fire. She was very white, and she lifted her head and looked at the superintendent a moment—a look that he would never forget as long as he lived.

Then she put out her hands to him. "Mr. Draper, you have saved my life," she said.

He took her hands, he tried to speak, but the words worked and worked in his throat, and his lips were dumb.

It was Squire Thayne who broke the silence. "Let us thank God, children," he said.

The man knelt down. I cannot write that prayer here. It was a man talking with his God, a man who had stood face to face with death a few moments before. After that all their hearts were stilled and steadied.

"I shall never forgive myself, uncle," said Jacqueline, turning to him, the tears rolling slowly down her cheeks. She did not think of herself now, she only thought of what he must have suffered during those few moments, and that it had all happened through her own carelessness.

Perhaps the squire took some blame to himself, for he had educated his niece to a certain fearlessness of danger, and then courage to rashness was in the Thayne blood. Still, he felt the lesson might do her good.

"You will never expose yourself again to such peril, Jacqueline?"

"Never—O uncle!" she stopped and shuddered, seeing herself lying on the jagged stones outside; she grew sick all over. Then she turned and looked again on Philip Draper. "O my friend! my friend!" she said. But she did not once thank him. As if there were any need.

Nobody else in the house suspected the awful tragedy which had come so close to it—nobody heard it afterward for years at least.

When supper was ready, Jacqueline insisted on going out as usual, and taking her place at the table. She was very quiet and pale; that was the only change in her; but then there was

hardly the usual amount of brisk, electric talk about the supper-table that night, although the squire and the superintendent did their best.

They had a different evening, too, in the library, by the humming and glowing of the wood-fire, from any that they had ever passed there before.

Jacqueline sat here in her old place, and her uncle sat close to her to-night, and with a gesture of unutterable tenderness, he put his hand on the dark, glossy head. "Ah my bairnie! if I had lost you," he said. "My one barnie!"

The tears came into Philip Draper's eyes, hearing those words.

They did not talk much of what had happened. Perhaps they would some time, when time had softened and shaded what was so near and awful now.

Jacqueline's face looked so shaken and white, that her uncle begged her to retire, but she insisted on remaining—"I like to be by you to-night," Uncle Alger, she pleaded, and he knew what that meant, and did not insist any further, and the squire and his guest got to talking at last in their old fashion—only they dwelt to-night for the most part on contemporary events and characters. Neither was equal to the old circle of discussions.

The superintendent went away early that evening. They would have been glad enough to have him remain with them for the night, but he could not be prevailed on to do this.

The squire followed his guest to the front door; he wrung his hand—"My dear fellow"—he broke down there—"the Lord remember it of you," he said. That was all.

It was a dreary night enough, a black sky overhead, the air all alive with chilly, damp winds that wavered wildly about, and had a ghostly touch against one's cheeks.

I doubt, though, whether Philip Draper, in the midst of it all, could have told you what kind of a night it was—whether there was a shining overhead of stars, or only that blank blackness. He was going over with the dreadful scene of that afternoon. Not only that, but when he saw her hanging there between life and death, Philip Draper had learned something which would make a different man of him through all the life to come.

He wondered now, almost as though it were another man, how it had all come about. They had met so very few times, had a few talks, mostly with her uncle, after all, in the library, and a few times that face of hers, in its white sweetness, had shone opposite him at the supper table in the quaint, quiet home.

Yet to think how he loved her. It was a surprise at last that was like a painful shock to the man. It almost seemed to him, at first, that he ought to be ashamed of himself, as though he were nothing more than a big, susceptible kind of school-boy.

But that feeling did not last long; everything else was swallowed up in the consciousness that had been born in the sharp travail of one terrible moment.

How he loved this girl! How she seemed to him the one woman in all the world—how he had grown familiar with a thousand little habits and gestures of hers which somebody else might hardly be conscious of who had known her all her life—little, swift tricks of her hand going up to her hair—little, sudden quivers of her eyelids, and restless stirrings of her fingers when they lay clasped in each other.

To do Philip Draper justice, he never once in all this time thought of Jacqueline as holding any personal relation with himself. That might come in time, but now such a thought would have seemed sacrilege. It was enough to the superintendent to feel the new love that was awake in his soul; that the old, long, dreary solitude of his life was over at last, and he did not know that the night, with its blank of clouds and its ghostly mutter of winds, was about him.

The superintendent did not go straight home. He wandered around the outskirts of the town, for he knew all the roads so well by this time, that he would not have lost his way among them had he been stark blind.

He was on one of these roads now, in one of its loneliest portions, too, the houses separated by long intervals of potato-fields and pastures, when the superintendent became suddenly alive to footsteps not far behind him. He had keen ears; he would have been conscious of this fact sometime before, had the man been less pre-occupied.

Philip Draper heard the steps distinctly now on the crust of snow, a low crackling, evidently of one trying to disguise the sound.

The superintendent was no coward, but he reflected that he was without a weapon; not so much even as his cane, and the only house in sight was the one far up the road, where a faint light glimmered from a solitary window.

The superintendent could have faced dragons that night without flinching. Not a pulse of him quickened, although he was quite alive to the possible perils of his situation, as he kept on at his steady, rather rapid gait, and

every few moments there was a little crunch upon the snow, which showed that the foot-steps had gained on him.

Philip Draper drew a long breath or two. If it came to a sudden spring, he was ready for it. He was only unprepared for a blow from some weapon, whether of club or dagger. That thought might, it would seem, make the strongest nerves shiver. Perhaps it would Philip Draper's at any other time. But that night he was invulnerable to mortal fear. A face whose sweetness would never fail his soul, shone before him, exalting and calming the whole man as though he stood near to the gate of heaven.

A few steps more, and he knew the thing behind was close upon him. All at once, in a flash, it came upon Philip Draper that the man who was following him, intent on some evil, was Reynolds. He never could account for this conviction to himself, although he tried to afterward a good many times. There was no shadow on the snow; the thick darkness was all around these two, no faint light from the distant farm-houses showed any dim outline of the burly figure of the wool-sorter.

Yet Philip Draper could have sworn to the man's identity. On the instant he wheeled suddenly around, and spoke in a loud, careless tone—"Well, Reynolds, is there anything you want of me? Make a little more noise, man. It isn't a bear you are tracking in the snow this time."

There was a moment's pause, followed by a loud guffaw, in which, however, young Draper detected something not just right—a little uneasiness or nervousness.

"That's Mr. Draper, is it? I knew your voice at once. But what ears or eyes you must have, sir! If I'd known it was you, I wouldn't have tried on one of my old tricks. But when I heard your steps, I thought I'd see whether I could track a bear as snugly as I used to in the snows out West. I've lodged a shot more than once in the creature's brain. But I ask your pardon, sir."

The man was brazen enough; cunning, too, if he really meant harm to the superintendent, about which, at the least, the latter would always have strong suspicions. Still, there was nothing better to be done now than to take the wool-sorter at his word. If there had been any intention to rob him on the part of Reynolds, there was no proof of it.

So Philip Draper accepted the man's explanation.

"You've done me no harm, Reynolds, as I happen to possess nerves like steel; but a man

who was made up of weaker ones wouldn't particularly enjoy being followed on a dark night, and in an out-of-the-way place, in this fashion."

"That's a fact, sir. I should have spoken the next moment if you hadn't got ahead of me. But I'll wager a new hat there isn't living one man in a thousand who could have told there was anything behind him."

The two men were walking on briskly now. Still, Draper kept himself wide awake on every movement of the other until they reached the vicinity of farm-houses. He half chided himself for this. He could not account for his unconquerable aversion to the man, tried to make himself believe there was no more in this stealthy tracking him than appeared on the surface.

Reynolds was doing his very best to be agreeable, telling stories and joking; and Draper entered into the talk with more animation because of the dark doubt which lurked at the bottom of all.

Reaching a sharp angle of the road, Reynolds turned off with a cordial good-night.

The wool-sorter had his own perplexities regarding the superintendent's opinion.

"If he suspected anything, he carried it off well," muttered the man, after he got well started on the road, which led most directly to the lower part of the village. "He's deep as a well, and his eyes"—some oaths followed here.

After Jacqueline had gone to bed that night, Squire Thayne sat all alone by the library fire. He tried to read for awhile, but even his favorite books failed of their charm.

He lived over more than once in the silence there the awful strain of that afternoon, and perhaps he learned now, as he had never done before, how dear and precious this daughter of his brother was to him. The bond, however, was not one of relationship. That alone could never have held it so firmly, although Jacqueline was the last of the Thaynes. It was for herself that the squire loved his niece.

At last he went up-stairs, and passed by her door to reach his own. He paused at the chamber a moment, and then softly turning the knob, went in. A dim light burned in the room. Squire Thayne went up to the bed. Jacqueline lay there sound asleep, her cheek on her hand, the clear, delicate profile cut out above the pillow like marble. What a beautiful face it was—at least to eyes that could read it; but that presupposed a good deal.

Men that liked bloom, prettiness, mere animal beauty, might not have found much in the

face of this girl. But the man who gazed on it to-night knew its charm and sweetness, and to him it was as the face of no living woman.

There was a slight bruise on the temples where the dark, silky hair was brushed away. He had not observed it before; but it brought over the man again the awful horror of that moment when he looked up and saw where Jacqueline hung. The man's strong nerves shivered. "My poor little girl! My poor little girl!" he murmured to himself, softly stroking the temples of the slumberer.

All the while he was thinking, too, of Philip Draper, and of what an immeasurable debt he owed the young man. Of a sudden it flashed upon him—I cannot tell how, people never can such things, you know, but he was thinking of the man when the cutter turned the corner and the two men looked up—that the superintendent loved his niece. Perhaps he was not conscious of this yet himself, but he would learn it some time.

Occasionally, Squire Thayne had tried to school himself to the pang that would be sure to come with a knowledge of this kind; but he experienced nothing of that now.

It only gave a glow of tenderness to the interest with which, from the beginning, he had regarded the stranger at Hedgerows—an interest which had half surprised the squire himself—before the deed of to-day had set Philip Draper apart from all others as the one man who had done the greatest service it was in human power to do Squire Thayne. He was a reader of men; and his glance from the first had gone deep into the character of the superintendent. It possessed elements for which Squire Thayne's had the widest and strongest affinities.

He knew Jacqueline as only love can know another soul, and with that knowledge knew also how few men there were in the world who could make her happy. Yet he saw it was quite possible she might at first be drawn more strongly toward some of these than toward the superintendent. What was in common between them did not lie on the surface, but it was none the less eternal. If the revelation of soul to soul would only once come, what might these two be to each other?

Squire Thayne thought of his gray hairs and his gathering years, and it seemed to him there was one man in the world to whose youth and strength he could willingly give his darling.

"We could trust him, you and I, Jacqueline," he murmured, standing there by the bedside in the still night, and his thoughts were swift and

many within him. "We must leave that also with God," sure, sooner or later, to be with him the ultimate conclusion; and then he turned and walked softly out of the room.

(To be continued.)

INVOCATION.

BY EMMA PASSMORE BROWN.

OH! teach me to be calm,
My Father. With thine eyes of pitying love,
Teach me to walk with swift yet noiseless feet
Through this world's warfare, treading golden
street,
My soul turned sunward, fixed on courts above.

Oh! teach me to be calm,
My Father. Take my hand and lead me on;
Not only through earth's mightier throes and
cares,
When dark and threat'ning clouds my life-sky
wears—
When e'en my hopes lie shattered, every one—

But teach me to be calm
Amidst the minor griefs and ills of life;
Let my soul blossom into something grand;
Firm fixed my principles, steadfast my hand;
Thus shall I make a better mother, wife.

Oh! teach me not to mind
The idle word, the careless jest, too much—
To walk, as 'twere on higher plane, to feel
The sweetest throbs that poetry can reveal—
Thus shall coarse things grow powerless in their
touch.

Oh! teach me charity;
That, while I watch myself with Argus eyes,
I speak about my erring brother less—
Give bitter thoughts within my heart no place—
But strive to work all good that in me lies.

O Father! teach me love.
We grow too careless as we journey on—
Careless of giving kindly word or smile—
Careless the aching heart to oft beguile:
Not thus the Christian's laurel-crown is won.

O Father! teach me faith—
Faith that, upspringing, bears us on to God,
Where dwell the holy ones, whose bright steps
gleam
Walking the golden stair, or by the stream
That murmurs music on the heavenly road.

O Father! make me pure—
Pure as a mortal heart can ever be—
Fit for the glory of the second birth,
With robe unspotted by the taints of earth—
Calm, earnest, truthful—waiting, Christ, for Thee.

A MOMENT OF PASSION.

THE story, or something like it, has been told before, but we wish to tell it in our own way. And the lesson it teaches will bear many repetitions.

Mr. Ellis was a man of kind and tender feelings, but quick-tempered and impulsive. He had a son, ten years old, a bright, handsome, generous-hearted boy, who inherited his father's impulsive character. A quick-tempered father and a thoughtless, impulsive boy are apt to get into sharp collision at times, and it was so with Mr. Ellis and his little son. The father's commands were not always obeyed; and as the father had some strict notions in regard to obedience, punishments jarred amid the household harmonies rather more frequently than a wise regard to justice and humanity would have approved. The hasty temper and foregone conclusions of Mr. Ellis made his discipline oftener cruel than reformatory. A single instance will illustrate our meaning; and that is the story we wish to relate.

It was a pleasant summer afternoon, and Willie Ellis came out from his mother's hands clad all in white linen, and looking as sweet and pure as innocence itself. The house stood only a short distance from a river, on the banks of which the boy was fond of sporting, and in the ooze of which he sometimes soiled his garments in a sad way, much to the discomfort of himself and his mother.

"Willie," said Mr. Ellis, as the boy passed out, "where are you going?"

"Only to play," answered the roughish mouth.

"To play—where?"

"With Eddie Wheeler, down at his house."

"Did your mother say you might go there?"

"Yes, sir."

"Very well; all right, then. But, mind one thing—you are not to go down to the river. Yesterday you came home with your clothes soiled and wet. I won't have that again. So remember, that I've said—don't go to the river."

"Not if Mr. Wheeler lets Eddie go?"

There was a half-pleading look in the young, bright face.

"No," was the imperative answer; "I've said don't go to the river, and if you disobey me I'll punish you severely."

Willie's step had lost some of its airy lightness when he moved on again.

"Mind that you don't forget!" called the father after him.

The boy heard, but did not look back or make any response, which a little annoyed Mr. Ellis, who had grown very sensitive on the score of strict obedience.

"It wouldn't at all surprise me," he said to himself, "if he were to come home in an hour all covered with river mud. He is so thoughtless, or self-willed—I hardly know which. But children must be made to obey. That's the discipline to enforce, at all hazards; and if he disobeys me this time, he will have cause to remember it as long as he lives."

Something had gone wrong with Mr. Ellis, and he was in a sterner mood than usual. Moods of mind, rather than a sense of justice, oftenest influence our conduct with reference to others. We act from state of feeling more frequently than from considerations of right.

Mr. Ellis went away from home soon after, and returned in an hour. As he stood at the door, and glanced around for a moment before entering, he saw Willie in a shocking plight, wet and soiled from head to foot, slink through the garden gate. The boy had noticed him, and was endeavoring to get into the house without being seen. But at the door where he hoped to enter unobserved, he encountered a stern and angry face. A few quick strides had brought his father there.

"So you have been to the river, after all that I said."

The boy lifted a pale face and frightened eyes.

"Didn't I tell you not to go to the river?"

A vice-like grip was already on his soft little arm.

"Yes, sir," came through quivering lips.

"And you went for all!"

"But, father—"

"Not a word, sir! I told you not to go to the river, didn't I?"

"Eddie Wheeler——" The poor child tried to explain.

"I don't want to hear about Eddie Wheeler. He can't excuse your disobedience. Come, sir, we'll settle this business!" and he dragged the

white-faced boy after him, up-stairs, to the garret, and taking down a rod, swung it in the air above his head.

"O father! Don't! Let me tell you!"

A look, almost like despair, was in the boy's face. Mr. Ellis remembers it to this day; and will remember it to the day of his death.

"I don't wish to hear any excuses," was replied, as the lithe rod came down upon the shrinking child, with a stroke that made every nerve quiver with pain.

"O father!"

Once more the mild, appealing look, so full of agony, was lifted to the stern face above him, but lifted in vain. A second cruel stroke fell, and then a rain of strokes, until the father's sense of pity, intruding between anger and unforgiving justice, stayed his arm. He went down-stairs, and left the boy lying in the middle of the floor, as he had dropped from his hand—motionless as if life were extinct. He met the pale, suffering mother below—she loved the boy tenderly, and had felt every smarting blow—but passed her without a word. She had seen Willie as he encountered his father at the door, and understood the meaning of this heavy punishment.

Mr. Ellis went out into the porch to breathe the freer air, and cool the sudden excitement under which he had been laboring. As he shut the door behind him, in a kind of instinctive effort to separate himself from a painful scene, he stood face to face with Mr. Wheeler. A hand grasped his hand in a quick, strong pressure.

"It was a brave act, sir! He's a noble boy! Where is he?"

"I don't understand you," said Mr. Ellis, looking bewildered.

"Didn't he tell you?"

"Tell me what?"

"How he sprang into the river and saved my little Eddie's life?"

"I heard nothing of it."

There was a choking sensation in Mr. Ellis's throat—his voice was faint and husky.

"And he didn't tell you! Brave, noble boy! He came over to play with Eddie; and Eddie wanted to go down to the river; but Willie said he couldn't go to the river. I heard Eddie coaxing him; but Willie was firm, because he said you had told him not to go. I was so pleased at his obedient spirit. Well, I lost sight of them after a little while; but, as I learn, Eddie would go down to the river, and your boy followed him, but kept at a distance from the water. Instead of climbing over the

logs and barrels, or getting into the boats, he sat by himself away off. Then, sir, my Eddie, in leaning over the river, slipped and fell in; and your boy, instead of running away, half frightened out of his senses, as most children of his age would have done, sprang down to the wharf, and into the water after Eddie. I wonder they were not both drowned. It was only in God's mercy that they were saved. When the man who saw what happened got to the place, and looked over the dock into the water, there was Willie, holding on to a ring in one of the logs with his right hand, and clinging to Eddie with his left. Such courage and presence of mind in a boy almost surpasses belief! Where is he? He ran off home as soon as the man lifted him from the water. I must thank him for his noble act."

At this moment, the door opening into the porch swung back, and the white face of Mrs. Ellis looked out.

"O husband!" she exclaimed, in a voice of terror, "come to Willie! quick!"

Mr. Ellis followed his wife, and the neighbor hurried after them. The mother had found her boy lying insensible on the garret floor, and lifting him in her arms, had brought him down-stairs, and laid him, in his wet clothes, upon her own bed.

As Mr. Ellis came into the room, he saw the deathly face turned toward the door. The sight seemed to blast his vision. He struck his hands together, shut his eyes, and stood still suddenly.

"Will you run for the doctor?" said Mrs. Ellis to the neighbor.

The neighbor did, literally, as the mother said, he ran all the way to the physician's residence.

By the time the doctor arrived, Willie's wet garments had been removed. He asked but few questions as to the meaning of the boy's condition. Mr. Wheeler had told of his heroic conduct, and the inference was that there had been an over-excitement of the brain, leading to suspended animation. Still the case puzzled him.

"He may have been hurt in jumping from the wharf," suggested Mr. Wheeler.

The doctor, on this hint, examined the body.

"What is this?" he asked, as a long, purple stripe, lying across the back and shoulders, met his eyes. "And this?" he added, as he came upon another.

Mr. Ellis turned his face away, sick at heart; he could not follow the doctor's eyes.

"He may have been hurt internally," said

the doctor, drawing back the clothes, and covering the fair body, that was marked with cruel lines.

He was right in that, but the injury was deeper than he imagined. It was the boy's tender spirit which had been hurt.

"This will not last, doctor?"

The pale lips of Mr. Ellis quivered as he asked the question.

"I think not," was the uncertain answer.

It did not last. There came, soon after, signs of returning vitality. The neighbors went home—the doctor retired—and the father and mother were left alone with the brave-hearted boy, who had been wronged so cruelly. Mr. Ellis could not bear to look at him. He felt twice over, upon his own heart, the blows he had given. There was such rebuke in the pale face and shut eyes of the boy, who had not yet spoken, or recognized any one, that he could not stay in the chamber. Every moment he looked to see the eyes open, and how could he meet their gaze.

Mr. Ellis had been away from the room for only a few minutes, when the hushed voice of his wife, calling to him, reached his ears. He came to where she stood, half way downstairs.

"Willie wants you," she said.

"Has he recovered?" asked the father.

"Yes. He opened his eyes and looked all around the room, almost as soon as you went out. Then he shut them again, as if to think; and then, looking up, after a little while, said, 'Where is father?' I told him you were down-stairs, and he said, 'Won't you call him?'"

Mr. Ellis went up to meet his child in a state of mental depression difficult to be conceived. He could have faced almost any imagined danger with less of shrinking than he now felt in going into the presence of Willie. But there was no holding back. What did the boy want? What had he to say? How would he receive him? These questions crowded and bewildered his mind. He pushed open the door softly and went in.

The boy's waiting ears had heard the almost noiseless feet approaching; and his eyes were upon the entrance. Mr. Ellis did not speak, but came over to the bed.

"O father! I didn't do wrong—I wasn't disobedient," said Willie, making an effort to rise from the pillow, and speaking with eagerness. "I tried to tell you, but you wouldn't hear——"

He was going on, but his father caught him

up, and as he drew him tightly to his heart, answered, "I know it all, my brave, brave boy!"

Then Willie's arms found their way to his father's neck, and clung there tightly. His cheeks, when his head went back upon the pillow from which he had arisen, were wet, but not with his own tears.

Could father or child ever forget that day? The child might; but the father, never!

O hasty, impulsive, passionate father! take warning in time. Be on your guard. Hear before you strike. Punish not on any hasty provocation. Take nothing for granted. It is a sad, sad thing to bear through life a memory like that which burdens the heart of Mr. Ellis whenever the thought goes backward into the irrevocable past.

LOVE IN DEATH.

BY C. S. X.

IT was so fair, so green a spring,
A day so filled with life and light,
I never dreamed that it could bring
The autumn and the starless night.

I did not deem that golden morn,
With dew, and song, and blossom sweet,
Could lose the fragrance of the dawn
In weary noontide's dust and heat.

I knew the way was rough and long,
But there was music in the air,
And still I heard the siren song,
Love only sings—for love was there.

I never dreamed the sultry noon,
With tempest-tokens darkly fraught,
I dreaded not the fell simoon,
'Till all its direful task was wrought.

It came—that fearful blast of death—
It swept o'er all my garden's pride,
And in its burning, baleful breath,
All that life yields of beauty died.

The blossoms withered into dust,
The bending skies grew cold and gray—
I murmur not—God still is just—
I wait, I suffer, I obey.

SCOLDING.—What good does scolding do? It does no one the least service, but it creates infinite mischief. Scolded servants never do their work well. Their tempers are roused, as well as the mistress's, and they very often fail in their duties at awkward moments, simply to spite her and "serve her out." Very wrong in them doubtless; but human nature is frail, and service is a trying institution. It does no good to husband or child, for it simply empties the house of both as soon as is possible.

BOYS' AND GIRLS' TREASURY.

MY CHICKENS.

BY VARA.

I WAS a proud and happy little girl, one bright spring morning a good many years ago, for my mother had told me that morning that I was to have the care—"the *whole care*"—of the brood of chickens my father had just made a home for in the yard, with their patient, yet fussy old mother. I was to feed them three times a day, see that their water-dish was kept well supplied, and, above all, to shut them up at night. "And now remember," said my mother, as she turned to go into the house, "that you must have *care* and not forget them."

Now I was a very careless little girl, and maybe my mother thought that if I felt that anything was really depending on me, I should grow more careful. At any rate, as I stood watching those tiny, downy little things, I thought, surely I shall always remember them. Their house was a very primitive one—an old flour-barrel turned down on its side—two stakes driven each side to keep it steady, while another stake in front held securely the board, which each night I was to slide down in front, and so shut them in safe. I stood and watched my father as he went into the barn, and first got some nice, soft hay and put in the barrel, and then, going up to the "meal-tub," he showed me just how much meal and how much water I must mix for them, in a little wooden dish he provided for me. I gave my chicks their first breakfast, and then went into the house for my own.

How many hours for the first few weeks of those chickens' lives I spent with them! Something better than meal and water they often got from me, for many a piece of bread and butter and slice of gingerbread did they share with me. The dear, little, soft things! I think now, as I used to think then, *little* chicks are the cunningest pets one can find. And the old-fashioned chicks of my girlhood did not grow so homely as they grew older, as do the Shanghaes and Cochin Chinas of now-a-days, that go about half naked on long, *stilty* legs.

But at first I came very near killing mine with kindness, for I fancied they would like to get out of the dark barrel early in the morning, and my mother was obliged to tell me that while they were so young it would not do to let them run about in the wet, dewy grass. But the warm summer days came on and the chicks grew apace, and grew to be "an old story," too. My old, careless habits began to get the upper hand of me.

My mother often had to ask, "Vara, have you let those chickens out?" I used to forget, once in a while, to feed them, too. Mother was very patient with me, and never scolded very hard about it.

But one night I came rushing home from school, followed close by my little sister, both of us begging to go with some of our mates in the meadow for wild strawberries. "Not wait for any supper, mother. Just give us some cake in our baskets and let us go."

Mother cut generous slices of cake and gave us our baskets, and getting a promise from us to be back at sundown, let us go with the other little girls.

We had a merry time, and filled our baskets, besides staining our faces, fingers, and aprons with the berries, and my sister and I were two tired little girls, as we bade our mates good-night at our own door. We were so tired, that, after eating a bowl of bread and milk, I proposed going immediately to bed. We were half way up the stairs that led to our little room, when mother called, "Have you shut up your chickens, Vara?"

I stood still. Poor chicks! they had not had any supper even. With a sigh, I turned back, and running to the barn, hastily mixed some meal for them. It was almost dark. The little things, now about half grown, were already snug in the barrel with their mother. I threw a few spoonfuls of meal down near the front of the barrel, and called, "Chick! Chick!" But only one or two came out. The old hen was wise enough to keep still. Probably she thought late suppers injurious, for she only gave a sleepy "Chuck-Chuck!" as if to say, "Keep quiet, children." I waited a moment or two for the ones who came out to eat. But being tired and sleepy, I was impatient, and presently drove them into the barrel, and hastily dropping the board down between it and the stake, ran into the house.

The next morning mother had to call me more than once—and her warning of, "It is too bad to keep your chicks so long shut up this hot morning"—at last roused me. I dressed and ran out to the barrel. But I stood in amaze when I got in sight of my poor chicks' house. The board was down, to be sure. Down, alas! very secure, for underneath it, pinned close to the ground, were the heads of two of my prettiest chicks. I saw how it was in an instant. In my eager haste the night before, I had jammed the hard board down on their pretty necks, thrust out for one more bit of meal. And there they were, *dead*, killed by my own hand. With the tears running down my cheeks, I pulled up the board and drew out their little, stiff bodies, all soiled now by the trampling of their brothers and sisters, who had been "*peeping*" for an hour to get out.

Sobbing and crying, I carried them to my mother, who, when she had heard the story, said, "How could you be so careless?"

That is it, I kept saying to myself, I am so care-

less. I was almost discouraged about myself. The old hen, I used to imagine, looked at me reproachfully, and seemed to say, "You killed two of my children."

About a week after, I was taken suddenly and seriously ill. For two or three days I was so sick I did not take much notice of anything. But on the fourth day I felt better, and began to look about me. My mother was sitting by me fanning me, when I started up, exclaiming, "Has anybody fed my chickens?"

"Dear child," said a voice from the other side

of the bed, which was that of a neighbor, "how much care she always has."

She wouldn't say so, I thought, if she knew how I killed two of them, and I wondered mother didn't tell her. But mother only said, "The chickens had been looked after."

Do you think, little readers, that I grew to be a careful girl after that?

I wish I could say yes.

But I do know one thing, that for many summers after that, I had the care of successive broods of chicks, but I never murdered any more.

THE HOME CIRCLE.

EDITED BY A LADY.

WOMEN IN JAPAN.

WE find the social position of women in Japan superior to that of their sex in most Oriental countries, and similar in many respects to that enjoyed by them in our own. They are not condemned to seclusion, and the sexes mingle freely for social intercourse. Neither is a certain degree of education denied them, and music, painting, dancing, and embroidery are among their accomplishments.

The Japanese women are not unattractive in appearance; and before marriage they heighten their natural charms by the use of carmine upon lips and cheeks, and by elaborate adornment of the hair. But after marriage it is no longer allowable for a woman to aspire to cause pleasure by, or to create admiration of, her personal appearance; and, apparently for the purpose of rendering herself as unattractive as possible, she blackens her teeth, pulls out her eyebrows, and maintains the utmost plainness in her attire.

The doctrine of the equality of the sexes is yet undreamed of in Japan. The husband is the lord and master, whose word is law, and who exacts from his wife, under penalty of death, the most rigid fidelity to marriage vows, yet who would consider a like requirement from him on her part most absurd and unreasonable.

The country has been guarded so jealously against the intrusion of foreigners, that it is almost impossible to tell what is the exact social and domestic status of women among the higher classes in Japan, but it is believed that they possess an equal freedom with those of the middle and lower classes.

We give this month an engraving of a Japanese girl painting her lips. She is seated, as is their custom, upon the floor, as they have neither chairs nor sofas; and her mirror is of polished steel. Glass mirrors are unknown in Japan, except such as have been recently imported there.

BRINGING UP CHILDREN.

I WAS once walking in her pleasant garden with a mother—the mother of ten children, all of whom had grown up to be a blessing to herself, to themselves, and to everybody who knew them. Many sorrows they had, and she had for them; but only sorrows—no dissensions, no bitternesses, no sins. In the whole ten was not a single "black sheep." I said to her, talking about them and the difference between them and most other families I knew, "How did you ever manage to bring them up so well?"

"I did not bring them up at all," said she, smiling. "I did with them as I did with that apple-tree there—I let them grow up."

Ay, that is the secret which parents so often miss. They will not let their children grow. They must keep lopping them and propping them, training them after some particular form, forgetting that every human being, like every tree, has a growth of its own—ay, even though it may not be after the parental pattern; that the wisest thing in the end, seeing that the best of parents are not infallible, is just to treat young folk like young trees—removing all harmful influences, and bringing them under the reach of good; giving them plenty of earth and sun, freshness and dew, and then letting them alone.—*D. M. Mulock (Mrs. Craik).*

CROUP.

BY MRS. M. O. JOHNSON.

THERE are two general types of this terrible disease, spasmodic and membranous. The first, bad as it is, shows its real character at the outset, and if promptly and wisely dealt with, can generally be checked. But the more dangerous—almost invariably fatal type—comes as a secret enemy. The child seems to have a common cold; plays about two, three, or even four days, the disease all the time gaining ground, though mild remedies for

a cold may be used; and before any one dreams of danger, the windpipe fills with membrane, and help is almost impossible.

Mothers cannot be too careful to shield their little ones from this awful suffering and peril—for such it is in either form. The most important thing is to keep them warmly clothed and thickly shod; especially the feet, neck, arms, chest, and bowels should be well protected. Piercing winds, and the mild, but changeable and often *damp* days of spring, are quite as much to be guarded against as settled, clear winter weather.

It is far from safe, when the first symptoms of croup appear, even if but a slight difficulty of breathing, to delay sending for a trusty physician. But while awaiting his arrival, a warm bath, followed *instantly* by wrapping in hot flannel, may be of great service—or soaking the feet in warm mustard-water. A poultice of roasted or baked onions,

on the throat and chest, as hot as can well be borne, is a perfectly safe and almost certain remedy, if used at the outset. It will not do, in times of such peril, to be fastidious. Onion sirup, too, is very good, though unpleasant. These simple remedies, *used promptly*, often suffice. The homœopathic medicines, aconite, hepar sulphur, sponge, and sarsaparilla, are invaluable; and iodide of potassa dissolves the membrane, but should never be given without a physician's prescription.

The old maxim in regard to prevention holds good in this, of all cases. A mother who has once seen her darling child struggling for breath, will never after think it too much trouble to see that her children are kept from unreasonable exposure, the bed-clothes secured around them, and every avenue of the enemy's approach sedulously guarded; and to aid her in this, their father may well give a portion of his time and thoughts.

GARDENING FOR LADIES.

BY MRS. E. B. DUFFEY.

WORK FOR MAY.

ARBORES covered with flowering vines are very pretty, and so are arches over entrances and gateways. These are not necessarily expensive, but can be made by any one who can handle a hatchet, a hammer, and a spade, and when completed they will vie in elegance and beauty with those of far more pretending construction.

There is nothing prettier than rustic work, and this any one can accomplish. Two beanpoles placed one each side of a gateway, and united at the top by a discarded barrel-hoop, or by cross-pieces of shorter poles, make an excellent framework for morning-glories to run upon. The same design carried still further, and made to form six or eight sides, and almost any of the climbers trained over it, will become a beautiful summer-house.

A single pole with strings set out some three or four feet from its base, and fastened at the top of the pole, the strings furnishing support for Cyprus vine, scarlet runner, nasturtium, or any of the climbers, makes a fine pyramid of bloom, and will form a striking centre for a flower-garden.

SOWING SEEDS.—In May the seeds which thus far have not been sown, in case our readers have preferred out-door culture in place of trusting to the uncertainties of house or hotbed starting, must now be put in the ground.

TRANSPLANTING.—If the weather seems settled, the young plants may be transplanted from the hot-bed or box into the open ground. Transplanting should always be done with a trowel, taking as much dirt as possible with the roots. If the hole made to receive the plant is filled with water, and the

plant set immediately in, and the dirt pressed closely around the roots, the plant will scarcely know that it has been moved. It is always our rule in transplanting anything and everything, not merely to moisten the ground, but to fill to overflowing with water. By this means we have been singularly successful, and find it possible to transplant flowers in full bloom, and during the hottest season of the year. Evening is the best time for transplanting, and the safest way is to protect the plants a day or two from the sun.

PANSIES.—This is a good time to buy stock of new kinds, and to sow for pot and border bloom. Cuttings of bedding kinds put in now will make new plants to bloom all summer.

SPRING BULBS.—Keep a careful watch of the spring bulbs after they are done blooming; and as soon as the leaves are dried, take them up carefully, spread them out to dry for a few days, and then put them up in paper bags, and lay them away for fall planting. They may not be ready for this before June; but if delayed too long, the leaves will disappear, and the bulbs be lost sight of entirely. They lose their vigor and deteriorate in bloom if allowed to remain in the ground year after year.

CHARCOAL.—Charcoal is very useful in a flower garden. It will deepen and strengthen the hues of roses, petunias, and pansies, while white petunias will become veined with red and violet tints. It also stimulates weak rose-bushes to full bearing, and keeps them vigorous if the applications are occasionally repeated.

EVERGREENS may be transplanted at this period of the year. Water freely, and mulch heavily after planting.

A WARD CASE.

WE find the following directions for manufacturing a Ward case for the culture and protection of ferns, mosses, and wood-flowers, in "The American Woman's Home," a book on domestic science, prepared by Miss C. E. Beecher and Mrs. H. B. Stowe:

"The greatest, and cheapest, and most delightful fountain of beauty is a 'Ward case.' Now, immediately all our economical friends give up in despair. Ward's cases sell all the way along from eighteen to fifty dollars, and all, like everything else in this lower world, regarded as the sole perquisites of the rich.

"Let us not be too sure. Plate-glass, and hot-house plants, and rare parterres, are the especial inheritance of the rich; but any family may command all the requisites of a Ward case for a very small sum. Such a case is a small glass closet over a well-drained box of soil. You make a Ward case on a small scale when you turn a tumbler over a plant. The glass keeps the temperature moist and equable, and preserves the plants from dust, and the soil being well-drained, they live and thrive accordingly. The requisites of these are the glass top and the bed of well-drained soil.

"Suppose you have a common, cheap table, four feet long and two wide. Take off the top boards of your table, and with them board the bottom across tight and firm; then line it with zinc, and you will have a sort of box or sink on legs. Now make a top of common window-glass, such as you would get for a cucumber-frame; let it be two and a half feet high, with a ridge-pole like a house, and a slanting roof of glass resting on this ridge-pole; on one end let there be a door two feet square.

"We have seen a Ward case made in this way, in which the capabilities for producing ornamental effect were greatly beyond many of the most elaborate ones of the shops. It was large, and roomy, and cheap. Common window sash and glass are not dear, and any man with moderate ingenuity could fashion such a glass closet for his wife; or a woman, not having such a husband, can do it herself.

"The sink or box part must have in the middle of it a hole of good size for drainage. In preparing for the reception of plants, first turn a plant saucer over this hole, which may otherwise become stopped. Then proceed with a layer of broken charcoal two inches deep, and place over it a soil composed of one half wood soil, one fourth clean sand, and one fourth meadow soil taken from under fresh turf, and add to it some pounded charcoal, or scrapings of the charcoal bin.

"Now for filling the case:

"If you make a Ward case in the spring, your ferns will grow beautifully in it all summer; and in the autumn, though they stop growing, and cease to throw out leaves, yet the old leaves will

remain fresh and green till the time for starting the new ones in the spring.

"But supposing you wish to start your case in the fall, out of such things as you can find in the forest; by searching carefully the rocks and clefts and recesses of the forest, you can find a quantity of beautiful ferns whose leaves the frost has not yet assailed. Gather them carefully, remembering that the time of the plant's sleep has come, and that you must make the most of the leaves it now has, as you will not have a leaf more from it till its waking-up time in February or March. But we have succeeded, and you will succeed, in making a very charming and picturesque collection. You can make in your Ward case lovely little grottoes, with any bits of shells, and minerals, and rocks you may have; you can lay down, here and there, fragments of broken looking-glass for the floor of your grottoes, and the effect of them will be magical. A square of looking-glass introduced into the back of your case will produce charming effects.

"The trailing arbutus or May-flower, if cut up carefully in sods, and put into this Ward case, will come into bloom there a month sooner than it otherwise would, and gladden your eyes and heart. In getting your sod of trailing arbutus, remember that this plant forms its buds in the fall. You must, therefore, examine your sod carefully, and see if the buds are there; otherwise you will find no blossoms in the spring. There are one or two species of violets, also, that form their buds in the fall, and these, too, will blossom early for you.

"In the fall, if you can find the tufts of eyebright or *houstonia cœrulea*, and mingle them in with your mosses, you will find them blooming before winter is well over. But among the most beautiful things for such a case is the partridge-berry with its red plumes. The berries swell and increase in the moist atmosphere, and become intense in color.

"A Ward case has this recommendation over common house-plants, that it takes so little time and care. If well made in the outset, and thoroughly drenched with water when the plants are first put in, it will, after that, need only to be watered about once a month, and to be ventilated by occasionally leaving open the door for a half hour or hour when the moisture obscures the glass and seems in excess.

"To women embarrassed with the care of little children, yet longing for the refreshment of something growing and beautiful, this indoor garden will be an untold treasure. The glass defends the plant from the inexpedient intermeddling of little fingers; while the little eyes, just on a level with the panes of glass, can look through and learn to enjoy the beautiful, silent miracles of nature.

"For an invalid's chamber, such a case would be an indescribable comfort. It is, in fact, a fragment of the green woods brought in and silently growing; it will refresh many a weary hour to watch it."

COLLECTIONS OF PLANTS FOR GARDENS.

WE have given, in a previous number of the HOME MAGAZINE, a list of seeds of annuals and biennials such as are desirable to grow in a flower-garden; but have only referred casually to perennials, and such plants as are propagated most usually by division of root, or by cuttings. We find, in looking over Mr. Dreer's Garden Calendar for 1870, that he offers to send for ten dollars one hundred different varieties of plants, bringing down the average cost of each plant to ten cents.

This is, we think, the cheapest and most desirable collection we have yet seen, and embraces a sufficient number and variety of plants to stock an ordinary sized garden. It includes ten over-blooming roses, twenty verbenas, four fuchsias, four

lantanas, four pansies, four sages, four geraniums, four dahlias, six gladiolus, four double tuberoses, two monthly carnations, and other plants and bulbs, in like quantities and equally choice.

For six dollars Mr. Dreer will send one half this collection, or fifty plants; and for five dollars, a collection of fifty bedding plants.

Those who wish to secure bloom early, easily, and cheaply, without any of the trouble and occasional disappointment which attend the germination of seeds or the raising of plants from cuttings, will find this mode of obtaining plants both desirable and satisfactory.

The collections will be carefully and securely packed, and will be forwarded by express at the purchaser's expense. Mr. Dreer's address is Henry A. Dreer, seed warehouse, 714 Chestnut Street, Philadelphia, Pa.

OUR NEW COOK-BOOK.

CHAPTER V.
HEALTH.

THE preservation of health is a subject calculated to excite both attention and interest; and it is one with which the mother of a family should be familiar. Although the great Author of our being and the Source of life is the controller of all events, and each breath we draw is subject to His will, He, nevertheless, allows us to be His agents, and gives us certain moral and physical laws, by obeying which we increase, or disobeying we destroy, vitality. Health is easily abused, and the seeds of disease are quickly sown.

A man is ambitious of acquiring wealth; he toils for this both day and night, refusing reasonable relaxation and sufficient rest, and lo! when his object is attained after years of labor and wearying anxiety, he would willingly expend the whole of his golden hoard could he regain that which he so wantonly destroyed—*his health*.

Nor is man alone to blame. Alas! A woman, ambitious of obtaining 'a certain position in society' (as it is called), labors with unwearied perseverance to attain this (to her) great end. She flirts, fawns, and dances her way into *fashionable* life, forgetful of all higher aims and holiest ties, and after a prolonged season of unrest and unsatisfied desires, she sinks into an enfeebled condition, and finds, too late, that for vain show and folly she has bartered away one of God's best gifts—*health*.

But whilst we uphold a proper degree of care for the preservation of health, we do not advocate that constant solicitude which proves hurtful both to the anxious person and annoying to those with whom they associate. This condition often provokes hypochondriacism, and is, therefore, to be specially guarded against.

Some young ladies imagine that an appearance of languor renders them more interesting, and they indulge in manifestations of foibles and faintness until habit becomes so deeply rooted as to produce alarming consequences, which are not readily overcome. Mothers should, therefore, feed their daughters' minds with healthful nutriment, so that they may early learn to scorn all false pretences, and to rejoice in the full proportion of vigor which has been granted them.

The care of children naturally induces anxiety on the score of health, and brings into play the nicest discrimination and most complete prudence on the part of mothers. Sulkiness, passionate behavior, and other disagreeablenesses, are sometimes regarded as indications of physical, instead (as they truly are) of moral disease, and are treated accordingly; the petting and the dainties injure both the child's stomach and manners. Instead of watching with such solicitude the outward appearances of children, it would prove far more profitable to look upon the inner man, and correct temper and habits before they acquire full growth.

With respect to family arrangements, we quote an apt clause, which says—"Regularity in every habit is a mode by which health may be promoted." This is proved by the daily circumstances of life. Take, for instance, a young girl who has been accustomed to stated hours for rest; drawn into the whirlpool of dissipation, she is deprived of this habit, and the result is soon seen in pallid cheeks, a wearied frame, and unequal spirits.

"With children, the habit of going to bed soon, and of rising early, should be enforced." Another good rule is, to allow them to remain in bed until the room becomes properly heated. Otherwise their bodies become thoroughly chilled, and this induces

a degree of peevishness, trying to the mother and nurse, and which a little forethought would have remedied.

A proper, judicious mode of washing a child is another form of promoting health. The little ones should be daily bathed (if it agrees with their general condition of health) in a plentiful supply of water, and then be briskly and *completely* dried. Friction promotes a healthful circulation of blood, and aids the growth of an infant.

Stomach complaints are so prevalent in this country, that every effort should be made to promote a strong and healthful condition of the digestive organs, and it is, therefore, expedient to commence with the earliest period of life. Irregularity in hours of eating is a fruitful source of disease. "Children's meals should be at equal intervals from each other; and they should not be allowed to have anything to eat between their meals." If fresh food is partaken before the previous contents of the stomach is well digested, the food last eaten is said to pass off half digested, and the blood derives no strength from it.

Whatever food is given to children, should be good of its kind, and well prepared; the meat should be *tender*, and be simply boiled or roasted. Potatoes should be well boiled, and be as mealy as possible. Rice and plain puddings may be given them, but rich desserts should be avoided. In the training of children, one great mistake is sometimes made—it is, that children are taught to regard appetite as a source of reward. Cakes and candies are given as inducements for good behavior, studiousness, &c., and thus the mind is not only unhealthily trained, but gluttony is also promoted, and the digestion is ruined.

Besides regularity in habits of life, proper nutrition and cleanliness, good humor is also a promoter of health. An *habitual* state of gloom maintained among the members of a family, or disagreeable influences of any kind, will soon affect children, and aid in producing a morbid condition of mind which proves injurious physically, as well as mentally. In certain stages of childhood, the mind receives impressions which prove lasting, and which, in after years, will tell for good or evil. Surround children, then, with whatever will help to give a healthy tone to the disposition, and create around them, as far as lies in human power, an atmosphere of love and joy, so that when the darker shades of experience deepen, some sunny gleams from early years may break in and illumine the picture.

Large, well-ventilated rooms "promote health and cheerfulness." Sleeping apartments may not always be spacious, but they can always be made thoroughly clean, and be allowed the entrance of pure, fresh air, when the weather is dry and clear. Much dampness should be always avoided. The windows in bed-rooms should be invariably let down from the top a short distance, otherwise the noxious vapors exhaled from the body find no

outlet, and are absorbed by respiration, poisoning the whole system.

VEGETABLES.

CELERY SAUCE.—1. Cut the celery into small pieces, and boil it in a cloth until it becomes tender. Put over the fire a skillet containing a pint of cream, or of rich milk, a good-sized lump of butter, and a small quantity of flour, with some salt; and when the butter is melted, put in the celery, and let it boil up. If you prefer it, you can add a glassful of vinegar.

CELERY SAUCE.—2. Wash some celery, and scrape it clean; then cut it into small pieces, and boil it in water until it becomes quite tender. Add pepper, mace, nutmeg, salt, and a small piece of butter rolled in flour—with a little vinegar or lemon-juice, a spoonful of catsup, and half a pint of nice gravy. Boil all together, and then serve it.

CELERY, DRESSED.—The yolks of two eggs and a cupful of cream must be put into a pan, and be beaten well together; then add as much vinegar as suits your taste, and a lump of butter the size of a walnut. Let all boil together for two minutes, and then pour the mixture over the celery. Add salt and pepper.

HORSERADISH SAUCE.—Grate some horseradish, and boil it in milk; then add some flour and butter, mixed together—also, some pepper and salt, and the yolk of an egg. Let it boil up for a few minutes.

OGHRA.—Scrape the ochras, and cut them into small pieces; stew them in a little water, and then season them with pepper, butter, and salt. A few drops of lemon-juice added just before serving them is considered an improvement.

RICE (the African method of boiling rice, obtained from a person who resided in Liberia). To one pint of rice, take three pints of water. The water must be boiling when the rice is put into it. First, wash the rice in cold water, but do not let it remain in the water; *as soon* as the rice is washed, put it into the boiling water. Boil it as hard as possible for about five minutes; then drain off the water, and let the rice remain in the pot over hot embers, to steam. It is necessary to renew the embers once, and give the pot a shake. Keep it covered close. When the rice is sufficiently done, the grains will be whole, and swelled up.

RICE MADE INTO FRITTERS.—Boil, dry, one tea-cupful of rice, and add four eggs, a pint of milk, a little salt, and enough flour to make a stiff fritter batter. Shape, and fry the fritters.

TO COOK ONIONS.—After frying your meat, leave some fat in your spider; put in your onions sliced; add a little salt and some water; when about half done, add an equal quantity of good sour apples sliced, and let them cook together.

TOILET AND WORK-TABLE.

FASHIONS FOR MAY.

All high bodies take more or less of the jacket form. The sleeves are cut high on the shoulder, and the darts terminate under the bust.

Coat-sleeves are still worn for the street, but the old-fashioned pagoda and flowing sleeve are revived; and sleeves composed of two puffs, with cross-cut fold between, and finished with a ruffle, are employed for dinner-dresses.

Jackets fitted to the figure, and cut away from the front to display a pretty vest, are much worn.

The bodies of many of the summer muslin and grenadine dresses will be made open to the waist, and a chemisette of lace inserted, trimmed with narrow ribbon bows.

A cape with tab-ends belted in, looking like a "Metternich" in miniature, will afford a convenient and stylish change from the basque for out-door wear.

Walking-dresses are of the same length as heretofore, and the cut and arrangement of the skirt are the same. The skirts of gored pique dresses are laid in large, flat, hollow plaits at the back, instead of being gathered.

For out-door wear the basque, mantle, jacket, or whatever may be worn as a wrap, may be of different material from the rest of the dress, but it must be of the same color, unless it be of lace. Lace shawls, both black and white, will be much worn during the summer.

DESCRIPTION OF PLATE OF CHILDREN'S FASHIONS.

Fig. 1st is a little girl's suit to be made of gray poplin, and intended for a child of six years. With this dress is worn a circular cape with hood.

Fig. 2 is a dress for a child of ten years, to be made of a light buff mohair.

Fig. 3, for a miss of thirteen years, is blue, all-wool delaine, with small, black figure.

Fig. 4. This suit is for a child four years old, made of deep, gold-colored, all-wool delaine.

Fig. 5, sailor suit, is for a boy five or six years old, to be made of mulberry-colored cloth.

Fig. 6, for a child of about ten years, to be made of crimson cashmere. The trimming is white cashmere, edged with black velvet, or a fold of black silk may be stitched in to finish the edges.

NEW PUBLICATIONS.

Apart from the lively pleasure arising from the investigations of the wonderful and curious in nature to which it lends, an acquaintance of some sort with the busy world of insects seems now-a-days to be almost a necessity, especially with those whose lines are cast in rural places. This utilitarian feature of the science of entomology has done much of late years to popularize it, and American scientists have written very elaborate papers with regard to insects injurious or beneficial to agriculture. But it is only within the past year that a genuine American textbook of a popular character, and adapted at once to the needs of the student and of the farmer and fruit-grower, has been issued. The work to which we allude is Professor A. L. Packard's *Guide to the Study of Insects*, which, besides being a superior class-book for schools and colleges, is a volume that the general reader may peruse with interest, and from which the agriculturist will derive a large amount of valuable information with regard to his friends and foes among the insect tribes. As far as may be, it is an original book, and one of which American science has reason to feel proud. It is exquisitely printed, and copiously illustrated with eleven full-page plates, and six hundred and fifty wood-cuts. For a copy of this valuable work, we are indebted to the kindness of the Naturalist's Book Agency, Salem, Massachusetts. Price six dollars, in full muslin binding.

Nichols & Noyes, of Boston, have favored us with the first volume of a new work, by the Rev. Dr. E. F. Burr, author of "Ecce Cæsum," entitled *Pater Mundi; or, Modern Science Testifying to the Heavenly Father*. Written with a great deal of orthodox fervor and earnestness, and at once defending and illustrating both Theism and Christianity from the side of modern science; it cannot fail to attract considerable attention.

Lee & Shephard, of Boston, this month send us three attractive looking books, with which no intelligent boy or girl can help being delighted—*Brake Up; or, the Young Paarmakers*, by Oliver Optic. *Dialogues from Dickens for School and Home Amusement*, arranged by W. Elliot Fette, A.M., and *The Tone Masters*, by the author of "The Soprano." "Brake up" is the fifth of the "Lake Shore Series" of stories, the best and

most truly original, in our opinion, of Mr. Adams's numerous admirable tales for the young. "Dialogues from Dickens," besides being a novelty in its way, has been prepared in most excellent style. The dialogues are forty-five in number, and comprise some of the most effective scenes from Dickens's works. For home amusement and for school exhibitions these little dramas will be found highly attractive. Young people of musical tastes will be pleased with Miss Kingsford's sprightly and entertaining "Tone Masters." In the present volume, which, though complete in itself, it is in contemplation to follow with others of a similar character, the leading facts in the lives of Mozart and Mendelssohn are very pleasantly related. The same publishers send us a pamphlet entitled, *The Question of the Hour: The Bible and the School Fund*. By Rufus W. Clark, D.D. Dr. Clark is a strenuous advocate of the present common-school system, and deems it unwise and fatal to the ends of education that the Bible should be excluded from the schools. That the school fund should not be divided, he deems of vital importance. The above works are for sale in Philadelphia, by Claxton, Remsen & Harkissinger. Lee & Shephard also favor us, through J. B. Lipincott & Co., of Philadelphia, with an interesting pamphlet entitled—*The Overland Route to the Pacific*, by the Hon. E. H. Derby, of Boston. This is a pleasant and graphic sketch of the railways across the continent.

The American Naturalist is the title of an entertaining and instructive monthly magazine, devoted to the popularization of natural history, and published by the Peabody Academy of Science, Salem, Massachusetts. It is illustrated with plates and wood-cuts. The fourth volume commences with the March number of the present year. Subscription price, four dollars a year; single numbers, thirty-five cents.

Among the most valuable and instructive of the recent additions to our exchange list is the *Technologist*, an illustrated journal of engineering, manufacturing, and building. It is issued by the Industrial Publication Company, 176 Broadway, New York, at the extremely low price of two dollars a year. The American News Company, 121 Nassau Street, New York, are agents for supplying dealers.



WHAT KIND OF REMEMBRANCE WILL HE HAVE OF YOU?

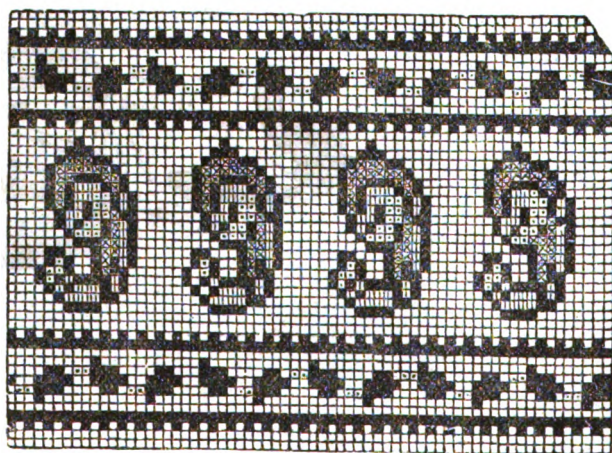
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EVENING DRESS.



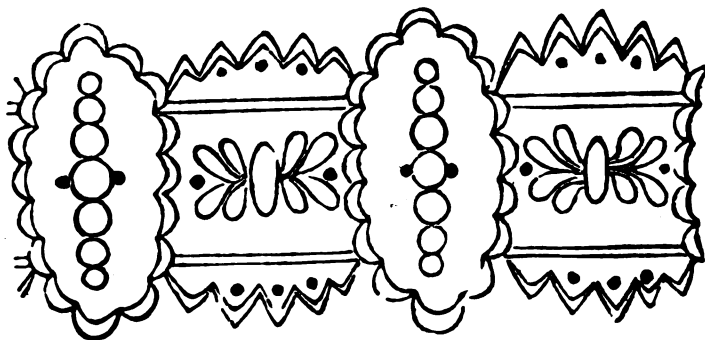
SILK EMBROIDERY.



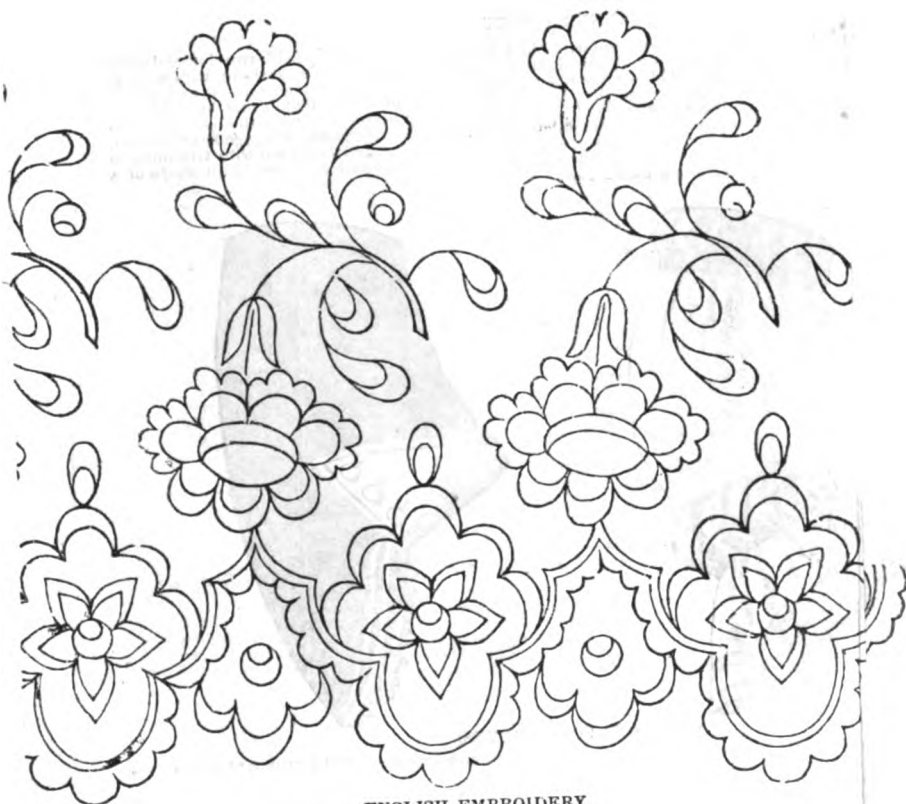
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EMBROIDERED EDGING.



EMBROIDERED INSERTION.



ENGLISH EMBROIDERY.

TOILET AND WORK-TABLE.

WALKING-COSTUMES FOR JUNE. (*Description of Plate.*)

No. 1.—Walking-costume of twilled foulard, cuir color, trimmed with chestnut-brown foulard. The skirt is ornamented with two flounces of the brown, with headings composed of a puff of the cuir color, surmounted by a pointed trimming of chestnut color. The upper flounce is cut in points, and is about three-fourths the width of the lower one. Deep pointed basque, trimmed to correspond—the trimming being arranged surplice shape up the fronts, so as to simulate a vest. Coat sleeves, ornamented with puffs of the cuir color, separated by ruchings of chestnut color.

No. 2.—Dress of bright blue French poplin, the skirt bordered with a sixteen-inch flounce, set on in deep box-plaits. Basque of black gros-grain, trimmed with guipure lace and narrow pipings of satin. This basque is particularly stylish, being cut very short in the front and on the hips, and having the back divided into two long sash-shaped ends, ornamented with rosettes of lace and satin. Broad revers on the front.

No. 3.—Walking-suit of black and white speckled leno. Skirt bordered with a scalloped flounce, bound with black taffetas, and set on in double box-plaits, the spaces between the plaits measuring ten inches. This flounce has an undulated heading of box-plaited ruching, bound with black taffetas, and set on with a piping of the same. Overskirt open in front, with two deep points in the back, and looped very high on the sides with full rosettes. The overskirt, waist, and sleeves are trimmed with ruching to correspond with the skirt.

FASHIONS FOR JUNE.

Suits are still worn, every article, even to gloves, bonnet, and parasol, being of the same color. Straw bonnets and hats, dyed in various tints, have been introduced; but as it is difficult to get a perfect match in color, it is better that the bonnet or hat be made of silk or crape, or else of black or white lace, which can be worn appropriately with any toilet.

White suits in pique, jaconets, and even thinner materials, are to be worn, though over light dresses, lace shawls, black silk overskirts, sacks, and small mantelets will be fashionable. Suits of unbleached will be seen, trimmed with guipure to match, with black and white braids, or with braids matching the linen in color. Green tinted "Spanish linen" will also be worn by ladies of fair complexion.

HINTS TO DRESSMAKERS.

We find the following in the May number of *Demurest's Mirror of Fashion*:

Dresses for spring and summer are nearly all made short. Even percales, cambrics, muslins, lawns, bareges, piques, aconets, and the like, formerly mostly worn for house dresses, and made long, are now arranged en suite, so that they can be used for walking and street wear.

The trimmings are ruffles of the material, graduated in depth and put on scant, with bands between, of velvet, braid, or striped chintzes.

The edges of the ruffles are turned up on the right side, and stitched with the sewing machine.

Small mantelet capes, belted in, are in favor for muslins, linens, and the like; sailor jackets and small basques, for piques, mohairs, and poplins.

When piques, or any stiff material, are made long for the house, the fulness at the back, instead of being gathered, is laid in an immense hollow plait.

Overskirts are universal, are quite short, and very much bunched up. Soft materials, such as silks and woollens, have the paniers lined with wadding, to enable them to retain their position.

Long skirts of even rich silks are rarely now lined throughout; imported dresses are never more than faced, the facing sometimes cut deep, but always considerably short of the entire depth of the skirt. The reason for this is obvious. The extreme length of train, the trimming, and the overskirt, make the weight, in addition to the lining, too great to be borne, and modern fashionable women do not "turn" their silk dresses, as their grandmothers did before them, when they have grown shabby on one side, so that there is now no reason for lining throughout in order to preserve the under side fresh.

Thin dresses, such as tisses, grenadines, and the like, are more frequently lined than thick dresses, the gored breadths requiring a light lining to prevent them from "ragging."

The shape of skirts is precisely that of last year, the same amount of fulness, the same walking length. The trains, however, are much shorter, often not exceeding half a yard in length. The edge is bound with the trimming, silk, satin, or uncut velvet, whatever it happens to be, rather than with braid.

Jackets take the coat form as much as possible, and bodies are trimmed to simulate short vest, jacket, large round collar, as well as the pointed cape of last season.

There is no trimming on the top of the sleeves, but there are plaitings on the elbow, the waist, and high up on the shoulder, the latter sometimes simulating a coat and waistcoat, particularly when the skirt forms a long basque or a Polonoise.

Trimnings, it should be remarked, are not put upon the edge of the sleeve, at the wrist, but above, so as to form a straight or military cuff.

More dressy sleeves are sometimes rounded off at the wrist, and the trimming carried several inches up the back. These are cut quite loose, and a lace undersleeve, finished with a frill of Valenciennes, worn with them. These are specially adapted to house dresses of muslin, barege, or grenadine.

Thin silks, or woollen tissues, are very prettily trimmed with ruffles of the same, headed with "feathered-out" ruchings—that is, ruchings cut on the bias, and fringed out upon the edges.

Narrow black velvet edges gray leno or barege ruffles effectively, and is quite inexpensive. Two, three, five, and seven ruffles are worn, according to taste and the distance they are placed apart. When the smaller number are employed, the lower one is generally twelve inches deep, and is headed by one or two narrow ones, or by bands of trimming and a quilled plaiting, the plaits all laid one way, and placed upright.

Kilt plaiting and Russian plaiting are largely employed upon alpaca, mohairs, and soft woollens. The plaits in both instances are single, and turned one way, but the kilt plaiting is made in single material and laid flat; the Russian plaiting is made in doubled material, and forms quillings, which are generally worn standing, the bands of velvet or other trimming forming the base instead of the apex.

Bodies of dresses are so universally made open (the V shape), that collars are dispensed with, and inside ruffles of lace substituted in their place. A narrow velvet, with a cross attached, is worn round the throat.

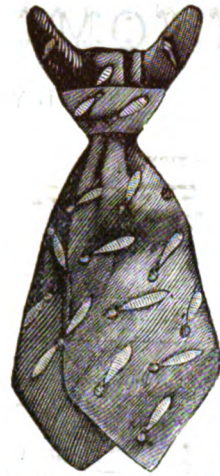


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IRMA LOW BODICE.

This pretty bodice is made of muslin for evening wear. It is open in front, with revers and crosses at the waist. The basques are cut into long points, looped up at the sides, and trimmed with cross strips and bows of satin. The short sleeves are made of deep lace, slightly gathered into the arm-hole.



GENTLEMAN'S NECKTIE.



CRAVAT BOW.



BERTHA OF BLONDE AND TULLE.

The foundation shape of this bertha is made of stiff net, and covered with a puff of tulle; the bretelles are edged with blonde one inch wide, slightly gathered; the sewing on of the blonde is covered under a pink satin rouleau. The front and back part of the bertha are also covered with a puff of blonde; they are also edged with blonde and rouleaux of rose-colored satin. The lappets come beyond the bertha in front. Bows of pink satin ribbon are fastened on the bretelles from illustration.

Music selected by J. A. GETZE.

INNOMINATA GALOP.

BY PAUL SENTZ.

INTRODUCTION. GALOP.

Entered according to Act of Congress, A. D. 1870, by W. H. BOWEN & Co., in the Clerk's Office of the District Court of the United States for the Eastern District of Pennsylvania.]

First system of musical notation. The treble staff contains a melody with two first endings marked '1' and '2'. The bass staff provides a rhythmic accompaniment. Dynamics include *f* (forte) and *Fine.* (end of piece). The key signature has one flat (B-flat).

Second system of musical notation, labeled **TRIO.** The treble staff continues the melody. The bass staff features a more complex, syncopated accompaniment. Dynamics include *p* (piano).

Third system of musical notation. The treble staff continues the melody. The bass staff continues the syncopated accompaniment. Dynamics include *fz* (forzando, accented).

Fourth system of musical notation. The treble staff continues the melody. The bass staff continues the syncopated accompaniment. Dynamics include *fz* (forzando, accented).

Fifth system of musical notation, labeled *Sva.* (Sustained). The treble staff continues the melody. The bass staff continues the syncopated accompaniment. Dynamics include *fz* (forzando, accented).

Sixth system of musical notation, labeled **D. C. Galop.** The treble staff contains two first endings marked '1' and '2'. The bass staff continues the syncopated accompaniment. Dynamics include *fz* (forzando, accented) and *p* (piano).



WALKING OR TRAVELLING COSTUMES.

No. 1.—Short, round, alpaca skirt, bordered with a plaited flounce, headed by a narrow box-plaiting of the same. Casaque forming a plait in the centre of the back; several plaits at each side, and a tablier in front of it, is looped up at the sides, bordered with a plaiting, and decorated with faillie bows of the same color.

No. 2.—Walking-costume of pearl-gray poplin. Underskirt trimmed with a deep flounce, scalloped and bound with black velvet. Upper tunic skirt crossed in front, looped up on each side, so as to open in front and form a puff behind. This tunic is scalloped and bound with velvet. Plain high bodice and coat sleeves trimmed to match the dress. Cross fichu with basque fastened under the waistband. Toquet of black velvet, adorned with cock's feathers. Gabrielle collarette.

ARTHUR'S HOME MAGAZINE.

JUNE, 1870.

TOO GOOD A HOUSEKEEPER.

After the German of F. Gerstaecker.

BY AUBER FORESTIER.

IF ever a couple seemed destined for one another, it was young Dr. Henry Wahlborn and his affianced bride, Sophie Metkorn, the eldest daughter of a well-to-do *bürger* of X—. Certainly a finer looking couple did not exist. The young man had been so fortunate as to have an admirable opportunity of forming an estimate of the young lady's character before paying his addresses to her. As family physician, he had attended her mother during a tedious illness; and having access to the house at all hours of the day for nearly a year, he could not fail to be impressed with Sophie's excellent management of household affairs, and her never-wearying tenderness and judicious care of the invalid.

Young Dr. Wahlborn was the very personification of order and neatness, and, in comparison with the many untidy dwellings which he found so terribly out of order in his early morning visits, the Metkorn household appeared a perfect model to him. Let him come when he would, he found the whole house neat and tidy, and Sophie herself looking as though she had just stepped out of a bandbox; and once when he had occasion to glance into the kitchen, he was attracted by the glittering tinware, which shone as though of solid silver.

And Sophie was always dressed so simply—never out of style, and yet without any of those absurdities of ultra fashion! She always looked well, elegant even. To be sure, this was easy for her, for most things are becoming to a pretty face, and Sophie was indeed very pretty. In fact, it was marvellous that the doctor so long resisted her charms.

She was both economical and thrifty. He chanced once to overhear her driving a bargain with one of the vegetable-dealers, and was

struck forcibly by her earnest, business-like manner. To be sure, it was but a matter of a few cents, yet, "who knows not the value of a trifle has no appreciation of more important things."

Dr. Wahlborn had a little property of his own besides the income from his rapidly increasing practice, and he felt now able to take a wife, even if she could bring him no dower. As soon, therefore, as his mind was fully made up, he set to work without delay, and one day, when the mother, who was now convalescent, had been sent off to the baths for a fortnight, he proposed to Sophie, and was made, by her blushing acceptance, "the happiest of mortals." Of course, the parents must be consulted, and this the young folks attended to when they had the matter all settled between themselves. A joyful consent was given, and very soon the nuptials were celebrated, if not with splendor, at least amid a circle of warm, true friends.

After that, the young couple made a wedding tour through Switzerland, returned home to receive the much-dreaded calls of congratulation, and finally settled down to enjoy their peaceful household happiness. They really possessed everything requisite to make an unpretending home happy—even little luxuries were not wanting. Sophie understood how to arrange everything to look so neat and homelike, and gave herself no rest the whole day long until she had transformed the tiny house into a perfect doll's palace. Wahlborn never wearied of watching her, and could not make up his mind which to admire the most, her taste, her industry, or her perseverance.

During his absence upon their wedding tour there had been an accumulation of professional demands upon the young physician

which must now be met, and being a regular correspondent of one of the most important medical journals, he was also obliged to set to work at once in preparing his next contribution. It seemed strange, yet he had to acknowledge to himself that as he sat writing, or as he came to and fro from visiting patients, he felt disturbed, almost annoyed, by the perpetual cleaning and setting to rights, and by the strange faces of those engaged upon the work. He would rather he and his little wife could have had the house to themselves just during these first days—that was all. But, then, all this was a pleasure to dear Sophie, and, of course, the work would be entirely completed soon—to which blissful juncture he looked forward longingly.

Sophie was certainly a model of a little wife, and managed her housekeeping as none other could have done. There was just one wish her husband had regarding her after they had been married awhile, and had a chance to become better acquainted with one another's ways; and that was that she could devote a little more time to reading—he almost feared she was not fond of it. Her house was small, yet she found plenty to do in it, and the work never seemed to come to an end.

Sophie played the piano very prettily. She was no artist, but simple pieces she executed with much feeling. During their engagement she had often charmed the young physician in the twilight hours by playing for him some of his favorites, for he was passionately fond of music. Now, of course, there was no time for that, and the twilight hour no longer existed for Sophie. So soon as it was dark the lights must be lit to give her a chance of getting through with her ever-increasing labors. The doctor often teased her about her knitting, which, of an evening, when she had no sewing or embroidery convenient, was never out of her hands, and told her, but playfully, of course, that knitting was as disagreeable to him as smoking to her. She did not seem, however, any more inclined to eschew the former than he the latter, and as soon as he found the subject annoyed her he forbore to mention it.

One day Wahlborn came home a little out of his usual time, and found his study turned completely topsy-turvy. In the middle of the room was a woman upon her knees wiping up the floor with a wet mop. His writing-table, upon which he had left, among other things, a heap of notices cut from the papers, was carefully set to rights, his papers all arranged in

piles according to their size, and the "little snips" the girl said she had thrown into the fire. His book-shelves were empty, and his books were on the porch outside the window, all neatly dusted, but utterly in confusion, according to his ideas.

Now the doctor was far more neat and systematic, especially in his study, than most scientific men, and he could lay his hand in the dark upon every book, almost every scrap of writing there. It delighted him to have his little *sanctum* always neat and clean, but when he saw the confusion that now reigned he was almost enraged, and had to guard himself well not to show how angry he really was. And the worst of it was he could not see to putting things back to their places himself, for he was obliged to set off at once to visit a patient who was dangerously ill. Sophie, however, soon reassured him by her loving promises to put everything back just as she had found it. She remembered exactly how the books had stood, she said, and if she should chance to get one here and there wrong, he could easily put it in its place. When, finally, Wahlborn returned and found that, after all, Sophie had arranged the books in accordance to their size and similar bindings, he had to laugh in spite of himself. Pamphlets seemed to have found no favor in her eyes; she had them all neatly tied up in packages, and thrust into a corner out of sight. It actually took Wahlborn the whole of the next forenoon to bring about anything like his old order, and he could not avoid a feeling of bitterness at finding some of his most valuable papers and notices irretrievably lost.

Sophie was now approaching a time when it was advisable to begin to spare herself somewhat. Yet her never-wearying industry vouchsafed her no rest, and, notwithstanding the warnings of her husband, she was more active than ever to make time for the dainty sewing on hand.

The young couple had commenced life in the most domestic way, for neither cared for pleasures that must be sought away from home. Wahlborn had no taste for saloon or club, he played neither billiards nor cards, and hated especially to discuss politics in the bar-room. From eight o'clock in the evening he usually devoted himself exclusively to his wife, and then he would have enjoyed reading with her, or having some music. But Sophie was never entirely through with her household cares, and if her husband read aloud to her she had to jump up and run out to give orders to her

servant so often that her mind must inevitably wander from the subject. Each time she returned to her seat she had completely forgotten all that she had heard before, and had to ask so many questions it greatly marred the interest of the reading.

One morning when the doctor came in to breakfast, he said to his wife—"My love, I had the pleasure of meeting an old friend from Stralsund just now, whom I have not seen for years. I shall bring him up to lunch at noon; you need make no ceremony with him, and——"

"But, dear Henry," said the young wife, "to-day, of all days, it would be most inconvenient. I shall have cleaning going on to-day, and I beg you——"

"Cleaning?" said Wahlborn, rather taken by surprise; "if I am not mistaken, my child, you had cleaning done last week."

"Yes, but we are not through yet. Surely, Henry, you like to see your house clean and in order," said the young wife, slightly piqued.

Wahlborn did not trust himself to discuss the matter, lest he should excite her in her present delicate condition, and merely asked—"Then it would not suit you to-day, my dear?"

"Not at all—certainly not—now. I might have managed if I had known it a few days ago. Perhaps we can arrange it for Sunday."

"He leaves again to-morrow."

"That is unfortunate—well, perhaps he will come again soon to X——."

Thus the matter was settled, and Wahlborn dined that day at the hotel with his friend.

A short time after this the doctor's services were required to perform a difficult surgical operation in a neighboring town. He made arrangements to be absent from home four days, that he might himself watch the results of the operation. It so happened that the results were so favorable that, at the expiration of two days, he felt there would not be the least danger in leaving the patient to the care of the other physician, and he joyfully hastened home.

But he reached there too soon for his wife. The whole house was turned upside down, his own study not excepted. The weather without was as disagreeable as one could well imagine, cold and stormy, a misty sleet pervading the atmosphere. A hateful draft swept through the whole dwelling, in which not one habitable room was to be found, and Wahlborn paused disheartened upon the threshold, surveying the universal desolation.

"Why, Henry," cried his wife, startled at the sudden apparition, "I thought you would not be home for two days, and had promised my-

self to have everything in fine order by your return."

"Yes, my dear child," replied the husband, with a sigh, "and I had promised myself pleasure in getting back to the comforts of home—but, Sophie!" he exclaimed, suddenly interrupting himself, "you will take your death of cold here—it is very damp. If this business is absolutely necessary, you should at least not risk your own safety. Why don't you stay in your own room?"

"It is being papered, dear," said the young wife. "The paper looked so badly, and as your birthday comes next week, and we want to invite our parents and a few friends, I could not bear to leave it looking so forlorn. What are you looking for, Henry?"

"Oh! nothing, my child," said her husband, "only a book I left here when I went away. I wanted to refer to it about a case I have on hand to-day. Have you seen it? I left it just here. It was bound in green, and rather shabby-looking."

"Yes, Henry," said the wife, coloring up a little, "I saw it, and it was so very shabby I sent it off to the binder's——"

"Heavens!" cried the young physician, "you sent that book to the binders? Why, it was full of most important notices!"

"But, Henry, it looked so shabby, it was fairly ready to tumble into pieces," was the half-frightened reply.

"Then I beg of you to send one of the servants to fetch it home at once, just as it is," said Wahlborn, exerting every faculty to retain his composure.

"What! take them from the work, Henry? Won't it be time enough this evening?"

Wahlborn still held his portmanteau in the left hand, and resolutely swallowing every expression of impatience lest he should excite his wife, and lest the strange working-women should notice something amiss, he simply inquired—"Is there any dry place in the house where I can put my portmanteau? I will go myself to the bookbinder's. Have you anything for dinner to-day?"

"To be sure, Henry, but only cold meat. I had not counted upon you to-day, you know."

Wahlborn gave a low whistle, and then smiled a little, the whole scene was so comical. He then cast a hasty glance around, which only served to further convince him that there was no place for him, and then turned down the steps to repair to a hotel. His mind, however, was so much occupied with various thoughts incident upon the adventure, that he even for-

got to give his wife a kiss, which caused her to shed just a few tears.

First of all he started in quest of his book, thus rescuing at least a portion of his notices; then he repaired to the club where usually he spent but an hour at noon to look over the papers. There was no place for him at home, and impelled by the desire to at least find some occupation, he turned his attention to learning the game of billiards, and soon became deeply interested at discovering the facility with which he could acquire skill.

For the first time since his marriage, he remained from home until ten o'clock at night. When he did return, he found his wife awaiting his coming in tears. She was not feeling very well, she told him, and would gladly have gone to bed, but she was too anxious about him to do so. At once he tried to pacify her, but it was long before she was thoroughly calmed.

The next day the work in the house must be completed, but Sophie was too unwell to oversee it herself. She had probably taken some cold, and was obliged to keep her bed. To prevent the house from being left too entirely to the mercy of strangers, Wahlborn felt obliged to neglect some visits he should have made to be at home at least part of the day. Everything seemed to go wrong this day; even the cook was infected by the universal confusion—the soup was too salt, the meat too well done, the coffee not fit to drink.

So things went on, until finally Wahlborn began to accustom himself to his fate. One thing, at all events, he had learned, that he could not alter the case, and that nothing was left for him to do but to keep out of the way as much as possible. He fell gradually into the habit of frequenting the saloons, and came to spend at least an hour every evening in playing billiards.

Soon, however, there came a time when one day Sophie presented her husband with a most charming little boy. The heart of the new-made father was filled with pride and joy, and once more he resumed his habit of spending his leisure hours at home. Yet it could not continue long thus, for no sooner was the young mother about again, than her energetic spirit was at work with renewed force. Not only the babe, but the very addition of the nurse-girl, seemed to add to her cares and labor. In fact, this nurse-girl business was an everlasting source of trouble to her. Not only was it difficult to find one fully competent for the duties of the position, but when she did light upon

such an one, she found her not so willing to be directed in every trifling particular as a less competent person. Therefore, during the first few months, she changed several times, sometimes falling thereby into difficulties with the other servants, always throwing the household into general confusion.

During the past year, Wahlborn had become more and more engrossed in literary pursuits—such, that is, as pertained to his profession—and had assumed the entire editorship of a medical journal. Therefore, it was no longer possible to permit his study to be overhauled every moment at will, lest the safety of his numerous MSS. and papers should be endangered. So he fell into the habit of locking the door whenever he went out, lest his *sanctum* should be invaded during his absence even by a servant with a harmless dustbrush. This hurt his wife deeply, and she took pains to let him feel it.

One day he sat at his writing-table, surrounded by books, to which he was referring for proofs regarding a certain experiment he had been engaged upon. He was disturbed right in the most engrossing part of his researches by loud talking in the passage outside the kitchen door. He was not long in recognizing the voice of his wife engaged in a contest of words with one of the servants—he had so often begged her to avoid loud talking in that passageway when he was writing in the study. He was half tempted to go out and ask her to keep quiet; but then he hated to interfere in household matters. Work was out of the question, however, and after several vain efforts to proceed, he sprang up and began impatiently pacing the floor.

In the course of twenty minutes there came a lull, and, with a murmured "thank God!" he resumed the interrupted studies. Scarcely had he got well under way when the door burst open, and his wife, with flushed cheeks and eyes still flashing, made her appearance. Dropping down upon the first chair, she began—"It is perfectly incredible! Henry, only think, Katharine has broken the handle off the new butter-pot, and we have scarcely had it in use three days."

"My love," said the doctor calmly, "I am very much engaged just now—"

"And she had the impudence to tell me," continued the excited Sophie, "that I would break as many things as she if I had so much scouring and cleaning to do every day."

"Don't you think she may have been right?"

"But surely you must admit she was to

blame? At all events it was enough for me, and I have given her warning."

"I am very sorry," said Wahlborn with a sigh, "for Katharine is really an excellent cook, and makes particularly good coffee."

"Only think, Caroline tells me," continued Sophie, heedless of his remark, "that she often complains of the work, and thinks we have too much washing and cleaning done. As if it concerned her, when we hire help."

"Dear love," said Wahlborn, who had been fairly sitting upon nettles all this while, "how often have I implored you to spare me such domestic gossip, especially when I am engaged writing! Even the ill luck of the butter-pot would have been time enough to impart to me this evening, if I *must* know it."

"You are never interested in anything I may say to you," said the young wife, no little piqued, "and I have no one else to go to but you"—(this last very piteously.)

"But, dear child, when I am at work! You see how busy I am, and the loud talking in the passage has caused me to lose a great deal of time already."

O Henry, how unkind you are! You know I cannot speak in a whisper when obliged to scold the servants."

Sighing, Wahlborn turned once more to his books, but he had utterly forgotten what he had been about to search for.

"Oh! by-the-way," commenced Sophie, again, "I had almost forgotten—we must have a new lock put on the pantry-door—Katharine has mislaid the key, and it won't be safe to leave it unaltered."

"My dear," cried Wahlborn, growing positively impatient, "I am very busy just now, I cannot alter the lock; why don't you send for the locksmith?"

"I shall not trouble you any further," cried the young wife, springing up hastily—"I see that I am in your way—it did not use to be so," and putting her handkerchief to her eyes she hurried from the room.

Wahlborn made a half movement to follow her—he could not bear to hurt his wife's feelings—but his indignation soon got the better of him, and he resisted the impulse. He turned back to his work, and soon was so engrossed that the whole affair had passed from his mind. Similar annoyances were of too common recurrence to make any very lasting impression.

As years rolled by, matters in the Wahlborn family, so far from improving, grew daily worse. Sophie Wahlborn was considered by

her acquaintances a model housekeeper. She was certainly neat to a fault, a careful, devoted mother, in most respects a kind-hearted woman, yet she never comprehended the mistakes *her* ideas of order led her into. Her household was her world, yet she did not in the least realize how little she managed it to bring real comfort and pleasure to herself or her husband, and how little she was doing to be a companion to him, or to fit herself to be one to her children when they grew older.

Nothing could be more accurately timed than the work in the house, everything went like clockwork, and it never seemed to enter Sophie's mind as within the range of possibilities that even the hour of a meal could be altered upon occasion to suit either her own convenience or that of her husband. So when the latter was detained by any professional engagement, he fell into the habit of taking the meal thus interfered with away from home. As the family increased, naturally work, too, increased, but Sophie always had the privilege of hiring as much help as she wanted. Yet she never was at leisure to talk with her husband, unless it might chance to be about her petty domestic trials, especially her servants whom she was forever changing. She was always directing the sewing, cleaning, washing, or something, and when her husband was talking to her, she would interrupt him in the middle of a sentence to scold a servant, or give orders to one of the children.

By-and-by Wahlborn inherited quite a nice little fortune, which enabled him to give up his practice and devote himself almost exclusively to his medical journal and scientific researches. The entire morning he devoted now to writing and study, the afternoons he spent partly at the public library, partly amongst friends, his evenings he passed at the club where he now bore the reputation of being the best billiard and whist player. Naturally his interests were drawn more and more from his home, and every year he grew more and more indifferent to the wife whom he *had* loved with his whole heart.

All this by no means escaped Sophie's observation, and it caused her many moments of unhappiness. She never dreamed of the cause, however, for she considered herself to have been in every respect a most faithful wife. Her house was kept in perfect order, her children well managed, she had no pleasures or interests from home—what could have weaned her husband's affections from her?

She had a talk with her mother upon the

subject, one day. The old lady shook her head knowingly, and assured her daughter that this was one of the growing social evils of modern times. In her day, she said, men were content to pass their leisure hours in their homes, now they *all* went to the saloons, she fancied. It was one of those things that could not be altered, and Sophie had better make the best of it.

Yet, I think, notwithstanding the mother's opinion, any impartial reader of these pages will see wherein lay the fault. Of course, it is the duty of every wife to see to the "ways of her household," but it should be as a means of comfort, not as the sole aim and object of life. Many a man has been driven out of his domestic tastes by just such an experience as that of our friend Wahlborn.

THE TEMPLE OF SCHOE-MADOU, AT PEGU.

BY C.

MADOU is a corruption of Mahadeva, or God, and Schoe means golden; when they are taken together, Schoe-Madou signifies the God of gold.

This temple is one of the loftiest and most remarkable buildings in Asia, curious from the character of its architecture, the antiquity of its construction, and the profound veneration in which it is held by the natives.

Pegu, the former capital of the kingdom of that name, was a large and magnificent city, until 1757, when it was attacked by the Burmese conqueror, Alompra, who destroyed it, dispersed a portion of its inhabitants, and led the others away captive. The numerous temples of Pegu were the only buildings which were left; and when the city was rebuilt in 1790, all these edifices were neglected, except the great Temple of Schoe-Madou, or the God of gold.

Among the Burmese, gold is the symbol of excellence; they consecrate it to their gods, and attribute its qualities to their king. Their temples, and all that belongs to the king, have the epithet Schoe, or golden. The name of the emperor is never mentioned except in connection with this precious metal. When a Burmese states that the emperor has heard of anything, he remarks, "that it has reached the ears of gold." One who has had an audience with his sovereign, has been "admitted to the feet of gold." A noble Burmese once remarked to an English ambassador, that the perfume of otto of rose was grateful to the nose of gold.

The Temple of Schoe-Madou is built on a double terrace. The first is ten feet high, the second is twenty, and both form a parallelogram. The lower one measures thirteen hundred and ninety-one feet on one of its faces, and the upper, six hundred and eighty-four

feet. Large stone steps lead to these terraces, and at the base of the staircase are two lions which seem to guard the entrance. On each side are the residences of the rhaahans, or priests. They rise four or five feet above the ground, and comprise a single spacious room, in which are benches to rest on. The temple is a pyramid built of brick and mortar, in which there is neither hollow nor opening of any kind. It forms at its base an octagon, which becomes round as it rises. Each face of the octagon is one hundred and sixty-two feet broad, but the immense diameter of the pyramid diminishes rapidly; it rises three hundred and thirty-one feet above the terrace on which it is situated, and is three hundred and sixty-one feet high. It is crowned by a kind of iron parasol, termed *tée*, without which no temple is complete. This *tée* is fifty-six feet in circumference, and a large number of bells are attached to it, which, when agitated by the wind, keep up a constant tinkling. The Peguans believe this temple to have been built two thousand three hundred years ago.

DELAFIELD, WIS.

EVERY true man is a worker. The idler is a drone for whom no one has any genuine respect. Only to the worker does God give the blessing of rest and peace. The sleep of labor is sound and sweet; but the idle man tosses through weary nights on his restless pillow, and rises unrefreshed at morning.

WORDS are little things, but they strike hard. We wield them so easily that we are apt to forget their hidden power. Fitly spoken, they fall like the sunshine, the dew, and the drizzling rain; but when unfitly, like the frost, the hail, and the desolating tempest.

WOMAN'S WORK AND WOMAN'S WAGES.

BY AN AMERICAN WOMAN.

WOMEN AS TEACHERS.

NOWHERE is the contrast between the wages of men and women so strikingly exemplified as in the vocation of teacher. The duties of a woman teacher are equally as onerous as those of a man—indeed, they are identical with them—and are quite as faithfully performed. A majority of our teachers are women, and the strictest conservative does not hesitate to hold up this employment as one for which they are eminently qualified by nature. They are engaged in all our public schools, oftentimes holding positions of high responsibility; yet in almost every case we find a man placed in nominal authority over them, and he, while performing little of the real drudgery of teaching, receives a salary twice or thrice the amount of theirs.

When the question is mooted why the pay of one sex should be so out of proportion to that of the other, the invariable reply is that "the men have families to support, while the women have not." This distinction is not made between man and man in any department of business. Why should it be between man and woman? "With my present salary, I dare not have a family to support," was the saucy rejoinder of a brilliant and efficient lady teacher, on hearing the old excuse urged.

But if this is the real reason, why is not a careful investigation made into the domestic affairs of the lady teachers, to find how many of them have families partially or entirely dependent upon them, and then the pay of these increased accordingly? Such inquiry would result in the discovery that one noble, self-sacrificing teacher is denying herself every luxury, and many necessities, to add to the comfort of aged or invalid parents; another has a widowed mother dependent upon her; a third is paying for the education of a brother; a fourth trying to help younger brothers and sisters to make a start in the world; and so on, until it would be found that this was the most baseless of excuses.

Another fallacy is that men's clothing costs more than women's. Men's personal habits—their pleasures, their recreations, and their vices do; but these are not to be counted among necessities. If in the purchase of their clothes

each sex is guided by the same spirit of economy and sense of fitness, and if equal care be taken of them afterward, I think it will be found that it costs less to dress a man than a woman. A woman must have more changes of apparel, and there are numerous small but expensive article of her wardrobe that are almost totally omitted in a man's. There is no more reason or fitness in a man going to his daily duties in the school-room dressed in fine broadcloth, than there would be for a woman to make silk and velvet her daily attire when engaged in the same duties. Yet there are many men who, while they think the cheaper American fabrics are the best that a woman needs in the ordinary circumstances of life, still, never feel at home themselves except in imported goods, or the most expensive of our domestic manufactures.

A woman may save something in making her clothes; but when she does this, she should be allowed the benefit of her industry. It should be no more required and expected of her, and taken into account in the adjustment of her pay, than of a man. Besides, a teacher who performs her duties well and thoroughly, has little time to devote to her needle; and, if she is expected to give the full attention to her work which it requires, she should be spared this necessity.

Again, we are told—though this is the flimsiest argument of all—that a woman is not often required to pay so much for board as a man. As though the twenty-five or fifty cents a week difference in board could be held as an offset for the ten or fifteen dollars a week difference in wages!

I believe there is a gradual improvement in wages of women teachers in some of our larger cities; but they are yet far lower than they ought to be. Some of the arrangements in times past have been so unjust, that a mere mention of them ought to be sufficient to excite the indignation of every right-thinking person. The teachers of Philadelphia, early in the war, petitioned for an increase of their pay, alleging as a reason the increased expense of living. The women were then receiving salaries ranging from two hundred to three hundred dollars—some few, possibly, as much as four hundred dollars—per year, but all of them

shamefully mean in their amount, while those of the men were from eight hundred to twelve hundred dollars. Their petition was granted, and their salaries raised—*twenty-five dollars a year* for each woman, and *one hundred dollars* for each man! But it remained for the city of Rochester, New York, to render itself pre-eminently contemptible. On a petition of a like character, they raised the wages of the men teachers one hundred dollars each, while twenty-five dollars were deducted from the salary of each woman teacher; and as there were more than four times as many women as men employed as teachers, there was, if I mistake not, an actual saving to the city of fifty dollars! The time ought to come when that city will feel ashamed of this record, and try to make atonement for it by more strict justice in the apportionment of wages.

But it is only in the cities and larger towns, I fear, that there is any, even the most gradual, change for the better. In rural districts the young woman teacher receives from five to six dollars per month, and that relic of barbarism, "boarding round," is still preserved. If the teacher possesses a reputation for superior excellence, twelve dollars per month is considered a generous compensation.

A recent writer in the *Overland Monthly*—a California magazine, which will compare favorably with the best of our eastern publications—has been discussing the question: "Are our Public Schools a Failure?" But, among many reasons for their present inefficiency, and excellent suggestions for their improvement, he fails to lay stress upon one important point—the meagre wages which are paid to the women who are employed as teachers. A good teacher cannot afford to teach for three hundred dollars, or even five hundred dollars, a year; or, if she be obliged to do so, her mind is of necessity so occupied with personal matters, the result of her insufficient pay—small economies of time and money—that she cannot give her entire thoughts and best energies to her work.

But the fact of insufficient wages is not the only reason why we have poor schools. There comes back the old charge which must be made in every department of labor against the majority of laboring-women—that of incompetency. Where one girl selects teaching as a profession, and carefully and deliberately qualifies herself for it, there is a score of girls who enter the business because it seems to them an easy and convenient way of earning a little money. When the young girl reaches sixteen or eighteen years of age, she begins to desire to

spend something more in personal adornment than is, perhaps, strictly conformable with her father's ideas of economy. Both father and mother hint that "she ought to be doing something for herself," with that unreasonableness which parents are so apt to display toward girls, after having never sought to guide or influence them in the choice of a trade or profession which shall be a permanent rather than a temporary occupation.

So the young girl offers herself to some school director, or trio of directors, who believe they have discharged their whole duty to their district when they have secured the services of a teacher at a cheap rate. The girl teaches for a summer or two, and earns enough money to buy a silk dress, and perhaps a showy winter cloak in addition. The school is, of course, poorly kept, and the teacher may really earn little more than she receives. Not only are the scholars made to suffer, but the large class of really excellent and conscientious teachers is held in no higher estimation by an indiscriminating public than this poor one.

The young miss teaches for a season or two, it may be, and then marries, and leaves her place for her successor. Or, she may teach year after year, and only when youth and her best opportunities have passed, awake to the fact that teaching must be accepted as a life-business rather than as a pastime. If she possesses innately the qualifications of a good teacher, she may have learned to love her employment, and in experience have acquired wisdom. But if she was never intended by nature to teach, she will still plod on in the same old track, detesting her business, and seeking to perform its duties with as little trouble to herself as possible; and will finally degenerate into that worst specimen of womanhood, a discontented old maid.

Timothy Titcomb, several years since, in his well-known "Letters to the Smith Family," said some very wise things to teachers. The advice he gave them was profound, and his remarks and conclusions true to a certain extent. There was but one fault to be found with him: he was not practical. Said a teacher to me: "It is all very well for Dr. Holland to insist upon a teacher going to Europe, at a cost of one or two thousand dollars, in order to prepare for the duties of his or her profession; but how can one think of doing such a thing with the prospect of receiving a salary of three hundred or four hundred dollars only, after all the study and expense of preparation?" The results certainly will not justify the outlay.

Nevertheless, there is a certain truth in Dr. Holland's remarks, but they must be taken in their general sense, rather than in his particular application of them. Teachers should never think of entering upon their duties without a far more careful and thorough preparation than they now usually undergo. But this preparation does not necessarily include a university education, and what is needed can be acquired quite as well in this country as in Europe. A thorough knowledge of the common English branches is, of course, imperatively necessary—quite as necessary in the primary school as in those of higher grade—and this knowledge should not be acquired merely with the idea of personal benefit, but with the ever-present thought of how best to impart it to others. The Normal schools which are beginning to be established in the country, afford the best means for the education of a teacher. It is not always the most brilliant, or the best educated, who are invariably the most successful in teaching. I have sometimes thought that those persons make the best teachers who with naturally dull and slow intellects have yet had the energy and perseverance to master the difficulties in the way of the acquirement of an education. They will better understand, and have more sympathy for, the dull scholars, whom the teachers of ready intellects can only consider stupid or stubborn, and lose all patience with, and will know how best to smooth for them the rugged path of learning.

Then there should be a natural love for children, and a faculty of adapting one's self to their natures and capacities. Now children are quite as plenty here as on the other side of the Atlantic; and it is within the power of every one who contemplates undertaking the duties of a teacher, to make them a frequent study, and learn from experience and observation how control is surest gained over them, and their confidence easiest won.

If the duties of a school examiner were ever to devolve upon me, I should, besides the usual routine of examination, test the young candidate's capacity for story-telling; ask which were her favorite books and periodicals; and then try to see her under some circumstances where I could witness her bearing toward children, and whether they were attracted or repulsed by her. If these three tests proved unsatisfactory, no display of mere erudition would ever tempt me to give a certificate of qualification.

Story-telling should be the teacher's strong point. She who can tell a story well, and in

language suited to the capacity of children, can always command the attention of her scholars, and can, by appropriate illustration, impart an interest to lessons, that otherwise become mere abstractions.

Then by the books, papers, and magazines she reads, it is much easier than by any other method, to arrive at an accurate knowledge of her mental status, and to judge whether her influence over the still unformed minds and sensibilities of the young will be beneficial or otherwise.

Lastly, the one who cannot love the children who are placed under her care—who cannot feel an almost maternal solicitude for their mental and moral advancement—is not fitted to take the place of a mother; for, in the grand, co-operative system of our schools, it is no less than that which the teacher is called upon to do.

Incompetence is the young teacher's greatest fault. And this incompetence proceeds, as I have already tried to show, not so much always from absolute unfitness for the business as from the careless, thoughtless way in which it is entered into.

There is one proverb that women would do well to take to heart, whatever they set about doing—"Whatever is worth doing at all is worth doing well." It is this general incompetence that is allowed to overbalance the special cases of efficiency, and to become the standard by which the rate of wages is made out.

In certain neighborhoods where the majority of the people are well-to-do rather than wealthy, where they can afford to give their daughters good educations, as the term goes, yet, when they are grown up, and their education "completed," expect them "to do for themselves," at least partially, there is always a strong prejudice against domestic service. These daughters would be no more unwilling to enter it than their parents would be to have them. Even sewing is not quite "genteel," and, if it were, in these neighborhoods there is usually very little to be obtained. Thus all the young ladies see but a single path to independence before them—that of a teacher. That all shall become teachers is the rule; that any do not is the exception. It is really a matter of wonder where the schools are found to supply them all. No one ever thinks of questioning them—they never think of questioning themselves—whether their tastes and inclinations, if consulted, would lead them to be teachers. That is entirely foreign to the matter. Teaching seems to be

the only occupation open to them, and they must perforce enter it.

If a natural capacity is required for any occupation, it is for that of teacher. A girl may attempt dressmaking, and if she has no liking for the business, and is given to making mistakes, there is only the senseless material of the dress ruined after all. But if a careless or incompetent teacher makes a blunder, it is a blunder which concerns intelligent minds and immortal souls, the effects of which—reaching perhaps beyond time, and into eternity—no money can rectify.

No woman should ever enter the school-room unless she feels she has a special mission there; and not even then without a thorough qualification in the best manner within her power.

I believe women can and do make better teachers than men. It is a tradition handed down from generation to generation, that for a large school embracing half-grown, unruly boys, a man must necessarily be engaged. But it is a fact patent to all who have taken the trouble to examine into the matter, that a woman is often more successful in government than a man; and that the great boys, some of them larger than herself, who would be devising all sorts of trouble for a man teacher, are either shamed into obedience, or else feel a kind of incipient chivalry which causes them to put on their best behavior in dealing with one whom they cannot take any glory in "thrashing."

Women possess a certain tact in management, for which men must substitute authority or brute force. I knew a schoolmistress once, one of the smallest of small women, who rendered perfectly tame and manageable a boy whom all masters had declared unmanageable, and who had heretofore received, and no doubt deserved, the reputation of being "the worst boy in school." The plan was to select him from the first as a kind of acknowledged favorite, and hold him up to the other scholars as a model of studiousness and good behavior. She had the tact to begin this course before there was time for any positive outbreak on his part, and either the new sensation of accredited goodness, or else a dislike to disappoint his teacher's expectations, turned him very nearly into what she declared him to be.

There is another subject closely allied to that of women as teachers, and that is, Women as School Directors. The writer in the *Overland Monthly*, to which we have referred, says upon this subject: "A specific portion of these duties (those of a School Director)—that of general supervision, for instance—might with

great advantage be confided to the ladies. Women possess a lively interest in all that pertains to the welfare of children. If society would but impose responsibility upon them, we may be sure that they would meet it creditably and well. They have more time than men to devote to the schools, and we may be certain they would manifest more zeal."

It was the writer's good fortune in her childhood, to attend for a year a school of which ladies had the sole management. The district school, under the control of men directors, was a very poor one, and the academy, under the charge of a master, scarcely better. So several of the mothers of the neighborhood met in consultation, and resolved to take the superintendence of the education of their children into their own hands. Three of their number were appointed a committee, with full power to engage a teacher, etc., though all manifested a lively interest in the school from first to last. A house was rented, and fitted up for a school-room, a good teacher secured, and the school set in active operation.

There were low and comfortable seats, there were imperative orders for frequent and long recesses for the younger scholars, who could not bear six hours' confinement; there were cradles for the same little toilers up the hill of knowledge, when their feet should become weary, and they felt like resting by the way; there were water and towels provided for the not at all unusual accidents of play. The scholars were no younger than are usually found in the primary schools, where the arrangements and regulations are very different. But the motherly instincts of the committee and visiting ladies knew that young children cannot submit to prolonged confinement; and that seeming perverseness is often the result of sleepiness, and that, in consequence, a good nap is often more effectual than a whipping. Of all the schools which the writer of this article ever attended, this was the most orderly, although none of the ages of the scholars ranged higher than ten years. The school was an undoubted success, and the number of scholars was obliged to be limited, to prevent its becoming over-crowded.

It was kept up until the children of those interested in it had grown beyond it, when, as no other set of mothers seemed ready to step forward to sustain it, it was discontinued.

The same writer whom we have already quoted, makes a very good suggestion concerning the employment of married women as teachers. He says:

"There is a prevalent, though not well-founded, prejudice against married women as teachers. There is scarcely a school district in our land in which cannot be found a married woman of culture and refinement, thoroughly competent in every way to take charge of the little school. Their employment in their own districts would have a tendency to give greater permanency to the profession of teaching, and the same teacher would remain the longer in one school. And would they not make better teachers than young, single women? It is not likely that the mother of children will have quicker sympathies for other children, and possess greater aptness in their management and control? Does or does not an increased knowledge of human nature, and a greater experience in life, help to qualify a person to become a successful teacher?"

If the plan proposed here were followed, I believe it would secure better teachers than are usually employed under the present system, and would, besides, furnish employment for a class of women who, however much they desire to be self-helpful, are now, from their domestic duties, forbidden a wide range of occupations. Short-sighted people will, of course, raise the objection that the duties of a school properly attended to will interfere with the duties of the family. But let the pay be adequate, so that the teacher can hire a substitute in the kitchen, and then, with the personal superintendence she can give morning and evening, everything will move as smoothly as ever. As for her children, they will not be neglected, for they will be with her, and under her immediate supervision. I am not sure that a baby would be exceedingly out of place in a school. Indeed, I am half inclined to believe that it would be an educator of itself, and its presence give a home-like look to the school-room, and exert a beneficial influence over the scholars. Then, let our school-houses be improved and adorned interiorly and exteriorly; let trees shade them and flowers grow around them; let pictures and maps adorn the walls, the seats be made comfortable, and the whole general appearance attractive, and, with the mother and the baby, I think we would have quite a new order of things.

As a school is but a co-operative society on a large scale, intended to relieve mothers of duties which, though no less duties, still conflict with the performance of other duties; so to have the school take the place of the mother's training, we want more of the motherly element in it. We want more love for the chil-

dren—more personal concern in their interests, instead of a cold, mechanical watch over their intellectual progress. And we can only obtain this by the educating of good and competent women for teachers. Men do not and cannot come up to the requirements. They may serve their purpose with advanced scholars, when the training is more purely intellectual; but even here a woman who unites the intellectual with the affectional can do better. Women, as a general thing, have more patience and more endurance than men. Their natural instincts lead them into closer affinity with childhood, and cause them to enter more fully into its wants and needs, and to measure its capacities more correctly.

But every woman cannot be and must not try to be a teacher. Because she finds needle-work displeasing to her, it does not necessarily follow that teaching must be pleasing. If she knows she is not fitted for it—and no one can tell better than herself about this—she must look elsewhere for her vocation; it is not in the school-room.

POSITION IN SLEEP.

THE best position in which to go to sleep, says Dr. Hall, is on the right side; the heart being on the left, it has greater freedom of action than when the weight of that part of the body is on it.

Any remaining food in the stomach passes out of it, as the contents of a bottle are passed out of its mouth if turned upside down, as the exit of the stomach is at that part; but if resting on the left side, the food has to be brought up the whole length of the stomach, as water is drawn up from a well, and the effort necessary to this may prevent sleep. Those who take anodynes to promote sleep, instead of procuring it by moderate bodily activities in the open air, make a dangerous experiment.

Sleep is sometimes interfered with by coldness of the extremities in old and young of a feeble circulation; such should wear at night good, warm, woollen drawers, until, by obtaining more vigorous health, the cause of coldness is removed; and such should not rest satisfied until the drawers can be dispensed with, because the more clothing worn at night, the more will be required in the daytime; the proper and only healthful source of comfortable animal heat is a vigorous digestion.

"GOD, KEEP MAMMA."

BY ROSELLA RICE.

I WAS young then; the summer had been a very hard and busy one on the farm, and I had done all the housework myself, and when autumn came my very hands upreached, pleading for respite and rest in the glorious, golden October.

This time I heeded the call, engaged a good girl to come and keep house a month, fixed up a nice, new travelling-suit of gray stuff, and was soon ready to go visiting. I hated to leave the three little children—aged twelve, eight, and four—but Katie said she would care for them tenderly; and I knew she would, because I had promised to give her, besides her wages, the beautiful gold ear-drops of mine that she so much admired.

I was going to visit an only full sister, whose face I had not seen for eight years. She lived away in the far West, fifty miles beyond the sound of the nearest locomotive.

Katie and the three little ones went with me down to the depot, just across the lot. I kissed and bade them all good-by; but, oh! my eyes lingered so long and so lovingly upon the baby! Her heavy curls of pale, shiny gold lay all over her plump neck and beautiful shoulders—just the ideal baby that poets sing of and artists try to paint. She put her chubby little hands up to my cheeks caressingly, and said, with the wise air of a seer—"I hope nothing will happen to you; but I am a little *ferocious* there will," meaning suspicious.

I laughed at her blunder slightly, and corrected it, telling her to remember and let big words alone, that one's language was always best and clearest when it was the simplest and plainest.

She rubbed her little fat fists over each other, and winked her eyes tightly until the lashes swept her cheeks; then catching a long breath, she said—"I will be good while you are gone, and you mustn't forget me, a poor baby, without a mother, 'way off at home."

I whispered—"Don't forget to pray for me every time, will you?"

"I'll not forget," she replied, and she looked down at the little dimpled balls of fists again.

"What will you say?" said I. "It will be a comfort to me to know when I am far away."

She opened her blue eyes full in my face; then bending over and touching her fore-

head to mine, her hands on my cheeks, she softly whispered—"Why, I'll say, 'God, keep mamma.'"

It was a wearisome journey. I arrived at the house at midnight, and my sister met me at the door, but so changed that I would not let her touch me, and I turned again and again to the door to leave her, saying—"You are no sister of mine; I never saw you before. Oh! this is all deception—all pretence; my sister is a girl, not a faded, broken woman with the hoarse voice that you have. I came to find my sister; I want my own sister."

The meeting was very sad. She would reach out her arms with pleading, and I would cry and turn away from them like a broken-hearted, bereft little child wanting its dead mother.

I had anticipated a great deal of pleasure, and it was several days before I could become reconciled, and feel that the strange woman was really my sister. But we had a good visit; we lived over our childhood and our lonely girlhood; we laughed together and cried together; and the weeks flew by, and the time came for the rumbling old coach to take me from her door homeward.

My first point was one of the largest cities in the State, where I was to stop and take a boat and go up the Mississippi River sixty miles.

Two fine-looking gentlemen, who seemed to do the talking for an honest-appearing hack-driver, said the boat would not arrive for several hours, and that the driver would take me to a quiet hotel, and from thence down to the landing at the proper time. The hotel was very pretty; it stood back off the street, and the front of it was all draped with the gorgeous leafy boughs of the beautiful trees that embowered it in that golden October time. I was exceedingly pleased with the appearance of the place. Two ladies, who were likewise travelling alone, stopped at the same hotel.

I told the porter to let my trunk stand in the wide hall with the others, that for the few hours I would stay I would not need a private room.

There were a great many ladies in the parlors, but none of them were prepossessing; they were giggling, and fixing their curls and ribbons, and staring from the windows, and making silly remarks; and I did wish for quiet

and repose, and women who were sensible and womanly. There is nothing so heartily disgusting as frivolous women.

The Odd-Fellows had some kind of a public meeting that day, and were parading the streets. Everybody looked at them from doors and windows, and we all stood out on the balcony and watched them pass and repass. A few hours after that I was sitting at a table reading, when a boy connected with the establishment came into the parlor, and gave me a key, saying—"Your room is No. 29, you will find your trunk already in it."

I said I did not order a private room, and had no need of one, because I was not intending to stay all night. The boy rubbed his hands, and looked embarrassed, but as he was only obeying orders I said no more to him. I thought he might be mistaken, and taking the key went to room No. 29, and found my trunk there, and the room as cosy as the little nest of a humming-bird.

Thinking, perhaps, I had been misunderstood, I put the key in my pocket, went back to the parlor, looked at my watch, and sighed over the slowly passing hours. While sitting at the table reading, two or three strange men came in, and soon entered into conversation of a lively and familiar character with the ladies, especially the two who came up to the hotel in the morning when I did.

It was not long until an elderly gentleman came into the room, and sat down at the same table opposite me, bowing slightly. Something in his eye compelled me to return the bow. His hair was quite gray, his forehead bold and massive, he was well dressed, and wore a sash, or regalia, or something about, or across his breast, that showed him to be an officer in the organization of Odd-Fellows. I remembered seeing him among them that day. I thought him intrusive coming into that room, and I did think it strange that a man of his appearance would sit down without a word of apology, or an introduction, and commence a conversation with a stranger. But there was something in his clear, cool, gray eyes like steel—they held one like the grip of strong hands on one's shoulders—they were earnest, honest eyes not to be feared or shrunk from. He looked me right in my face, and said—"I believe you were among the many who witnessed the Odd-Fellows on parade to-day?"

"Yes, sir."

"Are you friendly to the organization?"

"I know nothing of them but what is good; their deeds and good works in my own State

are praiseworthy. I know of bereft families made comfortable and happy through their assistance, orphans educated, poor widows cared for, and many noble and generous things that the Odd-Fellows have cheerfully and kindly done," said I.

"I am glad to hear that," was the old man's reply, and his steely eyes grew soft and tender.

We must have talked half an hour on this subject and others that grew out of it; I was hardly conscious that I was conversing so freely until he drew out his watch, looked at the time, and said—"I have sat here talking with you, an entire stranger, more than half an hour. You will excuse me if I tell you that I feel an interest in your welfare, that I think I can do you a kindness; and on the honor of a gentleman, I ask you to answer the few questions I desire to ask you. I shall do it for your own good." I did not know how to stand the strange man's words; I felt as though I was being led to the scaffold, but I gasped out—"I will answer honestly any questions you may ask. I believe you are a gentleman."

The interrogatories were—"Is Ohio really your native State? Have you a home and friends? Are you a married woman? Why did you stop at this house?"

I answered his questions frankly, but I kept on wondering—"What will the end be?" At the last question I caught my breath hysterically, and rising to my feet, felt as though it would give me great relief to indulge in a good, noisy cry.

"Sit down," said he kindly, but sternly enough to make me obey him. "You think me impertinent, child, but I am honest, and—so are you. I like your appearance, and I think you stand in need of a friend, though you may not know it now. The kind words you spoke in favor of Odd-Fellowship almost make it obligatory upon me to assist you. Are any of these women associates or friends of yours?"

"No; I never saw any of their faces until to-day."

"Do you know anything of them?" said he.

"Nothing. I came to this house because it was recommended as a quiet one, and because the boat did not connect with the train I came in on."

"The boat did connect!" said he excitedly, "and there have been boats passing since that one. It is just as I suspected, that you had been imposed upon."

I rose to my feet again, ready to go, I knew not where—and ready to cry out, woman-fash-

ion, when the steely eyes holding mine, and the stern voice said—"Sit down, child!"

I obeyed.

"I am glad I listened to the voice that bade me come and talk to you," said he, speaking low enough that the chattering ones around us could not distinctly hear him. "Something made me come here. Do you know that these women in this house are of those whose steps take hold on hell?"

I looked around cautiously on the glittering, sparkling, handsome women about me. Startled and bewildered, I put my hands on my head, rose, and staggered off to the door.

"Stop!" said the old man, opening the door for me, and looking at his watch again; "don't be foolish now; the boat going up to M— will arrive probably in half an hour. I will come here and go down to the landing with you; be all ready in time—remember!"

He was gone, and I was walking the long hall backward and forward, looking for No. 29, both eyes staring wide open, and both hands holding my head.

I thought I was the most unfortunate and the worst-abused woman, and the most shamefully imposed upon of all women in the world, when I tumbled down on the floor in the little room No. 29, and gave utterance to sundry long moans and groans. At last the fountain was unsealed, and I began to cry piteously. There I lay in utter abandonment, weeping as if my heart would break, with my hands, the usual sign of despair, clasped on my forehead.

All at once a beautiful vision came before me—the sight that angels most love. I do not know why I had forgotten it—why it had not come to me sooner. I saw my baby in her night robes on her knees, her little, white, waxen feet showing from the hem of her garment, her beautiful face turned heavenward, her long, golden curls floating like a misty mantle about her dimpled shoulders, her fat little hands enclasped, praying for her absent mother, and the sweet petition was the simple words of her own framing—"God, keep mamma!"

God had heard her; He had kept—oh! so tenderly, and strangely, and lovingly—her mamma when danger had beset her path and encompassed her about.

If ever an earnest, grateful prayer went up to heaven, it surely ascended from that little room away in that far city where all were strangers.

I rose from my knees, comforted and clear-

sighted, dressed myself all ready to start, and in less than half an hour the shrill whistle of the coming boat sounded, and soon after came the good old man, as stern, as steely as ever. He treated me as if I were a little girl; he ordered a drayman to take my trunk, then, lighting a cigar, he tucked my portfolio under his arm, and strode off with long steps, and I hurried along behind him. I tried to tell him how much I thanked him, and how grateful I was, but he walked so fast that it took all my strength to keep my breath going.

After we reached the boat, I gave him my portmonnaie, and he went and paid my fare, and did everything for me; then we shook hands, heartily and cordially, and he gave me good advice, and told me always to be honest, and to love the true, and good, and beautiful; and then, laughing a little, short, jolly, gurgling laugh, he said, after this, I had better not travel alone, that if my Charlie couldn't go with me I must wait until he could go, or stay at home altogether.

I asked him for his address, so Charlie could write to him, and thank him out of the depths of his dear, old, true heart, but he said he didn't deserve any thanks, and to this day I don't know who the royal, old, steel-eyed eagle was who swooped down and lifted me up and set my feet on solid ground.

A tremulous quiver sometimes thrills to my fingers' ends when the reality of that baby-vision comes up before me. It was so real then, that I almost caught her in my arms. I believe God's angels *do* meet us often when we seem to stand alone, sorrowing, and no eye sees us, and no arm is reached out to help us.

ABOUT the habitual acts of daily life, our meetings with one another, our gifts, our kindnesses, our reading of books, our hearing of music, our looking at sunsets, our good-nights and good-mornings, may be thrown a something spiritual, a something significant, a kind of tender sanctity which shall lift our whole being up to a higher plane, and bring us into the first faint sphere of life as lived in heaven.

LET us acquire the art of making all that is natural and visible minister spiritually to the soul. As far as possible, everything natural should become suggestive of something spiritual. Nature should become to us a book of symbols more richly illuminated than mediæval parchments.

MRS. THOMPSON'S WHITE WARE.

MRS. THOMPSON stood by the kitchen table paring potatoes for dinner. Something was evidently wrong with the little lady, for there was an unmistakable air of "spite" in the way she tossed the potatoes into the pan of cool spring-water, waiting there to receive them. It was sultry weather; and through the open window came the sound of mowers whetting their scythes, blended with the call of the robin, and the faint notes of the cuckoo in the shaded wood. But it only irritated Mrs. Thompson—indeed, everything irritated her that day. Looking out from the back door, might be seen a lovely landscape, with broad reaches of meadow-land, fringed with graceful belts of birch; and softly rounded mountains lifting their velvety foreheads to the white, fleecy clouds, that went slowly sailing across the exquisite ether, like huge drifts of thistle-down. But this also irritated her; everything could be beautiful save *her* life, and that was cold, and rude, and barren. At least, Mrs. Thompson, in the plenitude of her present unsatisfactory mood, was telling herself that it was.

To begin at the beginning. Jane Lawrence had been an unusually romantic girl, and had gone for two years to a boarding-school. She had always fancied she would marry some famous artist or scholar, who would take her to Rome and Venice, where she might live in a perpetual dream of beauty. She so loved beautiful things! Perhaps all women do; and that may be the reason so many are found ready to barter love for gold.

But, contrary to all her preconceived notions, she married Robert Thompson, a plain, practical farmer; and instead of touring it in Italy, she went to live at the old homestead, which had been the abode of the Thompsons for generations. Dreams and reality are so very different, you see.

Robert Thompson was a working farmer as well as a practical man, and all his people worked. His mother had worked in her day, his sisters had worked, he expected his wife to work. She took to it gleefully: she had not been brought up with high notions, by any means: and at first the work did not seem so much. But every experienced lady knows how the labor seems to accumulate in a plain farmer's household as the years after marriage go on. There were plenty of men and boys about, but only one woman servant was kept;

and Mrs. Robert Thompson grew to find she helped at nearly everything, save, perhaps, the very roughest of the labor. In place of lounging in elegant foreign studios, or gliding down famed canals and streams in picturesque gondolas, she had butter and cheese to make, and poultry to rear, and dinners to cook in the long, low-ceiled kitchen, and the thousand and one cares upon her shoulders that make up a busy household. Quite a contrast; as must be admitted.

With things a little different, she'd not have minded the work so much: could she have had nice carpets, and tasteful furniture, and books, and a picture or two, and flowers. The home was so very hard and practical, and its surroundings were getting so shabby. At first she had noticed this, or cared for it; but every year, as the years went on, made matters look dingier. Old Mrs. Thompson had not cared to be smart and nice; Robert never thought about it. And what though he had?—it is only natural for men to assume that what had done for a mother would do for a wife. In time Mrs. Robert Thompson began to ask that some renovation should take place; at which Robert only stared: the house that had done without painting so long, could do yet; and the old things in it were good enough for them. She did not venture to urge the point: but she did press for some flowers. There was a strip of ground under the south parlor windows where a shrub of sweetbrier grew, and pinks, sweet-williams, and marigolds blossomed in their season. But they were old-fashioned, common flowers; and she pined for the rare and elegant plants she had seen in conservatories and public gardens. But Robert Thompson would as soon have thought of buying the moon, as such useless things as flowers. The garden, like himself, was all practical, filled with cabbages, onions, potatoes, and sweet herbs. And so went on her unlovely existence; in which dissatisfaction was becoming a very nightmare. Now and again, on those somewhat rare occasions when she went out to visit her neighbors, and saw how pretty many of them had things, she came home more than ever out of heart. The worst was (or the best) there was no real reason why a little money should not be spent in making the home prettier and happier, for Robert Thompson was doing well, and putting fairly by. But understanding had not come into the man: and his wife was too meek,

perhaps too constitutionally timid, to make trouble over it.

The matter to-day—which had put her so very much out—was this. A sewing-club had recently been established in the neighborhood. There was much distress amidst the poor laborers' wives and families, and some ladies with time on their hands set up a sewing-club, to make a few clothes for the nearly naked children. The farmers' wives had joined it; Mrs. Thompson with others; they met at stated intervals, taking the different houses in rotation: dining at home at twelve, assembling at one o'clock, and working steadily for several hours. It was surprising how much work got done; how many little petticoats and frocks were made in the long afternoons. In less than a month it would be Mrs. Thompson's turn to receive the company—for the first time—and she naturally began to consider ways and means. For they met for an entertainment as well as for sewing: tea in the afternoon, a grand meal later when the stitching was over.

What was Mrs. Thompson to do? Their stock of plates and dishes consisted of a few odds and ends of cracked delf, that had once been a kind of mulberry color. She had long wanted some new white ware: she wanted it more than ever now. Grover, the keeper of the village crockery-shop, had a lovely set for sale: white, with a delicate sprig of convolvuli and fuchsias: looking every bit as good as real china. Mrs. Thompson had set her heart on the set, and that morning had broached the subject to her husband.

"What's the matter with the old ones?" asked he.

"Look at them," she answered. "They are frightfully old and shabby."

"I daresay the food will taste as well off them as off Grover's set of white ware."

"But there's not half enough. We have as good as none left."

"Mother had some best china. Where is it?"

"That's nearly all gone. We couldn't put the two on the table together."

"Why not?"

"O Robert! Look at *this*. It is the shabbiest old lot ever seen."

"'Twas good enough for mother."

Mrs. Robert Thompson disdained comment.

"You'd not have thought of this but for the sewing-circle having to come here. If they can't come and eat from such dishes as we've got, they are welcome to stay away."

There were tears in Mrs. Thompson's eyes.

But she crowded them bravely back. He took his hat to go out to his mowing.

"We really want the things, Robert. Those at Grover's are very cheap. I can get all I want for a mere trifle: do give me the money."

"Grover'll have to keep 'em for us: I've got no money to waste on fine china," returned the farmer. "By the way"—looking back from the door—"Jones and Lee are coming to give me a helping hand. I want to get the south meadow down to-day if I can, it's a famous heavy crop: so I shall bring them in to dinner. Oh! and the Hubbards want six pounds of butter to-night: don't forget to have it ready."

With these words, Mr. Robert Thompson had marched off, leaving his wife to her long, weary day's work, darkened and made distasteful by her disappointment. She was both grieved and angry. It was a little thing, perhaps, but it is the little things of life that delight or annoy.

Existence seemed very bare and homely to Jane Thompson that summer day. With her love of ease, and beauty, and symmetry, how rude, and coarse, and hard looked all her surroundings. It was only one long, monotonous round of homely toil, unrelieved by any of the little sweetnesses and graces that might make even toil pleasant. She did not often think of it; but she remembered that day, with the faintest little air of regret, that she *might* have been far differently situated; and as she looked up to the pretty French cottage on the hill, embowered in a perfect forest of blossoming vines, and caught the cool gleam of urn and fountain, something very like a sigh trembled on her lips. "Squire Burnham's wife does not have to beg for a paltry bit of money to set out her table decently," she thought rebelliously.

And then, in her spirit of aggrievement, she mentally went over the other things she needed, and that Robert knew *were* needed. Why was life to be all toil and bare ugliness? There was no reason: he had plenty of money. A new carpet for the best parlor; paper for the walls, so stained with time; whitewash; paint; some fresh chintz; she remembered it all, as she toiled through the long, sultry forenoon with an aching head and discouraged heart. It happened to be washing-day: and on those days she took all the work, that Molly might not be disturbed in her help at the tubs.

What business had she to marry Robert Thompson? she asked herself, her slender wrists beating away at the butter for the Hubbards. For in the green and gloomy light that Mrs. Robert Thompson looked at things to-day, she

quite forgot the fact that she had fallen in love with the honest, steady, and good-looking young farmer, choosing him in preference to Joe Burnham, whom she might have had. Joe had a patrimony of his own: two hundred a year, at least, and a good bit of land, which he rented, and was called "Squire," as his father had been before him. He wanted to marry Jane Lawrence, and she would not: likes and dislikes cannot be controlled, and she cared more for Robert Thompson's little finger than for the whole of poor, under-sized Joe. Squire Burnham found another wife: and Mrs. Thompson, this weary day, was furiously envying her. Mrs. Burnham would come amidst the rest of the sewing-club, too, and see the miserable shabbiness of the mulberry-ware and the home generally. The butter got beaten savagely at the thought.

Robert Thompson was not an unkind man: only thoughtless. He was a type of a very large class, more especially farmers, who do not feel the need of life's rugged pathway being softened with flowers. Absorbed in his stock, his crops, his money-getting, he did not realize how monotonous was his wife's life at home. He had his recreations: the weekly market; gossip with his brother farmers; politics: she had nothing but work and care. He did not realize the truth that the worn, shabby home told upon her; that she needed some brightening to come to it as a yearning want of life. And so, as the years had gone on, she grew dissatisfied at heart, hardly understanding what she wished for or what she did not wish: the intensely unlovely, prosy, dull life somewhat souring her spirits. Now and again, when she gave back a short or bitter retort, Robert wondered: she who used to be so sweet-tempered.

All through the long forenoon, Mrs. Thompson nursed her wrath. Robert was selfish and unreasonable, and she did not care who knew it. She *would not* have the sewing-club at the farm, come what might. The potatoes got boiled; the big piece of beef was simmering on the fire. Before twelve o'clock had well struck, she saw her husband and his two friends coming through the orchard, with red and hungry faces. Mr. Thompson always wanted his dinner boiling hot: and she hastened to lay the cloth in the cool room off the kitchen. Frank and Charley, her two boys, came rushing in from school, each striving to claim her attention. She felt tired, heated, and very cross.

"Why! isn't dinner ready?" demanded Mr. Thompson, not seeing it actually on the table when he entered. "I told you we had no time

to waste to-day," he added angrily, in his hurry and hunger. "If I hadn't anything to do all the forenoon but get dinner, I'd have it ready to time, I know."

A bitter retort was springing to her lips; but ere it could be spoken, Charley clamorously interposed, pushing his new copy-book before her eyes.

"Look, mother! I am going into sentences now, like Frank. It's my first copy. The master wrote it; and he said I was to get it by heart, too, and always remember it. Do read it, mother."

Mrs. Thompson, her arms full of the cracked old mulberry plates, paused a moment to let her eyes fall on the new copy. "A soft answer turneth away wrath," was what she read. It was not that the proverb was new: she had read it scores of times; but there was something in its *appropriateness* to the present moment, that fell like a cool, sweet wind on her heated pulses.

"I will have it ready in a moment, Robert," she said quietly.

Mr. Robert Thompson looked up. Evidently he had not expected so pleasant a reply. If the truth must be told, he had thought a good bit that morning of his wife's request about the white ware. Not in the way of granting it; but that she would probably be sulky over it when they got in to dinner.

"It doesn't feel here as it does in that blazing meadow," he remarked to his friends, as they went into the cool north room to dinner. "Folks that can keep indoors this weather have an easy time of it: they don't know what heat is."

Mrs. Thompson wondered whether this was a slap at her. Her face looked scarlet enough for any amount of heat. As to sitting down with them, she had enough to do to wait on the party. It was washing-day, and Molly must not be called.

"This butter must have been kept in the kitchen: it's like oil," said Mr. Thompson.

"I took it out of the cellar since you came in; I will go down and get some more if you think I had better," was the reply, given pleasantly.

"Never mind. Well, I declare!—do you call this meat boiled?" went on Mr. Thompson, as he began to carve. "It's harder than a rock. If meat has to be cooked pretty fresh this weather, it needn't be like this."

"I tried to have it nice, Robert," she said, striving to choke down a rising sob—as well as an angry word.

Mr. Thompson, aroused by a quiver in the

tone, looked at his wife: his friends glanced at one another. She sat down at length, but could not eat. Mr. Thompson finished his dinner in silence.

He was watching his wife's face: there was something in it he did not understand—a kind of patient, hopeless look, as if she no longer cared to struggle onward. The old mulberry ware *did* look dingy on the snowy-white tablecloth; almost too bad for these chums of his to sit down to: he wondered he had never thought so before. Robert Thompson grew thoughtful.

He passed into the kitchen when they were going out again—how hot and stifling it felt with that big fire—as bad as the south meadow. His wife had been in it cooking: that must have made her face scarlet. Indoors was not so comfortable a place, after all, if you had hot work to do, was the idea that flitted through his mind. And—perhaps the work was overmuch for his wife, who at best was but a delicate woman.

A fresh, cool breeze had sprung up from the south as he went out, walking slowly; but the sun was burning hot still. Robert Thompson waited to wipe his brows: and in that moment the voices of his comrades came toward him from the other side of the hedge, where they stood in the little shade it cast.

"I never pitied a woman so much in my life," quoth one of them. "She works like a slave, and does not get even 'thank ye' for it from Thompson. He's a good fellow, but uncommon down upon the work. Strong as a horse himself, he thinks, I suppose, women must be the same."

"Yes, Bob's a sterling good fellow, but Jane Lawrence made a mistake when she said Yes to his asking," cried the other. "Jones, she wasn't cut out for a farmer's wife—especially one who keeps his folks to it like Thompson does. She's over sensitive—delicate: any lady but her would have turned long ago and bid him give her proper help. He won't make his money out of her many years if he don't take better care of her: she'll run down fast. Awfully changed, she is. She looks as faded as the old house rooms—and they haven't seen a coat o' paint since Grandfather Thompson's day."

"Ah! she'd better have took Joe Burnham. The Lawrences used to have things nice in their home, and she'd have got 'em so still, if she'd married Joe. His wife's just gone out in her pony-chay. I say, Jones, I wonder whether Thompson's wife's ever sorry?"

Was she? The unconscious comments of

these, his warm friends, came crushing down on Robert Thompson's heart and brain like a bolt of fire. That she rejected Burnham for him, he knew, when she came home to the old homestead, and took care of his invalid mother. Tenderly had she done it, too. And—could she be wearing out her life in hard work for him; she, the mother of his boys; she whom he loved well, for all his churlishness? Robert Thompson stole away: he could bear his thoughts no longer: and he felt that he could almost kill himself for his blind heedlessness.

The afternoon wore on toward evening. Mrs. Thompson had finished her indoor work—the washing up of the dinner dishes and the putting of the rooms straight—and was going in with an armful of fine things that she had taken from the clothes-lines, when the sound of wheels made her look round.

"I've brought that white ware, Mrs. Thompson," said the brisk voice of Grover, springing from his cart, and lifting down carefully a large hamper.

"But I didn't order it, Mr. Grover," she rejoined, in rather a frightened voice.

"The master did, though. Mr. Thompson came down this afternoon and said the things was to come up to you at once. There's the dinner set you admired, and a tea set as well. Where shall I put 'em?"

"Bring them in, please," she answered rather faintly. He did as he was bid, and then drove off.

Mrs. Thompson sat down by the hamper of crockery and cried as if her heart would break. They were magical tears, too, for they washed all the weariness and despair from her face, and the shadow from her eyes and heart. She forgot that she was tired, or that the day was hot: she only thought how kind Robert was, and what a wicked woman she had been for saying to herself in her temper that she'd rather have had Squire Burnham. Then she unpacked the treasures, pulling them out from amid the hay, and singing softly all the while. Oh! it was beautiful, that ware!—with its clear, opaque white, and here and there a delicate tracing of fuchsia or convolvulus.

Mr. Thompson came in and found her in the midst. "What is it, Jenny?" he asked—the old, fond name he used to call her.

"O Robert!" taking a step toward him. He opened his arms and drew her close to his heart, kissing her as fondly and tenderly as he ever had in the days of his courtship.

"I have been a brute, little wife," he whispered huskily. "Can you ever forgive me?"

"Forgive you? O Robert! I never was so happy in my life! I have been to blame. I have not been as patient and kind as I might."

"Yes, you have. You've been an angel, compared to me. I have made a slave of you. But all that is over now. I did not *think*, Jenny; I did not indeed."

"But—Robert—"

"You shall have more help in the house, another servant. We'll get her in, Jenny, long before the sewing-club night comes round."

"O Robert! how kind you are. I feel as light as a bird."

"And you *are* almost," he answered, smiling a little sadly as he looked into her eager face. "We'll all turn over a new leaf, Jane. Heaven knows I did not mean to be cruel."

"Robert, you were never that."

"Well—we'll let it be: by-gones shall be by-gones, if you will. Oh! and I forgot to say that I saw Leeds this afternoon. It's a very dull time just now, the poor fellow says, without a job on hand, so I thought I'd give him one. They'll be here to begin to-morrow morning."

"You—are—not going to have the house done up?" she exclaimed, in wild surprise.

"Every square inch of it. And, once the painting and that's finished, we'll see what else we can do to make it look a bit brighter."

She hardly believed it; she burst into tears. "And I have been so wicked!" she cried. "Only to-day I had quite wicked thoughts, Robert. I was envying Mrs. Burnham; I was feeling angry with everybody. It was the discouragement, Robert."

"Yes, it was the discouragement," he said quite humbly. "We will do better for the future, Jane: I'll try another plan."

She cried silently for a minute longer—soft, happy tears; feeling that light had superseded the darkness.

"And it has all arisen from my trying to carry out for a bit that blessed proverb—'A soft answer turneth away wrath!' " she murmured. "Robert, did you ever before see such lovely white ware?"

It is your everyday experiences which will cultivate you—the little, silent workings within and without, slower, perhaps, than the uprisal of a coral island, but just as sure. It may take years to bring you above the surface, but every shell that you throw off raises you so much higher.

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WOMEN AS CHEMISTS.

A MEDICAL exchange thinks that "there is no occupation for which women are better fitted by nature than that of the chemist or druggist. The science of chemistry can be as readily learned in the school and laboratory by woman as by man; and, as an art, it requires the delicate manipulation, fine perceptions, and mathematical accuracy, in which woman excels. In the drug-stores for dispensing medicines, but little physical strength is needed, and the business is very remunerative. The late frequency of fatal accidents, resulting from the carelessless of drug-clerks in putting up prescriptions, points with emphasis to the expediency of substituting female prescription-clerks, as, other things being equal, the superior conscientiousness of women, especially where human life is involved, would go far to insure safety."

Very likely the fact may not have been put in print before, but the experiment of giving instruction in *analytical chemistry* in a public school has been tried, and the results were very satisfactory. For three successive years, in the High School at Cambridge, Massachusetts, those pupils who had attained a creditable rank in the regular work in chemistry were allowed, as a favor, to take a course in analytical chemistry. It was understood that it was an "extra" study, and that it must not interfere with their required lessons in other departments. Every facility for the work was provided, including the necessary apparatus and set of reagents for each pupil, and no charge was made except for apparatus broken or damaged. The classes numbered from twenty to thirty members, the majority of whom were girls. As a rule, the girls did their work better than the boys. They showed the same neatness and nicety in manipulation that they do in the laboratory of the kitchen; they broke less glassware, spilt and wasted test-liquids and reagents much less than the boys; and they were generally quicker to note the results of their work and to reach a correct conclusion.

We are told that it has been stated in not a few of the papers of the day, that the daughter of the former Rumford Professor of Chemistry in Harvard College is no less expert at chemical analysis than her father. This rather extravagant story doubtless grew out of the simple fact that the young lady had been a member of one of these classes in analytical chemistry.

JACQUELINE.

BY VIRGINIA F. TOWNSEND.

CHAPTER XI.

ONE morning Mrs. Weymouth came into her husband's room just as he was about to start for the factories. Since the new superintendent entered on his duties, the head of the firm, having a comfortable assurance that all was going on at the works quite as satisfactorily as though it were under his personal supervision, had been in no haste to get out from his pleasant home.

So Stephen Weymouth wrote his letters and read his papers much at ease, detailing to his wife any little scraps of sensational news which he happened to come across, knowing she had a palate for any highly seasoned items of that kind, swallowing them with an undoubted faith which sometimes provoked a half-amused admonition on the man's side. "My dear, it is well to remember that newspaper stories are not always as true as holy writ."

Mrs. Weymouth's handsome face on this particular morning was quite radiant with pleasure as she approached her husband with an open letter in her hand. "My dear," she said, "it's from Sydney, and there's some astonishing news in it."

The gentleman made a movement to take the letter, but his glasses were in his vest pocket, and his overcoat snugly buttoned over them. "You read it, Mary?" he said.

It was a long letter, and took Mrs. Weymouth some time to get through it, for the writer flourished a good many fine phrases before he came to the main point in his epistle, which, in a word, amounted to this—Sydney Weymouth was engaged.

It had happened rather suddenly, he affirmed, and came near enough to being a case of love at first sight to answer all the purposes of a novel.

The lady was young, accomplished, beautiful—indeed, what was immensely astonishing was, that with so large a train of eligible admirers, she had condescended to take up with such a good-for-nothing fellow as the writer. But there was no accounting for a woman's tastes, and Sydney Weymouth was the elect and happy man.

He had, at least, the gratification of knowing the woman of his choice would do honor to his taste and gratify the natural pride of his parents.

Her family was unexceptionable, she was an only daughter, and her father had amassed a large fortune in real-estate brokerage at the West.

The conclusion of this letter did Sydney's head or heart credit. Mrs. Weymouth's voice actually shook with feeling over the words of her darling boy. His first thought, he affirmed, had been for his father and mother. He could not be quite happy until they had shared his joy, and he had received their congratulations on this greatest event of his life.

So much grace he had in himself, thankless, roving Bohemian though he had been for the last half dozen years. The approval of his father and mother at this momentous crisis was the one thing wanting to make unalloyed the bliss of their roving, but at bottom of him loving son, Sydney Weymouth.

The gentleman and lady looked at each other in silence a few moments after the latter had ceased reading, and then she asked, "Well, Stephen, what do you think of it?"

"It's a pretty sudden thunder-clap, but I see no reason to suppose it may not all turn out for the best."

"I don't see where it could be bettered," continued the mother energetically. "Young, accomplished, beautiful, rich"—going over with her son's adjectives as though she relished each—"one would think we might be satisfied with all that."

"Yes, if it's all as the fellow puts it." Mr. Weymouth prided himself on a certain shrewdness and wariness to which he believed he owed largely his success in life. It was, at least, safe not to be over credulous.

"I don't see any reason to doubt it," replied Mrs. Weymouth, in a tone just touched with annoyance. "The boy, bless him! writes in a straightforward, common-sense way, if he is a lover."

"Yes; I like the tone of his letter," replied Mr. Weymouth, satisfied, now he had made an offering to his own cool judgment, to accept such agreeable news as true.

"Dear me! I'm so excited I feel as though I should be good for nothing to-day," said Mrs. Weymouth, with a certain flutter in her tone and manner quite at variance with her usual matronly composure. "What a lucky stroke that was!"

"What?"

"Getting Sydney out of the way just as we did. I never could have given my consent to that other match, Mr. Weymouth."

"No doubt it has turned out much better as it has," answered the gentleman complacently. "I must write to Syd this very evening."

"And so must I. There will be so many questions to ask. It seems as though I could not wait the fortnight which must elapse before his return."

"There's one thing certain—a wife will be pretty sure to anchor the roving fellow down at Hedgerows. There's a chance, too, for him to double his fortune here in a few years if he'll keep a sharp lookout. The place is getting on its legs, and real estate is bound to treble itself when the new railroad gets in operation. I've seen that from the beginning."

Mrs. Weymouth had the same faith in her husband's business prophecies that she had in the old Hebrews, although she would have thought it very irreverent in anybody to say so.

She was going over with parts of her son's letter for the third time now. She laughed in a soft, amused way to herself. "It sounds just like him," she said, "always running a rig on himself; but you and I know, Stephen, that there's nothing at all surprising in the lady's choosing our son among her host of admirers."

"No," said Mr. Weymouth, repeating his wife's smile. "I don't think there is."

There was a great deal more talk after this; there were all kinds of pleasant projects started for the future, when their son, with his new, beautiful young wife should come to take up his abode at Hedgerows, under the family roof, too.

It must be a narrow nature which could not enter with real sympathy into the new joy of these people that morning, for this boy of theirs was all the world to them.

Therein, too, lay the pity that the hearts of neither were wide enough to take in anything which was not of their own flesh and blood.

At last Mr. Weymouth started down-town in an immensely good humor with himself and the world in general. In fact, when things went well with him, you could not easily find a more jovial companion, or one who told a story with a better relish than Stephen Weymouth.

When the maid, too, came up that morning to receive the day's orders, her mistress gave her a beaming smile, and a fresh blue ribbon from out her work-basket, so, after all, from the fountain of Mrs. Weymouth's happiness a few drops did fall on other souls.

At the end of a fortnight Sydney Weymouth

came home. By this time the birds had sung and the spring was beginning to work its old magic of swelling buds and sprouting leaves.

Before he reached Hedgerows, the news of his engagement was well circulated through the town, as anything was certain to be which concerned such magnates as the Weymouths were at Hedgerows.

Sydney carried himself before his parents like the happy man he was supposed to be, that perhaps he really fancied he was himself.

Yet, away down in the young man's soul there lurked a secret feeling which, perhaps, no one word can describe, but which was not self-complacency. I do not mean to say the young man was dissatisfied with his choice, for when he surveyed it with his cool judgment, which he did rather frequently for an enthusiastic lover, he found everything to satisfy his pride and ambition.

Yet I hardly think his beautiful betrothed had touched his heart any more than a dozen other women whom he had flirted with, and he had certainly entered the list of her admirers with no ultimate intention of offering her his hand.

But the truth was, Jacqueline Thayne's refusal had given the man's vanity a terrible wound, shaken, even, his confidence in himself, for before that Sydney Weymouth had taken it for granted that there was not a woman in the world whom he could not win if he chose to ask her, and this doubt, which his first failure had given him in his own powers, gave a certain ardor to his pursuit in the present instance. It was really a matter of personal pride with him to outstrip all the other rivals in this race. If it could have ended with equal credit to himself, Sydney Weymouth would have been satisfied with entering the lists wearing the lady's colors, and breaking the best lance in her defence, laying the trophies at her feet, and riding off at last, conqueror in all eyes.

But the days of tilt and tourney were over now, and the heiress of the western broker on this winter's visit to her relatives in New York was the reigning belle of her own circle.

Sydney Weymouth was quite certain that he was an object of envy to several of the lady's most pronounced admirers, and once he would not have had a lurking doubt as to his real place in her favor.

But whether there was a coquette's tact or a woman's heart beneath all the sweetness of smiles lavished on hosts of admirers, Sydney Weymouth had not been just certain. His

curiosity was piqued, his self-love enlisted. The value of the prize was enhanced in his eyes, because so many were eagerly seeking it.

And so, on a sudden impulse, one evening, when a good chance presented itself, Sydney Weymouth proposed; and a certain insecurity as to the result, remembering the answer he had received on the only time he had ever made a *bona fide* proposition of this kind before, gave an ardor and a certain amount of eloquence to his talk, at least very flattering to the lady.

All doubts were, however, gracefully put to an end, for Sydney Weymouth was, after a due amount of pretty coquetries, accepted. His vanity would have suffered a terrible shock if he had not been; and I do not mean to say that he ever regretted the result. Yet it was hardly in the nature of a fond and happy lover to go over in his own mind the good points of his matrimonial bargain, much as a man would one he had concluded in stocks or real estate. It looked a good deal as though there was a lurking feeling that something was wanting, and he wished to reassure himself in the matter.

The truth was, with all the beauty and the charms of his Dulcinea, which men of a certain type raved over, Sydney Weymouth had found a finer flavor, a subtler magnetism, in the society of Jacqueline Thayne.

It was to Sydney Weymouth's credit, after all, that he had found this out; and strange as it may appear, and connoisseur in woman's beauty as the man was, the face of the squire's niece was fairer in his eyes than that of the woman he was to wed.

Whether he ever owned it to himself or not, Sydney Weymouth found his wife precisely like dozens of other fascinating women he had known, and, if the truth must be owned, sickened of a little. She never stimulated and amused him with anything fresh, odd, quaint, as that curious, honest, tantalizing Jacqueline was always doing. And he had a secret feeling that the clearer and deeper gaze of the finer woman's soul had found something wanting in him—in him, Sydney Weymouth.

Had Jacqueline dropped like a ripe plum into his hand, he might not have set so high a value on her as he did after she had actually refused him. But with the feeling which I have described were mingled others—a certain sense of personal injury, and an unacknowledged hankering for revenge on the woman who had humiliated Sydney Weymouth—which circumstances brought at last into active force.

For several days after his return, the Thaynes were not mentioned either by Sydney or his family. Mrs. Weymouth had acted her part well; her son had no suspicion that a thought of any predilection on his part for the squire's niece, beyond that of their old friendship, had ever crossed the brain of his mother.

One morning, however, she said carelessly enough, while she was feeding her canaries—"I want to go over to the squire's this afternoon for a call. Will you drive me out, Sydney?"

Mrs. Weymouth's tone was the most natural in the world. No one would have suspected how keenly alert her ears were for the answer.

It came in a moment. "I shall be happy to take you over, mother."

Sydney felt a good deal relieved. This proposition smoothed the way to the first call at the Thaynes, which had for several days been rather a disagreeable prospect in Sydney Weymouth's brilliant future.

In a few moments he spoke again. "I suppose our friends at the Hermitage, as the squire calls it, have been getting on prosperously this winter?"

"Oh! yes. I never saw the squire looking in better health. He was over here with Jacqueline a few days before you came home. I told her the news."

"You did?"

Sydney was reading a magazine. His mother heard it rustle on the floor.

"What did my old playfellow say? Something unlike anybody else in the world, I'll wager my new horse."

"Of course. She seemed, however, greatly interested and pleased. She always thought a great deal of you, Sydney—but that was not surprising."

"We are very old friends, you know, mother," pretending not to see the covert compliment in the last clause of her sentence.

"I know you were. I always liked Jacqueline, despite that odd streak in the Thayne blood. I was in hopes she would get over it as she grew up; but it's in the grain. She and her uncle seem just made for each other; and it's well they are; for really I can't imagine any man's wanting precisely such a wife as Jacqueline Thayne would make."

Mrs. Weymouth would not have ventured to say so much before Sydney left home last fall. She fancied she had stepped in to the rescue at just the moment when the friendship was beginning to have a dangerous fascination for her

son. She was a little curious to know just how far matters had gone between Sydney and the squire's niece; but, on the whole, was tolerably well satisfied that they had never progressed beyond the safe ground of their old friendship. Still, she had watched Jacqueline's face narrowly when she repeated to her her son's engagement; but that had a secret to keep for another which it might not have done so well for herself, and the lady learned nothing.

What a thunder-clap it would have been to Mrs. Weymouth if she had known that Jacqueline Thayne had actually refused the heart and hand of her idolized son—tenderly, half reluctantly, it is true; but then she had none the less refused them.

I think Jacqueline Thayne, despite her oddities, which Mrs. Weymouth characteristically included under the general head of the "Thayne streak," would have been wonderfully enhanced in the woman's estimation. She might, on the whole, have rejoiced at the girl's decision, thought it had done Sydney a great favor; but she would also have borne Jacqueline a certain grudge ever after.

There was not, however, the slightest danger of Mrs. Weymouth's ever suspecting the truth. Sydney knew Jacqueline Thayne too well to have any fears there. Had her lovers been as numerous as Cleopatra's, she never would have divulged the name of one for the sake of any extra social consideration it would have brought her.

Sydney wondered sometimes whether Jacqueline had ever told her uncle. He was certain he should never know from the squire's manner.

At the last remark of his mother's, the young man rose up and went to the piano, struck a few notes of some German air, and then added—"Jacqueline has her oddities, as you say, mother. I suppose they are in the Thayne blood, but then some men might like her all the better on their very account."

"I can hardly imagine that, Sydney. A man would have a very peculiar taste to fancy some things about that girl."

"You think so? What are they, mother?" still following the German air through its sweet, bewildering trills and mazes.

"Oh! a great many things. She never acts or talks just like other people. It isn't easy to say in just what the difference consists, but you know as well as I do. Just think of her long walks, too, in all kinds of weather."

"All that comes of her uncle's fancy, you know. She was a delicate child, and he kept

her out-doors as much as possible. Besides, many an Englishwoman would beat Jacqueline Thayne in pedestrian feats."

What made Sydney Weymouth take the opposite side in this discussion of Jacqueline Thayne, he could hardly have told himself. Perhaps it was secretly pleasant to hear his mother disparage her.

The conversation was abruptly closed by his father, who, just ready to start down-town, put his head inside the door. "Come, Syd, don't you want to go down to the factories?"

"I believe I do, sir."

A moment later, Mrs. Weymouth, watching from the window, saw the two stride off together.

That afternoon Sydney carried his mother to the house beyond Blue River. Jacqueline was at home, and received her guest with all the cordial frankness of his old playfellow. In a few minutes the squire came in from the grounds, where he was overlooking various kinds of spring work.

At last, when his mother and her host were busily engaged, Sydney went over to Jacqueline.

"My mother says she has told you, Jacqueline?"

"Yes, I was so very glad, Sydney. I am prepared to like her for your sake."

"You are?" mentally contrasting the two women in a way that I think would scarcely have pleased his future wife.

"Yes, for your sake, Sydney. Do you think I could be so much your friend as I am without liking anybody that was dear to you?"

What reply Sydney Weymouth would have made I cannot tell, for his mother addressed some remark to him at that moment. But it would have been all the same, however for the moment her manner might influence him. Jacqueline Thayne had refused Sydney Weymouth, and no kindness, no friendship, no affection, even, on her part, could atone for that fact in the man's eyes.

CHAPTER XII.

One day, taking a walk after tea, before he settled himself down to his books for the evening, the superintendent, turning suddenly off from the highway into a quiet lane with an old stone wall and some ancient apple-trees, whose blossoms haunted the air with sweetness, came suddenly upon two figures. They were engaged in conversation, and did not see him at first; but he recognized them at a single glance

—with a pang, too, of real pain, for the pair was Reynolds and Ruth Benson.

The man was leaning down toward the girl, looking into her dropped face with those dark, bold eyes of his, in a way that fairly made Philip Draper's nerves shiver. Had that girl been anything dear to him—sister or friend—it seemed to him that he must have gone up and snatched her away from that man's side as he would from something foul and black, whose very presence slied and polluted her.

Any interference on his part at that time, however, would be worse than useless. Reynolds bowed when he saw young Draper, with that half-deferential air behind which the superintendent always fancied he saw a grinning smirk of malice, and the girl returned the gentleman's recognition with a half-pleased, half-scared look.

Philip Draper kept on his walk; the May evening about him was full of the beauty and sweetness of the first glad triumph of fresh, bounteous life over the long death of the winter. At any other time, all this would have won the young man's soul, but to-night he could think of nothing but the two figures he had met in the lane.

What could that bad man want of that pure, young girl. The thought of her—poor, simple-hearted child—under Reynolds's influence, in his power, fairly sickened Philip Draper. Over and over the impulse seized him to turn back and hurl away the man whom he was certain was whispering his soft, false talk in the pleased, wondering ears of Ruth Benson.

"Better she should die, poor child—better she should die a thousand times—than listen to him," murmured Philip Draper, snapping off a branch of alder from a clump that came in his way, and doubling the lithe thing fiercely in his hands, as he would have enjoyed doubling Reynolds up that moment with a blow.

He went home at last, and tried to bury himself deep in Froude's History; but he did not succeed, and he tossed down the book, and commenced pacing his chamber. "Philip Draper," he said, "what do you want to make an ass of yourself for? Men and women will go to the devil in this world, for all your fretting over it. You will only get yourself into hot water if you meddle with this matter. If the little simpleton can't take care of herself, you won't save her."

So, hedged about with the hard common-sense of his logic, Philip Draper tried to settle himself down to his history again; but the man had a heart, and it found its way through all

the armor of his philosophy; he could not get back into the sixteenth century, nor among the splendid historic figures which move along the broad highway of Elizabeth's reign. The sweet face of the little factory-girl, with the bloom in the cheeks and the eyes, bright with youth, came between the reader and his page, and a second time the book was bumped down with an impatient gesture on the table, and the bristling hedge of his logic broke down when his heart and his conscience spoke to him.

"So that is your good common-sense, is it, Philip Draper—to let that young girl go blindfold to her ruin because you are afraid of getting yourself into trouble—meddling with what is not your business? Give the feeling its true word now, which is selfishness to the very core of it. Put the question to your own soul now—whether you enjoy to-night a solitary right even to these, your own thoughts, in the silence of your chamber, which men and women haven't taken some trouble to earn for you, even when it came to scaffold and stake. They meddled with business that wasn't their own with a vengeance, and you and every soul of your generation are reaping the benefits of their meddling to-day; and yet, when it comes to a possible singeing of your little finger, you shrink back. Manly, isn't it? Christ-like, isn't it?"

"Here chance has thrown a simple, innocent, soft-hearted child in your way, with a face sweet as a spring violet, and you shrink from putting out your hand to snatch her back from the gulf into which that man's villainess will certainly plunge her. No doubt, it would be easier and more comfortable for you to let her go on—it is never pleasant to meddle with other folks' affairs, especially to one who stands in just your position toward these people; but when it comes to that young girl's honor and soul, let them not be required of you."

And when his heart and his conscience had spoken to Philip Draper, other thoughts came up—of his mother and of Jacqueline—the woman in her grave, and the woman in his heart, both so near and so far away. For their sakes he would do what was in his power to save this girl from the villain who was seeking to destroy her.

All this time Philip Draper did not, in his own mind, allow Reynolds "the benefit of a doubt." He believed the man to be a scoundrel; had no doubt that Reynolds had fully intended assault and robbery on that night when Philip Draper had met him in the darkness on the lonely outskirts of the town.

Nothing had happened on the wool-dyer's

part to deepen this conviction in the mind of the superintendent; but the two never met without the impression of Reynolds's innate rascality taking a stronger hold on Philip Draper's mind; so much so that he had ceased to try and combat the feeling. It was not as easy a matter as would appear on the surface for the superintendent to have a private interview with the factory-girl. It is true he saw her on his daily round through the work-rooms, and in all their vast lengths there was no face so pleasant to him, as there was certainly none so fair, as the shy, blushing one of Ruth Benson when it looked up to him from the loom where she had of late taken her place.

The young man and the maiden always had a few pleasant words to exchange; indeed, Philip Draper did not suspect that his visit to her loom was the brightest thing in the day to the girl; nor how far it had gone toward tiding her over the first weeks of strangeness and homesickness at Hedgerows.

But a few moments' chat, which everybody was free to hear and comment on, was a totally different thing from the serious talk which Philip Draper had now in hand. Anything of the latter sort could not fail to arouse the curiosity and the suspicions, jealous or otherwise, of the operatives.

From the beginning, the superintendent had avoided all partialities with the people under him. He never patronized one of them, because anything of that sort was impossible with Philip Draper; but his position made all his intercourse with the crowd of operatives a matter requiring care and shrewdness on his part, and thus far it had been perfectly open, giving rise to no buzz of gossip, or, what was still worse, envies or heartburnings.

Philip Draper turned over several plans for a private interview with Ruth Benson, and then dismissed each one as impracticable.

The girl's pretty face was so patent to all eyes that any marked attention on young Draper's part would be construed into admiration; and poor little Ruth Benson would be the target for all sorts of innuendoes and malicious gossip from scores of indignant damsels.

Philip Draper laughed heartily to himself when it suddenly struck him that his words and acts created about as much sensation in his small factory-world as Louis the Fourteenth's used to among his courtiers.

"What an awful old humbug this world is!" he said to himself, having a keen scent always for the comic side of a dilemma.

At last he made up his mind to trust to

chance for this interview with Ruth Benson. It came in a day or two, when he least looked for it.

The girl had left something at the mills, and had returned to find it after the day's work was over, and was hurrying home, when Philip Draper came suddenly upon her in the factory road.

The superintendent himself was late that night, having been detained by a couple of college classmates, who had hunted him up and burst suddenly upon him at Hedgerows.

Philip Draper's mind was full of this visit, and of all the old associations which it had awakened, when he came upon Ruth Benson. It happened to be on a strip of cross-road recently opened to diminish the distance between the boarding-house and the mills. On one side rose a steep, sandy hill, on the other the thick swamp willows, and just beyond ran the river.

Ruth looked up with her bow, and the bright blush which always accompanied it.

It was Philip Draper's time now. "Ah Miss Ruth! I've been wanting to have a few minutes' private talk with you."

The girl stood still. How pretty she looked, playing with her bonnet-strings nervously.

"With me, Mr. Draper?" she repeated.

"Yes; because I am your friend, Ruth, and because I fear some danger is drawing near you."

She started now, and drew her breath in little, frightened gasps.

"Near me, Mr. Draper?" she faltered out her monosyllables again.

"Yes, and I have made up my mind to warn you with the first chance. I was very sorry to meet you in such company the other night in the lane."

The girl understood now; her color bloomed and paled.

"He urged me very hard to walk out with him," she said.

"Ah my child!" and the man, in his earnestness and pity at the pretty, trembling thing before him, laid his hand on her arm, "do not trust that man; I believe he is bad to the core—worse than you can imagine, even. I believe he is seeking to draw you within his influence, only to do you harm. I shudder when I think where he may be leading you."

The girl's figure shook at the solemn words. A sob strained and quivered in her throat, and big tears thickened in her eyes.

"I didn't know he was such a bad man," she said.

"I know you didn't, my child. I know you

are a little, pure, innocent-hearted girl, and I hate to say these words to you; but precisely because of your loneliness and innocence I cannot refrain from warning you. You believe I am your friend, Ruth?"

"Oh! yes, sir. I knew that from the beginning."

"Well, then, I say to you just what I would if your dead mother should get up this moment from her grave and stand here between us to hear me. Keep out of this man's way, as you would out of devouring flames—as you would out of a serpent's in your track."

The poor child was sobbing and shaking now. "Ruth, you do not care for this Reynolds?" her distress half alarming him.

"Oh! no, sir," she gasped. "I was afraid of him at the first—I could not tell why; but he was very kind and pleasant, and I thought it was all my foolishness."

"And there is nothing behind that I do not know? You may trust me, Ruth."

"Only I almost promised Mr. Reynolds to go to the Fair at Grape Meadows to-morrow. He said it would be very nice, and we could ride home by moonlight."

Grape Meadows was ten miles from Hedgerows. Philip Draper thought of the long, lonely road between the two towns, looked at the sobbing young girl before him, and shuddered.

"Ruth," he said solemnly, "I would rather you lay dead at my feet this moment, than have you take that ride with this Reynolds."

"I won't go with him, Mr. Draper, indeed I won't!" her wet face shining up on him with a sudden determination that gave the man faith in her.

"Put your hands in mine, Ruth, and promise me as your friend who wants to save you."

The girl did as he requested, with something in her voice and eyes that made him believe she would not fail her promise.

"Now, my child, go home, and don't be unhappy over this. I believe you understand me, and that I have warned you solemnly as I have because I felt your lonely, unprotected situation; and I thought of your dead mother, and was sure if she could speak she would thank me for what I have said to her child."

"Oh! I am sure she would," said the trembling lips, with the scarlet of ripe berries upon them. "You have been very kind to me—more than I can say, Mr. Draper."

She looked at him with a face so sweet, innocent, troubled when she said these words, that the superintendent had hard work to keep from

suddenly bending down and kissing her. But he resisted the temptation.

Then with a last injunction that she was not to confide their interview to any person, the two shook hands and parted there in the strip of yellow, bare, factory cross-road by the river.

In a few moments a man crawled out from the thick, low growth of swamp willows into the dust of the road, and the fading light struck a red bar across his face and gave it an ugly look.

The man doubled his fist and shook it fiercely, and swore two or three terrible oaths at Philip Draper. Hidden down there among the swamp willows, for he had caught sight of the superintendent and turned among the shadows to avoid him, having had an uncomfortable, sneaking sort of feeling in the latter's presence since their encounter one night, Reynolds had witnessed the interview between the young man and Ruth Benson.

Reynolds's ears had not served him as well as his eyes had done, for he had in vain strained the former to catch a sentence of the conversation, but a distant murmur of voices was the most that reached him.

But no gesture of the two escaped the man watching with greedy, venomous eagerness the two in the factory cross-road, and, with the readiness to suspect evil which always characterizes those in whom it exists, Reynolds at once put the worst possible construction upon this interview.

"Curse him!" he growled under his breath, his face dark with passion, "the fellow wants the best pick of the lot. I see what he's up to well enough. I'll wager a guinea now he's put a flea in her ear about me. I can find that out if she's on the off side the next time I see her. Well, my young man, you've got the best of me in money, and place, and all that, but you are not a whit better than I am, it seems, and when it comes to a pretty woman I can lie as low and run as fast as any other man," and he laughed a low, hard, chuckling laugh that never came out of an honest man's throat.

Reynolds had not, however, been the only witness of the meeting in the cross-road between the superintendent and the factory-girl. A small rowboat, in which was a single occupant, had just reached a point on the river where an opening in the trees afforded a view of that part of the road where the figures stood. The boat had stopped, and the figure in it had watched with intent curiosity the whole scene.

Sydney Weymouth's handsome face wore an expression not just pleasant as he was about

bending to his oars again, trolling some notes of an old Spanish air while his thoughts went after this fashion: "So you have a relish for a pretty face as well as the rest of your sex, with all your fine notions about womanhood. Well, you've shown good taste, Draper, for she's the prettiest girl in the lot, although I shouldn't have thought it of you—getting up a sly flirtation of this sort. A man must believe his eyes, though, and those tender looks and that clasp of hands put the thing beyond dispute."

The boat was on the point of turning around when young Weymouth caught sight of another figure as it lifted itself from the ground, and the red bar of sunset struck across its face. He recognized the wool-dyer at once, and saw the angry gesture of the man.

Sydney Weymouth saw immediately that he had not been a solitary witness of the recent scene. He felt at once that some strong passion was at the bottom of the gesture, jealousy and hate, probably, and unconsciously to himself, perhaps, young Weymouth felt a certain sympathy for Reynolds. That vague, subtle dislike which he had experienced for some time for his father's superintendent found here some slight grounds for its justification.

Sydney Weymouth was not aware of it, probably would not have believed it of himself, but as he turned his boat up stream, he felt a subtle triumph over the scene he had witnessed, and at its disparaging reflection on Philip Draper.

"No better than any other man," he murmured to himself once or twice. "It's hardly fair on the other fellow, though. But you've got the winning card in your hand, Philip Draper"—and he went back to trolling his Spanish air again.

(To be continued.)

THE MODERN ICONOCLAST.

YOU may sometimes see the utter buffoon, the wholesale desecrator, the rash and base iconoclast who seeks to grind everything under the dust of his sensual heel. All things are common and unclean to him. He tramps boldly over whatever ground others call holy. The sanctities of wedded and family life, the graceful courtesies of society, reverence for any act or form, he brands as visionary, superstitious, or fanatical. He delights to quench the tear of honest sentiment in the sulphurous crackle of ridicule. He suffers no elevated mood, no high aspiration, to exist in his pres-

ence. He crashes in upon them with rude mirth and what he calls practical sense. No act of public worship or sign of private reverence and devotion is safe from his sacrilegious, vandal hand. To him no man is noble, no woman pure. He would strip earth of the last vestige of heaven, satisfied to make of human kind animals and nothing more. How vile, how horrible are the breathings of hell through such a medium. How they warn us to keep within severe and proper check that common, and growing commoner, disposition to make sport of all the acts and relations of life, to taint the bright mirror of truth with just the faintest breath of blasphemy, to burn all things in the crackling fire of shallow pleasantry, rudely to rush in where angels fear to tread.

This sensual scoffer, this dust-eating bearer of the serpent's mark, thinks nothing holy. What if everything be so, and certain forms be set apart only to save us from utter degradation? What if every physical sound and form and act be part of a God-made ritual to keep us in perpetual worship? What if no organ and no necessity of the body, no item of the processes required to secure even bare existence, no humblest office of food and clothes, no drudgery in kitchen or shop, no rest and no toil, look in the sight of God and his angels as other than a holy thing? What if celestial harmonies were meant to be woven out of every rough and coarse element in existence; heavenly intimations to play like a halo round every household object and wayside weed; skies and stars to palpitate with spiritual messages; mornings to shine with a flame flashed out of the other world; evenings to be fair with the reflected sheen of golden pavements? What if motherhood and marriage, family loves and duties, work and play, barter and benevolence, were meant to be the earthly expression of what goes on in angel worlds—ay, in the infinite bosom and life of our Lord himself? What if common daily life, lived carefully, thoughtfully, holily, be the best and sublimest worship, and public Sabbath rituals only things lifted up and set apart to keep us from utter and continued degradation? Habitual desecrator of home's daily sanctities! cold sneerer at public religious rites! be assured that you and I need these rites to lift us to the level of these sanctities.—REV. C. D. NOBLE.

—o—o—o—
If Nature will not give you her keys for asking, pound away at her doors until by your own force you break them down.

MARVELS OF THE INSECT WORLD.

BY J. B. D.

FIFTH PAPER.

WE have now reached the third of the divisions into which we have separated the young of insects—the maggots, or gentles, as they are sometimes called. Under this term are frequently included all insect larvæ destitute of feet; but we shall confine it to the young of the Diptera, or two-winged flies, such as the gnat, or mosquito, the common house-fly, etc.

Maggots perform a useful part in the economy of nature. They are the scavengers of the world. Linnaeus tells us that the larvæ of three female blow-flies will devour the carcass of a horse as quickly as would a lion. In vegetable mould, toad-stools, mushrooms, and, in short, in every organic substance upon which decay has begun to work, we find some species of maggot busily engaged in making way with what would otherwise become the source of disease and death.

In the water, these insect scavengers are met with most frequently in the shape of the larvæ of the gnat, or mosquito. It is in stagnant water particularly that the young mosquito is found. Here it hangs head downward, sucking in air through a tube in its tail. This curious breathing-apparatus, as well as the tail itself, serves also for a buoy, and both end in a sort of funnel, composed of hairs arranged in a starlike form, and anointed with an oil by which they repel water. When tired of hanging near the surface, the young mosquito folds up these hairs, and then sinks to the bottom. It goes, however, provided with the means of reascension, in a little globule of air retained at the end of the funnel, which it has only to reopen in order to rise again to the surface.

A similar, but more elegant breathing-apparatus, is found in another water-maggot, the larva of the Chameleon-fly. The abdomen of this insect is prolonged into a sort of tail, at the end of which is a beautiful, starlike funnel of thirty feathered hairs, which perfectly repel water. When it wishes to dive, the insect can bring the ends of the hairs together, without diminishing the capacity of the funnel; and a globule of air, for the purpose of breathing under water, is thus enclosed and carried down, appearing like a brilliant pearl. These larvæ may occasionally be found in shallow ditches, and about the edges of ponds, in summer.

Another curious aquatic larva is known in

England as the rat-tailed maggot. It is the young of a bee-like fly, and receives its name from the fact that it has a long, smooth tail, sometimes, indeed, out of all proportion to the length of its body. Réaumur, experimenting with some of these insects in a basin of water, noticed that they kept in an upright position at the "bottom of the basin, and parallel to one another, the extremities of the tails being on the surface of the water. He then increased the depth of the water by degrees; and as it got deeper, observed that the tail of each worm became longer. These tails, which were at first only two inches long, at last attained to five," the body of each worm not exceeding five lines in length. On further examination, Réaumur found that the tail so remarkably lengthened was composed of two tubes, one shutting into the other like a telescope. He calls it the breathing-tube. It terminates in a little, brown knob, in which are two holes for the purpose of receiving the air, surrounded by five small tufts of hair, which float on the surface of the water. This breathing-apparatus is admirably adapted to the mode of life of these maggots, which, seeking their food amongst ooze and mud, would, without their extensible tube, be often exposed to suffocation. A species of these rat-tailed larvæ has been found inhabiting the salt-vats of the Equality Salt Works, of Gallatin County, Illinois.

Many maggots are provided with two horny hooks, probably mandibles, says Packard, with which they seize their food. These hooks are also used at times to assist the insect in its locomotion, as in the cheese-maggot, or skipper. The leaping powers of this insect are familiar to every one. "I have seen one," says Swammerdam, "whose length did not exceed the fourth of an inch, leap out of a box six inches deep—that is, twenty-four times the length of its own body; others leap a great deal higher." In making these remarkable leaps, the maggot first erects itself upon its tail, which is furnished with two wart-like projections to enable it to maintain its balance. Bending itself into a circle, it then catches the skin near its tail with its hooked mandibles, strongly contracts itself from a circular into an oblong form, and throws itself forward with a jerk in a straight line. Another remarkable peculiarity of the

cheese-maggot is found in its breathing tubes. Of these it has two pair, one near the head, and the other near the tail. Now, when burrowing in the moist cheese, these would be apt to be obstructed; but, to prevent this, it has the power of bringing over the front pair a fold of the skin, breathing meanwhile through the pair at the tail. Well may Swammerdam denominate these contrivances "surprising miracles of God's power and wisdom in this abject creature."

In Figurier's "Insect World," we find some curious details of the larvæ, a particular kind of crane fly, or *Tipula*. These small larvæ are without feet, hardly five lines in length, and about the third of a line in diameter. In some years, during the month of July, great numbers of these little creatures are met with on the borders of forests in some of the German states. These collections of larvæ resemble some sort of strange animal of serpent-like form, several feet long, one or two inches in thickness, and formed by the union of an immense number, which are fixed to each other by a sticky substance, and move on together with one accord. These strange collections form ribbon-like armies, sometimes only a few yards long; at others, however, they are ten, twelve, and even thirty yards in length, as broad as one's hand, and nearly an inch in thickness. They march at a snail's pace, and in one particular direction. If they encounter a stone, they cross over it, turn round it, or else divide into two sections, which reunite after the obstacle is passed. If a portion of the column be removed so as to divide it into two parts, it is quickly reunited, as the hindmost portion soon joins that in advance. When the rear of this insect army is brought into contact with the van, a circle is formed, which turns round and round on the same spot, sometimes for a whole day, without breaking, and resuming the line of march. Processions of species of these "army worms," as the Germans call them, have been observed in Pennsylvania, as well as in Massachusetts. The longest recorded, however, was only six feet six inches in length.

Amongst the maggots are to be found some of the most destructive pests of the agriculturist. The larvæ of the Hessian-fly, of the Apple Midge, the Onion-fly, the Wheat Midge, and others whose ravages are no less a matter of complaint, may be instanced. Nor are their annoyances confined to the vegetable kingdom. Our domestic animals suffer from them at times to a terrible extent. The maggots of the Bot-

flies, so annoying to horses and cattle, and of the Breeze-fly, the terror of sheep, are well-known insect pests.

Man himself is not unfrequently a sufferer from dipterous larvæ. Living in vegetables, flowers, and other substances sometimes eaten by man, maggots have been swallowed, and the presence of a physician thereby rendered necessary. A French writer informs us that in Cayenne, a penal colony of France, the convicts have sometimes fallen victims to the larvæ of a beautiful fly called the Man-eating *Lucilia*. When one of the wretched prisoners, "who live in a state of sordid filth, goes to sleep, a prey to intoxication, it happens occasionally that this fly gets into his mouth and nostrils. It lays its eggs there, and when they are changed into larvæ, the death of the man generally follows." This so-called man-eating fly is not, properly speaking, a parasite of man, as it only attacks him accidentally, as it would attack any other animal in a daily state of uncleanliness.

In concluding this branch of our subject, it may be well to state, that, besides the larvæ to which we have referred as caterpillars, grubs, and maggots, there yet remains a host of the young of other insect tribes, to which, though partaking more or less of the characteristics of all three, no distinctive name, other than that of larvæ, has been applied, either popularly or by men of science.

The very fine engraving we give this month, represents the nests, larvæ, and adult insects of a peculiar species of wasp, called the French *Polistes* (*Polistes gallica*). It is somewhat smaller than the true wasp, or *Vespa*. Its color is black, with yellow markings. Its nest, simpler than that of the wasp, and without shelter or covering, is attached by a footstalk to the stems of broom, furze, or other low-growing shrubs and plants. The construction of the nest, or comb, is commenced about May, generally by a solitary female, who forms five, six, or eight cells, rarely more.

The observer who daily visits the localities where this industrious insect is fashioning its comb, can easily follow all its labors, and trace out the life of its larvæ. Unprotected by the paper covering which is found sheltering the habitations of the wasp, its pretty and elegant nest seems quite exposed. But a closer examination compels us to admire the happy arrangement by which the young insects are guarded against the inclemencies of the season. The openings of the cells are turned obliquely to the east; and, as the worst winds and rains

come from the west, the tenants of the papery structure have little to fear.

When the larvæ of the solitary female, who begun her labors in the spring, arrive at the period of their transformation into pupæ, each spins a silken lid over the mouth of its cell. From this presently emerge the perfect insects, who proceed at once to enlarge the comb by forming additional cells. The number of these, however, rarely exceeds fifty or sixty; though, under certain circumstances, when the population increases in an exceptional manner, a second comb is found necessary.

Our illustration gives a very exact idea of the nests of the Polistes, at different periods of their growth. In the largest, we see the cells inhabited by the larvæ, distinguished from the young of other insects of the class by their depressed bodies, and large and powerful heads. They are waiting to be fed by their careful nurses. Others of the cells are closed, the larvæ having shut themselves up to undergo their final change into perfect insects. The nest has been represented just as it was, with its living tenants.

There are several species of Polistes to be found in the United States. The most common of these is the Canadian Polistes, a minute account of which will be found in Packard's "Guide to the study of Insects," pp. 151-153.

"NATURE," says Thoreau, "has taken more care than the fondest parent for the education and refinement of her children. Consider the silent influence which flowers exert, no less upon the ditches in the meadow than the lady in the bower. When I walk in the woods, I am reminded that a wise purveyor has been there before me; my most delicate experience is typified there. I am struck with the pleasing friendships and unanimities of nature, as when the lichen on the trees takes the form of their leaves. In the most stupendous scenes you will see delicate and fragile features, as slight wreaths of vapors, dew lines, feathery sprays, which suggest a high refinement, a noble blood and breeding, as it were. Bring a spray from the wood, or a crystal from the brook, and place it on your mantle, and your household ornaments will seem plebeian beside its nobler fashion and bearing. It will wave superior there, as if used to a more refined and polished circle. It has a salute and a response to all your enthusiasm and heroism."

COME BACK TO ME.

BY EDEN E. REXFORD.

COME back to me, beloved, my heart keeps calling out,

Come back to me, and take me once more within your arms;

For, oh! I am so lonely your own strong love without,

And life is dark with shadows, and full of strange alarms.

Come back to me, beloved. I dream of you at night,

And think your arms are round me, my head upon your breast;

And I forget the shadows, and all of life's affright,
And thinking of you, darling, my tired heart can rest.

And then I waken, finding 'twas nothing but a dream,

And tears will blind me, darling, until I cannot see

Your picture smiling at me, although the moon-beams gleam

Across my window's lattice, and silver all the lea.

Come back to me, my darling! When evening lights her lamps

Above the eastern hilltops, and all the world grows still,

I think of you, beloved, out in the dews and damps,

That fall about your slumber upon the lonesome hill.

And I am, oh! so lonely! I have no one to hold

My head, when I am weary, against a faithful breast;

But sometimes in the twilight my empty arms I fold,

And dream they clasp you, darling, my heart replete with rest.

Come back to me, my loved one! I miss your kiss so much,

The mellow music of your voice, the smile of your dear face;

My heart would throb most gladly if I could feel the touch

Of your dear hand, or see you here in this your vacant place!

In vain I call you, darling! You never can come back!

I know not if you hear me, your slumber is so sweet!

And I must journey onward along life's lonely track,

And wait the Father's own good time, beloved, ere we meet.

THE HOME CIRCLE.

EDITED BY A LADY.

MEMORIES.

(See Engraving.)

WHEN everything is counted, it will be found that the sum total of our lives resolves itself into but two things, anticipation and memory. The pleasures and miseries of the moment are ephemeral, and only to be taken note of as they have been looked forward to, or as they leave their record in the past. In youth, life is richest in anticipations; but as the years roll on, the mind acquires the habit of looking backward, and when old age has come, there is nothing left but memories this side the grave.

Fortunate is that man who, in the midst of the cares and turmoils of a busy and often unsatisfactory life, has a happy childhood to look back upon—a picture-gallery of loving faces that once formed a home circle; a record of sunny years which includes gentle tones, kind actions, cheerful surroundings, smiling skies, twittering birds, blooming flowers, and innocent amusements. Whoever robs a child of these, robs him of more than he can ever return to him in any other shape. A close, hard, narrow life lived in childhood, not only dwarfs the future man's whole moral and affectional nature, but leaves him no blessed store of memories to fall back upon when the present is unsatisfying.

Make your little child happy. Provide for him what enjoyments you can, be they great or small, and begrudge no money that you can spare in securing him these. In doing this you are not only giving him present pleasure, which is a great deal, as in youth impressions are stronger and more readily received, and the capacity for enjoyment consequently greater; but you are really laying up a store of happiness for him in memories which shall last him all his life.

Let the whole atmosphere which surrounds your children be so impregnated with affection, that they shall breathe it in, as it were, at every inspiration, and their hearts will grow larger, and their blood run the clearer and purer for it.

Let your own lives, mothers and fathers, be so upright and so pure, that when you have passed away and your children have taken your places, your memories will be enshrined in their hearts, and a halo will surround them like the aureole of a saint.

Sitting, my friend, by the evening fireside; sitting in your easy-chair at rest, and looking at the warm light on the rosy face of your little boy or girl sitting on the rug before you, do you ever wonder what kind of remembrance those little ones will have of you, if God spares them to grow old? Look into the years to come; think of that smooth face lined and roughened; that curly hair gray; that expression, now so bright and happy, grown careworn and sad; and you, long in your grave. Of course, your son will not have quite forgotten you; he will sometimes think and speak of his father who is gone. What kind of remembrance will he have of you?

THE CHILDREN'S HOUR.

BY MRS. E. F. KNIGHT.

I SIT in the glimmering twilight,
As the shadows of night come on,
Watching two dear ones playing,
And thinking of two that are gone;

Thinking and sorrowing ever,
Though many years have fled
Since Mary, my loved, my first-born,
Was numbered with the dead.

But the days have been few and lonely,
Since the angels whispered, come!
And another, our youngest and fairest,
Answered the summons home;
And thus, as the twilight deepens,
My sorrow seems deeper still,
Though my heart blesses God for His goodness,
And tries to submit to His will.

The children are whispering softly,
This is the "Children's Hour"—
Let us be the "blue-eyed banditti,"
And surround mamma in her tower;
Let us steal from her heart its treasure,
And give her our kisses rare—
I know she is thinking of Freddie,
And misses May from her chair.

They come and go, and the sorrow
Passes swiftly out of my heart,
For around, and beside me a vision,
Seems of this life only a part.
Little May is rocking beside me,
As she used in the years long ago,
But on lip and on brow there is brightness,
Such as earth's children never know.

And clasping her hand, an angel
Clothed in raiment so pure and white,
Is gazing so lovingly on me,
And the room seems flooded with light—
So sweetly I hear them saying—
"Ever thus, dear mother, we come
In the children's hour to comfort,
And bless you again at home."

THE MENTAL LIFE OF WOMEN.

"**F**EW men," says a gentleman of intelligence and observation, "have any idea of the mental life of women, or how much thinking is done by them. It is the fashion to say that women don't think, but it is a great mistake. My father died when I was twelve years old, and I was brought up with my mother and sisters. I know that they, and the ladies with whom they associated, were thinkers, and yet I remember that, even as a child, I was struck with the difference in the talk when a gentleman called. There is this difference between your sex and ours. A man stands by his thought; carries it openly like a banner, which he is bound to defend; while you, apparently more impulsive, and with a reputation for greater spontaneity, are in reality much more reticent, and, in a certain sense, do your thinking on the sly. Among yourselves you think clearly, and express yourselves with vigor. In the presence of a man you conceal your thought and reflect his. Whether it is the fault of your education, or of your approbateness, I cannot tell, but such seems to me to be the fact."

GARDENING FOR LADIES.

BY MRS. E. B. DUFFEY.

WORK FOR JUNE.

LAWNS AND GRASS-PLATS.—Clip the grass frequently. If the lawn is on a large scale, a lawn-mower will save much time. If too small for this, a sickle, lawn-shears, or sharp knife will answer the purpose.

ANNUALS may still be sown for late blooming. Transplant or thin out those already up. Weed the beds carefully, and keep the ground loose about the plants.

BEDDING-PLANTS of the more delicate kinds flourish better if put out now than if planted earlier. Peg down verbenas and other trailers.

DAHLIAS can now be set out where they are to stand. The dahlia is a gross feeder, and a liberal supply of well-rotted stable manure must be allowed to each plant.

TUENDEROS.—Procure bulbs that have been started under glass, if possible; but if dry bulbs are set out, give them a warm, rich place.

BULBS.—If the spring-blooming bulbs were not ready to be taken up in May, watch them carefully, and see that they are not forgotten this month.

EXOTICS from the house may be used to ornament the grounds. The pots should be set in the ground up to their rims. Oranges, oleanders, and the like, may be turned out of the pots, and planted in the borders. Fuchsias are satisfactory in the open ground only where they have considerable shade. Cuttings from geraniums, two or three joints in length, may be potted singly in large pots, so that they may make ripe wood before the winter, and be in full bloom in May.

PROPAGATION OF PLANTS.—Propagate pansies by cuttings and layers; verbenas by layers; pinks by pipings in the open ground, or by cuttings covered with bell-glasses; chrysanthemums by cuttings; roses by cuttings and half-ripe wood. If cuttings of plants are not taken early in June, they had better be delayed until September, as the heat of the summer months is very much against their success.

Roses, azaleas, daphnes, fuchsias, verbenas, dahlias, calceolarias, heliotropes, petunias, and others, can be propagated by cuttings.

The safest rule for the novice to adopt in propagating all kinds of soft-wooded plants, is to bend the cutting on the shoot; if it breaks or snaps it is in the right condition; if it only bends without snapping, it is then too hard. It will root even in this hard condition, but it will root more slowly, and is not likely to produce a plant of the same vigor as that made from one in proper state. In propagating woody plants, such as roses and azaleas, this test of breaking and snapping does not apply. But it is not necessary in these, any more than in the others, to make a cutting at a joint, as it will root quite as well with a single eye as with two or three. Roses assume the proper degree of hardness for cuttings when the shoot develops the flower-bud.

Dahlias, on the other hand, must always be cut at a joint, if the roots are wanted for future use.

Some plants, such as the bouvardias, anemone, japonica, and others, are slowly increased by cuttings and shoots, while by cuttings of the roots they are propagated with the greatest ease and rapidity.

A simple and easy plan of propagating cuttings is called the "saucer system," because saucers or plates are used to hold the sand in which the cuttings are placed. This sand is put in to the depth of an inch or so, and the cuttings inserted in it close enough to touch each other; then the saucer is exposed to the sun and never shaded. There is one thing essential to success—the sand must be kept in the condition of mud by frequent waterings. If once allowed to dry up, exposed to the sun as they are, the cuttings will quickly wilt, and the whole operation will be defeated. When the cuttings are rooted, they should be potted in small pots, and treated carefully by shading and watering for a few days.

ROSE-BUGS.—Roses will now appear in full bloom, and with the blossoms the rose-bugs will probably come. There are various methods suggested for saving the plants from the ravages of these pests. But if they are really effectual in driving them away from the rose-trees, the insects probably attack the young grapes and fruit instead, while they are left to increase and multiply at the rate of thirty to each female. The best and safest plan is to keep a constant and careful daily watch upon the flowers; to pick the bugs off carefully one by one and kill them, shake them into sheets and burn them, or into hot water and scald them. If one hundred female insects are thus captured in a single day, it will be seen that three thousand insects for the next year will be prevented, and it is possible in course of time to exterminate them completely.

Quassia, at the rate of two ounces to a gallon of water, boiled for twenty minutes, is recommended not only as a remedy against rose-bugs and other plant vermin, but it is said to be beneficial to the rose-bushes.

Whale-oil soap made into soapsuds is an excellent thing to destroy plant vermin of all kinds, syringing or sprinkling it over the leaves; but it must not be too strong, or it will injure the plants.

VASES AND HANGING-BASKETS.—It is not too late to continue the still further ornamentation of the garden. Terra-cotta vases and hanging-baskets are not expensive, and are a most desirable feature. But when even small expense is an item to be avoided, quite as tasteful effects can be produced without the slightest cost. Old buckets, cracked jars, worn-out tin pans, round and square wooden boxes, can all be pressed into service, their rough exterior hidden by a green screen of tendrils of one or more of the many vines and creepers, and the centre filled with verbenas, petunias, or some other bright-blooming flower. Morning-glories make a beautiful screen for the sides, *Lysimachia nummularia* (moneywort) is one of the best for vase and hanging-basket purposes; and there are many woodsides weeds that may be used to advantage in the same way. Cinqufoil is desirable, because of the beautiful colors its leaves assume early in the season; and ground ivy, which may be found almost everywhere, has a dense, graceful foliage that peculiarly adapts it to this purpose.

The extemporized vase, after giving a little time for the plants to adapt themselves to their new positions, can be mounted on a fence-post, on a pile of rock-work, or a rustic stand, and will be a thing of beauty

during the whole season. We have seen even a stump, that would otherwise have given an unsightly look to the garden, do excellent duty as a pedestal for such a vase.

Hanging-baskets are just as easy of construction. A cocoanut-shell suspended by a string makes a novel basket. Or take a dog or ox muzzle, or if these are not to be had, take old bonnet-wire and form it into bowl-shape; line the inside with fresh green moss gathered from the woods, and then fill up with rich wood mould mixed with sand and clay. If the wire is not stiff enough to keep in proper shape of itself, a flower-pot may be set inside. Plant any of the varieties of basket-flowers. Trailers that will hang for a yard or more are effective; so also are climbers that will twine around the strings which suspend it.

JUNE.

BY JOHN B. DUFFET.

SHE comes—dear June—a maiden brown,
Yet rosy as the blush of morn,
With step as lightsome as the down
O'er autumn's crisping meadows borne;
A holy calm is on her brow—
A mellow tinge of ripened thought;
Her deep, dark eyes, that chastely glow,
With love and tenderness are fraught.

As silk of corn her tresses fair—
So smooth—so changeful in her hue;
Her beauteous lips like rubies are,
Or cherries moist with morning dew;
Her breath is sweet as fragrant peas,
Or roses fresh from summer's shower;
Her voice is like the voice of bees,
That humming woo the wild-wood flower.

That voice—its murmured music floats
Through all the quiet realms of air,
And night and day its gentle notes
Fall soothing on the ear of care:
It pierces through the busy hum
That wraps the city in, and seems

To speak the whispered words that come
From lips of angels seen in dreams.

Toil's pent-up, wan, and sad-browed child
Hears, smiles, and opens his ear, athirst
For sounds of far-off "wood-notes wild,"
And waters that in cascades burst:
And maidens that, with finger-tips
All worn, sit fading day by day,
A moment pause, with parted lips,
To drink its murmurs as they stray.

The sick man hears it, and he quits
His couch obedient to its call,
To linger where the brown thrush flits,
And shade and sunshine mingled fall;
The brood of crime that in dark cells
The outer world no more may see,
Hear, and are gladdened, for it tells
Of winds and waves that wander free.

The greetings of the poor are thine,
Sweet June—of all that toil below;
For thou dost not thy love confine,
But blessings upon all bestow;
The flowers in crowded courts that dwell
Beside the laborer's sunless door,
May never meet thy smiles, yet still
Thy tears the drooping ones restore.

Then come, O heaven-born June! the woods
For thee shall wave their branches green,
And all earth's towns and solitudes
O'erflow with happiness serene:
Incense and song the calm-eyed hours
Shall pour about thy way like rain,
And childhood laugh from leafy bowers,
As thy white feet skim o'er the grain.

And thou, O mild and thoughtful June!
May'st teach a lesson all should know,
That nearest, dearest is the tune,
Where joy and sorrow tempering flow!
That mirth and grief, and smiles and tears,
By mingling make the heart most green—
That he is blest, and blessing bears,
Who keeps with thee the golden mean.

OUR NEW COOK-BOOK.

CHAPTER VI.

SICKNESS.

IN scarcely any situation of life has woman so complete an opportunity for displaying the peculiar gentleness and tenderness of her nature, as when called upon to take her place in the sick-room. This position brings into active being the latent energy, the deepest feeling, the quickest perception, and strongest resolve. It is true that many are innately qualified for the office of nurse, and require but practice to bring into play such beautiful characteristics; yet not all are alike prepared to fulfil at once so high a duty, and, therefore, need advice and teaching. In view of such cases we venture a few remarks.

Forbearance is a virtue which characterizes a good nurse. Disease frequently impairs the disposition of an invalid, and renders him so sensitive and captious that it requires the strongest self-control to subdue impatience on the part of the person in charge.

Those who watch beside beds of sickness should study to command their countenances, and to avoid exhibitions of alarm, even under the most trying and painful circumstances; otherwise, they may endanger the life of the patient, and be the means of producing the most disastrous consequences. No tidings of either a pleasurable or painful nature should be suddenly and incautiously announced to an invalid; indeed, distressing news should be entirely withheld until the patient has recovered sufficient strength to bear the shock. Good news, if properly communicated, may be productive of favorable results, but should be calmly and gently told, *when allowed by the physician*.

Attention to punctuality in the administering of medicine and nourishment, is requisite on the part of a nurse, and is of no slight consequence. The orders of the physician should be strictly attended to, and the patient should receive whatever is designed for him, *precisely at the appointed period*, without any delay.

Firmness is another attribute of a good nurse. Weakened, mentally and physically by disease, the patient may, at times, desire improper, or too bountiful a supply of nutriment, and this should be gently, but firmly resisted, as, also, anything which may be injurious and inconsistent. After the severity of disease has passed by, and recovery takes place, it is then the duty of a nurse to administer to the mental condition of her charge, and provide a healthful and pleasing variety, thus rendering the time less irksome, and withdrawing the attention of the patient from himself.

As was before observed, full scope is afforded by illness for the display of estimable qualities and affectionate feelings, and, at such periods, bonds of union may be formed and strengthened of which we had no previous conception. A woman in the capacity of nurse—be she mother, wife, or sister—may be also made the blessed means of concentrating upon herself affections which may have strayed from their proper sphere, and of cementing family ties which have heretofore been scattered to the winds. And, far beyond all this, she may—if she is an humble follower of that meek and lowly One who went about doing good—lead the soul to seek for that *pearl of great price*, which, if gained, procures for us “a house not made with hands, eternal in the heavens.” And what happiness can be so perfect, so unalloyed, as that which ensues from duty well performed? What peace is equalled by that which arises from the sweet whisperings of the “still, small voice?”

The maladies of children are some of the most trying events which a parent is called to pass through. Solitude preys upon the heart, and often either overcomes all judicious firmness, or else unfits the mother for her place beside the little sufferer. But, notwithstanding that overflowing love which fills the heart of a tender parent, a reasonable degree of government must be exercised at such periods, both for the present and future well-being of the child. If children are over-indulged during times of sickness, they acquire habits which are rarely completely eradicated in after years, and peevishness and disobedience—like rank weeds—grow apace, rendering those around them unhappy, and they themselves to be unloved. Besides this, it is only by a habit of *perfect obedience* on the part of a child, and a previously acquired knowledge of the kind and judicious *firmness* of its parents, that it can oft times be induced to submit to such remedies as are *necessary*, and will consent to swallow the nauseous doses ordered for its benefit. It is only those who have been brought into frequent contact with children, who can fully appreciate these remarks, and comprehend the trial of ministering (during periods of illness) to uncontrolled and wilful little ones. Cultivate *perfect obedience* in your children, and you will have your reward.

HOT BREAD AND TEA CAKES.

TEA BISCUIT.—Eight tumblerfuls of flour, three tumblerfuls of sweet milk, four and a half teaspoonfuls of cream tartar, one and a half teaspoonfuls of soda, and butter the size of an egg. Sift the flour, and mix the butter and cream of tartar thoroughly through it; dissolve the soda in milk, and mix all lightly; roll out quickly, and bake in a quick oven.

TEA CAKE.—Three pounds of flour, and one pound of butter, well mixed together; a tablespoonful of cinnamon, a teaspoonful of salaratus dissolved in a teacupful of sour milk, four eggs beaten light, and one and a half pounds of white sugar, beaten in with the

eggs. Mix the whole well together, and soften with enough sweet milk to roll it out (about a teacupful). Bake quickly.

SALLY LUNN.—Three eggs, butter the size of a walnut, two tablespoonfuls of sugar, one pint of milk, spice to your liking, and two tablespoonfuls of yeast. Melt the butter in the milk; mix the sugar with the eggs; then mix all together, with enough flour to make a paste rather stiffer than for muffins. Stand it in the pan you bake it in until it becomes light; bake an hour. Rusk can be made the same way, only one egg less, and more flavor.

WAFFLES.—One quart of milk, five eggs, a quarter of a pound of butter, and some salt, rubbed into as much flour as will make a batter.

PAN MUFFINS.—One egg, one pint of milk, butter the size of an egg, some salt, and enough flour to make a thick batter. Melt the butter, and pour into it the eggs, well beaten. Add a cake of yeast. Make up your batter in the morning; bake it in tin pans.

CATSKILL CORN BREAD.—One quart of sweet milk, two teaspoonfuls of cream tartar, one teaspoonful of soda, one tablespoonful of sugar, four eggs, and enough Indian meal to make it about the thickness of pound-cake. Bake one hour.

ROLLS.—One quart of flour, a piece of butter the size of a walnut, some salt, and one egg broken into some yeast. Mix with milk or water; the dough must be quite soft. Work it well.

BREAKFAST CAKE.—One and a quarter pounds of flour, one spoonful of butter, two eggs well beaten, half a pint of sweet milk, and a spoonful of good yeast; when light, put it into a buttered pan. Bake for three quarters of an hour.

BREAD AND ROLLS.—Warm a pint of milk; beat an egg as light as possible, and mix it with enough flour to make a batter as thick as for muffins; then put in with the egg one and a half tablespoonfuls of brewer's yeast, or a small cake of any yeast; put the dough to rise for two or three hours, and let the dough be soft; let it stand until it becomes light. Have ready a tablespoonful of butter or lard; rub the flour and lard lightly together, add a teaspoonful of salt; then put in rising (very little at a time); mix lightly as possible. Bake in a quick oven for a few minutes, and when light, work it a second time for a few minutes, with a very little flour. It can be made without egg, and with water.

SALLY LUNN.—Take four eggs, one pint of milk, one quarter of a pound of butter, three quarters of a pound of flour, and one teacupful of sugar. Dissolve a teaspoonful of soda in a little sweet milk, and add to the milk butter and eggs. Put two teaspoonfuls of cream tartar into the flour, dry.

NEW YORK TEA CAKE.—Three pounds of flour, one and a half pounds of sugar, one pound of butter, a tablespoonful of brandy, a teaspoonful of potash, a tablespoonful of caraway-seed. Mix together with milk into a soft dough, and bake the cake in a quick oven.

STEAM BREAD.—Slice stale bread, dip the pieces into cold water, and lay them on a hot griddle. Let them brown slightly on both sides. Butter them before serving them.

SODA CAKE.—Mix two teaspoonfuls of cream of tartar, and one teaspoonful of soda, both well powdered, into a quart of sifted flour, and then rub into it half a teacupful of butter, followed by not quite a pint of sweet milk; add a pinch of salt. Roll out the dough, and cut it into small, round cakes, which must be baked on tins.

CREAM CAKE.—One quart of cream, four eggs, sufficient sifted flour to form a thick batter, a small teaspoonful of saleratus, and a spoonful of salt. Beat the eggs very light, and by degrees stir them into the cream; then add, gradually, enough flour to make a thick batter, and then put in the salt; dissolve the saleratus in as much vinegar as will cover it, and stir it into the mixture. Bake the cakes in muffin rings; send them to the table quite hot; pull them open, and butter them. For these cakes sour cream is better than sweet, but in this case use double the quantity of soda; the saleratus will remove the acidity, and the batter will improve in lightness.

NEW ENGLAND, OR YANKEE CORN CAKE.—One quart sour milk, two tablespoonfuls of sugar, three eggs, soda, and a little salt. Mix and add corn meal sufficient to make a batter as stiff as for pound cake, and bake in platters about one and a half inches deep.

BACHELORS' PONE.—Three eggs, well beaten, three half pints of sweet milk, butter the size of an egg, one tablespoonful of strong yeast, and as much corn meal as will do for muffins. Scald half the meal with half the milk.

WAFFLES.—One quart of thick, sour milk, two teaspoonfuls of soda, six eggs, a lump of butter the size of an egg, and enough flour to make a rather thin batter.

FLANNEL CAKES.—The ingredients are one pint of sour milk, three eggs, a small lump of butter, a teaspoonful of soda, and a little salt. Warm the milk and butter, and beat the eggs.

BREAD CAKES.—The necessary articles are one pint of dry bread, one quart of sour milk, half a teaspoonful of butter, a teaspoonful of pearl ash, five eggs, and two and a half cupfuls of flour. Boil a portion of the milk, and pour it over the bread; then let it cool. Afterward add in the remainder of the milk, the eggs, and the flour.

CORN BREAD.—Stir into one quart of thick milk one quart of corn meal, five eggs, a tablespoonful of melted butter, and a teaspoonful of saleratus, dissolved in a little boiling water. The saleratus must only be added just before the preparation is put into the oven. Pour into well-greased baking-pans, and serve it hot, cutting it into square pieces.

TEA CAKE.—One cupful of butter, three cupfuls of sugar, one cupful of new milk, three eggs, a small portion of saleratus, and enough flour to make as stiff a dough as for pound cake.

BOILED PANCAKES.—Make a batter of three eggs, a little salt, milk, and flour. Cut them through the middle, and roll them up similar to noodle-dough, when baked. Put into an iron pot a good lump of butter, a little saffron, some nutmeg or mace, a little salt, and as much water as will cover the cakes. When it boils, put in your cakes, and let them boil until they are hot throughout, and then dish them up. If you choose, you can sweeten them.

WAFFLES.—Mix together one pint of cream (half of it sour and the remainder sweet), a small quantity of sour milk, three eggs, soda, a little salt, cloves and cinnamon to your liking, and enough flour to thicken it. Beat the whole well together, and bake the waffles over a coal fire.

SUGAR BISCUITS.—Rub together with warm, sweet milk one pound of flour, quarter of a pound of butter, and quarter of a pound of sugar. Add as much yeast as is sufficient to raise it; when risen, make it up into small cakes, and set it to rise again, adding caraway-seed, if you like them. Bake the cakes on tins, in an oven.

RISERS.—The ingredients are one quart of sweet milk with the cream on it, half a pound of butter, half a pound of sugar, and enough yeast to make it rise. Mix the ingredients and set the dough to rise as you would bread. When risen, work it well into a loaf, and set it to rise a second time. When risen, make it into cakes, place them on tins, let them stand a short time, and then bake them.

BREAKFAST CAKE.—One quart sifted flour, one pint milk, three eggs, a lump of butter about the size of a walnut, and one gill yeast. Let it rise over night—to use for breakfast. Bake in a pan with a tube.

LIGHT BREAD CAKES.—One pint bread crumbs, four eggs, two thirds of a teaspoonful of soda, one teaspoonful cream of tartar, one quart of sweet milk, boiling. Pour the milk over the bread crumbs, and when soft, add the soda, cream of tartar, and the yellow of the eggs, well beaten. Let stand until ready to bake, and then add the whites of the eggs, well beaten.

MILK BISCUITS.—Two pounds flour, two eggs, six wineglassfuls of milk, two wineglassfuls of brewer's yeast. Roll out and set to rise.

YEAST BISCUITS FOR BREAKFAST.—In the evening, take lukewarm water, and mix dough as for bread, adding yeast, salt, and shortening, the latter in the same proportions as for soda biscuits; knead well, and then put it in a warm place for the night; in the morning dissolve a teaspoonful of soda (for dough made with a pint of water) and strain it, or it will settle in colored spots in the bread; work it into the dough, and then roll it out and cut it with a sharp biscuit cutter, and set them to rise five minutes; or put them directly into the oven if moderately heated; these biscuits should be baked slower and longer than soda biscuits. These will be found very nice. Particular care must be taken that they are mixed stiff enough at first not to require the addition of flour, as this would render them heavy in proportion to the amount of unleavened flour.

GOOD TEA BISCUIT.—Two hours before tea, take the quantity of dough which a pint of water makes—dough, which is ready for baking into light bread, and place it in the kneading-bowl; add shortening the size of a large egg; spice, either cinnamon or nutmeg, a teaspoonful of the former or half of the latter; a teaspoonful of sugar, and the yolks of two and whites of one egg, and a teaspoonful of soda. Mix thoroughly, of course adding flour, until the dough can be kneaded; then make into biscuit and set to rise, which will require from half to three quarters of an hour. When perfectly light, bake in an oven with a moderate yet firm heat, and when done, open the oven doors and allow them to remain until the crust is a rich brown, which will be brittle. Those are best when nearly cold.

STEAMED INDIAN BREAD.—One cup sweet milk, two cups of sour milk, three cups Indian meal, one of wheat flour, half cup of molasses, one teaspoonful of soda, one of salt. Pour into a two-quart basin. Steam three hours.

STRAWBERRY SHORTCAKE.—Mix up some rich biscuit; roll out (about an inch thick) and bake; while hot (as soon as baked) split it as near the middle as possible; butter both pieces; then take fresh, ripe strawberries, and spread them on the under crust; the berries should be quite thick. Now put some sugar on the berries, all over them, and sweet cream if you have it (it will do without the cream, but is better with it). Put on the top crust and cover it with a cloth for a very few minutes. It is best eaten warm. It is delicious.

NEW PUBLICATIONS.

Young people, and those elderly persons so happily constituted as to retain in their hearts the freshness of youth, will find in a recent new publication much to charm and delight. We allude to Miss Alcott's *Old-Fashioned Girl*, published by Roberts Brothers, of Boston. As a delineator of youth, such as it is, in its everyday phases, Miss Alcott has no rival. Every one of her juvenile characters is depicted with a naturalness and an artistic spirit that leave little to be desired. Her "Old-Fashioned Girl," to quote her own words, "is not intended as a perfect model, but as a possible improvement upon the Girl of the Period, who seems sorrowfully ignorant or ashamed of the good old-fashions which make woman truly beautiful and honored, and through her, render home what it should be—a happy place where parents and children, brothers and sisters, learn to love, and know, and help one another. For sale in Philadelphia by J. B. Lippincott & Co.

Turner & Co., 808 Chestnut Street, Philadelphia, have sent us a copy of one of their latest publications, entitled *Eduard Wortley Montagu: an Autobiography*. This is a romantic, highly colored, somewhat sensational sort of a narrative, which we can hardly credit with being a genuine autobiography. Admitting its genuineness, however, Mr. Edward Wortley Montagu was a person singularly unfortunate in having a bad father and a profligate mother, and in being himself a sorry wretch, whose great ambition seems to have been to defile the memory of his parents.

The Six Cushions, by the author of "The Heir of Redclyffe," is a pleasant English story, relating the various incidents connected with the working of six cushions, in Berlin wool, by a Sunday-school class of young girls, for the steps before the altar-rail of the parish church. It is not strictly speaking a religious story, though mainly intended for the moral instruction of young girls. Published by William V. Spencer, 203 Washington Street, Boston.

From Charles Scribner & Co., of New York, we have received through J. B. Lippincott & Co., Philadelphia, three additional volumes of their useful and enter-

taining "Library of Wonders," *The Sublime in Nature*, by Ferdinand de Lanoye; *The Sun*, from the French of Amedée Guillemin; and *Wonders of Glass-making in all Ages*, by A. Sauzay. The design of the first-mentioned of these volumes "is to direct the attention of young readers to the wonders of the planet on which we live, as seen and described by lovers of nature, who have looked on every feature of her ever-varying face." *The Sun* is an endeavor to place the main facts known to astronomers with regard to our great luminary in a popular and comprehensible form before the young reader. In *The Wonders of Glass-making*, we have the whole history of the art of making glass, together with interesting descriptions of the various purposes, whether for use or for ornament, to which that material has been applied.

From Loring, of Boston, we have received *Tales of European Life*. In these very readable tales, four in number, the author has embodied the memories of several years' residence in Europe, interweaving amongst the incidents of purely fictitious narratives descriptions of European customs, manners, monuments, and scenery. The same publisher sends us *Farming as a Profession; or, How Charles Loring Made it Pay*. This is an ingenious little story, in which sentiment and practical information are made to go hand in hand. As its author is T. A. Bland, the able and well-known editor of the *Northwestern Farmer*, the practical part of the tale can, in this instance, be relied upon. We have also from Loring, *Sorrento Wood Carving*, a brief description of what this fashionable, as well as fascinating, useful and ornamental accomplishment is, with practical instructions how to learn it. *Rational Temperance*, by Henry G. Spalding, pastor of the First Parish Church, Framingham. For sale in Philadelphia, by Turner & Co., 808 Chestnut Street.

Trout Culture, is the title of a neat pamphlet which we have received from the publishers, Green & Collins, Caledonia, N. Y. Edited by Seth Green, the first to practise fish culture in this country, it is intended as a manual for those who wish to raise trout.

EDITORS' DEPARTMENT.

THE WORLD MOVES.

There are certain persons who dread any innovation of old customs and prejudices; and whenever this occurs, as in this fast age it is constantly occurring, they cry out against "the degeneracy of the times." There are no people now, if we may credit their word, so wise, so strong, so healthful, so industrious, and so beautiful as those of a few generations ago. "There were giants in those days;" there are only pigmies in these. The country is going to ruin, and Christianity is fast losing its hold upon the hearts of men.

We are very sorry for such people. Sorry for them for two reasons: first, because they must really be troubled at the tide of affairs, and because of the impotency of all their efforts to turn it back; and, secondly, because they have not the faith that they can safely leave the world in the hands of Providence,

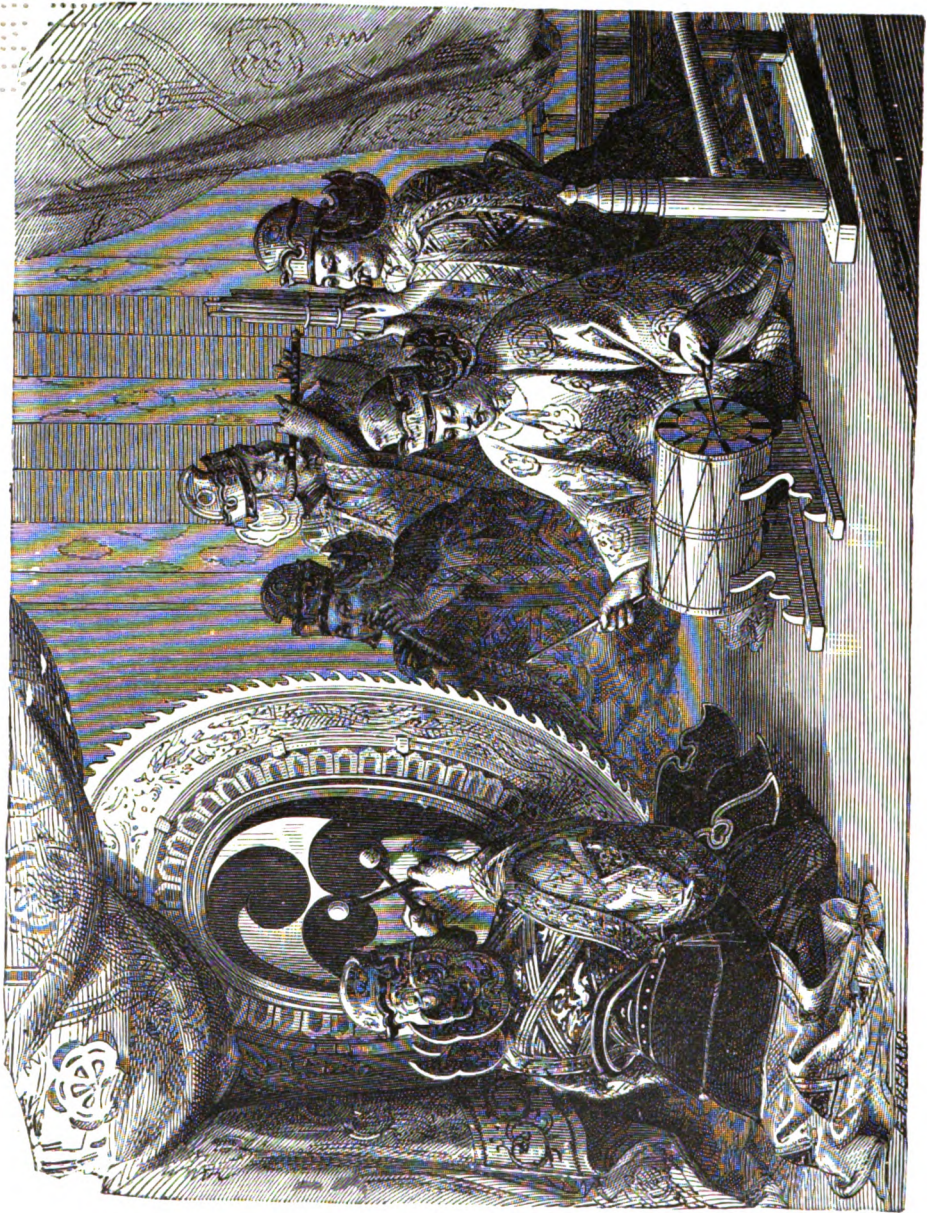
with an unwavering belief that Infinite Wisdom is without a flaw.

The signs of the times seem now to indicate an enlargement of the sphere of action for women; and there are those, of course, who look forward to its certain accomplishment, full of hope and joy; others who feel that when it is fully accomplished, so dire will be the results from it that, figuratively speaking, the heavens will fall, and the whole civilized world be involved in the ruin.

That the "woman question" is the question of the day there can be no doubt. Every paper is full of it, and there is no periodical so grave, so dignified, or so "heavy" but feels called upon to declare its position on the subject. It is not a subject of mere local interest, confined to the United States. It is discussed throughout Europe, and numbers among its advocates many titled and illustrious names.

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JAPANESE MUSICIANS.

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ARTHUR'S
HOME MAGAZINE:

EDITED BY

T. S. ARTHUR
AND
MISS VIRGINIA F. TOWNSEND.

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July to December.

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CHILDREN IN THE COUNTRY.



BALL TOILETS.

No. 1.—Dress of sky-blue silk with narrow flounces, arranged à la grecque round the bottom; each flounce is fastened by a bow of satin, the same shade as the dress. Upperskirt trimmed with a gathered flounce and rounded behind. Low bodice with long basque in front, short and cut up behind, is trimmed with a gathered flounce and three satin bows, that at the waistband being larger than the other two; round berthe edged at the bottom with a graduated flounce, and at the top with lace. Long garland of flowers in the hair.

No. 2.—Rich toilet of white and cerise satin. The underskirt of white satin is trimmed en tablier, with three graduated flounces of lace headed with bands of cerise satin. Long tunic of cerise satin with revers on each side, trimmed with bands of white satin. Two similar bands of white satin surround the long train. Waistcoat bodice of cerise satin, with waistband and basque, edged with white satin. Fichu of tulle illusion and lace, forming a square berthe. Coiffure, aigrette of flowers and a long, white feather, falling to the bottom of the chignon.

ROSES FAIR AS JENNY'S CHEEK.

MUSIC BY W. POWELL.

Moderato.



mf

Ro - ses, Ro - ses! Let us seek, Where the in - sects

trip, Ro - - ses fair as Jen - ny's cheek,

Sweet as Jen - ny's lip, Ro - ses, Ro - ses! blush - ing flowers.

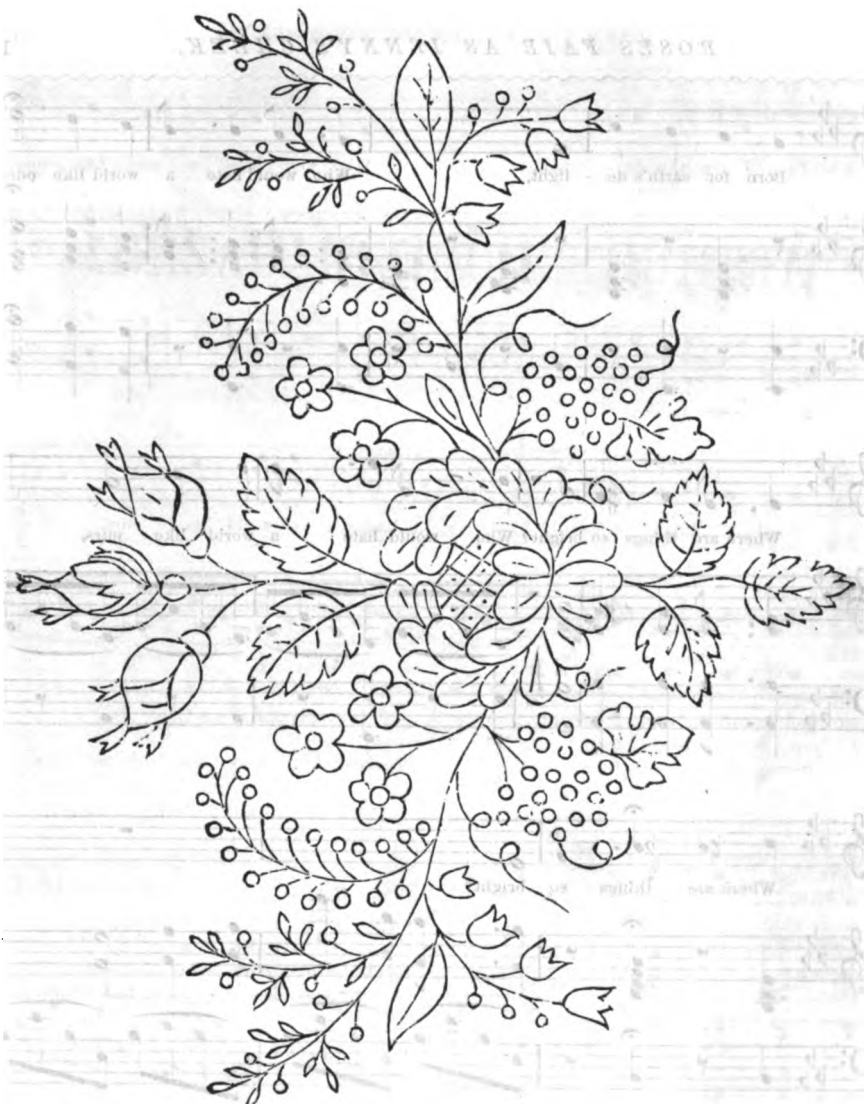
Born for earth's de - light, Who would hate a world like ours.

Where are things so bright? Who would hate a world like ours,

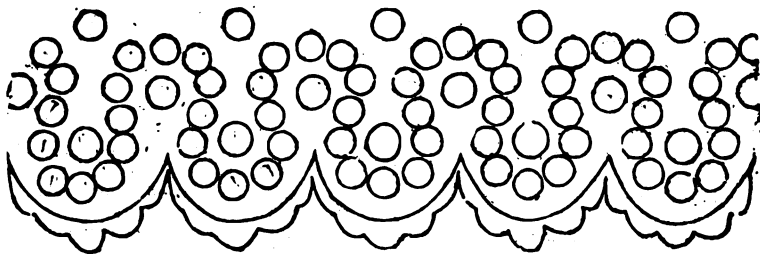
Where are things so bright?

Roses, roses! blushing bright,
 Ye were fair at morn,
 When I sought ye in the night
 There alone the thorn!
 Roses, roses! perished flowers,
 Only born to fail,
 Who would love a world like ours,
 Where are things so frail?

Yes! our life, the common cry,
 Has the roses' day,
 Many a sweet and many a sigh,
 Then to fade away;
 Roses! strew them on my tomb,
 Ye that wander by,
 Like me living, if they bloom,
 Like me, if they die.



EMBROIDERY PATTERN FOR SLIPPER.



EMBROIDERED EDGING.

ARTHUR'S HOME MAGAZINE.

JULY, 1870.

LIVING EASY; OR, ONE YEAR IN THE CITY.

BY SARAH M. HARTOUGH.

"JANE, I think you are a perfect slave. I would not work as hard as you do for three times what it brings you. Early and late you are at it. No time for anything but work."

"Oh! no, sister, I find time for recreation sometimes; but it is true, I work very hard, and I often wish I could find a way to live easier. When Nina gets older I shall have more help, I hope."

"Nina is by far too delicate for the rough work of a farm," said the first speaker. "But she would make a fine appearance in the city. I do wish, Jane, that you could persuade James to move to the city."

"What better off would we be there?" asked the other.

"Why, you could live easier. My husband is getting a good salary as foreman, and my family is as large as yours, and I am sure my work is not half so drudging as yours."

"I have thought about it often," sighed the farmer's wife, "and I have often told James so, too, but he will not listen to it."

"I will talk to him about it this very night," said the first speaker.

The above conversation took place in the sitting-room in James Arnold's house. He was a comfortable, well-to-do farmer. His family consisted of himself, wife, two sons, and a daughter. He had a good house, a well-stocked farm, and prided himself on his good living. His wife had been reared in the city, but had moved to the farm shortly after her marriage, and had settled down as a thrifty farmer's wife, contented with the labors and rewards of her life. True, sometimes she felt a longing for the excited, easy life which the city affords. And these longings were always in-

tensified after a visit from her sister, Mrs. Brown, who lived in the city. Mrs. Brown was always holding up to her the pleasures of a city life contrasted to the "drudgery," as she termed it, of a farmer's wife. She had succeeded in impregnating her sister with her own ideas; especially when she pictured to her the advantages it would bring to Nina, her daughter; how well she would appear in society there, and how she needed the refining influence of a city life. All these things had worked on Mrs. Arnold's mind, until she said—"If James would only be persuaded, they would sell everything and move to the city."

One evening, during one of Mrs. Brown's visits, as they were all sitting together on the front piazza, Mrs. Brown set the ball rolling:

"James," she began, "how tired and careworn you look. I declare, I never saw any one grow old so fast in my life as you do. You look as old now as my husband, who, I am sure, is five years your senior."

"Well," replied the farmer, "I have to work pretty hard through the summer, both Jane and I; but through the winter we take it easy."

"Yes, take it easy, and eat up all your summer's labor, and then go at it again when spring comes. I tell Jane I would not work as hard as she does for three times what it brings you. And Jane looks careworn and thin, too."

"Jane always was thin, Marthy; she belongs to Pharaoh's lean kine—eh, mother?" said he, patting her upon the shoulder. But his wife did not respond to his pleasantness; she was thinking of her sister's words.

"Now," resumed Mrs. Brown, "you see how much better it would be for you to move to

the city. You have a good trade, and could make one hundred dollars a month as easy as nothing, and I am certain you do not do as well as that here, do you?"

"Well, no; not in greenbacks, but I reckon it amounts to about the same in the end."

"But see how much *easier* we could live," quietly put in his wife.

"I am not so sure of that, Jane," he replied. "There are more things than money to look after. Would it be as well for the boys and Nina?"

"Better, better," said Mrs. Brown eagerly. "William could get a situation somewhere, and James and Nina could go to such good schools. And Nina could learn music, too, which she so much desires to do."

"But you would not have me sell the place?" and the farmer's tone was sad.

"Oh! no," said both women; "rent it out. The rent of the farm would pay your own rent in the city."

"Oh! it would be so nice, father," said Nina.

"So it would," said William, a lad of eighteen years, and the oldest of the children. "For my part, I hate farming, and mean to quit it soon, anyway."

"It will not be nice at all," said James, the youngest child. "I do not want to be cooped up in your dusty city, with only a yard about six feet square, and not a blade of grass or a bird to be seen, except hanging up against a window somewhere in fancy cages. I got homesick enough that time I went home with auntie."

"But you will not get homesick if father and mother are there, will you?" said Nina.

"Well, I know I shall not like it, and I do not want to go, either."

The conversation was kept up by the children for awhile; but soon they, too, fell to thinking, and thus the subject was dropped. A few days after, and Mrs. Brown left, declaring that she could not bear to see Jane slaving her life away, and Nina rusting out, down there in the country, and urged her sister to keep at James until he should consent to leave the farm and remove to the city. "It will be so nice," she added, "to live near each other again."

After Mrs. Brown had gone, Mrs. Arnold was so full of the thoughts of a city life, and gave herself so completely to it, that she became perfectly miserable. Labors that had been light and pleasant before, now were looked upon as most arduous, and she made it the

theme of their conversation every time they were alone.

"But, Jane," he said one evening, when she had been "sermonizing," as James, the younger, had called it, "I cannot see what profit this will be to us. Surely, I must work wherever we are; and why not stay here, where we have always lived comfortably?"

"But, James," she replied, "I think the children can have more privileges and advantages in the city. William can go to a trade, and board at home; and Nina can learn music, and perhaps in time teach it, if need be. You know she is very apt at music."

"Well, but did not Julia May offer to teach her for ten dollars a quarter?"

"Yes; but Martha says that Julia is not much of a teacher; and, as long as she is to learn, why not have the best teacher? And, besides, we have no piano."

"Well, wife, we can get a piano here as well as there."

"I suppose we can," she answered; "but, really, I am tired of farming. I want rest, too. I think we might live as easy as others when we can."

The heaven of discontent had set Mrs. Arnold's honest heart to fomenting. After a long pause, Mr. Arnold said—"But what will I do with the farm, and the stock, and everything?"

"Rent it all out. There's Abe Rawlings would take it to-morrow, and give your own price for it, too."

"But he does not want the stock; he has cows and horses enough."

Mr. Arnold said no more. He had almost come to think that reasoning with a woman about something she had set herself to accomplish, was about as hard work as beating the north wind.

"I think mother must be crazy," said James to William one night after they had gone to their room. "If I was father I would let her go to the city and try it. I'll bet she'll be as keen to come back as she is to go."

"I only hope they will go," said William. "I am tired of living on a farm, anyhow. It would be so much nicer for a fellow to go spend an evening at the theatre now and then. Cousin Ralph Brown says he goes two or three times every week."

"Well, I don't like Cousin Ralph much," said James. "He's always making fun of everything around the place, saying he would not live down here. I notice he is glad to come in fruit season, when he can make something."

"A continual dropping will wear a stone." Mrs. Arnold, following her sister's advice, kept at James until he reluctantly consented to rent his snug farm, sell off his stock, and move to the city. Mrs. Brown had been informed of this state of affairs, and had been appointed agent to hunt up city quarters for our country friends, being instructed not to engage rooms above two hundred and fifty dollars a year. Every person knows that that sum will not procure rooms any more than comfortable, even for people accustomed to the cramped living afforded by the city. What, then, must it have been to the Arnolds, accustomed to plenty of room down-stairs all their lives, besides cellar and garret? Mrs. Brown had done the best she could for them, by securing a back basement and second story in a genteel neighborhood, where the landlord lived in the same house.

"How can I ever find room for all my furniture?" said Mrs. Arnold to her sister, as dray-load after dray-load was brought in.

"I'll tell you what to do," said Mrs. Brown. "Just unpack what you need, and stow the remainder away."

"Where will I stow it?" inquired Mrs. Arnold in dismay.

"Why, you have a nice wood-house in the back yard; put it into that, or sell it."

But Mrs. Arnold could not think of selling the things she had possessed so long, so she followed the other piece of advice, and stowed innumerable things away into a little eight-by-twelve wood-house, and left them.

It took a long time to unpack and "set to rights;" but that was finally accomplished, and city life to our country people was fairly begun.

"O dear! what shall I do with these without a cellar?" said Mrs. Arnold, as a barrel of apples was brought in. "The house is literally full, and where I shall keep these without their getting frozen I can't tell."

It was not the first time the good little woman had been perplexed by similar things. But she had resolved not to complain. She had often looked around her narrow room, filled, as it was, with various things, and contrasted it with the roomy, pleasant kitchen at the farm. And then her sitting-room was up two flights of stairs, and she had often said to herself that she would rather walk a mile than travel up those stairs so many times a day. Nor is it the pleasantest thing in the world for tenant and landlord to occupy the same house. Mrs. Arnold thought so, at least, as James was often reprimanded for noise he made, such as

whistling through the halls, singing on the front steps, and various others privileges which to the country boy were free as air.

"I should like to know what harm there is in a fellow singing, no matter where it is, or whistling, either, if he likes," said he.

"But, James," said Aunt Martha, "it is not genteel to sit on the door-steps and sing. People will wonder where you were brought up."

"Well, auntie, I can tell them, with no shame, either, if they ask me," was the reply.

Mr. Arnold had been fortunate enough to procure work at his trade in the same shop where Mr. Brown was the foreman, so he found no difficulty in providing for his family.

Nina and William were delighted with their new life, but James found it not to be compared with the country.

"I wish you would let me go back to the farm," he said to his father. "I will be Mr. Rawlings's hired boy if you will let me."

"Tut, tut, James, how you do talk," said William. "I think this is much better than going out 'cold mornings and helping with the stock."

"Well, you may think as you please, Will; but if father will let me I will go back."

"No, James," said his father, "I want you to go to school here this winter; perhaps in the summer, if you wish, you may go back."

James was silent for a time.

"James," said Nina, "I hope you do not want to be a *hired boy*! Why, that is being somebody's servant."

"I want to be anything rather than a *primpy* like Ralph Brown, or a bad boy like Jonas Snell. I do not like those city chaps at all. And, sis, I think you are getting some of the 'genteel airs' that auntie talks about, for you raise your eyebrows when you talk; and, I vow, you can say horse equal to a horsejockey now."

"Silence, James!" said his mother.

"Mother, you can never *refine* James, I am sure," said his father, smiling. "But, as I said before, James, go to school this winter, and in the summer you may go to Mr. Rawlings."

The winter passed rapidly away. Mrs. Arnold was not quite happy. Various things had occurred to worry her, foremost of which was a desire on William's part to be absent evenings. He at first had attended school, but that had become distasteful to him, so his father had been trying to get him into his own shop, but so far had been unsuccessful. Wil-

William had fallen in with some boys his own age, who were not calculated to do much if any good to such a boy as William. His mother had seen all this, and her true mother's heart was grieved in consequence. Another source of annoyance was with Mr. Arnold himself. He was silent, and sometimes sullen. She feared he was ill, but to her anxious inquiries he always returned a negative answer. The truth was, he missed the free-and-easy life he had always led before he removed to the city. He missed his old neighbors; in fact, he missed his entire farm, together with its surroundings, and, in turn, his family missed his sunny temper and merry words.

One afternoon Mrs. Brown came in, and found Mrs. Arnold in tears. "What is the matter, Jane?" said she. "Is anything wrong, or has anything serious happened, or have you a fit of the blues?"

"Quite a variety of questions, Martha," said Mrs. Arnold, making a feeble effort to smile, "but I believe I can answer 'yes,' to all of them. Something is the matter, and something has happened, and I have got the blues," and the poor woman burst out again into tears.

"Now I will sit down and hear all about it, Jane."

Mrs. Arnold dried her eyes and began—"Martha, I am so worried about William. He is out every evening, sometimes until midnight. He says he goes to the theatre, sometimes some other place. He is growing rough, chews tobacco, and altogether is very different from what he was a year ago. We have been here only four months, but four years ought not to have changed him so."

"Now, Jane," said Mrs. Brown, "I think you notice these things too much. There's my Ralph, he goes out nights, and I never think of asking him where he has been. Boys of their age do not like to give an account of all their actions."

"But, Martha, they ought to be required to give an account of themselves. I think mothers cannot be too careful about their boys. And when children arrive at that point when they consider it none of their parents' concerns where they are or what they are doing, they are not far from the gates of evil."

"People accustomed to living in the country look at these things in a different light from what city people do," said Mrs. Brown softly.

"But why should they, sister?"

"There is no amusement or entertainment going on in the country, and boys are obliged to stay at home evenings. Now that you have

moved here, William sees so much that is new and entertaining that he is carried away by it. After a time he may become satisfied and settle down."

"Yes, but perhaps at a fearful cost," said Mrs. Arnold sadly.

The conversation was not again renewed, but Mrs. Arnold did not stop thinking, nor did her thoughts become less troubled. "What if William should get to drinking?" and the thought sent the blood to her heart in quick beats.

"I almost wish I had never come to the city," she said to Nina one day.

"Why?"

"Oh! everything seems different and strange."

"But, mother, you do not work so hard, do you?"

"I cannot see much difference as regards that," replied her mother. "It takes much more time to fix and go to market than it did to go to the cellar and get what I want for the table; and I think your father works much harder now than when on the farm."

"I have noticed father looking pale," said Nina, "but I thought it was because he was indoors all the time."

Spring came at last, but spring in the city is very different from spring in the country. There everything sings a joyous welcome, from the boisterous child to the tiny blossom which lifts its head in beauty, and lends its breath of fragrance to the vernal morn.

"O mother!" said James, one beautiful morning early in May, "how grand the old place must look in the sunshine this morning. I wonder if the robin has built his nest in the sweet-apple tree by the barn yet, or if the swallows have harbored in the old hay-house yet? Wouldn't I like to be there this minute?"

"Well, I wouldn't," said William. "You don't get me back on a farm again."

"What will you do?" inquired James.

"I'll go to sea if I don't get anything else to do."

"I'm afraid you will never get anything to do, my son, loafing on the streets as you do," said his father a little sternly. "I think there will be an opening in the shop soon."

"I do not want to learn the carpenter's trade," said William.

"What trade do you want to learn?" asked his father.

"None at all."

"Oh! he wants to be a merchant or a professor," said James.

"I do not want to be a 'country Jake' again, tending horses and cows. That work I'll leave for you, James."

"Well," answered James, "you may be the professor, I will be the farmer. Mother, wouldn't you like to be fixing up the garden, now?"

"Yes, James. And I should like to see the old place this morning. The orchard must be all in blossom now."

"Well, mother," said Nina, "I am sure you need not miss the garden, for you can get things as nice at the market."

"I do not know where I am to keep my butter and milk when the warm weather comes, without a cellar."

"It'll be very easy keeping the milk, mother, 'cause its more than half water. Guess it won't thicken much."

His mother smiled pleasantly, and all arose from the breakfast-table, each one going about his own work.

It was with many a sigh and tear that Mrs. Arnold watched the changing course of her oldest son. He took no pains to look for employment, but every night, when he could get enough money, found him at the theatre, and when he could get no money to pay his way there, he loafed about with whatever chums he could find.

Finally, one night he was brought home in a drunken state. What she had feared had, indeed, come upon her.

O mother! where now are thy fond hopes for thy first-born? Far less anguish would it be to know that he rested upon the hill-side in the country graveyard than lying before thee, sense and honor lost in the poisonous cup.

Mrs. Arnold helped her unconscious son up the stairs to his own room, and after seeing him in bed safely, she left the room, mentally determined that no one should know her boy's shame and her own disgrace. But we cannot always hide such things when we wish to. Other eyes than Mrs. Arnold's had seen William. Mrs. Taylor, the landlady, had heard the bustle at the door, and, as almost any other person would have done, she peeped out of her parlor door, and saw what was going on. "I am sorry for you," she said, as Mrs. Arnold came through the hall; "but young men will commit wrong acts sometimes."

Mrs. Arnold made no reply. She felt all the indelicacy of the proffered sympathy, and could not accept it.

"What was it, mother?" asked Nina and James in one breath, as their mother re-entered the sitting-room."

"Nothing that would interest you, my children," was the quiet reply.

Shortly after, James took a lamp, and went up to his room.

"Be careful not to disturb William," said his mother; "he is not very well to-night."

That was a night of mental anguish for Mrs. Arnold, the first that she had ever known, and, oh! how bitter was the cup. There was a twinge of remorse, too, withal, for she thought if they had remained at the farm some of this might have been avoided. She could not help contrasting her life in the city to that in the country. She saw her mistake, and, noble woman as she was, confessed it to herself, and resolved to set herself to remedy it.

The next morning found William awake, and perfectly aware of the shame that he had brought upon himself and others. "How," thought he, "will I ever face my mother again? How could I have so far forgotten myself as to be led into such a thing?" He was aroused by a quiet knock at his room door. "Who's there?"

"I, my son. Do you want your breakfast now?"

"Not yet. I will come down presently."

The more he thought of what had happened, the more reluctance he felt at seeing his parents again. He determined to dress himself, slip out unseen, and go—he knew not where—but anywhere out of sight of those he knew. So, acting upon this sudden impulse, he arose and was soon dressed, and slipping down-stairs softly, opened the front door, and was gone.

Ah wayward boy! many will be thy heart-aches and hardships ere thy mother's dear voice falls again on thy ear, and far deeper the sorrow of her true heart to know her boy is gone from her sight.

Mrs. Arnold waited long for William to come down-stairs, and finally ventured again to his room. She first knocked gently at the door. Receiving no answer, she called. Still no answer. Then she opened the door—the result the reader already knows, but words cannot express the anguish of the mother's heart, when she saw that her boy had gone. Nor can we attempt to describe how day after day she watched and waited for his return, or for some tidings of him. But none came. And thus weeks lengthened into months, and the summer was, indeed, upon them. The city had been tolerable during the winter, but now it was intolerable to the Arnolds. James, according as had been promised, had gone to the farm to work for Mr. Rawlings. Nina still continued at school, and Mrs. Arnold had several times noticed her daughter's languid

step and pale face, and had questioned her as to her health. But Nina always said she was well.

"Nina studies too hard," said Mrs. Brown one day. "I think she needs rest. Vacation will soon come, then we will see her pick up again."

"I wish she was in the country," said her mother.

"I wish we were all there again," said Mr. Arnold. "I tell you what it is, this city life is what is going to kill us all yet. I cannot rest nights on account of the heat in that little between bed-room, and I guess Jane don't get any more rest than I do."

"No, James, I do not rest. The heat is so oppressive—and my thoughts still more so," she added to herself.

"Well, I thought you were all contented," said Mrs. Brown, raising her brows. "Of course, that unfortunate affair about William might have happened in the country as well as here."

Mrs. Arnold gave her sister a warning look to keep silent, for as yet his father knew not the real cause of William's sudden departure.

One morning, Nina not coming down to breakfast as usual, Mrs. Arnold went to her room and called her to come down, as it was breakfast-time.

"O mother! I am so sick."

"What is the matter?" asked her mother in alarm. "Why, child, you have a burning fever!"

"I know it, mother. Oh! please let me stay in bed."

"You shall, my child."

"And, mother, need I go to school any more? It is so crowded there; and every time I go up those long stairs my heart beats, oh! so fast; and my head aches so that I can hardly see."

"No, my dear, you need not go to school; and I will send your father for the doctor, for you are very ill."

Mr. Arnold had not yet gone to the shop, so he was soon on his way for a doctor.

"Stop at Martha's, and she will tell you who to call in. O dear! what if I should call in a quack, and he should kill my girl! I do wish I could see old Dr. Green. He would know just what to do," and Mrs. Arnold wrung her hands in despair.

In a very short time Mr. Arnold returned, bringing with him Aunt Martha and the doctor. Nina by this time had become delirious,

and was running over her lessons, mixing up algebra and philosophy in a strange medley.

"O doctor! do you think she will die?" said Mrs. Arnold in a voice of distress.

"She certainly is very sick," replied the doctor. "But with good nursing I think she will recover."

"What is her disease?" inquired Mrs. Brown.

"She is suffering from nervous fever, brought on, I think, by too close application to study and not enough physical exercise," replied the doctor, and, leaving some medicine and advice, he departed.

Mrs. Arnold was like some one almost bereft of reason itself. She had never had much sickness in the family that called for the services of a physician, and now her mind was so agitated that she could do nothing at all for the sick girl. Mrs. Brown kindly stayed to assist.

"Oh!" she exclaimed, "all this comes from moving to this awful city. Why was I not content to remain where we were all so happy? I wish from my heart we were all there again."

"So do I, mother," said Mr. Arnold earnestly. "This year has been enough for me."

Nina, in a moment of semi-consciousness, had heard enough to know what was going on, and gave her parents such a look of satisfaction that they knew how to interpret it.

"O mother!" she exclaimed, "do go back to the old place."

Then her mind again wandered, and she was roaming through the old woods, listening to the wild-bird's song, calling them by their own names, and begging each one not to let her go to school up those long stairs any more; then she would be dabbling her hands in the clear brook, and attempting to jump into its cool waters. "I am so warm and tired," she would say.

"My poor birdie," said her father, "you shall go back to the country as soon as you are able."

"Yes," said Mrs. Brown, "I think if she was out of the city during the summer months it would do her good. I would let her go as soon as she is well enough."

"Yes, we will all go," said Mr. Arnold firmly.

Nina grew worse day by day. One day the fever (which had gone to the brain) had reached its crisis. Nina slept the anxious sleep which so many have watched, and waited in an agonizing state of suspense. The house was as still as death. Mrs. Arnold sat on one side of the bed, while Mr. Arnold and the doctor, the latter with Nina's pulse 'neath his fingers and

his watch in his hand, sat at the other side. Deep and regular came the breathings from the sufferer, until at last came one long, deep breath, as though the sick girl were taking a new hold on life, and then she slowly opened her eyes. A gentle moisture was perceptible about the lips and brow, and instead of the vacant stare that for days had dwelt in her eyes, there was the light of a clear intellect.

"She will live!" said the doctor in a subdued voice. "But she will need great care."

Neither Mr. nor Mrs. Arnold could speak. Their hearts were too full of joy. Now that the suspense was over, their own nerves were unbalanced, and both left the room in tears. Mrs. Brown and the doctor remained.

"Where am I?" said Nina, as she endeavored to turn her head to look about her.

"You are home, dear," said her aunt. "Your father and mother are in the next room, and I am with you. But you must not think nor talk, for you are still very weak."

The sick girl looked at her aunt as if she comprehended her meaning, then closed her eyes wearily again.

But we will not linger around the sick-room too long. Nina, with good care, was soon convalescent. Her father had promised that she should go to the old home as soon as she was able, which greatly helped to increase her strength.

"Well, Martha," said Mr. Arnold to his sister-in-law, one day after Nina had almost recovered, "I think we have had enough of city life. Jane and I have made up our minds to go back to the country again. After all, the work there is nothing to the trouble here."

"But, James," persisted Mrs. Brown, "all this might have happened there. One is not exempt from sickness, you know, whether in country or city."

"I know that," said he. "But I am satisfied with city life. Let those who like it enjoy it if they can. And, as for work, why, Jane never had the weary, troubled look she wears now during our whole life at the farm; and I know," he said tenderly, "that her heart never was so heavy as now."

"Ah!" sighed Mrs. Arnold, "I have suffered more mental anguish during the last six months than I ever thought it possible to endure. If I only could know where William is, I should be satisfied. Oh! I know that coming to the city was the ruination of that boy." And Mrs. Arnold rocked herself to and fro with her grief.

"William never did like the farm," said

Mrs. Brown; "and would have left it in a few years at the most."

"But not in disgrace, Martha."

"Disgrace!" exclaimed Mr. Arnold.

"Yes, disgrace," said his wife. "You did not know all about William, James; nor can I ever tell you."

Nina, pale and ghost like, entered the room at this time, so the subject of William's conduct was dismissed.

"But, James," said Mrs. Brown, "can you get your farm back again so soon?"

"Yes. I only rented it for one year; and I have notified Mr. Rawlings that at the end of that time I am coming back, so there will be no trouble on that score. I can buy stock and fixtures, and go back again into the old tracks."

"We shall all be so happy," said Nina.

"Yes, dear, if we can only bring back the roses to your cheeks," said her father, tenderly drawing her to him.

"And then if William would only come back," said Nina softly—she always spoke William's name in a whisper—"because," she said, "it troubled mother to mention him."

And so the time passed on until the year had expired. Then came another moving-day. "But," as Mrs. Arnold said, "somehow it seemed different. James went about whistling in his old, cheerful way"—she had not heard him whistle since he moved to the city—"and everything went on all right." If the little woman only knew it, she was happier herself. Not a cloud obscured her vision on this moving-day, and there had been numerous clouds before.

At the farm all was in uproar. "James acted like a crazy boy," Mr. Rawlings said. But what cared James? Was not father and mother moving back? "Got enough of city life and Aunt Martha's notions!" he exclaimed, clapping his hands for joy.

Home again! For the past year, all had seemed so new and strange, that our friends had seemed as though they were some other persons in somebody else's home; but now there was no question about it. They were actually in their own home. Mr. Arnold partook of James's joy, and laughed, and whistled, and looked into every well-known place, and declared he felt ten years younger. Mrs. Arnold moved about in a silent, quiet manner, but the old light in her eye was gone, and in its place was a shade such as always follows days and months of mental anxiety. She was always looking with an anxious expression toward the road, as though she expected some

one to come, and the table was never set without the plate for the absent one being placed upon it. "I feel sure he will come some day," she would say.

One evening, a few months after their return to the farm, they were all sitting beside the open fire, for the weather was yet cool, quietly talking about the affairs of the farm. Mrs. Arnold suddenly stooped forward in a listening attitude. The family were so accustomed to this that they hardly noticed it, until they heard a knock at the outer door.

"I will go," said Mr. Arnold.

He took up a lamp, and proceeded to open the door. A man in a sailor's costume stood before him.

"May I have lodgings here, sir?" he inquired.

Before Mr. Arnold could reply, Mrs. Arnold, who had followed her husband, exclaimed—"I knew he would come! William, my son, my son!"

It was indeed the absent one returned after so many months of silence. But we will draw a veil over that scene. Such happiness wants no spectators.

Our story is ended in a few words. The truant, after that night of dissipation, had been ashamed to meet his parents, so had gone to sea. But seafaring life he had found much more distasteful than city life, so had returned. He went immediately to his Aunt Martha's, and found that his parents had removed to the country, and as quick as he could travel he had come to them.

"I will never leave the farm again, mother. It is, after all, the happiest and best place."

"Yes, William; and I have proved that mental trouble tells more on the constitution than physical labor."

"Dear mother, how you have suffered," he replied, as he kissed away a tear that had fallen on her cheek.

EDUCATION.—Gibbon says: "Every person has two educations—one which he receives from others, and one, *more important*, which he gives to himself." Hard conditions draw out a man, and you and I are better for such an education. A man needs to be backed and spun just as much as raw cotton does. He needs to be pulled through narrow places, as much as the wire, before he will do for the bridging of the great gorges and chasms of life which swallow up the bloated and capon-lined.

THE STRANGER AT THE DOOR.

BY EBEN E. REXFORD.

WHEN the summer eve descended
O'er the landscape, at my door
Heard I some one gently knocking,
As he oft had knocked before.
And I heard a voice, imploring
That I would not turn away
One who loved me, though I spurned him
From my threshold every day.

And I heard him at the midnight,
And the voice was sadder grown;
But I cried, "Thou shalt not enter!
Go! and let me be alone!"
What cared I for this poor stranger,
Weary, knocking at my door?
I had friends enough to love me,
And I did not ask for more.

But this stranger would not leave me,
Morn and evening he was there,
Knocking always at the portals,
Though I heeded not his prayer.
I could see him standing, meekly,
Just outside the bolted door,
On his face the love and pity
That his gentle bosom bore.

By and by misfortune touched me
With its keen and piercing dart,
And my summer friends forsook me,
Fair of face, but false of heart.
Friendless—lonely! Oh! the sorrow
That came o'er me at the thought,
None to love, and none to love me!
What a change misfortune wrought.

In the midnight's solemn silence
Came the knocking at the door,
And I heard the sweet voice calling,
As I often had before.

"I will love you, only trust me!
I will never go away,
Though misfortunes overtake you—
Rise, and let me in, I pray!"

Oh! those words, so sweet and tender,
Touched my wounded heart like balm;
O'er my heart-strings swept the prelude
Of a strange and coming calm.
And I opened wide the portals,
And the *Stranger* entered in,
And I fell upon his bosom,
Weary, tearful, sick with sin!

Low and sweet the words he uttered,
But they thrilled my heart with rest,
And I prayed for his forgiveness
As I lay upon his breast.
And he tenderly forgave me
All my scornfulness and sin,
And my heart has ne'er been lonely
Since I let the *Stranger* in.

MEEKNESS AND HUMILITY.

AS pride and anger are classed among the cardinal sins, so are meekness and humility among the cardinal virtues. "Learn of me; for I am meek and lowly in heart," were words breathed by the lips of our Divine Redeemer himself—words which have embodied the true spirit of the Christian character from age to age. That true humility of heart, that calm meekness of spirit, which makes us feel our unworthiness of nature, and our utter dependence on the mercy of the Almighty, are, indeed, blessed feelings—feelings that will not only render us more acceptable to Him, but also to our fellow beings, since their exercise and influence will shed around all our words and actions that mild dignity and sweetness of expression which never fail to interest and charm.

The germs of lowliness and meekness are, indeed, the true strength of the Christian man or woman—strength that will enable them to meet and endure the storms and buffets of time. Virtues they are that will win them love and friendship in public or in private life, whether it be as members of a church, a sect, a community, or a family; virtues that will command respect and conquer prejudice, opposition, and ill-feeling in the school, the college, the office, the warehouse, the workshop, or the family circle. Virtues, indeed, they are, so potent and powerful as well as pleasing, that in nine cases out of ten they eventually gain for their possessor the admiration and good-will even of those whose contrary natures may have often annoyed and opposed them.

And how sweet are the memories of the gentle and lowly minded to those who have at any time felt the power of their influence! Limited as that power may have been—little as it may have been recked or prized at the time, how sadly and tenderly is it remembered when felt no more at board or hearth! How often has this been proved in the family circle! How often have we seen some domineering brother or sister, whose only talent was that of making the rest bow to their will, rule, or seem to rule, with an iron sway over some gentler and more gifted brother or sister, whose meekness and good sense made them endure the tyranny patiently! Such home-martyrs we may have seen bearing their daily crosses with

patient strength—crosses, perhaps, made heavier still by the reflection that they were unsympathized with by the other members of the household. So it may have gone on for a time, that petty oppression, the bolder spirit ruling, exacting, provoking—the gentler and wiser bearing, obeying, enduring, as if it were ever so to be. But the change came at length; the oppressor and the oppressed had to go forth by different paths into the cold, wide world, whose jostlings can rub the rough edge off the roughest, and tone down the haughtiest temper to humility. And which was it of those spirits that was the most fitted to bear those jostlings, the most likely to come safest through the struggle? Which, too, of those was it who, in absence, was most missed from the household hearth, and whose memory awoke the most tender, yearning regrets in the hearts of those behind? To which of those wanderers did the haunting thoughts, the weary longings of a sick or sorrowing parent or brother or sister unceasingly turn? Was it to the once sullen or surly ruler of the family, whose imperious temper and iron will made each and all fearful of offending him, and whose exacting selfishness monopolized as a right the most comfortable seat by the hearth, the place of honor at the board, and the power of influencing, too often for the discomfort of the rest, the arrangements of the household? Was it for the sympathy of such a spirit as this that the weary heart was likely to yearn in its hour of sorrow, sickness, or perplexity? No, certainly not. The harsh, the imperious, and the domineering are seldom thus remembered. It was to the gentle, patient spirit that its longings ever turned—to the brave, patient spirit, whose self-abnegation and self-control were as oil to the troubled waves of domestic discord, and whose calm reasonings, quiet endurance, and kindly meant advice—little cared for perhaps, slighted oft, and seldom acted on in past days—were thought of, valued, and longed for, when their gentle influences had passed away, it might be forever. And as in families, so in communities. The lowly minded, the patient, the unselfish, and obliging, will be remembered in absence with grateful, affectionate remembrance; while the haughty, the sullen, the selfish, and disobliging will be forgotten, or thought of

only with a feeling of thankfulness that they are no longer near to tax the tempers or the patience of those from whom they are separated.

Such, then, with the exception, perhaps, of the sorrowful longings or regrets of some blinded and over-indulgent parent, relative, or friend, is almost invariably the way in which people of such natures are thought of in absence; for few, when freed from it, long for a return of the rule or companionship of the haughty, the sullen, or disobliging. Let us remember this, and try, by cultivating the Christian graces of meekness and humility, to render ourselves worthy of the approval of Heaven, and the affection and esteem of our fellow-beings.

THE GREEN SPOT.

WE find this story in *The Nation*:

The late Noah Winslow was fond of telling the following incident of his mercantile life, and he never closed the narration but with swimming eyes:

During the financial crisis and crush of '57, when heavy men were sinking all around us, and banks were tottering, our house became alarmed in view of the condition of its own affairs.

The partners—three of us, of whom I was the senior—met in our private office for consultation. Our junior had made a careful inventory of everything—of his bills receivable and bills payable, and his report was, that twenty thousand dollars of ready money, to be held through the pressure, would save us. Without that we must go by the board—the result was inevitable. I went out upon the street, and among my friends, but in vain.

Two whole days I strove and begged, and then returned to the counting-house in despair. I sat at my desk, expecting every moment to hear our junior sounding the terrible words—"Our paper is protested!" when a gentleman entered my department unannounced. I could not locate him, nor call him to mind any way.

"Mr. Winslow," he said, taking a seat at the end of my desk, "I hear you are in need of money."

The very face of the man inspired me with confidence, and I told him how I was situated.

"Make your individual note, one year, without interest, for twenty thousand dollars, and I will give you a check, payable in gold, for that amount."

While I sat gazing upon him in speechless astonishment, he continued:

"You don't remember me; but I remember

you. I remember when you were a member of the Superintending School-Committee of Bradford. I was a boy in the village school. My father was dead; my mother was poor; and I was but a shabbily clad child, though clean. When our class came out on examination-day, you asked the questions. I fancied you would praise and pet the children of rich and fortunate parents, and pass me by.

"But it was not as I thought. In the end you passed by all the others, and came to me. You laid your hand on my head, and told me I did very well; and then you told me I could do better still if I would try. You told me that the way to honor and renown was open to all alike, no one had a free pass. All I had to do was to be resolved and push on. That, sir, was the turning-point of my life. From that hour my soul has aspired, and I have never reached a great good without blessing you in my heart. I have prospered and am wealthy; and now I offer you but a poor return for the soul-wealth you gave me in that by-gone time."

"I took the check," said Winslow, "and drew the gold, and our house was saved. And where, at the end of the year," he added, "do you suppose I found my note?"

"In possession," he said, with streaming eyes, "of my little orphaned grand-daughter! Oh! hearts like that man's are what bring earth and heaven nearer together."

DO THE DUTY THAT LIETH NEAREST THY HAND.

DO the duty that lieth nearest thy hand,
And seek not thy mission o'er all the wide land.
Thy field lies before thee, around thee, and thine
Is the hand that should open that field's precious mine—

Whether country or city, green fields or grand hall,
Shall claim thee, that claim is thy mission's loud call.

Oh! would I could tell thee, in words that would burn,

Of chances now lost that will never return,
And lost while thou'rt searching with sad, anxious mind,

In some distant vineyard thy lifework to find.
Do the duty that lieth the nearest thy hand—
'Tis the faithful in little that much shall command.

Where now thou'rt abiding, seek work for the Lord,
While thy heart and thy hands move in cheerful accord;

Give the kind word that's needed, the smile that will cheer,

And a hand to relieve the tired laborer, near.
In the mart, in the field, in the dearer home band,
Do the duty that lieth the nearest thy hand.

WOMAN'S WORK AND WOMAN'S WAGES.

BY AN AMERICAN WOMAN.

SHALL AMERICAN GIRLS BECOME SERVANTS.

WHERE to obtain good servants, and how to furnish remunerative employment for the numerous class of women who must be self-supporting, are two great social problems of the day. And there are those who fancy that the solution of one of these problems necessarily involves the solution of the other. But such persons take only the most superficial view of both subjects. There is no lack of servants, such as they are; it is the need of good servants which is so severely felt. And to increase the quantity would not necessarily improve the quality, while it would result in a reduction of the wages of domestics, which, despite the cry of exorbitance, are already quite as low as they should be.

But I will first refer to the actual practicability of this scheme. In the contemplated general exodus of needy women from their garrets into the kitchens of the wealthy, the fact is overlooked that a large proportion of these women are widows with families to support, and are compelled, for the sake of these families, to keep a home about them, however poor that home may be. These will not desert their little ones for the good homes, high wages, and wholesome food which our social economists know how to describe in such glowing colors. And who can blame them, if they feel that it is better that all should starve together, than to have their little flock scattered hither and thither, dependent on the cold charities of a pitiless world?

Then, of those women who are bound by no family ties, a large number are physically incapable of performing the duties which would be required of them as domestics. Neither habits nor education have fitted them for the position; and though they might accept, and fill it after a fashion, it would be a most unsatisfactory one for both employer and employed, and they would become broken in health, and aged before their time. For housework is not the light and trivial employment that those who have never attempted it seem to imagine. Washing, ironing, scrubbing, sweeping, standing for hours in a close, dark, and heated kitchen, cooking, building fires, and

lifting heavy articles, rising early and retiring late, though they may be endured without seeming inconvenience by persons of robust constitution, will never improve and strengthen those who first attempt them with impaired health and weakened muscles. And it is a fact that admits of no question, that American women are not so strong, and cannot endure so much as foreign women. Whether this weakness and this constitutional delicacy are the natural and unavoidable results of our climate; whether they proceed from incorrect habits, and manner of dress, or from improper food, I leave for others to discuss.

Of the small fraction remaining of these women there may be a few who might with advantage to themselves seek employment in domestic service. But this is a matter that they, and they only can decide. If they have no liking for this employment, a life spent in it would be one of perpetual weariness and disgust, and it would be folly for them to attempt it—cruelty for any one to force them into it. But if, on the other hand, they have a taste for domestic duties, and can really do better pecuniarily as servants, than in their present mode of living, it is no harm to suggest the matter to them, though we have no right to go further. Nor can we blame them if they find the scant crust of independence sweeter than the sufficient food and moderate wages offered them as the price of unremitting labor, and perpetual servitude to the requirements and whims of sometimes the most exacting and unreasonable of masters and mistresses. Let each grave counsellor make it a personal matter, and ask him or herself the question, what would be his or her decision in such a case; bearing in mind that the relations between mistress and servant are unlike those of employer and employed in any other department of labor. Between employer and employed, the pledges and exactions are mutual; whilst the mistress exacts everything from the servant and yields nothing, or as little as possible, to her.

In all occupations of men, and in most of those of women outside domestic service, there are stated hours of labor. At seven in the morning they begin, and end at six in the evening. And then comes entire personal free-

dom, which can only be interfered with by the consent of the employer, and with the understanding of extra compensation. But the duties of the servant must begin and end at just such an hour as her mistress chooses to require. And the sole respite from this unceasing toil is the half day or evening in the week grudgingly yielded, and with the usual understanding that there shall be no neglect or omission of duties, which must be performed either before going out, or after her return.

But many of these girls have no tastes that lead them to the kitchen, and have really abilities which, if rightly cultivated and directed, might lead them far higher. I know I may shock a large and respectable class of people, who are just now urging that domestic duties are not only the most appropriate but the most honorable and the highest that women need aspire to. Even Horace Greeley has said that he would rather his daughters should know how to make a pudding, than to edit a newspaper. For a woman who has a household which claims her attention, there is no degradation in performing even the most menial duties in the care of that household, if it becomes necessary. If she does her work faithfully and earnestly, there is, on the contrary, something really ennobling in it—not in the labor itself, but in the spirit which prompts its performance. But in the case of a girl who has no domestic claims upon her, and to whom the matter is presented, stripped of all sentiment, it must be considered in a far different light. She should herself consider, and others should consider for her before they dare to advise her in the matter, whether it will be for her good morally, intellectually, physically, and pecuniarily, that she shall enter another person's house, and perform these menial duties. She must endure, while in this position, a constant wear upon her physical system, and with the present relations between mistress and servant, few if any opportunities are allowed for moral or intellectual improvement, while the wages, large as many consider them, sink into utter insignificance beside those which she might obtain in other positions. There are plenty of employments now beginning to be opened to women in which the labor is light in itself, and which do not stunt the growth of mind and heart, but rather contribute to their development; and in which, after a sufficient time allowed for the acquirement of a thorough and practical knowledge of them, a woman may find herself in receipt of an income of ten, fifteen, or twenty dollars

per week. Added to this, her personal liberty and independence of action will be shielded by the safeguards which are thrown around all trades and professions, and her hours of labor will have a definite limit. I think, viewing matters in this light, there can be little doubt as to which position, in her peculiar case, should be designated the "higher."

Then there is another aspect of affairs. The policy of our country is to invite rather than repel emigration from foreign shores. Of this emigration that is pouring in rapidly and steadily upon us, a large proportion of the women are of a class to whom our domestic service, with its tolerable comforts, and its to them liberal wages, even with its drawbacks, offers a step in advance of their condition in their native countries—a step which it is necessary they should take before they can ascend any higher either in the scale of labor or of society. They have strength of muscle and vigor of constitution that might put even our men to shame, while beside them our American girls appear the veriest weaklings. Some place must be found for this numerous class, and if they are driven from our kitchens, incapable as they are of ascending higher, they will of necessity sink lower, and go to fill our almshouses and prisons. We cannot check this tide of emigration; so we must provide for it in such a manner as to secure, as far as possible, the best social and moral results to both our native and our foreign population. Our Irish and German girls, often devoid of education and training, can yet, by proper care and culture on the part of mistresses, in time be made to fill, and to fill well the places of domestics in our kitchens. Our American girls are at least partially prepared to enter upon an apprenticeship to a trade, or to begin study for a business or profession which will not only call into play the faculties which are already developed, but arouse others into active life. They need only to learn the lesson that labor is the duty of woman as well as of man, and to feel that they must turn to it with the same energy, perseverance, and faithfulness that is required of a man, to find new fields of employment ready for them, in which they may experience that delightful independence, that blessed self-ownership without which the being is only half developed.

Will any one dare to tell our lady printers, who earn their weekly twenty dollars, that they would be better off as the occupants of some kitchen under the sway of even the most reasonable and considerate of mistresses, and in the

receipt of their board and a salary of three or four dollars a week? Would any one think of hinting to our lady editors and writers, some of whose names are powers in the lapd, and whose influence for good is unbounded, that, in agreement with Mr. Greeley's idea, they ought never to have had ambition beyond the broiling of a steak and the compounding of a pudding? Or the successful lady physicians, who count their annual incomes by thousands, that they, if they had been unable to make a living by the needle, should have turned domestics? Many do dare to say all this in effect, I know, and, in spite of the most brilliant examples and encouraging results, persist in prophesying the most ignominious failure for all those who venture to step beyond what they are pleased to call "the proper and natural sphere of woman." Whole books, to say nothing of a host of newspaper and periodical articles, are being written to prove that to be impossible which already exists beyond dispute. But these do no harm: They only set people thinking, and serve to point out more plainly to their notice the real facts in the case, which might otherwise escape their observation.

And if a certain number of women have succeeded in these and kindred occupations, what is to prevent many more from doing the same thing, provided they can be taught to look beyond the narrow limits within which prejudice prescribes a woman's employments, and can be spurred on to give the same care, time, and study in preparing themselves that the successful ones have done?

The class of women who might widen their sphere of labor, were they so minded, has much to learn which we cannot hope to teach them separately and individually. We may do so, however, through the agency of a gradually enlightened public sentiment, which the mass of them will in time come to reflect.

Of the besetting sins of women in regard to labor, I have already said much in previous papers, and shall say still more in those to come, so I will pass by the subject now.

We are told that a large class of foreign servants are ignorant and inefficient. Of course they are. How can they help being otherwise? But are they any more so than a large class of their mistresses, as far, at least, as concerns household affairs? And while the former may be excused by reason of their want of opportunity to learn the proper ways of doing things, the latter have no such plea to offer, and are simply inexcusable. Women should make themselves competent to do these things, and

to teach others to do them, before they can be justified in complaining of the incompetency of others. Bridget is no more to be blamed for accepting a situation as a servant, the duties of which position she is only partially acquainted with, than is madam, her mistress, for accepting the far more responsible position of head of an establishment, with a like ignorance.

It is my firm belief, founded on both experience and observation, that good mistresses—those who are kind and considerate in their manner of treating servants, firm in their discipline, and well versed in all matters pertaining to domestic affairs—can scarcely fail to make good servants. There are exceptions, of course. There are servants who are intemperate, dishonest, or passionate, and whom no amount of patience and kindness seem capable of making otherwise.

But most mistresses lay down restrictions and regulations for their servants not only in matters concerning their work, but in things entirely of a personal nature with which they have no right to interfere, which they would find simply unbearable if imposed upon themselves or their daughters. Their incomes, their outgoings, their dress, their friends, are all subjected to rules and restrictions to an unwarranted extent. They are scarcely regarded as human beings at all, and are, by universal consent, placed beyond the pale of womanhood. No man thinks them entitled to the courtesy due to the rest of their sex. In many households the servant is nothing more than a machine, from which it is necessary to exact as much labor as possible. That she may have personal feelings and wants; that she has socially and morally the same requirements; that, as a woman, she may be subject in a degree to the same weaknesses, and be entitled to the same consideration as others of her sex, are things seldom if ever thought of. But until they are—until the mistress descends, and allows her servant to arise, until they meet on the plane of a common humanity, there will be a constant and growing antagonism between the two classes. There is much to be said on the relative duties of servant and mistress—duties and obligations which seem scarcely clear to either party, but which, if the truth must be spoken, are more often overlooked and omitted by the mistress than by her subordinate. But I have neither inclination nor space to discuss the subject further here. It is something really apart from the theme I have chosen, and deserves a separate consideration.

Still, I cannot believe that an influx of Amer-

ican girls will prove an advantage either to the service or to the girls themselves. The system will still remain the same, and, until this is changed, all its evils will cling to it; and the girls, instead of being able to elevate the standard of domestic service, will find themselves crowded down to its present level.

I have only spoken of the position of servants as it is in our populous towns and cities. I know that in rural districts it presents an entirely different appearance. The servant or "help" is, in many cases, the daughter of a neighbor, and almost, or quite, the social and intellectual equal of her mistress, and enjoys privileges and immunities which would seem scarcely less than appalling to a resident of the city. There are sometimes inconveniences attending this state of things; but, taken as a whole, it is in most respects an improvement upon our own system. There is not the same strong line of demarcation between the classes. The "help" feels that she has rights as well as duties, and if these rights are properly respected, the duties, as a natural result, are more faithfully performed, albeit they are often more onerous than in a city household, especially as, in the case where there is a dairy, much out-of-door work which rightly belongs to men is assigned to her.

In these localities, the arguments which are used in favor of women seeking employment in domestic service, apply with far more force than they do in cities. A strong, healthy, robust country girl, who looks forward to becoming herself the mistress of a household, and who has, and needs to have, no higher aim in life than to become the energetic and capable wife of an honest, intelligent, and industrious farmer, cannot certainly do better, in preparing herself for her future duties, than to serve a few years' apprenticeship under the tuition and personal direction of a thrifty, competent housewife, one who wants a servant for a "help" in reality, not to relieve her entirely of domestic duties and responsibilities. Such an apprenticeship would be far more sensible and far more serviceable, looking at its bearing upon the future, than the same number of years spent in the unremunerative and often distasteful occupations of teaching, or bending over the needle as a seamstress or milliner, entered into solely because they are more "genteel."

Co-operative housekeeping seems to promise the solution of more than one of our social problems; and toward the results of its trial many housekeepers are looking with a trem-

bling hope and anxiety that is almost akin to fear. If it should succeed—and I am firmly convinced that the principle is a correct one, and that its failure, if it should fail, will be due to the fact that it is scarcely possible for even the most intelligent and zealous managers to grasp the idea at once, and comprehend it in all its bearings, so as to secure an immediate and undoubted success—there will dawn a new era in domestic affairs. If this plan should ever become fully recognized and generally adopted, there will be opened a new field of labor for women; or, rather, the old field will be so changed and modified as to be scarcely recognizable. Then, instead of entering these co-operative kitchens as servants, our young girls may take their places in them as apprentices, and be finally promoted as mistresses of special departments, respected and honored the same as laborers in other branches of business. Then, too, their wages will put to shame the meagre two, three, or four dollars a week, which so many persons declare not only sufficient to provide for the immediate wants of their recipient, but enough to enable her "to lay by money against days of sickness or old age."

I was reading, a short time since, a description of the co-operative plan as carried into effect in certain districts of New England in the matter of cheese-making. The whole community join in forming one immense cheese-factory, in which the cheese is made better and cheaper than it would be at home, notwithstanding the most liberal wages are paid, irrespective of sex, to those employed on the premises. In some of these, the establishment was under the management of a woman, who received in some cases as high as one hundred dollars per month for her services. And if it is found to be both a saving of time and money, as well as far more remunerative to those engaged in it, to adopt the co-operative plan in one department of household labor, why is it not possible that it may be found equally advantageous in others?

In such an arrangement of affairs, each workwoman will have her duties assigned her, and will know when they are all performed; she will then be mistress of herself and of her time, and will not be at the beck and call of her social superior. The labor will not be near so hard, because simplified and intermittent. No one person will be compelled to divide her thoughts and attention between twenty diverse things crowded upon her at once, resulting in the partial neglect and indifferent performance of them all.

Then, and not till then, do we hope to see our American girls, as a class, invade the kitchen; and then it will be a kitchen no longer, but a laboratory, where intelligence and skill will be more serviceable than physical strength and endurance. There are plenty of occupations open to them which are less laborious, more improving, and more remunerative; and if they prefer to remain at home the slaves of the needle, rather than encounter a rapidly diminishing prejudice in entering upon these employments, the fault is their own.

MODERN CONVENIENCES.

WE have methodized our households to an extent that has extracted from home nearly all its sweetness. We heat our houses by elaborate, labor-saving furnaces; we light them with gas that flows into our rooms from far-off retorts; we bring water, hot or cold, to our bedrooms at a touch; we surround ourselves with these numerous, well-ordered conveniences; and yet for every comfort we thus purchase we shut the door upon some felicity. The essential enjoyment of a pleasure is by contrast. We know what sunlight is, by storm; what day is, by night; what warmth is, by cold; what the pleasures of feeding are, by hunger. The sweetness of labor past is often confessed; but we forget the sweetness of a comfort won. How can the family be cosey, confiding, cheerful, and united, around a blazing fire in the sitting-room, if every other apartment in the house is equally agreeable? When the temperature of a home in winter-time is the same throughout, the household hearth, so full of delightful associations, so honored in song and story, disappears. And then there is always a sacrifice of health in these uniformly heated houses, especially with home-kept women. Used day after day to a uniform temperature, the moment they venture into the street the sharp change tells upon their sensitive flesh severely, and usually fastens a cold upon them. A pleasure is only enjoyed with thorough raciness and heartiness when it comes infrequently, or as a contrast: if we build ourselves up in organized ease, if we surround ourselves with methodized comforts, our "primrose path of dalliance" may be easy to tread, but life will lose its keen relish, and satiety sooner or later extinguish our capacity for enjoyment. These are truisms, possibly; but some truths need frequent re-statement.

ASUNDER.

BY ANNIE HERBERT.

LOVE came to me in a shining mist
That was half of glory, and half of pain,
For the red rose burned on the lips he kissed,
And my cheeks were bathed in a tearful rain;
But a phantom hand came cold between,
A breath like the mists of the icy sea
Came over the glow of the rainbow's sheen,
And I put my love away—ah me!
For the darkness was bitter as death could be,
That shrouded my lover away from me,
When the rose lights faded from the purple mist,
And sorrow whitened the lips he kissed.

Love touched my heart with the tender flame
Of sacred longing that filled his breast,
And left but a memory and a name,
And a blissful promise of perfect rest;
But daily and nightly I cheer my way—
The weary way that I walk alone—
With thoughts that my darling will come one day,
Saying, "My patient love, my own!"
And kiss my lips in the shadows lone,
Till their smiles give answer, "My own, my own!"
So hope sings on by the golden gate
Of the dim hereafter—and I wait.

BY AND BY.

BY M. V. WOODWARD.

WHY is it that some lives must wait, in yearning,
For the rare sweetness other lives can know?
Must wait, and wait, while argosies, returning
From over seas where balmy spice-winds blow,
Bring, unto other hearts, a wealth of sweetness—
Rich gems of love, and lotus-flowers of rest,
To fill their lives with deep and glad completeness,
And leave no room for sorrow in their breast.

Ah! I have seen such lines, and wept in sorrow,
So bare they seemed of all that makes life sweet,
Forever looking for a glad to-morrow,
The morrow always bringing hope defeat.
Oh! it is sad to think that hearts are aching
For just one word of love, one hour of rest;
And yet 'tis true—for these poor hearts are breaking,
And sorrow holds full sway in many a breast.

Ah! God is just—these loveless lives shall blossom
In love's divine completeness *by and by*,
And rest shall thrill the weary, tired bosom,
The rest and peace for which so many sigh.
For all the weary years of patient waiting,
For all the hopes crushed down in sad defeat,
Shall come reward, most fully compensating,
And making life at last divinely sweet.

FAIRY TALES.

BY MRS. M. O. JOHNSON.

"WHAT are you reading, Lina? Let me see," and Mrs. Miles took the book from the reluctant child, who had been perfectly absorbed and happy for more than an hour, which the old lady had spent in a "friendly" call, and chat not altogether friendly to some of her neighbors. "Fairy Treasure? How often must I tell you that I won't have you spending your time over such trash, filling your brains with nonsense. It's all a web of lies and foolery. Where did you get this?"

"Please, ma'am," said the child, with starting tear and quivering lip—"Anna Clark lent it to me. It was her birthday present. Won't you let me finish just that one story, please? It's the 'The Bluebird,' and so pretty?"

Even this was refused, and Lina sent to return the book. What wonder that as soon as she was out of sight, she opened the dainty, green-covered "Treasure" (as it was fairly named), and read all the way to Mrs. Clark's, walking as slowly as she could, and making up time by running home. What wonder that the two little girls indulged in some remarks not very complimentary to the old lady? Or that, after the evening chapter and prayer, which Mrs. Miles never omitted (and in which she was, no doubt, sincere), when Lina went up to her own little room, comfortable and pleasant as it was, she said to herself—"It's because she's a Christian she won't let me read those splendid stories. I won't be one, I know." And the grieved, indignant child crept into bed and cried herself to sleep.

And yet Mrs. Miles was a well-meaning woman. In genuine kindness of heart she had taken the little girl from poverty and neglect, and aimed to bring her up to useful and happy womanhood. She clothed her comfortably, tidily, even prettily—gave her the same fare she had herself—sent her to school, and sometimes bought toys, and what she thought *suitable* books for her. Kindly and patiently she taught her sewing and housework, giving her only light tasks and ample playtime. But anything of a purely imaginative character she withheld as worse than useless. She never reflected that a young girl's fancy, denied its natural aliment and outflowing, would be likely, as she grew to womanhood, to turn to the muddy channels of sensational fiction.

The thought never occurred to her that

ideality is a precious gift of that creative Love which makes the rose and lily, as well as corn and wheat, grow and thrive; and that, as such a gift, it must have a purpose, and be itself a trust—a responsibility. She might read every day of the buried talent, and yet not dream that the lesson touched her. She would have listened as to one speaking in a strange tongue, had she been told that every God-given faculty of mind and body demands cultivation, exercise, and right direction—never suppression.

That poetry and music, painting and romance, have an important and beautiful use, no thoughtful, unbiassed mind will deny. What these are to riper years, fairy tales are to childhood, and prepare the way for higher ranges of thought. Was there ever a child healthy in mind, who did not love them? If they only provided an innocent pleasure, keeping the little hands and young thoughts "out of mischief," it would be no trifling use. But a refined well-written fairy tale (for, like everything else, they are of two sorts) supplies the imagination just what, at that time, it needs; and this faculty, rightly exercised, clothes our common life with beauty, anoints our eyes to see truly and deeply into nature and art, makes solitude less lonely, and enhances every enjoyment.

It is a mistaken idea, that ideality, because predominating in poet, artist, sculptor, and musician—it makes them what they are—is of little use to any one else. The millionaire, without it, is poorer than the clerk or seamstress with it.

Let parents, then, not hesitate to give the young imagination the aliment it craves. The desire is as truly normal, and as really tends to healthy development, as a child's appetite for bread and milk. And not only this—but the due exercise of ideality in childhood prepares the way for that all-important spiritual faculty which is closely allied to, and always assisted by it—*faith*.

Our Saviour's parables are sufficient proof that even He recognized the province of ideality. What are the sublime visions of the prophets, of John in the Isle of Patmos, the records of angels' visits in olden time, to one who reads without this to illuminate the page, to make them real to his own spirit? what but the glory and freshness of a summer morning to one born blind?

SIR SAMUEL W. BAKER IN AFRICA.

BY ELLEN BERTHA BRADLEY.

IN the spring of 1861, Samuel W. Baker and his bride started for the sources of the Nile, hoping to there meet Speke and Grant, whose prolonged absence was causing much anxiety. They sent most of their baggage up the river to Kartoum, but themselves dismissed their boats and landed at Korosko to take the more direct land route. They soon found that without understanding Arabic they could not succeed, for they would be at the mercy of their dragoman; so they decided to spend a year in Abyssinia, learning the language and exploring the eastern tributaries of the Nile.

There Baker learned the secret of the annual inundation of Egypt. During the dry season the Nile is dependent on its southern reservoirs, its eastern tributaries being exhausted by absorption, and evaporation. When the rains begin in Abyssinia, torrents pour from the rich table-lands, springs open in ravines, the moistened earth gives way in landslides, banks crumble into streams already thick with mud and vegetation. Sometimes, in a single night, the Atbara, which during the heated months entirely disappears, becomes a turbid stream five hundred yards wide and fifteen or twenty feet deep. The Nile, receiving the drainage of the mountains, overflows, and, subsiding, leaves a new layer upon the soil. Egypt owes her existence to the successive deposits of ages. The surplus is rapidly forming a new delta beneath the Mediterranean. Taking a hint from the artificial irrigation of Ceylon, where he spent several years of his early manhood, Sir Samuel proposes a system of dams and reservoirs by which this enormous waste may be prevented and hundreds of miles of desert be reclaimed.

At Kartoum they were detained for months. It was a wretched, dirty town, owing its existence to the White Nile trade, its population being such as is naturally drawn together by the fitting out and return of kidnapping and murdering parties. The English consul was absent, and as Baker could not obtain trustworthy men, he sent to the consul at Alexandria to procure him an escort of soldiers. He waited long for an answer, and when it came it was a refusal. The Egyptian government did not care to aid European exploration. Thus thrown upon his own resources, he did the best

he could. He had plenty of money, and in that land of credit and delay, cash would perform wonders. In three weeks he was ready to start. He had engaged three vessels and forty sailors to go as far as Gondokora, and forty-five men, such as they were, for the entire expedition.

Gondokora seemed very beautiful to them after the swamps, through which they had for six weeks sailed. Distant mountains relieved the eye, and neat, inviting villages nestled in the shade of evergreens. The delusion soon vanished. It was a colony of cut-throats, the rendezvous of the traders. He was looked upon as a spy, and his life was in constant danger. Here he met Speke and Grant. They had discovered a large lake near the equator, from which a river flowed, that, the natives told them, emptied into another body of water, of which the Nile was the outlet. War between tribes had prevented their reaching this, so they had not discovered the true source of the Nile. Baker's men were reduced by desertion to seventeen, but he hoped that Mohammed, with whose trading party Speke had come, would allow him to accompany him on his return. He promised to do so, but treacherously departed without him. He tried to win the favor of a rival party that was to leave in a few days; but the traders were united in the determination that no European should enter the ivory region, well knowing that a report of the horrors of the slave trade would lead to its suppression. All but two of his men had conspired to desert to the Turks, but he had discovered the plot and prevented its execution. He had little time for consideration. Ibrahim's party started, daring him to follow. Five hours later he was on the march. That night they camped half a mile apart. In the morning their paths separated. Both were bound for Ellyria, but by different routes. Baker hoped to reach there and win the friendship of the powerful chief before the arrival of the Turks. He had not even a guide; but this want was soon supplied by their being joined by two porters, who had deserted from the Turks because ill treated. They marched night and day; but their progress was slow, for frequent ravines crossed their path, at each of which they were obliged to unload their camels.

At last the desert was passed. Mr. and Mrs. Baker dismounted to wait for the train, which they had outridden. Below them lay the beautiful valley of Ellyria. Hope was high. The race was won. In the distance sounded the tread of camels and the voices of men. They looked up to see their train appear around a great rock that marked a turn in the road. The red flag of the Turks met their gaze. They were outmarched. The party filed contemptuously by them. Last of all rode Ibrahim with an air of insolent triumph. Mrs. Baker begged her husband to speak to him, to ask the cause of his enmity, and to insist upon an explanation. Finding that his stubborn English pride would not stoop to again seek the friendship of such a man, she called to him herself. The Turk hesitated, dismounted, and sat down. He was won. The expedition was saved. Both parties were benefited by the alliance. The number of the Turks protected Baker from the natives. His tact gained them admittance to new countries rich in ivory.

The rainy season brought fevers, and their supply of quinine being exhausted, their condition was exceedingly miserable. Their animals died, and they had to replace the horses with oxen. It was a long, tedious journey to the Kamrasi country to which Speke had directed them. When they reached there they were looked upon with suspicion, and their interview with the king postponed from day to day. Time was precious, for Mrs. Baker was very ill, and another year in that climate would probably cost the lives of both. When at last they saw the king, he told them they were still six months' journey from the lake. Frightened by this, their porters deserted. After much delay they were furnished with others, and they started for the lake, which they were now told they would reach in a month. This proved to be the truth. Their route was through swampy forests. Being too weak to walk, they were carried on litters. In attempting to cross, on foot, a frail bridge of weeds, over which it was impossible to ride or be carried, Mrs. Baker received a sunstroke. For a week she was unconscious, or delirious. On the seventh night life was almost gone. Her husband, who had not once slept, laid her gently in her tent, drew a plaid over her, and fell senseless by her side. The men went out to dig her grave. When he roused in the morning, she was sleeping quietly. Reason had returned. She was saved.

Not many days later, they stood together on the shore of a great lake, that, in honor of the

prince consort, they named the Albert N'Yanza. Across the water, fifty or sixty miles away, rose mountains seven thousand feet high. Even at that distance the spray of the torrents, falling from precipices on their sides, was visible. Baker wished to cross the lake, but the boats of the natives were too frail for the passage. He was obliged to content himself with sailing along the shore to the entrance of the river connecting it with the Victoria N'Yanza, which Speke had discovered, and up that river to the Karuma Falls. Here he landed. His work was done. He had solved the mystery of ages by winning the source of the Nile.

But their troubles were not ended. Their animals, which met them at the Falls, were in wretched condition, and soon died. If they had been well, they would have left the baggage and marched directly to Gondokora on foot. In their present health, this was impossible. After much difficulty they procured the escort that Kamrasi had promised them for their return to the portion of his country where they had parted from the Turks. One night they encamped at an empty village. In the morning the natives were gone. They were deserted in the wilderness without food. On searching among the huts for buried stores, they found some mouldy, blackened grain. On this, and wild herbs cooked as spinach, they lived for two months. Both were too ill with fever to leave their beds. They had no hope of escaping with life, and made arrangements to have their maps and estimates forwarded to England, that their work might not be lost. Kamrasi was trying to starve them into a consent to join him in a war that he was carrying on with a neighboring tribe. He was within a few miles, and sent almost daily to ask how soon they would be ready to help him. At last Baker returned him word that he would not treat through a third person. If he (Kamrasi) wished to consult him, an escort of fifty men must be immediately sent to convey him to the camp. The bait took. In a few days he and his wife were there, rapidly recovering their health under the influence of pure air and a nutritious diet. He would not aid Kamrasi in attacking his enemies, but he effectually protected him from them by raising the English flag over the camp, and threatening the vengeance of his mighty queen upon any who should assail it. This was his favorite mode of defence, and it never failed.

The difficulties of the enterprise were now overcome. The return to Gondokora was easy.

They had been absent nearly five years, and

had long been given up as dead, and were welcomed in England with great rejoicings. The queen made him Knight-Commander of the Bath.

Soon afterward he published "The Albert N'Yanza," and "The Nile Tributaries of Abyssinia," works which have made him deservedly famous. They are fresh, vigorous, and earnest, combining entertainment and instruction.

He has exposed in no measured terms the needless wretchedness of the provinces of Central Africa, and the Egyptian Government has roused to do something for their relief. As a first step, the slave trade is to be suppressed and lawful commerce established. For this purpose troops have been placed under the command of Sir Samuel, whose firman styles him "Governor-General of all the Provinces of Central Africa, that he may succeed in annexing to Egypt." He is accompanied by engineers to lay out roads and make surveys for the execution of his project of turning the surplus water of the Nile upon the desert. He takes farming implements and other tools to teach the natives their use, and carries steamboats to be launched above the rapids to complete the exploration of the sources of the Nile. This last work he will, probably, find already accomplished by Dr. Livingstone. In this, as in his former expedition, Sir Samuel is accompanied by his wife.

AN AIMLESS LIFE.—I committed one fatal error in my life, and dearly have I abided it. I started in life without an object, even without an ambition. My temperament disposed me to ease, and to the full I indulged the disposition. Had I created for myself a definite pursuit—literary, scientific, artistic, social, political, no matter what, so there was something to labor for and to overcome—I might have been happy. I feel this now—too late! The power is gone. Habits have become chains. Through all the profitless years gone by I seek vainly for something to remember with pride, or even to dwell on with satisfaction. I have thrown away a life. I feel, sometimes, as if there were nothing remaining to me worth living for. I am an unhappy man.—*Beyond the Breakers.*

BOOKS alone do not cultivate men and women. Every new impression that you receive from the commonest things is a lever to raise you from the ground. Go into the fields! The meanest rocks can teach you more than Virgil or Homer.

VOL. XXXVI.—3

WHICH WERE THE STRONGER HANDS?

BY ADELAIDE STOUT.

"WHAT would you do in the world's great marts?

And what if you stood in the strong man's place?"

The quick smiles lightened, and flashed, and played
Right merrily over the speaker's face.

The hands 'neath his own were white and small;
They fluttered just then like a wild-bird's wings;
He softly touched, in a bantering mood,
Yet not unkindly, the trembling things.

Two hands, with their delicate cords unseen,
And their slender fingers taper and fair!
Two hands, where you marked the sinewy strength,
And the purple veins of the full life there!

I saw them after—those same, same hands;
The touch of sorrow had lain on each;
The small ones lifted, and nerved to grasp,
By faith, some promise they could not reach.

When they were raised in the light of life,
Within the circle the fair arms made,
The children gathered. The heart beat soft,
Yet steadily on, where a small head laid.

As strong, at last, as the well-wrought steel,
The nerves and cords of the woman's hand;
The arms that enfold a child, I know,
Are strengthened by many an unseen band.

What could she do in the world's great mart?
And what when she stood in the strong man's
place?

She gathered the children! I knew they drew
Some power unseen from the small hand's grace.

She wove soul-armor so silently;
God only saw how the bright links grew;
Men only said when the years had passed,
The sons of the widow are good and true.

But they smiled softly down on her,
And heard in silence the fall of tears;
They knew how slowly the work was done,
And burnished through all those darkened years.

The touch of sorrow had strengthened hers;
Like lifeless branches the strong arms lay—
Like withered branches, from which the tide
That fed them freely hath ebbed away.

Ah! which were stronger—the sinewed hands
That fought at first in the strife so well,
Or hers, by which all the unseen foes
That walk in darkness at bay were held?

JACQUELINE.

BY VIRGINIA F. TOWNSEND.

CHAPTER XIII.

IF, during this time, I have been silent regarding the relations of Philip Draper and Jacqueline Thayne, it has been because there really was very little to tell.

The superintendent, it is true, was a tolerably frequent guest at the house beyond Blue River; but he would not have been had not the squire a habit of pouncing down suddenly upon his young friend at the most unexpected times and places, and bearing him off triumphantly, regarding the superintendent as legitimate prey on all occasions.

These visits at the Hermitage, as, for want of a better name, we call the quaint, many-sided house at Blue River, were enchanted hours to Philip Draper, exhaling a sweetness over all the coarse, matter-of-fact days which rounded out the weeks and months in the factories at Hedgerows.

Philip Draper had, at best, a kind of chronic sensitiveness, which gave him a morbid horror of intruding himself anywhere; and when it came to visiting the Thaynes, this feeling was intensified.

Within those charmed boundaries dwelt the woman of his love, and it always seemed to him that he was treading on sacred ground when he passed inside the rustic gate; he envied the very leaves that drew their breath and quivered away the summer in that charmed atmosphere; but because of that very reason, not all the squire's cordial invitations, supplemented by his niece's, could draw Philip Draper often, of his accord, up the winding walk, through the greenery and shadows that fell upon his tired heart like the very peace of angels, to the curious little portico, perched like an overhanging bird's-nest above the front door.

Still, through the squire's active interference, Philip Draper did find himself here moderately often, and any reasonable man, not stung with a morbid self-consciousness, ought to have been satisfied with the kind of reception which awaited him from the young hostess of the Hermitage.

Jacqueline Thayne was by nature grateful. A real kindness done to herself was something she never forgot; and here was a man to whom she owed her life; she never saw him, never

thought of him even, without remembering that, and it set him apart from other men, and invested him with a certain sacredness in her eyes. It is true, and natures to whom obligations are rasping would have remembered it, that her preserver had encountered no personal peril in rushing to her defence, that the desperate race, on whose speed her life hung, had cost Philip Draper no sacrifice. Probably Jacqueline never thought of this; if she did, I think by this time she saw far enough into the man not to doubt that he would have plunged foremost into any peril, whether of boiling waters or crackling flames, to save any human being menaced with death.

Yet this man's and woman's knowledge of each other progressed slowly. It seemed to the squire, who watched its growth with his keen, penetrating eyes, that something thin as mist, yet strong as granite, stood between the souls of these two, and prevented their coming closer together.

It was owing to no fault on either side, apparently. Jacqueline, from gratitude and interest that grew out of that, did her best to make the visits of her guest agreeable, and they got on well enough together, talking as a cultivated man and woman would be likely to talk who found they had a good many sympathies and tastes in common; but, notwithstanding, there was a certain ice of reserve between them.

With this one woman, Philip Draper was not just himself. I don't know but he will be henceforth far less a hero in your eyes; but, if the honest truth must be told, he was actually more or less bashful, had a school-boyish sense of awkwardness and self-consciousness in the presence of Jacqueline Thayne.

With her uncle, however, the case was entirely different. It was astonishing how the elder man and the younger grew into each other's hearts; how every interview seemed to bring them closer together; how they ranged over fields of literature, and over their old, classic haunts, and across broad highways of history, while they walked over the grounds in the pleasant summer weather, or flung themselves down on the grass under the shadows of the great trees, very much like two boys.

"I wouldn't have believed my old heart had

so much of Jonathan left in it," thought the squire to himself. "I can't help loving the fellow as though he were a younger brother. Ah Jacqueline! my poor, little, purblind lassie, if you could see him as I do, as he is, how that Sydney Weymouth of your girlish fancies would shrink and shrivel beside him!"

As for Philip Draper, you must have found out by this time that he had a feminine faculty of idealization. He believed he had found in Squire Thayne the man of his heart, and glorified him so far that he would have been willing to admit that Jacqueline could not have been just the angel she was had any other man than Squire Thayne had the bringing her up.

But Philip Draper had "the humility of strong affection." Other men might have been flattered by Jacqueline's cordiality and interest. He attributed them solely to her gratitude.

"It would be like her to remember always that I had saved her life, and that she must put up with me on that account," his foolish, self-depreciating thoughts went. And he fancied his society bored her, but she put up with it out of that absurd idea of gratitude.

All this, Squire Thayne, shrewd in reading the souls of men, divined. He pitied the fellow, praised him to Jacqueline; but less, perhaps, than he would have done had he known and loved Philip Draper less; and the girl listened and assented. And Squire Thayne said to himself, when he grew a little impatient or provoked with both—"Wait, man, wait."

One day, of a wonder, Philip Draper did come out to the Hermitage of his own accord.

It turned out, however, that a rumor had reached him the preceding day of the squire's illness. He found the gentleman in an advanced state of convalescence, in the grounds with his niece.

"I had a touch of chill last night," he said, "and could not get over to the committee meeting. It was only a faint reminiscence of my old life in South America," turning to Jacqueline with a smile.

"It does very well, Mr. Draper, for Uncle Alger to lay his illness on the shoulders of South America, for those who don't know how he has been haunting the vicinity of some marsh lands he is having drained this summer. I've been predicting a tussle with chills or typhus, but my prophecies had no more terrors than the singing of swallows in the chimneys."

So the talk commenced, in a more playful and informal strain than was usual with Mr. Draper and Miss Thayne. Perhaps the day

had something to do with it. It was one of those delicious harmonies which June plays on the harp of the year. Such a day seemed to reconcile one with human life, to be sufficient of itself to tired, hungry, saddened souls of men and women. Air, sky, and earth—well, what more can I say of them than that they were full of all the poets or painters have dreamed of June in their most felicitous inspirations. Life had arisen out of death, and, crowned with triumphant beauty once more, possessed the world.

Jacqueline wore a white dress to-day—she wore white more than anything else, because her uncle was fond of seeing her in it—and a little fresh straw hat, with some jaunty trimmings, that was very becoming to her.

She had looked very beautiful many times in the eyes of Philip Draper, but she never looked quite so lovely as she did on this day.

"I am heartily glad you have come to join us in our ramble, my young friend. What a delicious thing the mere living is to-day."

"Yes; even down there among the dust and clangor of the mills, I've felt a new thrill and intoxication in my veins. It's good to be here, Squire Thayne."

Philip Draper turned and smiled on his friend as he said these words. Those who had known his mother said her smile lived yet, when it broke up with its sudden light and sweetness the gravity of her boy's face.

It never struck Jacqueline precisely as it did at this time, for Philip Draper's face had always to her a certain immobility, just as his character had. But the smile gave a kind of new meaning to both. And then you must remember what such a day would be to such an organization as hers.

Wandering about in that free, outdoor life, the very air full of all delicious sweetneesses of blossoms and sprouting things, among the lights, and the shadows, and the fresh greenness of leaves and grasses, the two grew better acquainted than they had ever done before.

Unconsciously to herself, perhaps, the girl turned the gay, playful, childish side of her to this man; and he, in his turn, came out of that shell of gravity and self-constraint which had always held him more or less when in the presence of the intellectual, and cultivated, and odd Miss Thayne, as the people of Hedgerows more or less regarded her.

The two sparkled out in jest, and story, and all manner of easy, playful talk, and the squire brought his forces of wit and humor to the help of his companions, until the wide old grounds

rang with sudden peals of laughter. But the fragmentary, effervescent talk would lose its glow and sparkle at once, come to spread it out upon my page.

Late in the afternoon the trio came to the lawn, which had just been freshly shaven.

"Ah! this has the real scent of new-mown hay," said the squire, throwing himself down upon the grass under a kingly horse-chestnut, every branch covered with white obelisks of blossoms.

His niece and his friend followed his example. The landscape spread beneath them broad, grassy slopes, descending to Blue River, that lay wide, and still, and melancholy between its banks, now choked in black glooms of shadows, now flashing out in a broad laughter of sunlight.

The squire regarded it a few moments in silence, and then he spoke. "The river looks solemn and sluggish enough, to-day, going down to find the sea somewhere. Curious"—the last word spoken in an absent way to himself.

"What, Uncle Alger?" asked his niece, jogging his arm a little.

"That the old story or legend of the freshet always comes back to me when I see the river in this quiet mood."

"What is the story?" inquired Philip Draper. "I never heard it."

"It must have been at least fifteen years ago that the freshet happened. The summer had blazed with long heats, and been parched with droughts. The equinox came down at last with a sudden fury of whirlwinds and rains. Up among the mountains the small brooks and springs that feed Blue River were suddenly swollen into furious torrents. The waters swelled over the banks, carrying away mills, tearing up booms, barns, and bridges, and making frightful havoc up in the town, and at last riding triumphantly over the top of Huckleberry Hill yonder"—pointing to a broad, sloping shoulder of land, the summit just visible on their right.

"It must have taken a tremendous freshet to lift the waters out of their bed to that altitude," said Philip Draper, looking from the glooms of the river to the glitter of light on Huckleberry Hill.

"Yes, but I've talked with more than one old farmer about here, who had seen the thing with his own eyes. There was more than one life lost that time."

"I don't believe I shall ever like Blue River quite as well as I have done," said Jacqueline, gravely enough now.

"It was a kindly death, after all, child, and perhaps saved these drowned people the slow agonies of a sick-bed. I can't be hard on the old river, because drowning never had any terrors for me."

"I never knew anything that did," answered Jacqueline, with just the hint of a smile.

"Yes," he said, "there are some things that have terrors for me—great terrors," but he did not say what the things were, and nobody asked him.

Then Squire Thayne spoke again: "I've always been expecting a freshet like the one the farmers talk about since I settled above Blue River, but it hasn't come yet."

Long afterward that conversation returned to two of the three who sat under the horse-chestnut in the warmth and sweetness of the June afternoon.

Not far off from where they sat, there was a great bush in one wide blossom of white roses, that made it look, more than anything else, like a fleecy cloud dropped suddenly out of the sky.

When Philip Draper saw that, he said, "They were my mother's favorite flower. Every summer she wore them in her hair."

He did not say any more—indeed, I am not sure that Philip Draper knew he had spoken his thought at all; he only sat still, looking at the roses.

Jacqueline had never before heard him allude to his mother. The words, few and simple as they were, opened something new to her in the nature of this man. She leaned a little toward him. "I should like to have you tell me something about your mother," she said, her voice just outside a whisper.

Philip Draper turned and looked at the girl. The large, brown, luminous eyes met his own, and he saw in them some touched curiosity and interest for himself that shook the heart in him to the centre, although his face was calm as the flowers that breathed out their beauty in the soft wooing of the June air.

"What would you like to hear about her?" he asked, and a smile came into his eyes, and Jacqueline wondered to herself that she had never known before that this man had fine eyes.

"Anything that you would like to tell me. What kind of woman she was, or, at least, what she seemed to you."

Excepting to a few of Mrs. Draper's old friends, her son had not talked of her for years, but now it seemed as natural as to think of her.

He told one story after another of his boyhood and youth, stories of sweet, homely pathos sometimes, and at others the stories were little,

quaint cabinet pictures of childhood shining with wit and fun, that made the squire and his niece laugh heartily, and the young man did not suspect how clear and distinct this mother, who had been the love and ideal of his boyhood, shone upon these people.

The dew began to fall before anybody was aware of it, and they went up to the house.

The guest had promised himself he would not remain to supper to-night, but he did, and through the pleasant evening that followed.

Just as he was about to leave, Jacqueline brought him a bouquet of fresh, white roses, glittering with night-dews.

She did not tell him that they were for his mother's sake, but he knew it all the same; yet, going home that night with the sweet fragrance filling the air about him, Philip Draper did not think of what those flowers had been to his mother, only of the soft, warm hands whose touch yet thrilled his fingers, only of the living face which shone above the blossoms.

Jacqueline sat still awhile after her guest had gone, and her uncle buried himself in his newspaper. At last she spoke—"What a fine head Mr. Draper has. It never struck me, though, until to-night."

"Hasn't it? It did me, long ago."

CHAPTER XIV.

There was a taint of a bad cigar on the sweetness of the summer air, and then Sydney Weymouth heard the growl of a low, hoarse oath or two. He was on his way to the post-office. Somehow he was not in a very good humor. It is a singular fact that he never was, after completing one of his flowery love-epistles to his betrothed.

In fact, he had seated himself to this one saying, with a smile which had a dash of satire in it, as he dipped his pen into the jaws of his inkstand, which happened to be a lion couchant, in bronze—"All women are just alike. They want a dose of flattery and another of fondness, so here goes for you—Ada, my angel."

He would never have sat down with such a muttered preface to write to Jacqueline Thayne.

After all, something in this man's soul must have found in her the sort of woman it needed. I want you to bear that in mind through all that I am going to tell you of him.

Sydney Weymouth, catching the low growl just on his right, turned, and looked. The post-office stood before him, a tall, narrow building, in dull, red brick, and rows of small,

dust-covered windows on every side. Just in the rear of the office was a small grocery, of a dirty yellow color, and at the end a bar-room, where every evening you would be sure to find a dozen or more loungers, men of the very worst character in Hedgerow, puffing at their pipes amid low jests and loud guffaws of laughter.

Sydney Weymouth recognized the man in the low doorway of the yellow grocery, with the cheap cigar in his mouth, as the one who had performed that significant pantomime in the factory road a couple of weeks before.

He had learned since that time that the man was one of the factory hands, and had even exchanged a good-natured remark or two with Reynolds when he passed through the apartment where the man was sorting wool.

Sydney Weymouth followed the direction of the man's eyes, which had at that moment an ugly glare in them. On the opposite side of the street, moving rapidly out of sight, he saw his father's superintendent.

Now Sydney Weymouth did not, in his secret soul, feel any the less friendly toward this Reynolds when he discovered the individual against whom that low oath had been growled. The eyes of the two met now. A dull flush came into Reynolds's cheeks. The superintendent and his employer's son were friends, he fancied.

"O my friend! don't swear," said Sydney Weymouth pleasantly.

Reynolds took off his hat with his best air—"I beg your pardon, sir; it's something I'm not in the habit of doing."

"I hope there is no especial reason for it in this case," said Weymouth, and then he stood still a moment, waiting for Reynolds to speak.

The latter hesitated, and shuffled one foot before the other a little uneasily. He would have been glad to feel his way before he committed himself to this handsome and polished young man, of whom Reynolds, with all his bluster and swagger among his equals, being a coward at heart, stood in awe.

"Whether there is any reason or not, people in my place have no right to complain," answered the man, his language quite above that of the average workmen.

Weymouth noticed that,

"I hear the superintendent is in the good graces of all you people down there," with a little gesture in the direction of the mills.

"It's nothing of that sort, sir; I've no complaints to make on that hand," said Reynolds, with some eagerness, not suspecting, in his turn,

that the question had been put by young Weymouth solely as a feeler to draw him out.

The mail was about closing. Young Weymouth must post his letter on the instant, and he hurried off; but coming out of the post-office a few minutes later, he found what he expected—his father's workman awaiting him.

A rapid process of thought had been going on during these last few moments in Reynolds's brain. The workman was greatly flattered by attention from so high a source, and was determined, if possible, to improve the chance.

"I beg your pardon, sir," he said, "but I don't feel quite easy about those words you overheard just now."

"They did sound ugly, Reynolds. I don't know, of course, what sort of grudge you may fancy you have against Draper, which serves a little to excuse you."

"It's the kind of one, sir, which a man feels to the quick, if he is poor, and another stands far above him in place, and power, and riches. You know there may be wrongs of that kind, Mr. Weymouth."

"But although I grant what you say, I cannot easily believe young Draper would do you or any other man a wrong because himself happened to be better off, or higher in position, or anything of that sort. If he would, he is a very different man from what I have always taken him to be."

The two men were walking together now. Reynolds had thrown away his cigar, and was taking in greedily every tone of his companion; and although the words sounded honest and true, and might have been spoken by Philip Draper's best friend, still something in the tones implied curiosity or doubt, at least sufficient to draw Reynolds on.

"Well, sir, if you'll allow me, I'll suppose a case."

"Certainly, Reynolds. Go on."

"Supposing a man had taken a fancy to a girl—not one of your quick, come-and-go sort, I don't mean, but one that was honest, and real, and lasting—and that the girl was as pretty as a rose, and shy, and pure as ever a woman was, and that he had every reason to believe his fancy was returned; and that another man, his superior in money and education, and all those things, saw the girl, and having a taste for pretty faces, took a fancy to this one for a little while, and set deliberately to work to break up her first liking, and hatched up all manner of bad stories and suspicions, and so worked on the girl's innocence and simple heart that she re-

fused to have any more to do with the man who honestly loved her, what would you think of that, sir?"

"I can have but one opinion of it, Reynolds, as you put it. I should think it was a mean, cowardly, devilish thing for any man to do."

"Well, sir, that's precisely my opinion, and you may be sure a man feels such a thing just as much whether he is a rich man or a poor one, whether he's in a low place or a high one."

"I don't question that. But you don't mean to tell me, Reynolds, that your superintendent has been connected with any baseness of this sort?"

There was a triumphant leer in Reynolds's eyes. "Yes, sir," he answered, "that is precisely what I do mean to say."

There is no use in going through the talk that followed between these two. Reynolds told his story about himself and Ruth Benson, in an apparently straightforward way, and gave the whole just the coloring which suited his own purpose.

Young Weymouth listened, and believed Reynolds's story, because he secretly wanted to. He was very indignant, or fancied he was, which in reality amounted to the same thing.

It is true, a sense that he owed something to the man who had been his companion and his friend made him—for young Weymouth, believed himself a man of honor—put Reynolds through some close cross-questioning, in order to establish the truth of his narrative.

It was, however, quite within Reynolds's capacity to make out a plausible story, and he did it on this occasion.

Any shrewd reader of human nature, looking in the man's face, would probably have doubted his word. Perhaps Sydney Weymouth would at any other time, but there was this secret sympathy between the wool-sorter and the mill-owner's son. Both had a grudge in their innermost souls against Philip Draper.

Even at the close of the conversation, Sydney Weymouth did not commit himself by any very salient expressions of indignation. Still, he managed to convey to Reynolds, before their talk closed, a strong impression of sympathy, and of the real attitude in which Draper's conduct had placed himself in young Weymouth's eyes.

"These are things in which one man cannot help another," he said. "If I had the ear of this pretty damsel, I'd put in a plea for you, Reynolds, but, according to your showing, Draper has secured that."

"Yes, sir; and if that thought isn't enough to make a man swear, I don't know what is. Try and take it home to yourself, sir."

"It doesn't have a pleasant look, I must own. But try and keep cool, my friend; that seems to be just now about the best advice I can give you," offering his hand to the wool-sorter, who grasped it warmly.

"I am obliged to you for your sympathy, sir, anyhow. I shouldn't have been bold enough to trouble you with my affairs, you know, if I hadn't needed to, in order to explain what set me to swearing."

"I understand. There is no harm done. Your secret is safe, Reynolds."

"I haven't a doubt of that, sir. But—you'll pardon me for saying it—there are other pretty girls in the mills, and a man that's so light o' love, and so ready to trifle with one woman, ought to have some eye on him."

This was going a good way. Weymouth could not help feeling that, and had to remember that this man's provocation was very strong, before the gentleman replied—"Well, Reynolds, your advice is no doubt all well meant, but spies upon anybody's conduct are not in our line."

There was a little hauteur in these words. Reynolds saw that he had gone quite far enough; but, on the whole, the man was vastly satisfied with the result of his confidence.

There was a wicked leer of triumph and revenge in his face as he turned and walked away.

About this time the elder Weymouth had an attack of illness; not a serious one, but it at least prevented any active attention at the factories; and whatever was needed on his father's part, Sydney undertook to supply.

Every day he went over to the factories, and with his pleasant, free, and easy manners, managed to make himself a favorite with the hands. He passed, however, very little time in the office, and consequently he and the superintendent saw but little of each other.

Philip Draper began slowly to admit the conviction against which he had fought, that there was some change in the cordial relations which formerly existed between himself and young Weymouth. The latter was cordial enough when they met, but there were no more tramps and sails, or races on horseback, between the two now.

Philip Draper was quite too proud to seek for any explanation of this change—to make many advances, even. Being a sensitive man, however, the coldness probably hurt him a little; but then Sydney Weymouth had never

taken any vital hold of Philip Draper in any direction, while the former tried to keep up the semblance of the old cordiality, and was almost ceremoniously polite toward his father's superintendent.

About this time, too, there began to rise a slight feeling of disaffection among some of the factory people toward Philip Draper. He was not conscious of it himself for a good while—perhaps had not really admitted it when circumstances brought the matter to the surface in a way that could not fail to convince him.

The superintendent was brought less in personal contact with the people, as his business confined him more closely to the office; and young Wentworth took the rounds of the factory upon himself, thus growing in favor with the hands as the other imperceptibly declined.

Little absurd rumors of one kind and another got afloat, nobody knew how—rumors that more or less reflected on the superintendent, and, of course, the idle, the gossip, the ignorant, were eager to drink them in, and give them a wider currency; and groups of men gathered at night, when the work was done, about the doorways, and discussed respectively the superintendent and the junior proprietor; but it was, at least, a noticeable fact that the best part of the factory community, the most industrious and sensible, were always the warm friends of the superintendent; the faction which delighted in small scandals, and in an attitude of covert rebellion to Philip Draper's authority being composed of the young, and idle, and restless among the mill hands.

One day Squire Thayne's modest barouche dashed up to the office door. Inside were the owner and his niece. As soon as he caught a glimpse of the two, Philip Draper went out and stood there some time talking with his friends in the most cordial manner imaginable. It must have been very amusing talk, too, for every little while anybody standing near enough could catch the sudden sweetness of Jacqueline's laugh; and at last, when the two drove off, the young lady's voice floated merrily back—"We shall lay an embargo on you for to-morrow evening, Mr. Draper."

Another person beside the one for whom the rallying invitation was intended caught the words. Young Weymouth had just started from the main building to the office on some errand, when the barouche drove around the factory, and he caught sight of its inmates. The face of his old playmate was never an agreeable one to the young man now. Still, he took it for granted that the Thaynes had stopped on

some errand for himself, and was advancing toward the carriage, when Philip Draper came out.

Young Weymouth's face gloomed in an instant, and he drew back in one of the side entries, where there was a small window which commanded a view of the office. Here the young man posted himself, and witnessed not only the interview, but heard the words of Jacqueline as she drove away.

A bitter rancor toward the superintendent awoke in Sydney Weymouth's heart—a feeling that he had been overreached by this man.

"I believe that girl might to-day have been my wife if it had not been for this fellow's arts. And if that Reynolds tells the truth—and there is no doubt of it—he is a shameless villain," he muttered. "So you've made a fine exchange with your high notions and lofty ideals, that always had a touch of prudery or nonsense in them, my lady Jacqueline. You'd better have stuck to your old playfellow, after all, for though he may have plenty of faults, he isn't capable of such an infamous act as lies at yonder door, seducing an innocent young girl away from an honest man's heart, for any base motive of my own."

Other thoughts, hurried and half chaotic, but all bitter and passionate, flashed through Sydney Weymouth's mind.

A swift desire for vengeance, a feeling that no man would do well to make Sydney Weymouth his deadly foe, and a sudden longing to unmask whatever villainy lurked behind the fair outside of his father's superintendent, all bore part in the sudden tumult of thought and emotion which raged that morning in the soul of Sydney Weymouth; and perhaps deeper than all the rest was a feeling he would not have acknowledged to himself—a feeling of exultant triumph in any prospect of proving to the woman who had refused him the utter unworthiness of her lover.

Here was something that must bend the pride and pierce the heart of Jacqueline Thayne.

I do not presume Sydney Weymouth put it in such words to his own soul, but none the less the feeling was there.

At the moment the carriage drove off, Reynolds, turning around the corner of the building, came plump upon young Weymouth. He saw the glance which turned from the carriage to the superintendent, who was re-entering his office, and in that glance there was a sudden gleam of deadly hatred.

Reynolds had observed the occupants of the barouche. He was a shrewd man in reading, on a certain level, the hearts and souls of men.

In a moment it was all clear to him. He plunged into one of the lower rooms, piled with bales of goods, and there was a leer of malicious triumph in his bold eyes, and he chuckled to himself—"So you've been playing the same game over him that you have over me, my precious rascal! I might have known there was some mischief at bottom when he swallowed down my story so smoothly. In the same boat, eh? Two enemies for you now, and one's master of the concern! Look out for your bearings, sir!" and he snapped his fingers with some tingling malice in the very gesture, as he turned back to his work.

A moment more, and Sydney Weymouth went out, too, and only the still, hot sunshine lay in the wide, bare factory yard.

(To be continued.)

GOOD-BY.

BY KITTY CONSTANCE FILER.

THE hour is late,
The sands are falling,
And—hush!—I hear
A low-voiced calling

For me to go,
And I must die.
O love! good-by.

We have so lived
Our lives together,
Together toiled
In wind and weather!—

We'll never weep
Heart upon heart again;
Between us comes the shade
That severs souls and men.

We'll never share
Each other's pain and mirth;
For, like a cloud,
I drift above the earth.
'Tis hard to die
From all! Good-by.

Your tender heart
To mine is yearning,
And tears fall not,
In anguish burning
Athrough your quivering sigh,
Since I must die.

You watch me,
With a dark-eyed yearning,
Into the spirit-land,
Whence no returning.
Oh! could you go with me
Through all its gloom,
I would not dread
The phantom-peopled tomb.
Alone I die.
Good-by! good-by!

A STORY FOR THE TIMES.

BY "GERALD."

"O DEAR! I hate this very room, I hate housework—nothing but delve, delve, from morning till night—no time to one's self, or to be anybody. A woman is nothing but a slave, and gets no thanks for it either."

And Mrs. Merton glanced around the large, roomy kitchen in which she sat with a most unamiable frown on her bright, rosy face.

The room was well-furnished, and well-lighted, cheerful, and in all ways fitted for comfort, serving as dining-room as well as work-room.

But, alas! my office as a faithful historian, compels me to say it was wretchedly *untidy*. The bright carpet littered with the crumbs of the morning meal, the table still standing with the breakfast dishes untouched, although nearly the dinner hour; and the far from snowy cloth all awry, while the mistress of the house discoursed most eloquently of her trials. Her auditor was her aunt, who had arrived by the morning boat for a short visit, and they were discussing the merits and demerits of Mrs. Lizzie Merton's condition in life.

"Charles never appreciates anything that I do," continued she, giving the fire a spiteful poke, overturning a basin of milk on the stove-hearth as she did so. "There, that is just my luck. I wish men had one half to endure that falls to the lot of a woman. Charles grumbles continually—'Nothing in its place, or ever to be found.' I'm sure it is not my fault. I get so tired picking up, and doing the same thing over and over day after day. A woman's work is never done."

Just then she glanced up, and seeing the eyes of her aunt regarding a torn curtain somewhat attentively, flushed crimson, and hurriedly exclaimed—"I meant to have got those curtains put up right before you came, but somehow it didn't get done. I can't do everything. I wish Charles would allow me a girl; I am sure that he could afford one. I can't get time to dress, or to go out at all. Before I was married I was well off, if I had only known it. Just think of it, Aunt Ellen, I have been to but one ball since, and I have been his wife eight years! Charles will not leave his store, and I *will not* be seen without him."

"Let us wash up these dishes, Lizzie, and

get things somewhat in trim for dinner; the clock is now on the stroke of eleven, and I believe you dine at one." And Aunt Ellen rose from her seat with a smile—"We will see what light work two pair of hands will make of it."

"Oh! never mind, don't worry yourself, I can get the dishes done somehow—if Charles frets, I am used to it—and if dinner is not ready he can wait, or take hold and help me himself."

Mrs. Jones saw that it was of little use to argue with her niece in her present frame of mind, so she wisely said nothing, but proceeded to business. Lizzie soon joined her, and although complaining meanwhile of the narrow sphere of woman, compared with that of man, she quickly brought order out of confusion.

At one o'clock, a nice, smoking-hot dinner was on the table tidily arranged, and the room so transformed that one would hardly have recognized it.

"Ah! this is something like housekeeping," said Mr. Charles Merton as he entered the room after greeting his aunt. "I vote that you remain with us six months, and impart your skill to Lizzie. What! a bouquet!" and he raised the glass, in which Mrs. Jones had placed a spray of geranium, with one rosebud, and bit of heliotrope, with certainly an appreciative gesture.

His wife's face clouded for a moment, then, with an effort, she laughed lightly, saying—"I am glad to hear you praise anything, it is so seldom that I have that pleasure."

His retort was not a pleasant one, and something mingled with it which sounded like "being a blessing to have company occasionally, so that things could be decent."

Aunt Ellen saw that the domestic harp was not in tune, and, like a discreet woman, introduced another subject, talking glibly of business and matters likely to interest, until dinner was over. Charles, lighting one of "those odious" cigars, provoked the remark—"I wonder what men would say if women spent as much on folly of any kind as they do on their smoking?" and left the house.

"Come, aunt, now let us take a nap."

"What! and leave this disorder until afternoon to clear up?"

"Oh! I always do. I am so tired and sleepy, I can't work yet."

"Then, Lizzie, go and lie down awhile. I am fresh, and will attend to this for you."

A slam of the outer door, a boisterous footstep, and, in rushes a bright boy of six years, throwing his cap at the lounge, succeeded in landing it on the floor instead.

"Why, Freddie, are you so late home from school? It is nearly two now. Don't you see Aunt Ellen?"

The child seemed really glad to see and welcome his aunt, who always had a pleasant smile and gentle word for the little folks, but paid small heed to his mother's implied reproof.

He hurried his dinner through without ceremony, vouchsafing the information as he rushed out—"I'm going to play ball to-night with Tom Eaton, mother."

Another burst of lamentations came from Mrs. Merton's lips after he had closed the door.

"Freddie is so headstrong, and I don't want to fret at him all the time, for fear of spoiling his disposition. I can't govern him, and his father puts all the responsibility upon my shoulders. Men never think that they can take any care; but the poor wife must bear all the blame if anything goes wrong."

Meanwhile, Aunt Ellen was quietly passing to and fro, and deftly putting the room to rights with her busy fingers, planning in her heart to speak a word in season, without offense, to the poor, unhappy woman before her.

Mrs. Merton was an only child, married at the age of seventeen to a young man whom she fancied was "angelic," and found him, after all, to be like herself, *human*, with human frailties, and only human patience. Her mother, a kind, loving woman, in making the great mistake of educating her for society alone, not for home, had taken all the care and labor of the household upon her own hands, leaving Lizzie to embroider a little, to play a little, to walk, ride, visit, and finally to become a wife, without one *serious* look into the future, which dawned so rosily before her.

This mother was now gone to her rest, and the daughter, with the well-being of husband and child required of her, was as unfit for her position as a babe. Her cares were a continual torment to her. She found no delight in home duties; consequently they were styled *drudgery*, and performed as such.

Her husband lost patience, and, seeing the confusion which reigned, kept out of it as much

as possible. If he complained, she retorted, and the love which promised to endure all things waxed cold, and hid her face.

Aunt Ellen was a prudent woman, and listened to the story which her niece poured forth in silence. Both were manifestly in fault, but she determined to try what a little kindly advice would do with Lizzie first, and attempt to establish the household upon the firm footing of mutual forbearance and enduring affection.

"Let us make some custards for tea. I think I have heard your husband say that they were his favorite dish; and with some of this nice, clear jelly they will be just the thing," she said, as Lizzie sauntered in after her nap, still in her wrapper, and her hair in tangled curls about her face.

"Charles does not come home to tea half the time, unless I want to go out somewhere; then he is sure to come, and grumble because I am not here, tied up like a dog, at home, day after day," was the unpromising answer.

"Never mind, I think he will come to-day. Any way, we will make them, and trust to see him bright and early."

She coaxed her niece into preparing several little niceties which she knew would please him, then helped her to decorate the table as if for an honored guest, and in spite of Lizzie's obstinate—"It's no use, he never notices anything I do," substituted a neatly fitting dress for the morning wrapper, smoothing the really pretty curls herself, and looping them back with a bright, fresh ribbon.

Charles *did* come, and was ushered into the eating-room by Aunt Ellen, with the remark—"Lizzie has been very painstaking in your behalf this afternoon, sir, and I expect you to show the utmost appreciation of her efforts. Sit down, and confess nothing ever tasted so good in your life."

He did appreciate and praise, but could not forbear a hint that to Mrs. Jones must the credit be awarded.

That evening the store got along without him, for he escorted the two ladies to a first-class concert, which Lizzie had been longing to attend, but would not express the wish, believing all that she affirmed of his indifference to her pleasure.

The next morning, under Mrs. Jones's skillful management, the domestic tangle was straightened out, and the friends seated at their sewing at an early hour.

"Aunt, I know that you think me in fault toward Charles. You say nothing, but your

manner betrays you. You little know how aggravating he is. While you are here, he is on his best behavior. I feel often so provoked at him, I don't care whether I try to please him or not."

"Supposing you try to put aside that thought, Lizzie—and, indeed, all thoughts of his conduct—and, remembering only your individual duty, your own accountability, strive with singleness of purpose to fulfil these, trusting to God for the result. I firmly believe that you will not fail of your reward. When you were married, it was 'for better, for worse.' You promised to 'love, honor, and obey.' You did not promise that you would fulfil your part of the contract provided he did the same, but *unconditionally*, and as such you must *adhere* to your vows.

"He may be slow to recognize your efforts to please him, and your duty thereby rendered a hard one; but, having 'put the hand to the plough,' you *cannot* turn back. Fight all your battles with yourself. The path lies straight before you, and any deviation is full of danger.

"Make your home always cheerful and pleasant, and yourself *always beautiful for him*. He *will* see, and his heart *will* be touched, I have not one doubt.

"I leave here to-morrow; but, before I go, promise me that you will bear my words in your mind, and act upon them."

Mrs. Merton, with many tears, gave the required promise, for she knew that she had been "tried and found wanting," although many rebellious thoughts struggled for the mastery.

Aunt Ellen returned to her home, and a quotation from a letter received by her a twelve-month after, will show whether her words were in vain or no:

"I must always bless you as my good angel, dear aunt, in showing me my short-comings as a wife and mother so fearlessly and yet so kindly. We are the happiest family in the world. I long for another visit from you, that you may compare it with your last. Charles is more my lover than before our marriage, and I know that I am more lovable. But let me confess to you, my mentor, I saw many dark hours before I conquered myself. Poor Charles reproached himself bitterly for his lack of patience; but I find no word of blame in my heart for him. You cannot imagine how happy I am. Even Freddie thinks 'mamma grows young lately,' and he certainly grows good. I only regret the years which I have wasted before I learned the lesson you have taught me."

JAPANESE MUSICIANS.

(See Illustration.)

ACCORDING to our western notions, the Japanese cannot be regarded as an eminently musical people. They have no great variety of musical instruments, and even these, though often remarkable for the beauty of their workmanship, are instruments for producing the most horrible noises rather than what our ears would regard as music.

The five instruments in most general use will be found figured in our illustration, which represents the orchestra of a Japanese theatre. The musicians wear caps fashioned after the ancient national helmet, which was made like a half-globe, without crests, but ornamented with appendages protecting the back of the neck.

Their principal instruments are the flute, the Pan's pipe, or mouth-organ, the conch, or shell, the tom-tom—a species of kettle-drum—and the *kakdaiko*, or gong, formed of a dressed skin stretched on a disk, supported by a pedestal, and ornamented with a variety of figures.

These five instruments are regarded as sacred by the Japanese. According to their traditions, there was a time when the great divinity who gives light to the world, no longer able to endure the sight of the barbarity of men, withdrew into the caves of the sea. Whereupon, to recall him again to them, they set up a concert, in which the instruments we have mentioned were used. And so, with the invention of music, the darkness disappeared from the face of the earth. The classic scholar will find in this tradition some traces of the Grecian legends respecting Apollo.

Besides these sacred instruments, which are heard in every Japanese temple, as well as in the theatres, or other places of amusement, the *samsie*, or lute, an instrument with three strings, similar to our guitar, is very popular. It is played with a thin slip of wood, and to be able to perform on it is as necessary an accomplishment among the fair sex as piano-forte playing is with us.

IF a man were offered ten times as many gold eagles as he could carry, he had better send them many miles from home, and declare that he will never use one of them except upon the condition that he walks forth and back again for each, one by one, before he spends it. A dollar is *never* worth a dollar to a man until he has given a dollar's worth of work for it—by hand or brain.

MOTHERS' DEPARTMENT.

A HINT TO MOTHERS.

BY M. O. J.

"BABY, say mamma?"

Baby sat in his mother's lap, bright and pretty as a fresh rosebud, the very picture of health and good-nature. His whole vocabulary, so far, amounted to just three words, and these three he could say perfectly. He would almost always talk when alone with mamma; but a friend had come in, and she very much wished her to hear the little music-tones. But baby was shy, and only curled his head down on her breast, a roguish smile lighting his blue eyes, and dancing in the dimpled cheeks and rosy mouth.

"Won't baby say mamma? Just once—mamma?"

"Well, what does the dog say? Baby, say bow-wow?"

But no, baby wouldn't. Mamma tried again and again; and then, patting his round, plump knee, asked—"What's this?"

Baby only smiled, and cuddled closer.

"What's this, baby? Baby, say knee?"

"Don't press him, Mary," said her friend. "It's no use, and in one way will do harm."

The mother seemed surprised.

"If you urge him, when not inclined to talk, it will only induce a *habit* of setting his will in opposition to yours; a habit that will 'grow with his growth, and strengthen with his strength,' and will become obstinacy. Now, of course, you cannot reason with him; and there is no more moral wrong in his refusal than in refusing his milk when he is not hungry. But this, like all childhood, is *seed time*. Much may be done, almost from earliest infancy, by inducing, *unconsciously* to the child, habits of obedience, and preventing their opposites—thus making the after-way far easier for both child and mother."

"I see it now," the lady said frankly; "I never thought of it in this light before; but it is reasonable, and I will remember it. Of all things, I desire to avoid a 'contest,' as it is called, in the future, with my children."

"That it can be prevented—nay, *ought* to be prevented, is my firm belief," rejoined the friend. "Temporary and external obedience may be obtained by it, in some cases (though not always even that), but at what a fearful cost! Not only of suffering, but affection and confidence between child and parent, are never the same with as without it; and '*breaking the will*,' as it is called, instead of *training* it, is a dire mistake. There can be no self-governing force, no stability of character, without a resolute, well-directed will. The young tree, you know, must be *pruned*—never

broken. The colt must be trained by gentle firmness, not severity. And immortal souls and human hearts need no less care and watchfulness."

A REBUKE.—The parents of little five-year-old Charlie differed in their political opinions, and this unwisely occasioned many disputes.

One day the dispute ran unusually high, and the words "Democrat," and "Republican" were repeatedly pronounced with no little emphasis.

It appears, that unknown to either, little Charlie felt that this was wrong, and was deeply grieved by it; for on this particular night, after he was snugly in bed, they heard him saying over his "Now I lay me," etc.

Then he added, after a moment's pause, with sorrowful earnestness—"And, O Lord! let me never talk 'publican talk!'"

Mrs. Robert Dale Owen says "that no young woman should be willing to marry unless she is able to support herself, and can feel that she does not choose a husband that she might become a dependent. She does not approve, however, of married women earning their own living. She thinks it would *ruin all the men in America if their wives supported themselves*; their domestic duties, properly performed, are enough for them, and should be recognized at their proper value."

A celebrated writer says: "No woman can be a lady who can wound and mortify another. No matter how beautiful, how refined, or how cultivated she may be, she is, in reality, coarse, and the innate vulgarity of her nature manifests itself here. Uniformly kind, courteous, and polite treatment of all persons is one mark of a true woman."

Some people feel very anxious to hear everything that vexes or annoys them. If it is hinted that any one has spoken ill of them, they set about searching it out. If all the petty things said of one by the heedless or ill-natured idlers were to be brought home to him, he would become a mere walking pin-cushion stuck full of sharp remarks.

ARISTOCRACY.—The lady who did not think it respectable to bring up her children to work, has lately heard from her two sons. One of them is bar-keeper on a flat-boat, and the other is steward of a brick-yard.

The mother's heart is the child's school-room.

BOYS' AND GIRLS' TREASURY.

OUR DOG PADDY.

BY ROSELLA RICE.

"GUESS what's in my pocket," said my big Brother Rube, one winter morning five years ago, as he came bustling into the kitchen, with one coat-pocket sticking out wonderfully big, and round, and long, and queer.

The little girls and I were very busy sewing carpet-rags, and telling stories in a quiet, sleepy, cosy way that we have of doing yet sometimes when we are alone, and the house is still and comfortable.

"I know by the size of the pocket that Aunt Betsey has been silly knitting me another pair of her soft, warm, woolly stockings," said I. "You know she is always doing such clever things."

"No yarn stockings—better than that," said Rube, the jolly laugh opening his mouth almost from ear to ear.

"Oh! I do hope some one has sent me 'Tom Brown at Rugby,' or 'Letters from my Chimney Corner,' or 'Uncle Tom's Cabin,'" said Lily, "the three books I've been wanting so long," and she rubbed her hands gleefully.

"Not a bit of it," said Rube. "Do you think a promising young man of my age would be seen with books for girls in his pockets? Guess again," and his hand touched as in a soft caress the bulged-out pocket. "Run your hand down into my pocket and tell me what you think it is then," said Rube.

Ida thrust in her hand, and then followed a piercing scream, and she shook herself, and made very round, wide-open eyes, and cried out—"O dear me! it's some live thing! I felt its warm fur and its soft body. Ugh! ugh!" and she shook her fingers as though they were burnt.

Rube just patted his hands on his knees, and tossed his head, and laughed, and laughed!

I grew a little impatient, and said—"Come, come, you are wasting a great deal of noise and laughter that might be put to a better use than in making fun of a poor girl."

"Well," he said, "now I want all three of you to sit down on the floor here in a circle, and I'll empty my pocket on this bright red and green check in the carpet, and then we'll see what you think of the yarn stockings, or the books, or whatever it is."

So we all crept down low beside the big fellow, and he fumbled and fumbled a good while, just to make us uneasy, and to keep us in suspense, and then he very slowly drew out of his big pocket the darlingest, sweetest, cunningest, little wee puppy we ever did see! A little, live, round, roly-poly, gray puppy, with a short, thick, funny nose, just as stubby and flat on the end, and little, soft, pinky-lined, quivering ears, that hung loosely, and shook about so charmingly.

His body was so round and fat, and his legs so short, that the least little push would make the little dear go tumbling right over. Oh! we jumped at him, and patted him, and kissed him, and held him in our arms, and were so rejoiced we didn't know what to do. I said—"Oh! do give him to me to keep forever for my own."

But Rube clasped his hands across his knees, and looked very wise, and shook his head like old Naoman in the school reader, and said—"Money couldn't buy that dog."

I said—"You'll not bring him up right, and he'll be a disgrace to the whole family. I want him to be respected—never to fight or chase other dogs, or do mean, selfish things, so that he will be ashamed to look us right in the eyes."

"I mean that he shall whip every dog in the neighborhood before he's one year old," said Rube with imperturbable gravity, spitting a stream of tobacco juice away out under the stove.

"O dear! you little, innocent thing, must you ever come to that?" said Ida, wrapping the soft little body all up in her apron, and crooning a buzzing, drowsy song to it as she swayed it gently on her knees.

"Well," I said, and the angry sparkle came into my eyes, "one thing is very certain, I'll have no child, or dog, or living thing, brought up about this house to fighting and evil ways."

"Oh! well, I was just in fun," said Rube. "I want this dog to be the best one we ever had, and to have as much good sense and judgment as a man; and now we must all try how nice and good we can teach him to be—but remember this one thing, *he's my dog.*"

We resolved that this dog should not come into the house, and be on such familiar terms with the family as our other dogs had been, so we made him a nice bed on the back porch, and he had very comfortable quarters. After a good deal of talk and discussing of names, we concluded to call him Patrick Henry; but the name was not an easy flowing one, and so we shortened it into Paddy.

When we was only a few months old, one night he got frightened at a cat, or dog, or something that was new to him, and he cried out most plaintively, and howled, and kicked his basket over, and, among other items of mischief, upset a jug of strong, old fish oil. It splashed up against the plastering and wood-work on the porch, and saturated his bed and his body, and made a bad job for some one to clean up. Of course, because he was Rube's dog, Rube would have the work to do.

Oh! but I was glad when he came to look on the mishap, and, after surveying, ruefully turned to me and said—"Zelle, if you will clean up the porch real nicely and patiently, henceforth and forever

Patrick Henry is your dog, to do just as you please with."

I did it cheerfully, and then Paddy was my dog. I taught him that fighting was low and mean, and beneath the dignity of a dog, as well as a man; that he must carry his bones away off when he ate; that he must not meddle with anything that was good to eat unless some one told him, "This is for you, Paddy;" that he must watch the whole farm; in short, that he must be a manly dog.

The boys would throw their soiled collars in the wood-box among the shavings and kindlings, and I would select the cleanest ones and turn them and put one on Paddy's neck, fastened in front with an old bow of ribbon. He would tip his head sideways, and cast his eyes down modestly, and step off as though he thought the common earth was not quite good enough to walk on. Indeed, I couldn't let him wear a collar every day for fear he would grow proud and disdainful. He never wears one now, only when he is going to the mill, or to the factory, or some place away from home. In spite of my best teachings, he is still a very human dog.

From his puppyhood he has taken great delight in catching rats. I would praise him, and say—"My! what a man he is to catch rats!" Then I would tell him to lay it down, and I would pay him for it in bread, or a bone, or something to eat.

One day he traded me the same rat three or four times for bread. He would go away and eat the piece, and pick up and bring the rat to me, and whine at the door, and I would say, "Why, there comes that young man wanting to buy his dinner!" and I would take the rat with the tongs and throw it away, and give him a piece. I did it several times, and then I began to think the rat looked too dilapidated to be a newly-killed one, and watched him, and detected the trick, and reprimanded him severely for his dishonesty. Poor fellow! even men have been known to do like dishonorable deeds.

He can understand good, plain English as well as a Dutchman. If the boys say, "Paddy, I do believe I see a cow in the lower field," he will toss his nose up in the air, sniff the wind, and away he will run and drive her out.

In the summer mornings, grandpa always milks before daylight, and sometimes I don't get up till a quarter of an hour after the milk is brought to the house. He always leaves the pails standing at the head of the cellar stairs, out on the porch, just two or three steps from where the dog sleeps; and though he loves new, warm, creamy milk dearly, he wouldn't touch it for the world. This is one of the finest proofs I have that mine is a noble dog.

Why, some little children couldn't stand the temptation if something nice to eat stood near them, and no eye in the world saw them, and the gray twilight half hid them, and they could taste it and no one ever find it out. Oh! so many of them would do it just like little, ugly, weak cow-

ards, who wouldn't try to stand up bravely like little heroes.

I believe if a child comes off conqueror, amid temptations, in his youth, he will be very likely to do the same when he arrives at manhood. Some grown men will not stand the temptation of intoxicating liquors, and they yield and fall, and it seems that the very manliness Paddy has they have not.

Sometimes, when I strain the milk, I give him a good drink from a little tin basin; but I don't always do it, for fear he might learn to do good deeds and behave nobly and worthily just for the reward, and feel like a paid menial. I want him to believe that

"He lives most who thinks most;
Feels the noblest, acts the best."

I do believe Paddy thinks that he is doing the farming. Just as soon as the horses are brought out in the morning, he runs round the wagon, and under it, and stands on his hind legs, and examines everything, and walks between the horses, blinking his sharp eyes to the right and the left, as though he was hitching them up himself, instead of the boys.

Of course, I cannot very well give him his breakfast until the family have eaten, and the girls and myself; but if his breakfast is not over when the horses start, he goes without it—runs off cheerfully, too. He would go whistling if he could only fix his mouth; but, as it is, he only laughs and flips his tail, and trots awhile before and then under and behind the wagon.

I always save a nice plateful ready for his early dinner. Just as soon as the boys put the horses in the stable, and everything is safe and right, he comes bounding down to the houses, panting, and snorting, and laughing aloud; and if the door is shut, and I don't see him, he peeps in at the window, and shows his red mouth and white teeth, and his keen, brown eyes do look so intelligently at me, that I go out and say—"Why, here's that boy who works for us! the finest fellow in town; he hauls corn, and hauls wood, and drives cows, and does any kind of work, and then he comes home hungry, and has a good dinner in the cupboard waiting."

Then I set a plate full of bits of bread, and meat, and potatoes, and gravy down for him, and though he is very greedy and hungry, I put my hand down under his very nose, and sort his victuals, and tell him he mustn't bolt his dinner down like a naughty boy, but take his time, and eat gentlemanly.

He will wiggle and twist his body uneasily, and say in whining dog-talk—"Oh! I'm so hungry, I could almost bite your fingers off, and I'd be glad if you'd leave me alone, and not always be telling me what good manners are!"

One time a couple of old Norway rats and their only child took up their residence under the boards about the cistern-pump. After the chores

were all done in the evening, papa said—"Now, Paddy, let us try if we can't get these cunning old rats out of this." The platform about the pump was carefully taken up.

Oh! Paddy's two ears stood up like paper ears, and his pretty eyes sparkled, and he swung his tail, and slashed it around, and grew so excited that he just had to jump up in the air. I closed the south door, and raised the window so I would have a good view of the whole performance.

There were three smoothly worn holes in the soft ground. Papa sat down, and stuck the heels of his boots in two of the holes, and told the dog to go to work in the third one. Oh! he made the dirt fly high above his head as he scratched, and his fore-feet moved like fast machinery. He thrust his head into the hole up to his eyes, and cried out something with his mouth full of dirt, that sounded like "Hurrah! boys," and he drew back with a very large rat writhing in his teeth. He stepped aside, and shook it fiercely, and tramped on it, and tossed it over his shoulder, dead.

Then he attacked the hole again vigorously. I clapped my hands, and cheered him, and told him he was the finest dog I'd ever seen, and while I was praising him he drew out and killed another, flung it over his shoulder with the air of one who understood his profession, and then went and scratched out the third. I enjoyed this bit of fun exceedingly.

Yesterday the men were husking corn in the field, and they worked about thirty rods apart. Paddy could do nothing but cheer them with his presence, and the wiggle of his tail, and proffers of

assistance, in case either of them found a rat. The whole forenoon he walked continually backward and forward from one man to the other, saying—"Now, gentlemen, if you have any occasion for my services just whistle, and I shall be glad to oblige you. Don't hesitate, for sometimes the best of us need a helping hand."

It was not long until Rube said—"O Paddy! I do believe here's a rat."

He was there in an instant. There were two holes in the ground. Instinct, or Yankee ingenuity, or good sense taught him what to do. He put one hind-foot in one hole, and went scratching into the other, and soon brought out a gray old rat, no doubt cunning, because of his two ways of egress, but not as cunning as the dog.

Sometimes, when I look at Paddy, I am so sorry, and think it is such a pity, that we do not try, while training and dealing with dumb brutes to bring out the very best that is in them.

Why, we could make cows, and horses, and dogs, and sheep really lovable; we could almost give them characters, and reputation, and manliness, and a degree of nobility that would be praiseworthy.

We should be ashamed to scold a brute—to look in their intelligent eyes, and blame, and shame them, and make them hang their heads. And how much worse to strike, and abuse, and hurt them.

I hope no little boy or girl who reads this will ever do such cruel things. Brutes can be made to love us, and understand us, and be real happy and contented.

THE HOME CIRCLE.

EDITED BY A LADY.

MRS. EMMA WILLARD.

OUR readers have all learned of the death of Mrs. Emma Willard, of Troy, New York, which occurred on the 15th of April last. Mrs. Willard was a representative woman, and during the greater portion of her life was an active worker in the endeavor to bring about a more general and more thorough education of her sex.

We give place in the Home Circle to a lengthy sketch of her in her late years, because we believe there are homes all over the land in which her memory is cherished with feelings of the warmest affection, engendered by personal acquaintance in the relations of teacher and pupil. The article is from the pen of Celia Burleigh, and appeared in the columns of the (Boston) *Woman's Journal*:

"For three years of Mrs. Emma Willard's later life I was a member of her family, and intimately asso-

ciated with her. The sudden death by accident of a favorite niece, who had been to her as a daughter, left a great void in her life, and necessitated the procuring a substitute, to carry forward some literary work that had fallen unfinished from the hands so suddenly released from their loving ministrations. I was that substitute. At that time I had never seen Mrs. Willard. I had heard of her all my life, and in early girlhood to attend her school had been the utmost goal of my aspiration—an aspiration never realized, but remembered tenderly, as we are apt to remember our dead hopes. With profound reverence for her character, deep sympathy for her bereavement, and an earnest determination to do my best toward paying the debt which it seemed to me all American women owed her, I arrived on the day appointed, and was ushered into her reception-room. Her house, a moderate sized, unpretending gray brick, stood on the corner of

Ferry and Second Streets, in Troy, and communicated by a plank walk at the rear with the seminary, of which her only son, John H. Willard—now a man near sixty—has had charge ever since her withdrawal from it in 1839. The reception-room into which I was shown was of moderate size, square, with a low ceiling and closed blinds. The walls were covered with a dark green paper, the carpet was green, the furniture sombre, the light dim. It suggested a cave under the sea, and has ever since figured in my correspondence and conversation, as the 'sea-green cave.' In Troy, Mrs. Willard was always known as Madame Willard, to distinguish her from several others of the same name more or less intimately related to her.

"I had time to note all the details of the room before she made her appearance. The exactness of the order that prevailed, a certain inflexibility of arrangement, were rather oppressive. A high arm-chair, with a hair-cloth seat, and rather straight back, stood at one end of the table, the back toward the windows. It had a rigid, uncompromising look, widely at variance with the luxurious lolling habit of the present time. As I was making out, little by little, the character of the occupant of the room by the room itself, the door opened, and Madame Willard entered. She greeted me with a kindness of manner which I afterward found was habitual, but with a certain formality that was equally habitual, and not quite calculated to make one feel at ease. She was a large woman, of medium height, but owing to her erect carriage seemed taller than she really was. It was easy to see that she had been remarkably handsome, and her profile was still fine. She was dressed in a heavy black reps silk, with a train of moderate length. The dress was made open at the throat, and worn with a spotless lace neckerchief, in the soft folds of which sparkled a small diamond cross. Her head was very gracefully set, and the effect of unusually drooping shoulders was heightened by a Marie Antoinette cape. This style of dress, I learned afterward, she had adopted many years before, and never changed. On state occasions, satin or velvet took the place of the reps silk, but the color was always black and the general effect the same.

"Owing to the infirmity of age, she lived almost entirely in her bedroom and reception-room, which was also her dining-room, rarely ascending to the parlors on the next floor, unless it was to exhibit to a visitor the works of art which she had gathered during two visits abroad. The most inflexible system obtained in the administration of her affairs, and the order of the household, was as immutable as the laws of the Medes and Persians. The rising bell, the second bell, family prayers, breakfast, which she never failed to order herself the night before, sending for the cook to come to her room for the purpose. After breakfast, the mail, reading the letters, and giving instructions about such

as she wished me to answer. Then she went to her room, where she read the newspapers, wrote, or received her intimate friends, till dinner time, which was at two. I sat in my own two floors above, the maid appearing from time to time, with the uniformly polite message—'Madame Willard's compliments, and she says will you please be so good as to come to her room?' She was inexhaustible in resource, and no evil came under her observation for which she could not suggest a remedy. Some of these world-bettering schemes were wildly impracticable, but they always showed unselfish devotion to humanity, and great nobleness of purpose. Many of these morning interviews were devoted to the discussion of such plans as the organizing of a peace congress, composed of representatives from all nations, that should settle international differences, and do away with the horrors of war, the associating wise and good women with men in the administration of city governments in order to protect more fully the interests of women and children. She would enter into each new plan with a glow of enthusiasm, always feeling that its success depended largely upon herself, but failing to inspire others with her own faith, the facts of her age and infirmity seemed to force themselves upon her, and the great reform was talked of less and less, and finally was heard of no more. Few things are sadder to contemplate, than a great soul full of aspiration and energy, hedged in and restricted by physical infirmity.

"After dinner Madame Willard invariably took a long nap; she did not lie down, but sat in an old-fashioned, high-backed arm-chair, her feet resting in another in front of her. Between five and six she rang for her maid, who came and helped her dress for the evening. Tea was served at seven, and as soon as it was finished, everything was cleared away, the spread put upon the table, the inevitable four books of precisely the same size, laid across the four corners, and the card receiver placed upon the central flower of the central bouquet. When the room was restored to its normal condition of a 'sea-green cave,' I drew my chair always to the same side of the table, and to the same place, and began to read aloud—sometimes the newspapers, but during the war they were too exciting for evening reading—usually a biography, poem, or novel.

"Of Scott's novels Madame Willard was very fond; and having read them when they first came from the press, their intrinsic interest was enhanced for her by the associations of that earlier period which they evoked. She liked standard works, and old authors. Wordsworth and Coleridge, both of whom she had met when abroad, were among her favorites. For Dickens she had little relish, and Thackeray she thought cynical. Mrs. Browning alone, of modern poets, deeply interested her.

"It was her habit to sit up late, rarely going to

her room till after eleven, and often not till twelve or one. Ceremonious in manner, though cordial in feeling, she constantly reminded one of Emerson's admonitions, "We should meet each morning as from foreign countries, and spending the day together, depart at night as into foreign countries;" with Madame Willard, too, "the keeping of the proprieties was as indispensable as clean linen."

Once a week, usually just before tea on Saturday, she visited every part of her house, looked into closets, cupboards, and drawers, inspected linen and silver, and demonstrated her claim to the title of a good housekeeper. On Sunday morning she made a point of having the domestics attend prayers. The cook, the waiting-maid, and the colored man must be all present, no excuse was accepted, no regard paid to difference of faith. "As I hope to meet my domestics hereafter," she used to say, "I consider it my duty to pray with them here." It was her custom to attend the morning service of the Episcopal church, of which, for many years previous to her death, she was a member, and on her return to dine at the Seminary, with her son and his family, they as uniformly taking tea with her. For the last two years, having become too infirm to attend to her house, she has resided at the Seminary, and there, where so many of the best years of her life were spent, she died on Friday, April 15th, after only a few days' illness.

And so a noble woman has passed away. Not avowedly an advocate of woman's rights, she was one of the first to announce the equality of the sexes, and to demand for women the same educational advantages as are enjoyed by men. For many years her school was the only one in the country where a thorough education could be obtained by girls, and we at the present day can form little idea of the moral courage, energy, and perseverance that were needed in the beginning of her career. The fear to-day that women will be unsexed by the ballot is not half as great as it was fifty years ago, that they would be unsexed by the study of Chemistry and the higher Mathematics. "I understand, Mrs. Willard, that you pretend to teach girls Algebra," said an incredulous professor of West Point. "No, sir," she replied, with quiet dignity; "we do not pretend to teach them, we teach them." But this learned sceptic, this utter disbeliever in female brains, was determined to test the truth of so incredible a statement. He took advantage of the next annual examination to be present, and hearing the young ladies go through their demonstrations as lucidly as his own classes at West Point, he jumped at the sage conclusion that it was, after all, only a feat of memory, and would not be persuaded to the contrary till he had given them problems fresh made for the occasion. He was convinced at last that Madame Willard's assertion, "We teach them," was actually true; "but," said he, "they must be very exceptional girls."

Madame Willard brought to her work the qual-

ities that could not fail of commanding success—earnestness, enthusiasm, a high sense of its importance to the world, and a faithfulness in the discharge of its duties that was truly religious. She had a profound reverence for humanity, a noble conception of woman and her mission, and an earnest desire to arouse her to a sense of her responsibilities and fit her for her true place. "I do not tell you, young ladies," she was wont to say, "that beauty is of little value; it is one of the great forces of the world—a sacred trust, to be accepted reverently, used nobly, and consecrated to God who gave it. Make yourselves as beautiful and attractive as possible, but remember the responsibility that attaches to rare gifts. Use all nobly, as being lent for a noble purpose, and aim in all things to leave the world better for your having been in it."

Madame Willard was herself one of the most beautiful women of her time, and her life was a perpetual illustration of the precepts which she taught.

Scores of girls, without means, were taken into her Seminary, clothed, fed, educated, afforded every advantage enjoyed by the wealthiest, and having graduated, were furnished with situations. A few, in after years, cleared off the indebtedness in full; a larger proportion only in part, while from many nothing was received. Failing health or impending matrimony was pretty sure to bring a receipt in full, coupled with such advice as a mother might send to an absent daughter. Of thousands of dollars so expended, not one cent was ever recovered, but Madame Willard never spoke of it as money lost, but seemed to regard it as a most satisfactory investment. "Dear girls all over the country," said she, "regarded me as their special Providence, and nothing was so hard as being at last compelled to refuse them the help they asked."

In a previous letter, I spoke of authors who are greater than their writings; Madame Willard was pre-eminently one of these. She prided herself upon her authorship, but it was into her work as a teacher that she put her best energies and noblest powers. With a few exceptions, among which may be reckoned her hymn, "Rocked in the Cradle of the Deep," what she wrote was below her level, the expression of her weakness rather than of her strength.

Emma Willard was one of our country's representative characters. A woman whom all women should honor—one whose memory they cannot afford to let die.

I do not think that I can better close this sketch, or pay a more deserved tribute to the memory of Madame Willard, than by copying a couple of sonnets addressed to her on her eightieth birthday, by Wm. H. Burleigh:

"Through fourscore years thy stream of life hath run,
Not with vain flow, for in its course are seen
Fields filled with harvests, and wastes clothed with
green,
The strength and beauty of thy benison.

For noble was thy work, and nobly done,
 Not for mean praise, nor yet for meaner pelf,
 But with full consecration of thyself
 To the great task in love and faith begun.
 Now thou art blessed; for, lo! on every side,
 Thy life's rich fruits in other lives appear,
 Its bounteous largess, growing year by year,
 And year by year its blessings multiplied.
 So shalt thou live, while ages onward roll,
 In grand impulses from thy own great soul."
 "As the shades lengthen, may the sunset sky
 Assume for thee its purest, tenderest light,
 A prelude of that glory infinite

In which thy spirit shall bathe immortally,
 When earthly scenes have faded from thine eye.
 God's arms enfold thee! and in tranquil rest,
 After long toil, sink sweetly on His breast,
 And know that His dear children cannot die—
 But, gently lapsing to an ampler life,
 Through the brief sleep we misname death, awake
 In His most glorious likeness, for whose sake
 They come crowned victors from their mortal
 strife
 And know thenceforth the joys that never cease—
 The endless triumph and the perfect peace."

GARDENING FOR LADIES.

BY MRS. E. B. DUFFEY.

WORK FOR JULY.

THERE is little active work in the flower-garden in July, except that the grass of borders and lawns must be kept closely cut, the flower-beds carefully weeded, and the flowers watered at night if the weather is dry.

It is almost universally believed, that the water used upon plants should be as nearly as possible of the same temperature as the air; hence many persons are in the habit of filling tubs with water in the morning, and letting them stand in the sun all day to acquire the proper degree of warmth. This is all labor lost. Water may be drawn from the well, cistern, or hydrant, and applied at once to the flowers without any injury, provided it is used at the proper time.

Night is the best time for watering. The plants are then thirsty, having been exposed all day to the heat of the sun; the ground dry and warm from the same cause, and a plentiful supply of cold water reduces the temperature and revives the plant. There is all the night for the water to penetrate the ground and moisten the soil around the roots. If watered in the morning, the plants are already cool, and the cold water might reduce their temperature too low. Then the heat of the sun coming so soon to evaporate the moisture, the water has not the same time it has at night to do service to the plants.

The annuals have by this time attained such a height, that the more slender ones will require some support. Tie them to sticks, letting their foliage conceal the sticks as much as possible. Dahlias will now also need to be staked. Strings and poles must be provided for vines if it is not already done.

Cuttings of blossoms can now be taken with perfect safety, and the more frequently the plants are cut, the longer and more profuse will be their bloom. Some plants, such as cannilytuft and sweet alyssum, require constant cutting to keep a succession of bloom through the season.

There are many ways of forming bouquets. The most fashionable, and at the same time most ugly

and inartistic, are those of regular form and construction, which are to be procured of florists at a high price—in which every flower is arranged with methodical precision, and in which the beauty of its foliage and the graceful curves of its stem are utterly lost sight of.

In forming a bouquet, every flower should be allowed to assume its natural position as far as possible, and enough of the green leaves retained to give life and naturalness to its appearance, without encroaching on the room required by its neighbors.

We have found, in preparing flowers to be copied upon canvas, that there was no arrangement which could equal that which they naturally and accidentally assumed in gathering them in the garden, and so our invariable rule is to tie them just as we find them in our hand, and place them in the vase. Some persons may have the faculty of combining them tastefully and gracefully. It is an art that is carried to perfection among Oriental women, who, we are told, make the subject one of serious study, and produce the rarest mosaics in color and effect in their bouquets. But among us, who make the business a recreation rather than an occupation, the gift is very rare.

Flowers are beautiful additions for the breakfast or dinner table. A bouquet by each plate is a pretty conceit, and a centre-piece of flowers may be made really exquisite in appearance.

It is not necessary to have a complete supply of china or silver ware to find a proper stand for your flowers. Always remembering that it is the flowers themselves, not their receptacle, which is destined to ornament the table, taste and ingenuity can devise various methods for holding the flowers in beautiful and graceful positions. For instance, take a large, deep plate, place in it an upturned teacup; on the teacup set a saucer, and in the saucer put again a common glass goblet. Fill goblet, saucer, and plate with water. In the plate and saucer lay stems and sprays of flowers, having plenty of a drooping nature. Then arrange a bouquet in the goblet above, bringing in this also as many drooping flowers as is convenient. When

completed, the whole will form a pyramid of beauty and bloom.

In following this or any other arrangement of plates, bowls, saucers, goblets, etc., avoid anything like regularity in the disposition of the flowers. If they droop on one side, let them stand erect on the other. If they reach far out over the edge in one place, let the corresponding spread of blossom be either higher or lower on the opposite side.

The "saucer bouquet" is very pretty, and is made of flowers whose stems are so short that they will not admit of being put in a vase. Other flowers may be cut short and arranged in the same way. Very striking bouquets can be made in large plates, using the double hollyhock blossoms.

A saucer may be filled with moss, with a rosebud or other blossom placed in the centre. If the moss is kept wet, the bud or flower will retain its beauty for some time.

We insert this month several receipts for retaining the freshness of bouquets beyond the usual time.

TO PRESERVE BOUQUETS.

WHEN a bouquet is received, I at once sprinkle it lightly with fresh water, and then put it in a vessel containing soapsuds. This will keep the flowers as freshly as if just gathered. Then every morning take the bouquet out of the suds, and lay it sideways—the stock entering first—into clean water; keep it there a minute or two, then take it out and sprinkle the flowers lightly by the hand with water, replace it in the soapsuds, and it will bloom as fresh as when first gathered. The soapsuds needs changing every three or four days. By observing these rules, a bouquet may be kept bright and beautiful for at least a month, and will last still longer in a passable state.

HOW TO PRESERVE FLOWERS.

TAKE a deep plate, into which pour a quantity of clear water. Set a vase of flowers upon the plate, and over the vase set a bell-glass with its rim in the water. The air that surrounds the flowers being confined beneath the bell-glass, is constantly moist with water, that rises into it in the form of vapor. As fast as the water becomes condensed, it runs down the side of the bell-glass into the dish; and if means be taken to enclose the water on the outside of the bell-glass, so as to prevent its evaporating into the air of the sitting-room, the atmosphere around the flowers is continually damp. The plan is designated the "Hopean apparatus." The experiment may be tried on a small scale by inverting a tumbler over a rosebud in a saucer of water.

FERNS AND GRASSES FOR WINTER BOUQUETS.

NOW is the time to make a collection of ferns for winter bouquets. They have now reached their full size and beauty, and may be gathered and pressed between layers of newspapers, where they may remain until required for use.

Grasses gathered this month retain their green hue better than those procured later. Not only the ornamental grasses are desirable, but the seed stalks and tassels of the common grasses are very pretty. Bouquets made of grasses alone are pleasing, but the effect is enhanced by combining them with dried ferns and everlasting flowers.

These bouquets have but one fault; and that is, the want of other colors besides yellow and drab or brown. To vary their shade, artificially, these flowers are sometimes dyed green. This, however, is in bad taste, and unnatural. The best effect is produced by blending rose and red tints, together with a very little pale blue, with the grasses and flowers, as they dry naturally. The best means of dyeing dried leaves, flowers, and grasses, is simply to dip them into the spirituous liquid solution of the various compounds of aniline. Some of these have a beautiful rose shade; others red, blue, orange, and purple. The depth of color can be regulated by diluting, if necessary, the original dyes with methyl or spirit down to the shade desired. When taken out of the dye they should be exposed to the air to dry off the spirit. They then require arranging or setting into form, as, when wet, the petals and fine filaments have a tendency to cling together, which should not be. A pink saucer, as sold by most druggists at a small cost, will supply enough rose dye for two ordinary bouquets. The druggists also supply the simple dyes of aniline of various colors at the same cost. The pink saucer yields the best rose dye. By washing it off with water and lemon juice, the aniline dyes yield the best violet, mauve, and purple colors.

TO KEEP FLOWERS FRESH.—Put a tablespoonful of powdered charcoal into the water which is to receive the flower stalks. The charcoal will settle immediately in the bottom of the vase, and the water will remain liquid. This done, it is not necessary to renew the water or the charcoal for several days. The flowers will keep their freshness and their perfume, and will look and smell as fine as those just brought in from the garden.

KEEPING FLOWERS FRESH.—If wilted flowers have about half an inch of their stems cut off, and the stalk thus trimmed inserted into boiling water, they will in a few moments resume almost their original freshness. The process is most applicable to colored flowers, as roses, geraniums, azaleas, &c., white ones turning yellow. Thick-petalled flowers show the most marked improvement.

EVENINGS WITH THE POETS.

THE REWARD.

BY JOHN G. WHITTIER.

WHO, looking backward from his manhood's prime
Sees not the spectre of his misspent time?

And through the shade
Of funeral cypress, planted thick behind,
Hears no reproachful whisper on the wind,
From his loved dead?

Who bears no trace of fashion's evil course?
Who shuns thy sting, O terrible remorse?
Who does not cast

On the thronged pages of his memory's book,
At times a sad and half reluctant look,
Regretful of the past?

Alas, the evil which we fain would shun
We do, and leave the wished-for good undone;
Our strength to-day
Is but to-morrow's weakness, prone to fall;
Poor, blind, unprofitable servants all
Are we alway.

Yet who, thus looking backward o'er his years,
Feels not his eyelids wet with grateful tears,
If he hath been
Permitted, weak and sinful as he was,
To cheer in some ennobling cause
His fellow men?

If he hath hidden the outcast, or let in
A ray of sunshine to the cell of sin?
If he hath lent
Strength to the weak, and in an hour of need,
Over the suffering, mindless of his creed
Or home, hath bent,

He has not lived in vain. And while he gives
The praise to Him in whom he moves and lives,
With thankful heart,
He gazes backward, and with hope before,
Knowing that from His works he never more
Can henceforth part.

THE FUTURE.

WHAT may we take into the vast forever?
That marble door
Admits no fruit of all our long endeavor,
No fame-wreathed crown we wore,
No garnered lore.

What can we bear beyond the unknown portal?
No gold, no gains
Of all our toiling; in the life immortal
No hoarded wealth remains,
Nor gilds, nor stains.

Naked from out that far abyss behind us
We entered here.

No word came with our coming, to remind us
What wondrous world was near,
No hope, no fear.

Into the silent, starless night before us,
Naked we glide;

No hand has mapped the constellations o'er us,
No comrade at our side,
No chart, no guide.

Yet fearless toward that midnight, black and hollow
Our footsteps fare;

The beckoning of a Father's hand we follow—
His love alone is there,
No curse, no care.

(56)

MORE GOOD THAN BAD.

THERE is many a rest in the road of life,
If we would only stop to take it;
And many a tone for the better land,
If the querulous heart would make it!
To the soul that is full of hope,
And whose beautiful trust ne'er falleth,
The grass is green and the flowers are bright,
Though the winter storm prevaileth.

Better to hope, though the clouds hang low,
And to keep the eye still lifted;
For the sweet, blue sky will soon peep through,
When the ominous clouds are rifted!
There never was night without a day,
Or an evening without a morning;
And the darkest hour, as the proverb goes,
Is the hour before the dawning.

There is many a gem in the path of life,
Which we pass in our idle pleasure,
That is richer far than the jewelled crown,
Or the miser's hoard of treasure;
It may be love of a little child,
Or a mother's prayer to heaven,
Or only a beggar's grateful thanks
For a cup of water given.

Better to weave in the web of life
A bright and golden filling,
And to do God's will with a ready heart,
And hands that are ready and willing,
Than to snap the delicate minute threads
Of our curious lives asunder,
And then blame Heaven for the tangled ends,
And sit, and grieve, and wonder.

TRUST.

I KNOW not if or dark or bright
Shall be my lot;
If that wherein my hopes delight
Be best or not.

It may be mine to drag for years
Toil's heavy chain,
Or day and night my meat be tears
On bed of pain.

Dear faces may surround my hearth
With smiles and glee;
Or I may dwell alone, and mirth
Be strange to me.

My bark is wafted to the strand
By breath divine;
And on the helm there rests a hand
Other than mine.

One who has known in storms to sail,
I have on board;
Above the raging of the gale
I hear my Lord.

He holds me when the billows smite,
I shall not fall;
If sharp, 'tis short; if long, 'tis light—
He tempers all.

Safe to the land—safe to the land—
The end is this;
And then with Him go hand in hand
Far into bliss.

OUR NEW COOK-BOOK.

CHAPTER VII.

CLOTHING: AND USEFUL RECEIPTS FOR MILDEW, &c.

EVERY mistress of a household should be versed in the art of purchasing materials for family use. As we have previously intimated, every purchase should be made *with reference to the income of the provider*. As a general rule, it will be found to be far less expensive, in the end, to procure articles of merchandise from well-established stores, than to resort to places known chiefly for their *cheapness*. Also, as a matter of economy, it is well to make yearly additions to the household stock, instead of delaying purchases until it is absolutely necessary to procure an entirely fresh supply.

In providing wearing apparel, much greater attention should be paid to the inner, than to the outward garments; for what can be more disreputable than the disclosure of coarse, untidy skirts beneath an expensive dress? There is actually no greater meanness, or more positive proof of a weak mind, than the gaudy outer adornment of the person while a lady's wardrobe lacks a full supply of good, well-made, and substantial articles necessary for the promotion of health and comfort.

"A stitch in time saves nine," however old, is yet a most excellent proverb, and one which it is quite well worth while to practise. A good housekeeper will frequently inspect the family linen, and prevent the increase of a rent by a few timely stitches—otherwise, complete ruin will soon follow.

As summer months approach, it becomes the duty of the mistress of a family to make arrangements for carefully stowing away woollens and other articles not necessary during the warm season. "Furs and woollens should not be laid by without having the dust well shaken out of them, and care taken that they are quite free from damp; for dust and moisture are the great foes to be guarded against in the first instance, as tending to encourage the increase of moths and other insects. Many things are used as preventives against the inroads of moths—such as sprinkling furs and woollens with spirits of turpentine; putting camphor, pepper, cedar shavings, and tobacco among them; but perhaps the best plan, after all, is to sew the furs up in linen which has been well aired, through which the moth cannot penetrate, and once or twice in the course of the summer to take them out on sunny days, and after being well shaken, replace them in their envelopes, and put them aside again."

We subjoin a few other extracts from a work of merit, which may prove valuable to even experienced housekeepers:

"The mildew-upon linens proceeds from their

being put away damp from the wash, and it is a difficult blemish to remove. When it has unfortunately occurred, it will be found that soap rubbed on, and afterward fine chalk scraped upon the spots, with a day's exposure to the sun, will remove it—if not at once, at least upon a repetition."

"Fruit and red wine stains may be removed by a preparation of equal parts of slaked lime, potass, and soft soap, and by exposure to the sun while this preparation is upon the stain. Salt of lemon (oxalate of potass) will remove ink and iron mould."

When linen or muslins are scorched in the getting up, without being actually burnt, a brown mark is left upon the spot, which may be removed by laying some of the following composition upon it before the article is again washed: Slice six large onions, and express the juice, which must be added to a quart of vinegar, with one ounce of rasped soap, a quarter of a pound of fuller's earth, one ounce of lime, and one ounce of pearlash. Boil the whole until the mixture becomes thick, and apply it to the scorched spot while it is hot."

PASTRY.

PUFF PASTE.—Mix together one quart of flour, a quarter of a pound of butter, a little lard, and a pinch of salt. Beat together the yolk of an egg and a cupful of water, and then add them to the flour. Roll out the paste very often; the oftener it is rolled the richer it becomes, and each time it is rolled spread small particles of butter over it. This quantity of materials will make from three to four pies.

COMMON PASTE, FOR PIES.—The ingredients are: One and a half pounds of sifted flour, three quarters of a pound of butter which has been washed. This is sufficient to make one large pie or two small ones.

ORANGE CUSTARD (WITH PASTRY).—Ingredients: The rinds and juice of two oranges, a quarter of a pound of sugar, a scant quarter of a pound of butter, two eggs, one grated nutmeg. Fill your pie dishes about half full.

FLORENDINES.—Boil two quarts of milk, and stir in half a pound of ground rice; stir constantly until it thickens. Then put in a quarter and half quarter of a pound of butter, and let it become cool. Beat the yolks of six eggs, and one pound of sugar together, and stir in with the other articles. Beat the whites of the eggs, and stir them in lightly. Then prepare a nice pie crust. This preparation is sufficient for five pies. Bake in a moderate oven.

PEACH POTPIE.—Put a plain pie crust round the edge of a pan; cut up some peaches, and put a layer of them into your pan, then a layer of sugar and nutmeg; cover with a crust, and bake slowly for two or three hours.

MINCE-MEAT.—1. The necessary ingredients are: Four pounds of beef, after it is boiled; four pounds of stoned raisins, six pounds of sugar, about sixteen pippin apples, four pounds of suet, two pounds of currants, two ounces of cinnamon, one ounce of cloves, four lemons; grate the rinds, and squeeze out the juice; citron; a small quantity of mace and nutmeg, and enough cider to make it moist—about a gallon; add a quart of sugar-house molasses and six oranges.

LEMON CUSTARD.—Six eggs, beaten well; six soda crackers, rolled fine or grated; three lemons, grated; two cupfuls of milk, two cupfuls of white sugar, a quarter of a pound of butter, and a nutmeg. Bake on a crust. This quantity of material is sufficient for six pies.

CUSTARD (TO BE USED WITH PASTRY).—Mix in six spoonfuls of flour with one quart of milk; boil it like starch, and then let it become cold; afterward beat in five eggs, adding essence of lemon, whatever spice, and as much sugar as you prefer. Make a good paste, pour in the mixture, and bake.

DRIED-APPLE PIE.—To a quart of dried apples or peaches, stewed and mashed, take one teacupful of cream, two eggs, well beaten, and seasoning of cinnamon or lemon. Sweeten it to your liking. Bake in a pie paste.

APPLE CUSTARD.—1. Take a pint of boiled apples, and mash them as fine as possible. Add the yolks of six and the whites of three eggs, well beaten; one teacupful of sweet cream, a little rose-water, some nutmeg, cinnamon, and a small lump of butter. Mix all together, and sweeten it well. Then make a good crust. Pour in the mixture, and bake in an oven.

OYSTER PIES.—To seventy-five oysters take two boiled eggs (the yolks chopped) and some bread crumbs mixed in with them. Add some butter to the oysters, as much pepper as you like, twelve cloves, some mace, and one onion. Fill your pies, put the top crust on, and bake them in the oven half an hour. This receipt is sufficient in quantity for two pies.

MINCE-MEAT PIES.—Procure two pounds of beef, scrape it free from skin and strings, and boil it with salt, or add salt to it; mix in two pounds of suet picked and chopped, one pound and a half of currants, and one pound and a half of raisins—or, two pounds of each nicely cleaned and perfectly dry; then add six pounds or more of chopped apples, two nutmegs, cloves, allspice, and cinnamon, ground fine—of each about three quarters of an ounce; also mace, if you like it. Put the whole into a deep vessel, after mixing it well, and

keep it (well covered) in a cool place. When you bake your pies, add to the mince-meat some citron and a little cider. Sweeten it to your taste.

POTATO PIE.—The ingredients are: One pound of white sugar, two and a half pounds of potatoes, one pound of butter, six eggs, one nutmeg (grated), the juice of one lemon, and a very little salt. Bake in fine puff paste.

LEMON PUDDING (FOR PASTRY).—The requisite articles are, one large cupful of sugar, one cupful of mashed potatoes, a small cupful of butter, four eggs, beaten light, half a nutmeg, and the juice and grated rind of one lemon.

APPLE CUSTARD (FOR PASTRY).—2. Ingredients: Six apples, grated; three eggs, sugar to your liking, and enough milk to mix it. Flavor with essence of lemon.

POTATO CUSTARD (FOR PASTRY).—Ingredients: A cupful of mashed potatoes, four eggs, as much sugar as you like, enough milk to mix it, and flavor with essence of lemon.

MINCE-MEAT.—2. The ingredients are: Four pounds of beef, an equal quantity of apples, four pounds currants, four pounds raisins, one pound citron, one ounce ground mace, other spices to your liking, as much sugar as you prefer, and some cider when you bake it. The meat, apples, and fruit should be chopped fine on a chopping-board, and the spices, &c., mixed in before it is put into the jar in which you intend keeping it.

SUMMER MINCE-PIE.—Four rolled crackers, one cup of molasses, one and one half cups of sugar, one cup of chopped raisins, one cup of cold water, one cup of cider or one half cup of boiled cider filled with water, two thirds of a cup of butter, two eggs well beaten, stirred in the last thing. Spices to the taste. This will make three or four pies, according to the size. Bake like common meat pies.

TO KEEP SQUASH THE WHOLE YEAR.—Take ripe squashes, cook and sift as usual; spread on buttered plates, set in a warm oven until partially dried. Then add a pound of sugar to a pound of squash; mix thoroughly. Put in wide-mouthed jars, and keep in a cool place. When you want a pie, take a large spoonful of squash and an egg; beat together; add the milk. Spices to your taste. This will keep the whole year.

PORK CAKE.—One pound of fat, salt pork, chopped fine; pour on it one pint of boiling water; add two cups of sugar and two cups of molasses, one tablespoon of cinnamon, one tablespoon of cloves, three eggs, one half pound of seedless raisins, one half pound of currants, one ounce of citron, one tablespoon of saleratus rubbed through a fine sieve into nine cups of flour and well mixed before the other ingredients are added. The pork must be sweet, not in the least rancid, with rind and lean all removed.

NEW PUBLICATIONS.

Among the new books on our table this month, the first in value and importance, as regards the nature of its contents, is *The Private Life of Galileo*, an English compilation, "principally from his correspondence, and that of his eldest daughter," reprinted by Nichols & Noyes, of Boston. A more striking picture of the greatness as well as the littleness of the human mind, as exemplified both by the famous philosopher himself, and by his "conservative" opponents, the representatives of their age and race, it would be difficult to find. For sale in Philadelphia by Claxton, Remsen & Haffelfinger.

Young readers will be interested in *Ben the Luggage-Boy*; or, *Among the Wharves*, one of Algor's most pleasant books. It is the fifth of the "Ragged Dick" series, and illustrates with spirit and fidelity the "street-boy" life of New York. Loring, of Boston, is the publisher, as he also is of *Five Thousand a Year*; and *How I Made it in Five Years' Time, Starting without Capital*, by Edward Mitchell. This is one of those books, somewhat popular nowadays amongst those in haste to get rich, in which the theory and practice of growing and disposing of vegetables with unvarying success, by persons of the most limited agricultural experience, are very happily if not very faithfully illustrated. However, if read with a proper consideration of the fact that "truck-growers," like other mortals, cannot rule the elements, nor always dominate the markets, such books may be of service. *Marion Berkley*, from the same publisher, is a more than ordinarily well-written story of school-life for girls. It is fairly illustrated by the author, Laura Claxton—a *nom de plume*, we imagine. All these books are for sale in Philadelphia by Turner & Co.

Wives and mothers, especially those of little experience as such, will find some very useful and practical suggestions, couched in plain and unscientific language, in *Talks to my Patients*; or, *Hints on Getting Well and Keeping Well*, by Mrs. R. B. Gleason, of the Elmira Water-Cure. It is a book we can safely recommend as one calculated to do much good. Published by Wood & Holbrook, New York, and for sale in Philadelphia by Claxton, Remsen & Haffelfinger.

We are under obligations to the author, Lydia W. Stephens, for a copy of *Heart Problems*, a volume of poems, which, without giving evidence of extraordinary poetic capacity, is yet a creditable collection of pleasingly versified pieces, displaying considerable imaginative power. Published by Daughaday & Becker, 424 Walnut Street, Philadelphia.

Scribner & Co., of New York, have just added to their "Illustrated Library of Wonders" Louis Viardot's *Wonders of Italian Art*, in which a very lively and entertaining account of the different schools of Italian art and of their founders is com-

pressed within the narrow compass of little more than three hundred pages. It is illustrated with twenty-eight engravings on wood.

The Drinking-Fountain Stories is the title of a charming collection of tales, interspersed with poetical pieces, published recently by the National Temperance Society and Publication House, New York. It contains quite a number of engravings, and cannot fail to please our young temperance friends, to whom its contents are more particularly addressed. The same society have issued in book form *Tom Blinn's Temperance Society*, and *other Tales*, by T. S. Arthur.

Man's Wrongs; or, *Woman's Foibles*, by Kate Manton, is the title of a probably very well-intentioned, but scarcely well-written novel, published by Crosby & Damrell, of Boston.

From the publishers, Claxton, Remsen & Haffelfinger, we have *The Household Treasury, Designed for Household Use, and for Boarding-Houses, Restaurants, etc.* This is a volume of somewhat novel character—a blank book, with printed headings and vignettes, for the classified record and preservation of the various receipts which may be found without number in magazines and papers, or obtained from friends and neighbors. The book is gotten up with much care and taste, and housekeepers will find it just the thing they want. Many of them gather in, day by day, receipts used by familiar friends, and which are not to be found in print; and this *Household Treasury*, with its complete classification, they will find admirably adapted for their reception.

Only a Girl; or, *a Physician for the Soul*, is a story of more than ordinary merit. It is a German romance, translated by Mrs. A. L. Wister, and published by J. B. Lippincott & Co., of this city. It is pure in tone, elevated in sentiment, and written with skill and power.

THE durability and fit of kid gloves depend almost entirely upon the way they are put on the first time. A glove should be large enough, without being too large. If one will only take time to put on a glove, it will fit much better not to use a stretcher, but to make all of the expansion by the hand. How many misshapen hands we see in fine kid gloves!—hands whose symmetry is all destroyed—hands so bound up as to be of the same size across the knuckles as at the wrist—hands so stiff, that not only all graceful motion is lost, but it is impossible for them to be closed without splitting the back of the gloves. A straight, stiff hand, be it encased in ever so elegant a kid, is not a beautiful object.

EDITORS' DEPARTMENT.

WHAT WOMEN ARE DOING.

NOT only is the agitation concerning the enlargement of the fields of labor and usefulness for women still going on, but women are themselves busy in endeavoring to prove their capabilities equal to their demands. There have been startling innovations upon the old order of things within the last few years, and more particularly within the last twelve months.

The experiment of years has proved the efficiency of lady physicians, and it is only the extremely conservative who still maintain a position antagonistic to them. There are several colleges in this country especially established for their benefit, and every year they graduate a number of intelligent and well-qualified ladies, who go to swell the list of physicians throughout the country. In this field, at least, it seems that there ought to be no opposition to the free entrance of women. In Philadelphia, the question of allowing women students to a share in the educational privileges of the Pennsylvania Hospital, has been again decided in the affirmative.

At the University of Vienna, Austria, the professors have resolved that all ladies holding foreign diplomas in medicine should be admitted to attend lectures and visit the hospitals. Four ladies, one a Swiss, one English, and two American, have already availed themselves of the opportunity. The latter are Mrs. Dr. Barrows, of the District of Columbia, and Dr. Mary J. Safford, of Cairo, Ill. Both of them were graduates from the Women's Medical College in New York, and both are now taking leading positions in the medical classes of Vienna, and upon equal terms, and with the same privileges, as the gentlemen there studying. There are also ten women now studying medicine in the University of Edinburgh, Scotland. Among them is Mrs. Dr. Jex Blake,* who has, since visiting the Universities of the United States, written a book giving her impressions of what she saw among us.

Miss Mary Putnam, a daughter of the publisher, George P. Putnam, of New York, has graduated at Paris with the certificate of *tres satisfait*, the highest ever given, and won this year by no one but her. Two gentlemen obtained the verdict *possible*—a very low mark; and the remaining student, an English lady, received that of *bien satisfait*, a high mark indeed, but inferior to that of Miss Putnam.

A Russian lady, Madame Sustowa, took a degree in Zurich in 1867, and now about a dozen ladies are studying there. St. Petersburg University has recently given a degree in medicine to a lady; and one has taken a degree in Berlin also.

In connection with the medical profession is suggested the occupation of a druggist. A medical journal says:

"There is no occupation for which women are better fitted by nature than that of chemist or druggist. As an art, it requires the delicate manipulation, fine perception, and mathematical accuracy in which women excel. For three successive years, in the High School at Cambridge, Mass., those pupils who had attained a creditable rank in the regular work in chemistry were allowed to take a course in analytical chemistry, and as a rule the girls in those classes did the work better than the boys."

In Chicago, Miss Odella Blim, M.D., and Mrs. Amelia A. Johnson, have opened a drug-store, and

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"with the confidence they have already inspired in their care, attention, judgment, and accuracy, are certain of success."

Ladies have been elected on the school committees in Plympton, Marshfield, and South Scituate, Mass., in Iowa, and in Vermont; while in Winterset, Iowa, they have adopted the plan of having women make addresses to the Sabbath-schools, believing that mothers and sisters know best how to interest children.

The University of Oxford admitted girls to their examinations in June of this year, subject to the same regulations as boys. We have not yet heard what was the result.

Six young ladies will be admitted into the Michigan State Agricultural College, and four have already passed their nominations.

Miss Marwedel has established a horticultural school for women on Long Island, the admission fee to which is twenty dollars a year. The instruction will be free, and the board of pupils is to be paid by work. The experiment of teaching women horticulture is being tried elsewhere we believe. A woman engaged in gardening reports that she made five hundred dollars last year by selling seeds alone.

The Missouri Legislature has a lady engrossing clerk; as has also that of Iowa. The Iowa lady clerk, Miss Spencer, has been presented with a silver teaset, and has made a speech.

Mrs. Willard was a candidate for mayor at the recent election in Bellefonte, Huron County, Ohio, and received sixty votes. Vice-President Colfax's sister is appointed postal clerk on one of the Western railroads. Miss Angie King, who was elected postmistress of Janesville, Wis., but failed to receive the appointment, has been constituted librarian of the Young Men's Association of the same city. The Missouri Board of Water Commissioners recently added Miss Clapp to its staff as a clerk in the water rates office. Miss Ridella Bates, now Mrs. Dr. Fischer, and another lady, are notary-publics. And recently, Miss L. Barkaloo, a student of the St. Louis Law School, has been licensed as a practising lawyer. Her fellow-students all agreed in declaring her the brightest member of the class, and she passed an excellent examination. There are now over one hundred ladies studying law in this country; many in the universities, and more in lawyer's offices, where they pay their tuition fees by writing.

A lady has been elected member of the Philadelphia Typographical Union, and lady printers are employed in most of our principal cities.

Lady correspondents from Washington are numerous, and include among their number Grace Greenwood, Mrs. Mary Clemmer Ames, and Mrs. Harriet Prescott Spofford; and one of the New York papers numbers on its staff of editors a lady reporter of the cattle market—Miss Midi Morgan—and what is more, she is said to be perfectly efficient.

Lady lecturers are no longer a novelty; and every day adds to their ranks, while their popularity remains undiminished. Indeed, in this peculiar field women seem to have been singularly successful.

Lady preachers are also growing in public repute. All of our readers have heard of the singular success as a revival preacher, of the "widow Van Cott." Mrs. Widow Clark, the Methodist "ministress," has

just concluded a six weeks' campaign of revival meetings in Connecticut, while the Rev. Mrs. Hannaford is meeting with very great success in New Haven, where she is the settled minister of a large parish.

In England, Lady Amberly, daughter-in-law of Earl Russell, Mrs. Fawcett, wife of Professor Fawcett, and Miss Taylor, of Belmont House, Stranraer, have undertaken to lecture on the "Political Disabilities of Women." Miss Burdett Coutts has received 695 votes in one of the wards of Bethnal Green at the polling for guardians of the poor. She has a majority of 108 votes over the one next on the list, and, so far as votes go, she is elected.

"But a question has been raised as to whether a lady can be elected, and application has been made to the Poor-Law Board for instructions. We have not heard what answer has been returned from Whitehall; but the case is of some interest just now, because it shows that, in the opinion of a large and important body of ratepayers, a lady may be preferred for filling a responsible parochial office."

The Iowa Senate has removed from the statute book of the State the law that prevented a mother from inheriting the property of a deceased child on the same terms with the father. It has also passed a bill striking out from that section of the code which describes the personal qualifications of those who may be admitted to the bar the words "white" and "male."

In Michigan, a judge in a divorce suit decided that the property acquired by the combined efforts of a married couple, belonged equally to the wife with the husband, and made a division of property in accordance with this decision.

We might go on almost indefinitely recording what women are doing for themselves, and what the law is doing for them; but we have enumerated sufficient to show the signs of the times. We will close the record with the announcement that Mrs. Woodhull, of the firm of Woodhull & Claflin, has offered herself as an independent candidate for the Presidency at the next election.

Last month we mentioned the fact that women had been invested with the elective franchise in Wyoming, and had been called to serve upon juries.

Judge J. H. Howe, of Wyoming Territory, testifies that the effects of putting men and women together for the performance of jury duty in the court over which he presides were such as to convince him, in spite of his previous prejudices, that the measure was a wise one. In a letter to the Chicago *Legal News*, he says:

"With all my prejudices against the policy, I am under conscientious obligations to say that these women acquitted themselves with such dignity, decorum, propriety of conduct, and intelligence, as to win the admiration of every fair-minded citizen of Wyoming. They were careful, painstaking, intelligent, and conscientious. They were firm and resolute for the right as established by the law and the testimony. Their verdicts were right, and after three or four criminal trials the lawyers engaged in defending persons accused of crime began to avail themselves of the right of peremptory challenge to get rid of the women jurors, who were too much in favor of enforcing the laws and punishing crime to suit the interests of their clients! After the grand jury had been in session two days, the dance-house keepers, gamblers, and *demi monde* fled out of the city in dismay, to escape the indictment of women grand jurors. In short, I have never, in twenty-five years of constant experience in the courts of the country, seen a more faithful, intelligent, and resolutely honest grand and petit jury than

these. * * * The presence of these ladies in court secured the most perfect decorum and propriety of conduct, and the gentlemen of the bar and others vied with each other in their courteous and respectful demeanor toward the ladies and the court. Nothing occurred to offend the most refined lady (if she was a sensible lady), and the universal judgment of every intelligent and fair-minded man present was and is that the experiment was a success."

TO OUR EXCHANGES.

Will our exchanges all be careful to see that their papers are addressed to our publications, instead of to us personally? In the latter case we are required to pay two cents each on every paper received, which is rather a heavy tax upon us. When our magazines are addressed, our exchanges come to us free of postage.

MISS VIRGINIA F. TOWNSEND.

Our readers will be pleased to learn that the excellent lady who has so long delighted them with the efforts of her pen in the pages of the *HOME MAGAZINE* is about to appear in the lecture-room; and many of them will doubtless have an opportunity to see and hear her. A few weeks since she made her first appearance in Brooklyn with marked success. Of this lecture Celia Burleigh, in the columns of the *Woman's Journal*, says:

"In a recent letter I spoke of the contemplated *début* on the lyceum platform of Miss Virginia Townsend, the novelist. The event came off at the time and place indicated, under the auspices of the Brooklyn Woman's Club, and was a pronounced success. It was something to the *débutante*—whose pen for so many years has laboriously performed the office of bread-winner for herself and others dependent upon her—that the pecuniary results of her first adventure upon the platform were satisfactory; it was, no doubt, still more that she was honored by an audience distinguished by rare culture and moral worth, representative of the best elements of Brooklyn society; and, most of all, that she gave to this critical and appreciative audience a lecture worthy of its acceptance. Taking for her subject Catharine de Medici and her Times, she gave a series of pen portraits that illuminated the dark background of history, and elaborated the whole into a picture at once vivid, lifelike, and satisfying in its completeness. To accurate knowledge of the history of the period, Miss Townsend adds a nice discrimination of character, and a happy facility in seizing upon the salient points of her subject, and presenting them in a manner that is not merely attractive, but impressive and satisfying. As for her manner, there was little about it that suggested the novice. She was self-possessed; her elocution free from stagginess, and at times very impressive; her appearance that of a refined and cultivated lady reading to a circle of refined and cultivated friends. Whatever her voice lacked, in compass and modulation, will soon be acquired by practice; and it would seem safe to predict for this hard-working and noble woman a brilliant and successful career in the new field which she has chosen. I need not add that I heartily rejoice in every successful effort of a woman to widen the sphere of her influence and to increase her means of self-support, for she thus becomes not only an example, but a stimulus to her sex."

THE PUBLIC LEDGER.

Five years ago, Mr. Gzo. W. Childs, of this city, bought the *Public Ledger*, paying therefor a very large price. His manner of conducting the paper has won for him the respect and confidence of the public. Under his control, it has largely increased in circulation, and become a power for good in the community. It panders to no corrupt tastes, and lends itself to no party nor clique. He has made it one of the purest, soundest, and most reliable of newspapers; and all good and true men have honored him for this noble work.

And now the son of the former proprietor from whom Mr. Childs bought, a man of large wealth, starts a newspaper called the *Public Record*, and makes it, in appearance, a *fac simile* of the *Ledger*. Vignette, headings, types, rules, arrangement of reading matter and advertisements—everything, in fact, is just like the *Ledger*, except the size and one word in the heading of the paper.

It would be wrong for us to let an act like this pass without adding our word of disapproval to that of the almost universal condemnation given by the press and by all men of honorable feelings in this community. The good will of the *Ledger* was the chief thing that Mr. Childs bought, and an attempt to wrest this from him by those who sold it, and took his money, could have been restrained by legal interference. But public feeling at once decided the case, and the *Ledger* stands as firm to-day as when this ill-advised and futile effort to push it from its high position was made. The publisher of the *Record* has made a grave mistake.

"THE BRIGHT SIDE."

This is the title of a weekly paper for children, published in Chicago, Ill., by WINCOX & ALDEN, at \$1 a year. See advertisement. It is well and carefully edited, and one of the best and most attractive juvenile papers in the country. We have just made arrangements by which we are able to supply *The Bright Side* to subscribers to either of our publications at the low price of 70 cents a year. We will also send it as a premium for subscribers to the *Home, Hour*, or *Workingman* on the following easy terms:

For one new subscriber to *THE HOME MAGAZINE*, and \$2.25, we will send *The Bright Side* weekly for a year.

For two new subscribers to *The Children's Hour*, at \$1.25 each, we will send *The Bright Side* weekly for a year.

For four new subscribers to *The Workingman*, at 60 cents each, we will send *The Bright Side* weekly for a year.

Almost any little boy or girl who wants a weekly visit from *The Bright Side*, can, with a trifling effort, secure that pleasure.

"BED-TIME."

Every subscriber to the *HOME MAGAZINE* is entitled to order this charming picture for \$1. We have already sent away many thousands; and still the orders come. "THE ANGEL OF PEACE," still continues a favorite, and not a week passes that we do not receive many orders for them. Over 12,000 of this lovely picture have already been sent to our subscribers, and we have yet to hear of an instance where either this or "BED-TIME" has failed to give entire satisfaction. In most cases, surprise is expressed at the richness and beauty of the pictures.

FACTS FOR THE LADIES.—For ten years past we have been using in our establishment Wheeler & Wilson's Sewing Machines, and also Sewing Machines of other manufacturers; and after so many years we have arrived at the conclusion that Wheeler & Wilson's Sewing Machines are *greatly superior to all others*.

All the parts of their mechanism are so strong that the expense for repairs is merely a trifle. Besides, they can execute a larger variety of sewing than all other machines. The simplicity of their mechanism makes the repairs easy; they do not tire the operator, and make very little noise in running. In a word, they cannot fail to be of great value to persons in want of Sewing Machines.

SISTER DOROTHEE,
Congregation of Notre Dame, Montreal.

THE ELGIN WATCHES.—We call the attention of our readers to the advertisement of Elgin Watches in this number. These watches are manufactured by the National Watch Company, at Elgin, Ill., and possess many improvements over others in the market, one of which, the Patent Dust Excluder, forms a complete protection against dust. A large number of these watches are now in use by individuals and railway companies, and are endorsed by leading jewellers throughout the country. We feel safe in saying that the Elgin Watches are unsurpassed as time-keepers by any other of American manufacture.

Publications of T. S. Arthur & Sons.

Arthur's Home Magazine.

A Lady's Magazine of large circulation. Terms, \$2 a year; 3 copies, \$5; 4 copies, \$6; 8 copies and one to get-up of club, \$12; 15 copies, and one to get-up of club, \$20. For sale by Newsdealers at 20 cents a number.

The Children's Hour.

An Illustrated Magazine. Edited by T. S. Arthur. A friend and teacher of the little ones, ever seeking to lead them into the knowledge of things good, and true, and beautiful. Terms, \$1.25 a year; 5 copies, \$5; 10 copies, and one to get-up of club, \$10. For sale by Newsdealers at 15 cents a number.

The Workingman.

Devoted to the best interests of all who labor with hands and brain. Terms, 60 cents a year; 10 copies for \$6. For sale by Newsdealers at 6 cents a number.

"BED-TIME."

An Elegant Steel Engraving. Size, 20 inches by 15.

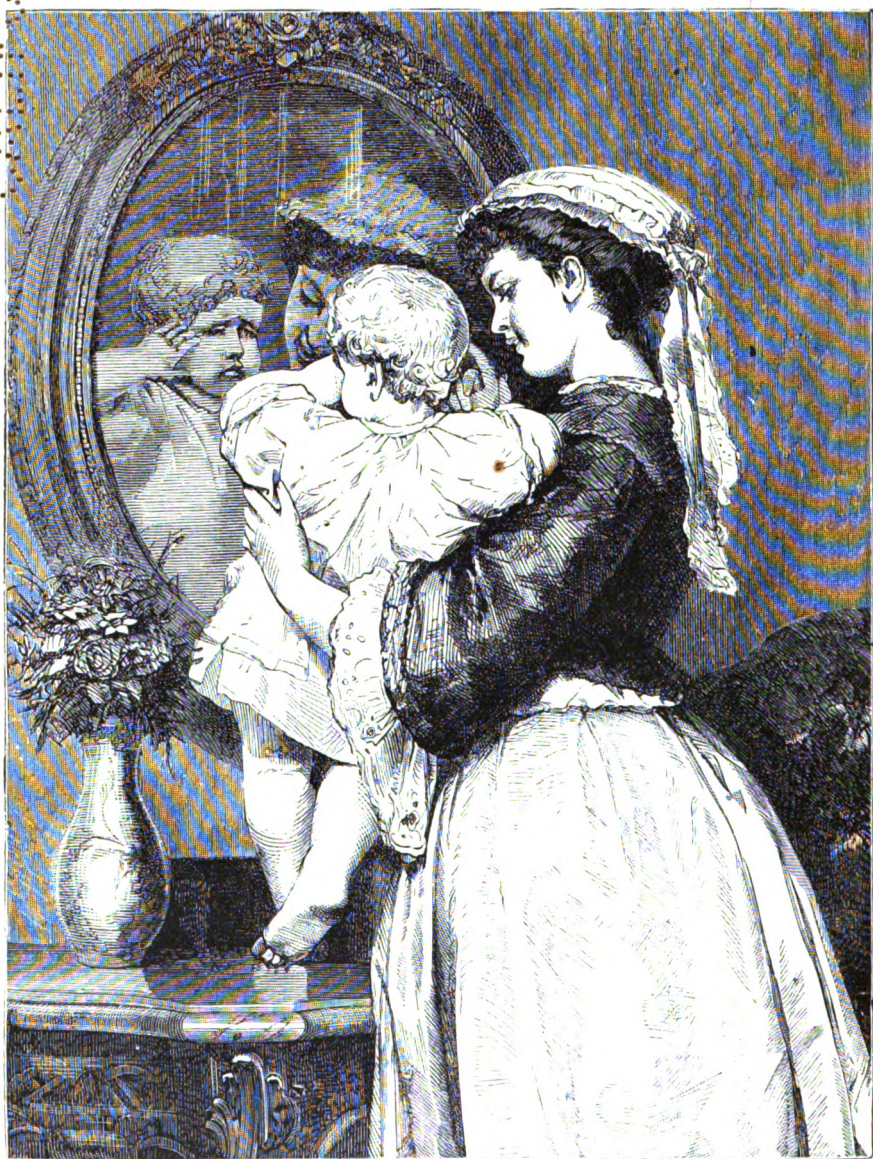
This beautiful picture is given as a premium to all who send us clubs for the "HOME MAGAZINE," for "THE CHILDREN'S HOUR," or for "THE WORKINGMAN."

Every subscriber to the "HOME MAGAZINE," "CHILDREN'S HOUR," or "THE WORKINGMAN," will be entitled to order a copy of "BED-TIME" for \$1. On receipt of the money, the engraving will be sent, post-paid, to any part of the United States.

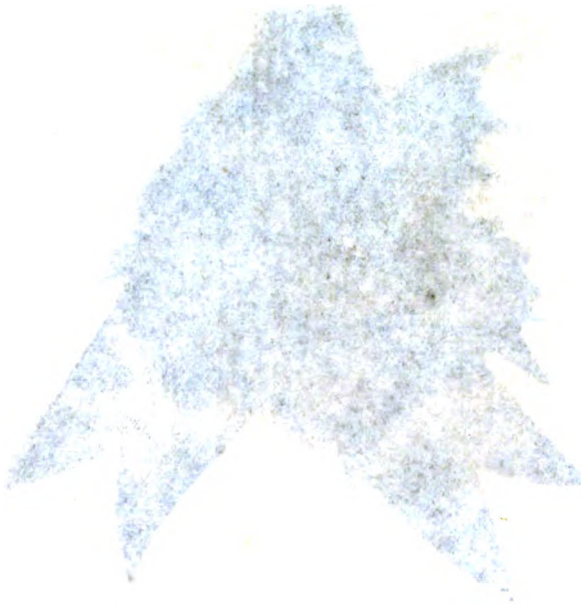
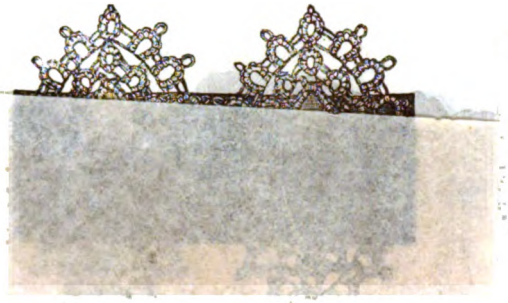
IF We thus give to every subscriber to our publications the opportunity to obtain a picture of exquisite beauty for LESS THAN HALF THE PRICE at which it can be had by non-subscribers.

T. S. ARTHUR & SONS,
809 & 811 CHESTNUT ST., PHILADELPHIA.

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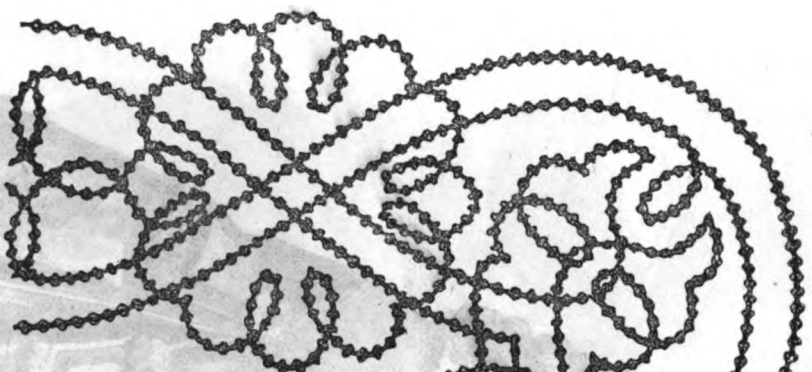


THE FACE IN THE GLASS.



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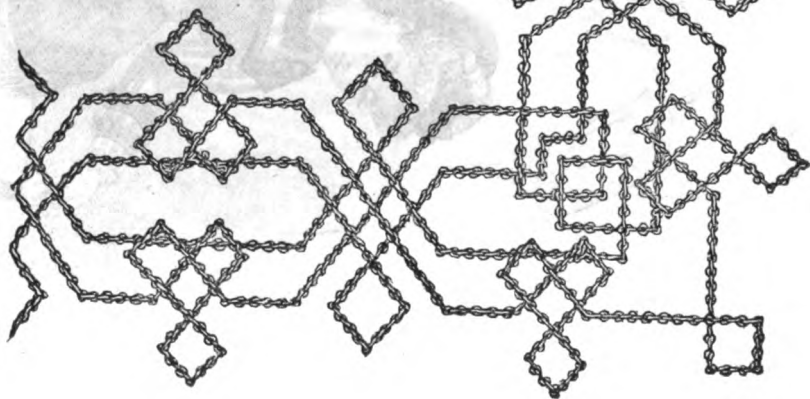
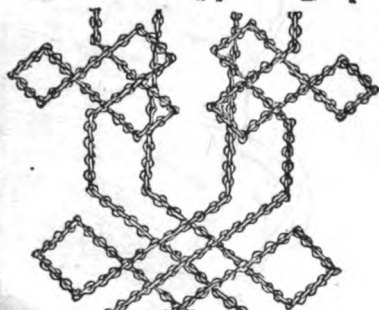
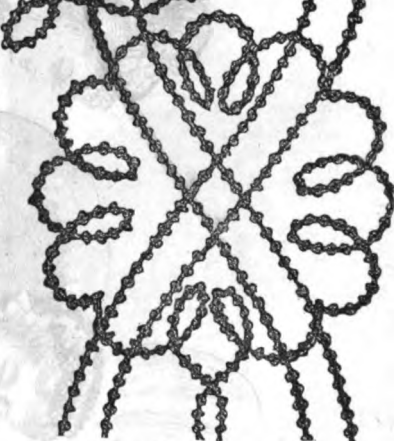
BORDERS.

These borders may be either braided or worked in chain stitch. They are applicable to a variety of purposes, and for white pique dresses will be found extremely useful.



MEDALLION IN SATIN STITCH.

This medallion is suitable for ornamenting small baskets, housewives, pocket-books, pincushions, &c. The ground is made of satin, velvet, silk, or cashmere. The embroidery is worked in satin stitch with pure silk in different bright colors, or in the color of the ground.





Dress of gray silk, trimmed with five plaited rubben, headed with a narrow satin fold. Plain corsage, trimmed with bretelles of quilled silk and satin. Open sleeves to correspond. Overskirt of black lace, looped at the sides and back with satin bows.



EMBROIDERY.

TOILET AND WORK-TABLE.

FASHIONS FOR AUGUST.

There has been an unsuccessful attempt to introduce long dresses for the street. But short dresses still hold their own, and it is to be hoped the good sense of the women of the present generation will prevent their being thrown aside. A short, loose jacket cut up the back is worn by ladies of any age up to forty. Paniers and overskirts are sometimes omitted. Many of the elegant summer robes are made without either.

Among the novelties are white muslin shawls cut in the shape of a lace "point." They are trimmed with one row of fluting six inches in depth, and two ruffles, each three inches wide, above. They are worn loose at the neck, and draped at the back to form a tunic *fachu*, as lace shawls often are.

Favorite and fashionable dresses are of white organdy, trimmed with black velvet. The flounces are edged with narrow velvet. The sash may either be of muslin or of wide velvet.

Flowers are used in the greatest profusion. They have quite taken the place of jewels as ornaments for young girls.

Bonnets have increased in height, but not enlarged in size. They are, however, very little worn, excepting for church and dressy occasions. Round hats have almost wholly taken their place for the street.

Sashes are now in many instances dispensed with, a bow of some sort taking their places.

The "Turkish talma" is worn at watering-places. It is simple in shape, and made in fine Oriental cashmere, brodered with rich silk and gold fringe. It is fastened at the throat with handsome buttons, crocheted in silk and gold thread. Scarlet and gold, or crimson and gold, or blue and gold, should be the predominating colors.

Muslin neckties in the form of sailor's knots, embroidered in black and red, and edged with Valenciennes insertion, are very pretty. Short scarfs of China crepe in various colors, just long enough to tie in a bow at the neck, the ends being pointed and fringed, are worn with linen suits.

Summer travelling-costumes are made of a linen skirt and blouse, trimmed with flat platings, quilled ruffles, and narrow braid in clustered rows. Or it may be made without trimming, and confined at the waist by a sash shaped like a small, round apron, trimmed like a horseshoe.

White toilets are greatly worn this summer. These are made of French nainsook, Victoria lawn, Swiss muslin, French organdy, pique, and percale. Pique is most in favor for cool mornings.

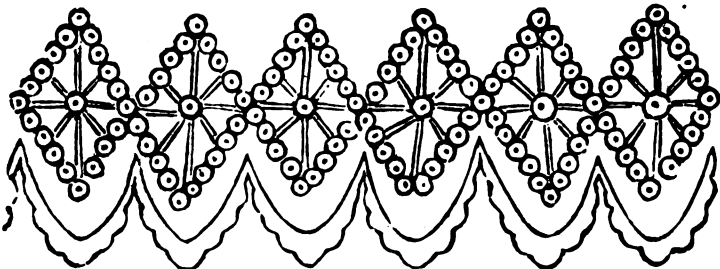
SHORT COSTUME FOR AUGUST.

(See full-page Engraving.)

No. 1.—Afternoon dress of striped Japanese poplin—black and white—the skirt ornamented with black silk fringe and two rows of black velvet, which are surmounted by a single plaited ruching of black silk. This trimming is arranged in broad scallops, with a bow of silk trimmed with velvet, placed at each junction. Square-necked overdress of black silk, the skirt, with full panier back and round apron, trimmed to match the underskirt. Pretty in striped summer silk garnished with blue, and blue silk overdress, or in the more economical striped poplin, with alpaca overdress.

No. 2.—Morning promenade-costume of white linen, the twelve-inch flounce on the bottom of the skirt headed by a double fluting, attached by a bias band stitched on by machine. Above this are semicircles of fluting, separated by linen bows which can easily be removed for washing. Overskirt bouffant in the back and en revers in front, trimmed with fluting. Plain waist with round revers and narrow collar. Close sleeves with trimming to match that on the skirt. Bonnet of white chip, ornamented with ruchings of black lace interspersed with field-flowers. Tie-strings of light-blue grosgrain ribbon. A very pretty effect may be produced by making the bows, sash, and tie-strings of the bonnet of ribbon of some color becoming to the wearer. This design would be equally as appropriate for any other thin goods, or for any of the silk or woollen materials used for summer wear.

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EMBROIDERY.



SPURGE HAWK-MOTH, CATERpillars AND CHRYSALIS.

VOL. XXXVI.—5

(72)

Music selected by J. A. GETZE.

MAZURKA.

BY FAUSTINA HASSE HODGES.

p *cres.*

1st time. 2d time. L. H.
8va ~

f Repeat 8va. *Ped.* *

Ped. * *p*

p

[Entered according to Act of Congress, A. D. 1870, by W. H. Brown & Co., in the Clerk's Office of the District Court of the United States for the Eastern District of Pennsylvania.]

f

8va

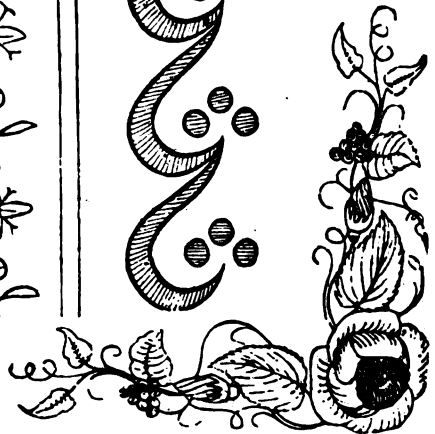
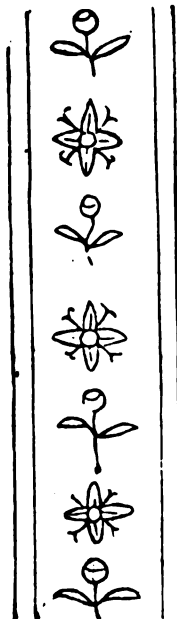
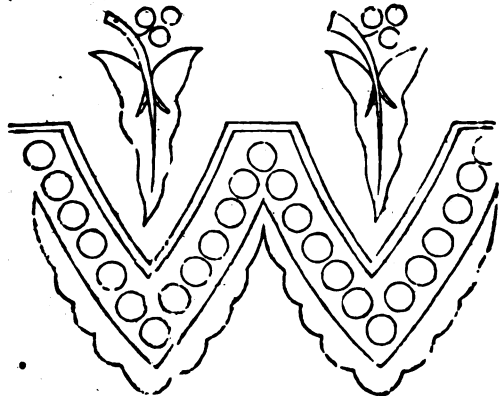
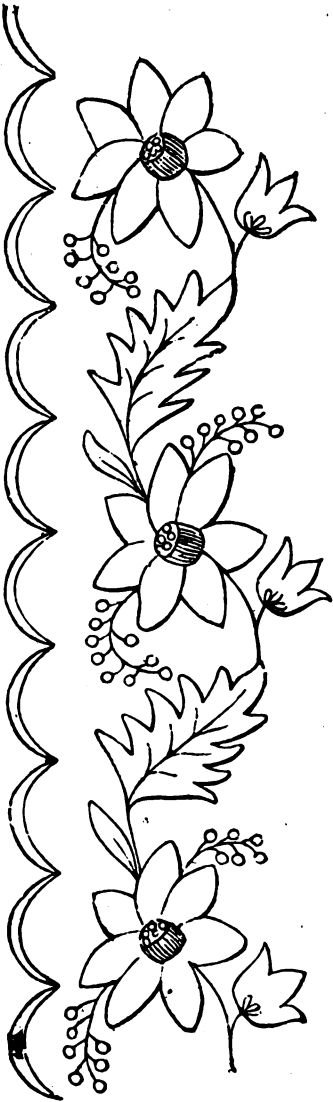
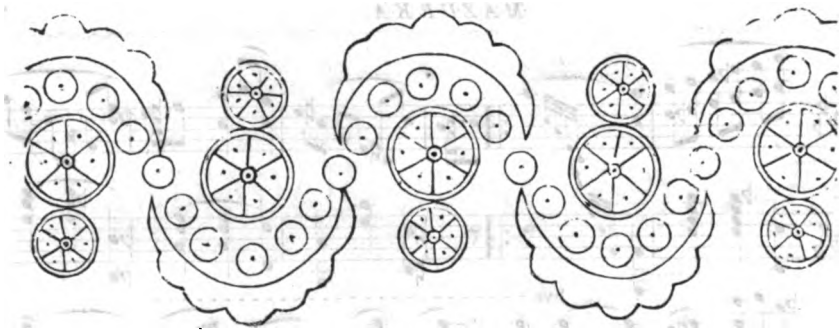
Ped. *

p *f*

Ped. *f* *

L. H. *8va* *L. H.* *8va*

Brillante. *L. H.* *R. H.* *8va* *8va* *L. H.* *8va*



ARTHUR'S HOME MAGAZINE.

AUGUST, 1870.

EMILIA.

BY "GERALD."

AS I write this name, I see the softened light of a glorious spring afternoon peeping in through the half opened blinds of a school-room, and long rows of children, neat and orderly, like a little army of soldiers. Above them, at the desk beneath the arch, I see the dearly loved pastor of the flock, whose snow-white locks encircle his reverend head like a halo of light, his mild, blue eyes shedding glances of loving kindness on all his "lambs" before him.

Just below stands his younger associate before a table, on which are displayed the prizes about to be bestowed on the most diligent and deserving of the little ones.

The room is thronged with attentive friends and patrons. I inhale the delicious fragrance of early violets, the modest lilies of the valley, and of the hosts of sweet spring flowers, grouped in profusion around the walls, on every burner and nook which will hold them.

But, hark! rising so clearly I hear that sweet strain embodying those holy words—

"Praise ye the Lord!"

The hymn goes on, taken up by scores of singers; but again and again that flute-like voice bears up the refrain—

"Praise ye the Lord!
Hallelujah! Praise ye the Lord!"

until all who listen are ready, heart and soul, to respond—"Yea, let everything that hath breath praise the Lord!"

I loved that school, and the work which was there carried forward, that of training up young souls for the battle of life, so to work that they might win, and fail not of the perfect fruition in the great hereafter.

My feet often wandered that way. I knew each bright face, and the touch of each little,

warm palm. But this day stands out in my memory beyond all the rest, burdened with that sweet, clear hymn of praise. There were readings and boyish declamations, and many evidences of proficiency in the various studies, all of deep interest to those present. Now and again the teacher would take her seat at the little organ, and all hearts melt as the pure, childish voices poured forth their glad thanksgivings.

All ended at last, as the brightest day must; the last song was sung, the last prize bestowed, the last word of approbation from that dear rector given, and the faithful teacher, who had stood at her post for nearly a score of years, had dismissed the last lingering little one before I could leave the spot.

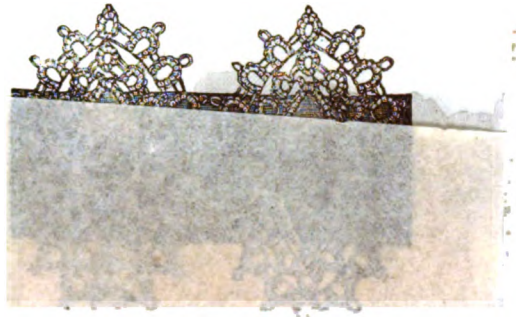
In after days I was often in the school, and as often a fair-faced girl from the "fatherland" across the sea attracted my attention. She was the sweet songstress, so tuneful and lovely, of that bright spring day. Her history was a sad one. Born in Germany, brought from home when a babe, made fatherless by a terrible epidemic which swept the land as with fire, and now forced to see her surviving parent fade day by day under the withering touch of consumption.

Not that she fully realized all this; the ignorance of childhood kept her in a degree happy with the present; but I fancied I could detect a pensive droop of the eyelid and a quiver of the sensitive mouth, which told of sad thoughts repressed.

One warm, sunny day, as I was making my usual visitation, I missed Emilia from her seat, but while I inquired she entered, tenderly supporting the steps of her invalid mother, who, tempted out by the delightful atmosphere, had almost exhausted her strength in this effort to please her child.

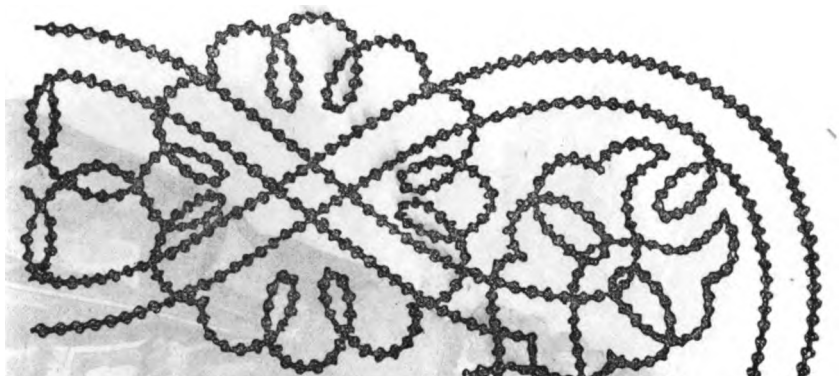


THE FACE IN THE GLASS.



worn at the time.
terfly lighting upon it.

are
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but-



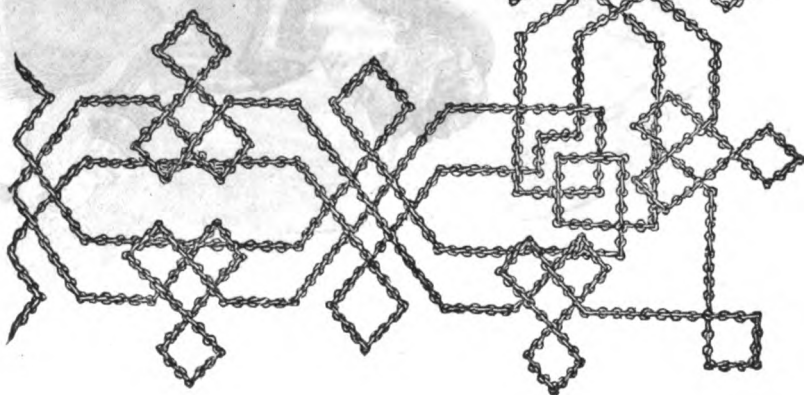
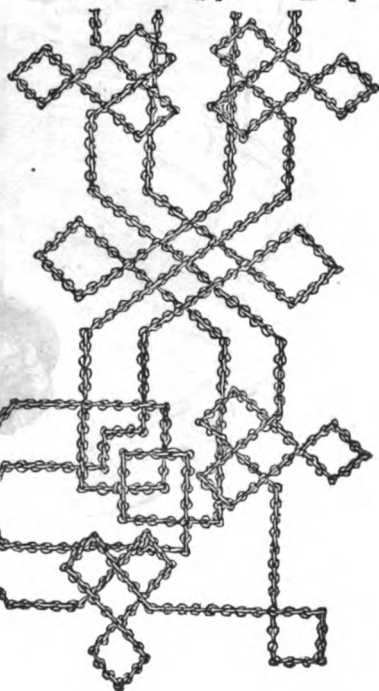
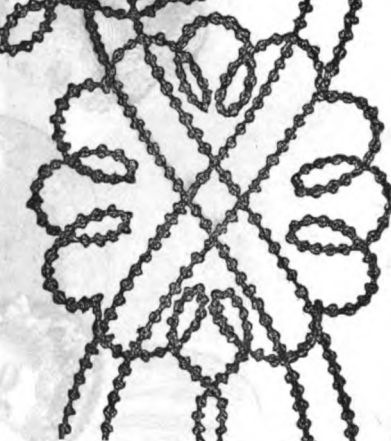
BORDERS.

These borders may be either braided or worked in chain stitch. They are applicable to a variety of purposes, and for white pique dresses will be found extremely useful.



MEDALLION IN SATIN STITCH.

This medallion is suitable for ornamenting small baskets, housewives, pocket-books, pineushions, &c. The ground is made of satin, velvet, silk, or cashmere. The embroidery is worked in satin stitch with purple silk in different bright colors, or in the color of the ground.





Dress of gray silk, trimmed with five plaited ruffles, headed with a narrow satin fold. Plain corsage, trimmed with bretelles of quilled silk and satin. Open sleeves to correspond. Overskirt of black lace, looped at the sides and back with satin bows.

EMBROIDERY.

TOILET AND WORK-TABLE.

FASHIONS FOR AUGUST.

There has been an unsuccessful attempt to introduce long dresses for the street. But short dresses still hold their own, and it is to be hoped the good sense of the women of the present generation will prevent their being thrown aside. A short, loose jacket cut up the back is worn by ladies of any age up to forty. Paniers and overskirts are sometimes omitted. Many of the elegant summer robes are made without either.

Among the novelties are white muslin shawls cut in the shape of a lace "point." They are trimmed with one row of fluting six inches in depth, and two ruffles, each three inches wide, above. They are worn loose at the neck, and draped at the back to form a tunic *fichu*, as lace shawls often are.

Favorite and fashionable dresses are of white organdy, trimmed with black velvet. The flounces are edged with narrow velvet. The sash may either be of muslin or of wide velvet.

Flowers are used in the greatest profusion. They have quite taken the place of jewels as ornaments for young girls.

Bonnets have increased in height, but not enlarged in size. They are, however, very little worn, excepting for church and dressy occasions. Round hats have almost wholly taken their place for the street.

Sashes are now in many instances dispensed with, a bow of some sort taking their places.

The "Turkish talma" is worn at watering-places. It is simple in shape, and made in fine Oriental cashmere, brodered with rich silk and gold fringe. It is fastened at the throat with handsome buttons, crocheted in silk and gold thread. Scarlet and gold, or crimson and gold, or blue and gold, should be the predominating colors.

Muslin neckties in the form of sailor's knots, embroidered in black and red, and edged with Valenciennes insertion, are very pretty. Short scarfs of China crepe in various colors, just long enough to tie in a bow at the neck, the ends being pointed and fringed, are worn with linen suits.

Summer travelling-costumes are made of a linen skirt and blouse, trimmed with flat platings, quilled ruffles, and narrow braid in clustered rows. Or it may be made without trimming, and confined at the waist by a sash shaped like a small, round apron, trimmed like a horseshoe.

White toilets are greatly worn this summer. These are made of French nainsook, Victoria lawn, Swiss mustin, French organdy, pique, and percale. Pique is most in favor for cool mornings.

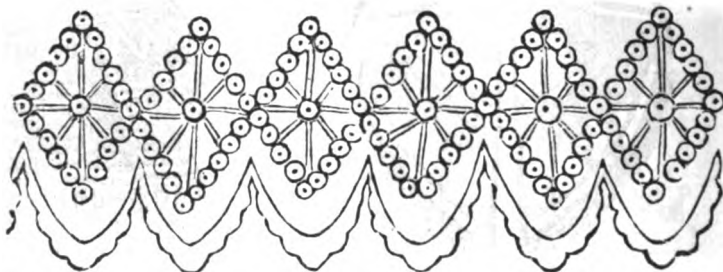
SHORT COSTUME FOR AUGUST.

(See full-page Engraving.)

No. 1.—Afternoon dress of striped Japanese poplin—black and white—the skirt ornamented with black silk fringe and two rows of black velvet, which are surmounted by a single plaited ruching of black silk. This trimming is arranged in broad scallops, with a bow of silk trimmed with velvet, placed at each junction. Square-necked overdress of black silk, the skirt, with full panier back and round apron, trimmed to match the underskirt. Pretty in striped summer silk garnished with blue, and blue silk overdress, or in the more economical striped poplin, with alpaca overdress.

No. 2.—Morning promenade-costume of white linen, the twelve-inch flounce on the bottom of the skirt headed by a double fluting, attached by a bias band stitched on by machine. Above this are semicircles of fluting, separated by linen bows which can easily be removed for washing. Overskirt bouffant in the back and en revers in front, trimmed with fluting. Plain waist with round revers and narrow collar. Close sleeves with trimming to match that on the skirt. Bonnet of white chip, ornamented with ruchings of black lace interspersed with field-flowers. Tie-strings of light-blue grosgrain ribbon. A very pretty effect may be produced by making the bows, sash, and tie-strings of the bonnet of ribbon of some color becoming to the wearer. This design would be equally as appropriate for any other thin goods, or for any of the silk or woollen materials used for summer wear.

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EMBROIDERY.



SPURGE HAWK-MOTH, CATERPILLAR AND CHRYSALIS.

FASHIONS FROM MME. DEMOREST.



No. 1.

No. 2.

No. 1.—This is of gray leno, the plain gored skirt trimmed with one gathered flounce edged with narrow green velvet, and headed with a feathered ruching of green silk. Four cashes, trimmed with velvet and ruching, fall from the waist to the rows of velvet above the flounce. Plain waist, with a square neck trimmed round with rows of velvet.

No. 2.—Skirt of white alpaca, bordered with a gathered flounce edged with points of deep-blue silk. The heading is a full puff set between folds of blue. Polonaise of blue silk, very full at the back, and looped in the centre under a large bow. The trimming is of plaited silk ruching and fringe.



No. 1.—THE "BELLE" GABRIELLE.



No. 2.—THE LINDA SUIT.

No. 1.—Made in white pique, and trimmed with ruffles of Hamburg embroidery. The ruffles are continued straight round the back of the skirt and up over the shoulders, forming a pointed cape on the back of the waist. In trimming a dress after this design, care should be taken to reverse the ruffles at the curves, as seen in the illustration.

No. 2.—Made of white pailinok, the lower part of the skirt laid in five narrow tucks, over which falls a flounce, cut out in squares so as to show the tucks underneath. Above this a bias band is set on, surmounted by a fluted ruffle. The same style of trimming is repeated on the round overskirt. The trimming on the waist consists of bias bands and a ruffle, arranged in the shape of a shoulder cape.

Music selected by J. A. GETZE.

MAZURKA.

BY FAUSTINA HASSE HODGES.

p *cres.*

1st time. 2d time. L. H.
8va. --

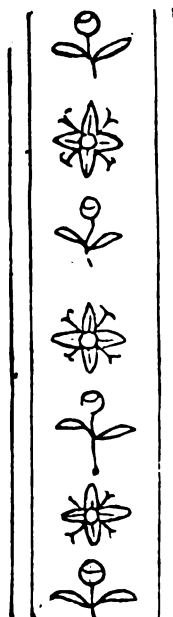
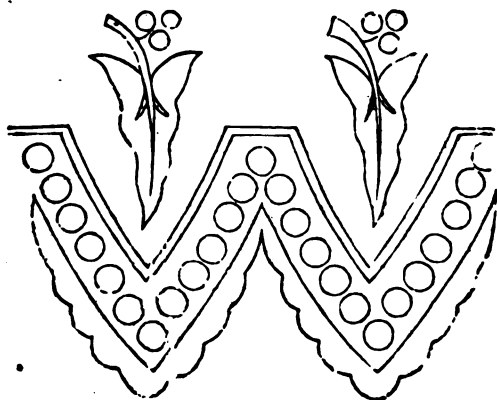
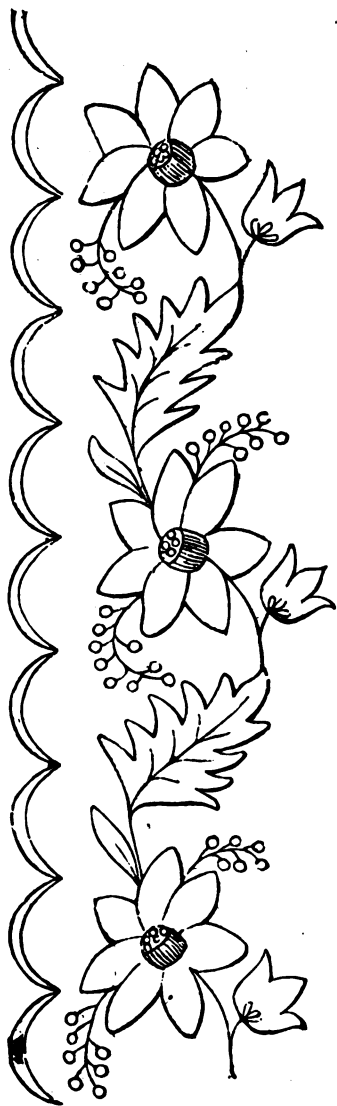
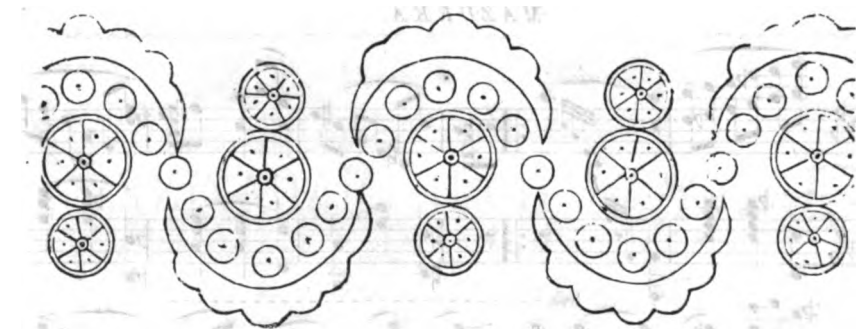
f Repeat 8va. *Ped.* *

Ped. * *p*

[Entered according to Act of Congress, A. D. 1870, by W. H. Bowen & Co., in the Clerk's Office of the District Court of the United States for the Eastern District of Pennsylvania.]

Musical score for a Mazurka, page 75. The score is in 3/4 time and B-flat major. It consists of six systems of two staves each (treble and bass). The music features various dynamics (p, f), articulation (Ped.), and performance instructions (Brillante, L. H., R. H., 8va).

The first system shows a melodic line in the treble staff and a harmonic accompaniment in the bass staff. The second system includes a dynamic marking of *f* and a pedaling instruction. The third system features a dynamic marking of *p* and a pedaling instruction. The fourth system includes a dynamic marking of *f* and a pedaling instruction. The fifth system features a dynamic marking of *f* and a pedaling instruction. The sixth system is marked **Brillante.** and includes performance instructions for the left hand (L. H.), right hand (R. H.), and octave (8va).



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One warm, sunny day, as I was making my usual visitation, I missed Emilia from her seat, but while I inquired she entered, tenderly supporting the steps of her invalid mother, who, tempted out by the delightful atmosphere, had almost exhausted her strength in this effort to please her child.

The hollow cough, glittering eye, and heaving chest, told too surely that she must venture out into the unknown; but the child saw in her mother's heightened color and bright eye only so many tokens of returning strength.

I shall never forget the gladness which lighted her whole face, nor the caressing pride with which she hovered about her mother doing little offices for her comfort. This was the last time the poor woman ever left her humble home, until borne forth by stranger hands, and laid away to her last, long rest. My heart was irresistibly drawn to the little orphan in her innocence and helplessness; so utterly alone, I could not rest until I had seen her tenderly cared for. My patrimony was small, sufficing for my quiet tastes, and allowing me a little margin to invest in deeds of charity, so I determined to constitute myself her guardian, and place her in a school whose principal was known to me as a true-hearted Christian woman, trusting Providence with the result.

Five years passed away, during which I often heard from Emilia and of her progress. She possessed great musical talent, and improved every advantage afforded her to the utmost. She was now seventeen, and gave promise of exceeding beauty of person, although there was cause for anxiety to those who loved her in the transparent skin, and bright color which flushed and faded with every emotion. They seemed to warn us of what might be her fatal inheritance. I visited her at her school, and passed several weeks in the town in which it was located.

During this time I was privileged to be present at a number of private concerts where she was the "bright particular star," attracting all in the little circle by her grace and modesty. With an independence for which I honored her, she had commenced winning her own way, refusing longer to be a dependent.

Her gratitude was true and sincere, but she put forth her greatest energies to acquire a position for herself as a teacher. Her musical instructor was a man thirty years of age, prepossessing in appearance, of gentlemanly address, and of acknowledged ability in his profession. He was of unblemished personal character, and being of great assistance in the musical coterie, was, of course, freely admitted to the companionship of its members.

Other eyes than mine soon saw that the absorbing interest with which he hung over Emilia at the piano, guiding her through diffi-

cult passages, and joining his voice with hers, bearing her pure soprano upward on entrancing waves of melody, was not that of an instructor merely. I watched the love-light in her eye, the deepening damask of her cheek, then turned my attention to the worthiness of the one who hoped to win and wear in his own bosom our pet rose.

The closest scrutiny could detect no flaw there; that he truly loved and would guard her, with all the tender care of a manly heart, none could doubt.

Her teachers were satisfied, and all her friends gave their smiling congratulations to the betrothed pair.

I was gratified, indeed, intensely relieved, at this state of things, both at finding her so self-reliant and able to stand alone, and finally to leave her safe in a good man's home.

For some months past, matters had looked ominously dark for my own future, that is, pecuniarily speaking, and I was in nowise fitted to do battle for myself. My income was derived from funds invested in another and a foreign land, and came to me through the hands of an agent whom I had trusted implicitly, but of late my faith had become shaken, and I was seriously meditating taking a long voyage for the purpose of a personal investigation.

Returning to my abiding place, after my visit to Emilia, I found letters awaiting me which decided me to do so at once. With few and hurried preparations I embarked in the first steamer. After a rough trip, of unusual length, which left me almost prostrated, mind and body, we reached the port. My first care after landing was to proceed to my agent. All too late! he had gone, and left nothing but evidences of his duplicity to reward me for my long, lonely journey.

Pursuit was vain, even if I had known whither to go. He had covered his flight so completely, and carried out his plans so skillfully, that none could trace him, and others who were more deeply in his toils than I, were foiled and helpless.

People talk much of preparing one's mind for calamity, but we hope so strongly against hope, and are so slow to admit a truth, which we fear, that when the blow finally falls, we find our boasted strength to be but weakness. I had feared the worst, and hoped for the best.

I was among strangers, debilitated, fatigued, body and mind. A slow fever set in, and I was laid on a sick-bed for many weary weeks.

When, at last, I awoke, with a head cool

enough to think, I found my purse nearly emptied. I wrote home to a friend, and sat down to wait for aid to return, and take up life anew.

After some delay, a kind letter arrived with the needed loan, and I prepared for my home voyage.

Once more on the sea, I thought and planned until my brain was in a whirl. I was a proficient in both the French and German languages, and could I be fortunate enough to obtain pupils, might yet earn my daily bread. I was hopeful, and tried to be brave.

As the steamer neared the shore, and I saw again the city which had been my home for so many years, my spirits rose with thankfulness that out of all my trials so much mercy was granted me.

I lingered on board, disliking the bustle and confusion of disembarking, until the crowd had somewhat thinned. Just as I had turned to see about my own luggage, a hand was laid on my arm, and Emilia's voice sounded in my ear. Her husband stood by her, and a carriage waited on the pier.

Her eyes were suffused with tears, but her words were all of joy and hope.

They took me to their home, and as I write these lines, her thrilling voice sounds in my ear the blessed words in which I first heard it. With all my heart and being I join the glad anthem—

"Praise ye the Lord!"

I am surrounded with every evidence of love and gratitude that she can invent. I know that I am not a burden. I have pupils whom it is my pleasure, as well as my duty, to teach, but the lonely *old maid* is lonely no longer; she has a *home* where the sunshine of love is perpetual. Truly can I understand the promise—"Cast thy bread upon the waters; after many days it shall return to thee."

WORRIES.

WHAT people call "worries," are very common. Often they come from mere trifles, but they are not the less "worries" for that. Little things sometimes vex and trouble us more than great things.

"I am so worried with the children," says one who is the mother of a large family; "I cannot get a quiet moment."

"Something happened to worry me this morning, and I have felt upset all day," says another.

VOL. XXXVI.—6

"One thing or another is always coming to worry me," complains a third, taking a more general view, and setting himself down as more tried with worries than other people.

But, after all, worries depend very much on how we take them. What puts one person out for a whole day will hardly disturb another for a moment; and a lot in life that seems to one full of trouble and vexation, is found by another peaceful and happy.

"Ah! I know that very well," cries Mrs. Sharp; "but I can't take things so quietly. There is Mrs. Meek, now, next door; come what may, nothing ever seems to put her out; but I'm not one of that sort."

Well, Mrs. Sharp, is not that just what I said? Worries depend very much on the way we take them. You agree with me, you see. Mrs. Meek takes them one way, and you take them another. And you grant they do not trouble her so much as they do you. Is not her way the best?

"Yes, but I can't take things as she does. I'm not one of those quiet folk; and when worries come I *must* be worried."

Stop! not so fast. I am not so sure there is any *must* about it. Do you *strive* against being worried? When things turn out amiss, or the children are troublesome, or any one says something that vexes you, do you try not to be vexed, or worried, or put out? For that is what Mrs. Meek does.

Again, do you *watch* against worries? You know they are likely to come; do you prepare your mind for them, that you may meet them aright, and get the better of them? I am much mistaken if your neighbor Meek does not do this too.

Once more, do you *pray*? I know your neighbor does that.

Depend upon it, Mrs. Sharp, it is chiefly trying, and watching, and praying, that make your neighbor so much less worried by things than you are. Perhaps she may be of a quieter disposition by nature; but she never would have been able to meet the troubles of life as she does without God's help, and that she gets by prayer. She strives, she watches, she prays, and God helps her. That is Mrs. Meek's way. Yet she is only a poor woman like you. And what *she* does you can do.

DRINKING-WATER neither makes a man sick nor in debt, nor his wife a widow, and yet some men hardly know the flavor of it; but beer, taken as it is by many a workingman, is nothing better than brown ruin.

KENNETH.

THERE was fortunately a mirror over the chimney-piece; so, while Kenneth spoke, he could enforce his words by all kinds of expressive and appropriate pantomime, and make them all the prouder by casual glances at the face and figure which the glass gave back. Standing six feet two, broad and well built, a handsome Saxon face crowned with thick, light curls, under which the blue eyes shone keen and steady, it was a face and figure no man would blush to meet so. But it was a face that told so readily the inner thought, that Kenneth Goring ought to have felt some shame in meeting it with the look of scorn and contempt which it bore then.

"And what on earth is your reason for wanting me to go, mother?" he said, throwing an open letter upon the table, and turning lazily to a bright little elderly lady, who was busily sorting papers at her desk.

"You know my reasons, Kenneth," she answered, without stopping in her employment, "just as well as I know them myself. I shall not repeat them."

"By the powers, you are hot and proud about it!" said Kenneth.

"Hot and proud, do you say?" retorted his mother.

"Indeed I do," was the reply. "Why won't you listen to a fellow quietly?"

"Speak to me quietly, and I will listen with pleasure, Kenneth."

"Then once more," said he, "what are your reasons for wishing me to go? There, that was quiet, I'm sure."

"My brother has asked you twenty times, Kenneth, and it seems so unkind and unreasonable to go on refusing as you do—too proud even to disguise why."

"Oh! never mind that," said Kenneth; "I'll bear the blame of unreasonableness sooner than undergo the visit. If he had stayed as he was, I would have gone as I used to go, willingly enough; but when he made such a donkey of himself, and married that languid, bad-tempered beauty, I made a resolution to keep a county between us henceforth."

"Perhaps, when you know her, Ken, she—"

"I never will know her," said Kenneth; "that's a better plan."

"Her daughter may be a nice girl," continued his mother, "and you are nearly cousins, you know."

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"Not very nearly, I think," answered Kenneth, with an ominous curve in the small, thick mustache, "and never can be nearer, that's a blessing. Of course she is her mother over again—girls always are."

"Boys are not," said Mrs. Goring, with a twinkle in her eyes.

"You wish they were, I suppose," said Kenneth, with a light little laugh, "for then I should be anxious to go to Erstone."

"I shall not answer the letter until to-morrow," said his mother quietly. "Bring your answer home from mess, please."

"I have given it you a hundred times, mother," he exclaimed. "What an obstinate little lady you are!"

As Kenneth left the room, Mrs. Goring's face took its usual happy expression, and she put the letter that had caused this argument into her desk, muttering to herself with an irrepressible little smile, "What trouble I should have with him if he were really as obstinate as he thinks he is! But he has held out a dreadfully long time about this."

Mrs. Goring was quite right in the cogitation which called up that smile, for at night, when Kenneth came in from mess, and found her awaiting him, he said, as he bent to kiss her—"I'll go, mother, if you like. My leave begins on Thursday, and I may as well go at once—I shall be back the sooner. You seem so bent upon it this time; I wish it were over."

She wisely refrained from arguing the point then at all, and turned the conversation, while, strange to say, that as he talked that night, looking very handsome in the open, scarlet jacket, his face bright and earnest, Kenneth never gave even one careless glance into the mirror opposite; he might, indeed, have forgotten its very existence.

There had been a fair at Colebridge on that Thursday morning, and as Kenneth Goring walked down the station platform, he noticed that a great many people were going by his train; not that they would interfere with him, he thought, as they made lively assaults on the third-class carriages, a set of boisterous roughs with whips in their hands, and a general odor of stable about them.

There was always a good deal of curiosity about Kenneth Goring. High as he held his head, the blue eyes missed very little of what was going on below them; and now they were

almost unconsciously busy with these drovers, for whom he felt a kind of contemptuous pity as they eagerly crowded into the close, dusty, third-class carriages.

"I've put your portmanteau into the van, sir, and the gun and fishing-basket," said the groom. "The rod you will keep with you in the carriage, I suppose, sir. The smoking compartment is empty, sir, and the train doesn't stop until it reaches Liston junction."

"All right," said Kenneth. "You may go, Barry."

The groom looked back, astonished to see his master still standing at that end of the station. Fearful of his disobedience, he yet turned back to say hurriedly—"Train's just about to start, sir."

"I know. Good-by, Barry."

And Kenneth, leaning on his rod, still stood—the blue eyes very busy now, for they had caught sight of a young woman, lame and sickly, hurrying toward the train, and toward the farmers' men, who were still laughing and talking inside the open doors, and still coming up, more straggling now, and forcing themselves in. A porter, seeing the girl hurrying on as fast as her lameness would allow her, went before her, and opened a second-class carriage. She drew back timidly, showing him the ticket in her hand. He shut the door, and moved to another. "All right," Kenneth heard him say; "plenty of room here. Move up."

But the men inside, to whom these last two words were addressed, shuffled together, and declared there was no room at all, while she shrank back to the porter's side. Just then a man at the back of the carriage—Kenneth had drawn nearer, and could see it all distinctly now—leaned forward, and said, in a tone far more repellant than the rude ones had been—"Let her come in; she's my pretty Jane. We want her here to amuse us."

"Get in, miss," said the porter hurriedly. "There's the whistle. No time for anything more."

"No time for anything more—no time even for a thought." Kenneth stood between the woman and the carriage, full of grinning men, and spoke a few words to the porter, taking from her trembling hand her green ticket, and giving into it his white one. "Your carriage is higher up," he said aloud, as he sprang in among the rabble. "You have but a second to do it in." Before they were off, Kenneth had caught the pleading, bewildered look of thanks.

A mile or two out of the station, when they seemed to have recovered their breath, the men began making merry at Kenneth's expense.

"It was a shame for handboxes to be allowed to take up seats like men," said one; and another "Wondered as 'ow he could tear hisself from pretty Jane;" and another, with a grim smile at the fishing-rod, was "Thankful as he'd lived to travel with a beadle as carried his pole in a bag."

Kenneth maintained a haughty silence, until one young wag, with grimy hands, began feeling him, being oppressed with doubts as to whether he were real. Then Kenneth turned on him a pair of cool, inquiring eyes.

"Are you poor, tramping fellows," said he, "wanting an odd job in the haymaking, if you can get it—or are you Irish vagabonds—which?"

"Neether, any more nor ye are yerself," was the reply. "We're honest English laborers."

"Oh! indeed," said Kenneth. "What a mistake we make, then, in being proud of our English laborers! I've heard them called a set of capital, manly fellows. I'm sorry I've seen you, because now I know that that is a lie."

Though Kenneth had not expected any result from this cool, contemptuous opinion, he saw a gradual one; and when the train stopped at Liston, he turned as he got out and gave his companions an amused nod, that brought a laugh to several faces. Retaking his ticket here, he was led to an empty carriage, and shut in with the inevitable bang, the look of amusement still lingering on his face as he thought of his first stage.

"Erstone!" and, waking from a long rumination, Kenneth emerged languidly, not at all rejoicing that so much of his journey was accomplished. As he walked away, the lame girl came slowly from her carriage, and Kenneth raised his hat as he sauntered on, but forgot all about her before he had mounted the dog-cart which awaited him outside.

"You take the reins, sir, I suppose?" said the groom.

"Yes," said Kenneth; and they drove on until they turned in at the park gates.

"Beautiful park, sir!" said Sam, astonished to find they had been silent so long.

"It seems so," answered Kenneth shortly.

"Good thing there's a son, sir, to inherit it all."

"Oh! there's always a son in these cases," answered Kenneth carelessly.

"Rather hard for Miss Ardale, though, sir," continued Sam.

"Why?" asked Kenneth, thinking nothing at all about it.

"Because she's got nothing, you see, being only a step-daughter of the master's, sir."

"Then what should she expect?" said Kenneth.

"Oh! she don't expect anything, sir," answered Sam quickly—"I know she don't; but I should think it's 'ard being a step-daughter where there's a deal of money in the family."

"I should think it would be harder where there's none," said Kenneth, in a tone that showed such entire indifference to the subject that Sam could bear to waste no more of his intelligence; and they drew up to the house in silence. A handsome gray-stone house it was, with all its low windows open in the pleasant summer evening, and terrace grounds spreading down to a magnificent park, through which the river—the famous fishing river in which lay Kenneth's one hope of amusement—wound among the trees.

"Kenneth, my dear boy, you are nere at last, are you?" said his uncle. "Take the luggage down carefully, Sam."

"Yes, uncle, I am really here at last," said Kenneth, warmly shaking hands at the door with a small, elderly gentleman.

"I'm very glad you are," said his uncle. "Maria, I want you, my dear," he continued, as a lady in evening dress, holding a light shawl round her shoulders, came down the stairs; "this is my nephew, Captain Kenneth Goring—your nephew, too, now."

Kenneth only bowed, a cold, slight bow, for this was the "languid, bad-tempered beauty." And she looked the character, too; her mouth and eyebrows both painfully arched, cold and sinister despite her beauty, and beautiful despite her peevish languor. For ten years the opinion Kenneth formed of her at that moment never changed, but when the wavering health failed altogether, Kenneth never spoke of that opinion more.

Half an hour afterward, Kenneth entered the drawing-room, strikingly big and handsome as he stood in his evening dress beside the little master of the house.

"Why do we wait?" drawled Mrs. Beresford, from her cushions; "ring for dinner, Edward; it is half an hour late as it is."

This implied rebuke did not, however, interfere with Kenneth's composure in the least.

"I thought you were waiting for Marion, my dear," said Mr. Beresford, ringing as he spoke; "it is so very unpleasant to go in to dinner in instalments."

"I was not aware that Marion arranged the meal hours," said the mistress of the house, taking the arm Kenneth coldly offered. This cold but perfect politeness he maintained through all their intercourse, unmoved by any and every provocation.

As they crossed the hall, Kenneth was aware that a young lady joined them hastily, linking her arm in his uncle's, and so following them into the dining-room, where the plate and glass in rich abundance shone and glittered in the evening sunshine.

"My daughter, Miss Ardale, Kenneth; my nephew, Captain Goring, Marion, my dear."

Kenneth's inquisitive blue eyes took her in at a glance, as he told his mother next day in a letter of five lines—rather tall and pretty; proud and satirical; with an intensely repellent manner. That was all; and certainly enough, such as it was, he said.

Miss Ardale bowed to him rather slightly, and took her place, giving him no second glance.

"Where were you to make you so late, my dear?" asked her step-father.

"Different places," she answered carelessly, and setting the seal to Kenneth's unflattering opinion of her.

She was not even pretty enough to excuse this evident pride, he said, glancing at her once more. No, certainly not. She had not any perfect features in her face. A pair of big, brown eyes, and a bright complexion; he did not see anything else to admire. Yes, her teeth were good—very white, indeed—just the teeth and complexion that belong to perfect health; nothing more. But Kenneth, as he followed his uncle into the drawing-room after dinner, said to himself—"I must be polite to her while I am here; perhaps she is lonely a bit, being the only young person about, and the parent being such a shrew." So he advanced to Miss Ardale in his natural courteous manner, and sat beside her, and made small talk—the rather small talk which he had always found irresistible hitherto; but she did not attempt to hide that she was bored excessively, and of course that was no stimulant to his exertion.

"May I hope for a little music to-night?" he asked, really longing for the relief.

"If you like," she answered, tapping her foot on her stool, and leaning back in her low chair.

"Thank you," said Kenneth.

There was a long pause; and then, as she did not attempt to move, Kenneth bent and offered her his arm.

"What for?" she asked, looking up with lazy surprise.

"To lead you to the piano," said Kenneth, flushing a little bit awkwardly, and feeling painfully tall as she kept him standing so.

"Thank you," said she; "but I am very comfortable here."

"But you promised me some music," he went on, looking at her with an unwonted anger growing in his eyes.

"Not at all," she replied. "You asked me if you might hope, and of course I have no objection to your hoping. Why should I?"

"Then you will not play nor sing?" asked Kenneth, still standing, and the anger darkening his blue eyes now.

"No, neither," she answered curtly, the small foot suddenly ceasing its tapping.

"Thank you for showing me so soon your unwillingness to oblige. It will prevent a repetition of the request," said Kenneth; and, turning on his heel, he missed the careless little half bow with which she acknowledged his speech.

So it went on, day after day, just the same. Kenneth's attentions were met so invariably by a repulse, that they died a natural death at last; and, except a very uncertain politeness when she came in his way, he was apparently oblivious of her; yet he caught himself wondering a great deal about her. Why was it that she so persistently refused to ride with him in a morning, when, as he knew, she was very fond of riding? Why did she purposely remain invisible until luncheon time, when she knew very well that she was required to read novels to her mother after that?

How dull and stupid it was here, except for the fishing, and how disagreeably selfish of Marion not to try to amuse him.

On the very last morning of his stay, Kenneth sauntered out with his fishing-rod on his shoulder, and came upon Marion leaping against a pillar on the terrace, in a richly braided morning dress, and a rather shabby little straw hat.

"Are you going to take pity on me, Miss Ardale, and show me a new spot to try to-day?" said Kenneth, doffing his straw hat as he stood beside her.

"The benefit of a new spot to you would hardly recompense the trouble to me," she answered, without turning to him.

"True, it would not. I forgot myself for a moment," he answered hastily. "I will find a new spot for myself this happy last day. Good-morning, Miss Ardale."

She returned his good-morning slowly, but she watched him out of sight among the trees before she stirred herself.

Even Izaak Walton himself would have caught nothing, fishing as Kenneth fished that morning; and when, in his restlessness, he had wandered from point to point of the river, still unsuccessful, he began to wonder when he should get back again, tired and dispirited as he felt.

"There must be a cut," he said, looking round. "It would be ridiculous to follow the river back in all its twists." So he turned directly off, and came presently into a wood. "I'll go straight through this, turning neither way," he thought; "that's always safest in a strange wood." With which logic he quickened his pace, coming out at last in the open meadows, and close beside a very small white cottage. "I may just as well ask here for the nearest way home, as go wandering for hours with this basket on my back."

Thinking this, he bent his tall, curly head, and entered a small, empty kitchen, neither dirty nor untidy, but evidently untouched that day.

Kenneth looked round, wondering whether it would be worth while staying until some one came. He did not know much about country cottages, so he made up his mind that, as the door had been ajar, somebody was about; and as his eyes wandered round, they rested with intense surprise on a pair of little, dainty kid boots that stood beside the small bright fire. They looked so unsuited to the place, so incongruous, that perhaps that was the only reason he stared at them so hard. And as he stared his ear caught a low voice through another open door beside him. The voice came from above, and sounded strangely sweet in this odd little room. Kenneth listened, astonished. "Now I am going down, and when the kitchen is ready, I will fetch you." This he heard the voice say; then he felt that the owner of the voice was coming down-stairs. His eyes were on the narrow, steep wooden stairs; and first he saw a broom, and then a pair of shoes—a loose, ugly pair of soft, noiseless slippers; and then a petticoat—a spotless petticoat—tucked elaborately; and then a braided buff dress, looped high upon it; and then he saw a face—Marion's face—and yet hardly Marion's face as he had ever seen it. He stood staring as if some power had rooted him motionless on the spot.

She blushed painfully when she saw him so, but she was the first to recover herself, while

he gazed on, his eyes unconsciously telling something more than his surprise.

With her sleeves tucked up, showing the white, dimpled elbows, she folded her hands on the broom, and stood looking at him a little defiantly.

"Captain Goring," said she, "you had no business to come here."

"None at all, Miss Ardale," he answered.

"You should not have come," she went on, determined that her eyes should not droop as she stood in her odd position.

"Why?" he asked, with the very slightest smile.

"Because if I choose to give way to a whim, and come to see how poor people live, you have no right to follow me," she replied.

"I follow you!" he repeated, bewildered.

"Yes; was it generous, do you think?" she asked, and with all her trying she could not prevent the tears that had gathered slowly in her eyes from falling down upon her crossed hands.

"Miss Ardale, indeed let me assure you," said Kenneth earnestly, "that I entered this cottage to ask my way, and had no more idea of seeing you here than——"

"Than the man in the moon," she put in, laughing lightly. "I believe you, Captain Goring," she added, and involuntarily she held out her hand, drawing it in again suddenly, with another laugh. "I would not recommend you to touch that," she said, shaking her head; "it wants an application of soap."

"But I would like to touch it," said Kenneth quietly.

"No, I should be ashamed of the contrast," she replied.

"Then there shall be none, if you please," said Kenneth, his face full of fun. "Please to give me the broom; my own hands will be worse in a minute."

"Now do you really mean to stay here, Captain Goring?"

"I do, if possible, as a volunteer," he said.

"And do you wish to help me?" she continued, seeing that he spoke in thorough earnestness.

"Indeed I do," he replied.

"Well, then, let us work in concert," said Marion. "Please to move a few things for me while I sweep the kitchen."

First of all, he moved the little oots, rather tenderly, on to the window sill, while Marion watched him, amused.

"They make such a noise, those high heels," she said in explanation; "and invalids' ears

are so delicate; that reminds me," she added, "I wonder who she thinks I have got down here helping me. That is famous, Captain Goring," she said. "You are a good aide-de-camp. I am never able to do that."

"You have often done this, then?" said Kenneth, turning a little from his occupation to look at her in a new, grave way.

"You have, I should say," she answered, flushing a little; "you do it most scientifically."

"Now the broom," said Kenneth, with a steady, business-like air.

"No, that is my part," she said.

"Miss Ardale, you are most unfair, keeping my weapon in custody under folded hands," said Kenneth. "Let me show you a new trick in the art of sweeping."

Throwing her head back in a light, involuntary laugh, she let him take it from her; and as he did so, he closed his hand for a moment on hers.

"It might be too black to venture presently," he said, smiling most coolly.

It roused her, though, from her silent enjoyment of his novel occupation. She busied herself too, and soon the little kitchen was a picture of neatness and cleanliness.

"Now, Captain Goring," she said, "put that queer old easy-chair here at the open window and wait a moment."

The slippers ran up-stairs without a sound, reappearing very slowly, as Marion supported a tottering old woman, whom she placed snugly on the easy-chair, where the pure summer breeze could kiss the worn and withered cheek.

At a look from Marion, Kenneth began to talk to her easily, naturally, and gently, as the poor like to be talked to, sitting on the window-sill, and not seeming to know very well what to do with his long legs. Then Marion brought out a teacup and saucer, bread and butter, &c., and arranged them on a little table beside her; and as she moved to the fire, Kenneth darted forward. The two faces were almost ludicrously grave and immovable as they bent over the little, black teapot, rather close together, as Marion held it and Kenneth poured the water into it. What a serious necessity there was for neither of the four eyes to stray!

"Now, Mary, you are comfortable, and have everything to your hand," said Marion. "Oh! stop," she added suddenly, "where is my memory to-day? I have never cut the bread and butter."

While Kenneth watched the pretty hands—which had been washed, of course, after the

sweeping process, he wondered whether they could be the useless, scornful hands that fidgeted so often at night in the drawing-room at home. She cut half a dozen delicate slices, putting the plate within reach of the feeble fingers; then she turned, slipped on her boots and the old hat, consigned the slippers to a cupboard, and asked Kenneth if he was ready.

He was so astonished at the unusual occurrence—at the prospect of the walk with her, that he almost sprang over the little table.

"I have forgotten my hands, Miss Ardale," said he; "I will go and wash them outside."

When he came in, wiping them cheerfully on his snowy handkerchief, he caught the low thanks and blessings of the poor woman as Marion found a place in a worn old Bible, and placed it open on the table.

They turned out together in the pleasant sunshine—the sunshine which, for the first time to-day, shone pleasantly for Kenneth Goring. He did not look in Marion's face as they walked side by side; he hesitated even to break the silence, for fear she should have slipped back into the Miss Ardale of the day before. But at last she was so still herself, he felt obliged to speak.

"Does she live alone, that poor old woman?" he began.

"Yes," replied Marion; "except that a woman who passes here from her work goes in and puts all right for the night."

"And are you accustomed to do this for her in the mornings?" asked Kenneth gently.

"I do not know how many times it takes to make a custom," said Marion, with an echo of the old tone. "I have not done it often. It is not long since her daughter died, and it is impossible to get help here."

"But your serv——"

"There, don't ask me those questions, please," she interrupted impatiently. "What did you catch to-day?"

"Nothing," was the reply—"until I caught you at your work."

She laughed a little, and he seized on the change.

"Will you ride with me, or rather will you let me ride with you this afternoon?" he asked.

"No, thank you," she answered, with frigid politeness. "I am going to read to mamma."

"But Mrs. Beresford drives at five," said Kenneth.

There was no answer to that remark; and Kenneth, hurt and humiliated, walked on without attempting again to break the silence.

At five o'clock that evening, as Mr. and Mrs. Beresford drove from the door, and Kenneth's horse stood waiting for him, Marion came slowly up to where he stood drawing on his gloves.

"I will ride with you if you choose, Captain Goring," she said a little wearily.

"Thank you," he answered, growing suddenly in Marion's eyes three inches taller, and annihilating her at once. "I am not at all anxious to interfere with your arrangements, and have not the slightest objection to a ride alone."

She turned back, and he mounted coolly; but his heart was hot and uncomfortable, nevertheless, and he found that he had, after all, a slight objection to ride alone.

In less than an hour his horse was back in the stable, and he—restless and ill at ease, and not at all understanding why—was walking on and on in any shade he could find toward the outskirts of the park. Suddenly he came out from among the thick trees into a field of hay partly cut, and he saw—sitting against a tree upon the mown grass, with a child beside her—Marion! Should he turn away now before she saw him? Yes; clearly that was best. But then he did not do it, for the simple reason that he could not. For two or three minutes he still hesitated, then he advanced boldly and sat down near her; nay, not only sat, but lay there in the coolest manner just at her feet. She saw him, for her lips quivered as he came up, while she went on with what she had been saying to the child. Then she was quite silent. The little girl turned to Kenneth eagerly and excitedly as he threw himself down.

"Are you Miss Ma-an's b'other?" she lisped, touching Kenneth's thick curls with great inquisitiveness.

"No," he said softly, "not her brother."

"Do you live together?" she asked again.

"Yes, to-day we do; to-morrow we don't," he answered, gravely eying the little inquirer.

"Nelly," called Marion a little impatiently, "come, we must go home now."

"In a minute, Miss Ma'an," said the little girl, investigating with a cautious finger Kenneth's thick mustache, while he lay patiently under her examination. "What are you called?"

"Kenneth," he answered readily.

"Does Miss Ma-an like you?"

"No," said Kenneth, smilingly watching the inquisitive little face.

"Do you like her?" asked the child, after a pause.

"Why should I," he said, "if she does not like me?"

"Are you naughty? will she never like you?" asked Nelly, ruminating the matter.

"I hope she will some day," said Kenneth, very low. "Ask her to."

But when the child turned, Marion took her hand and rose.

"May I come, too?" asked Kenneth, rising quickly.

"If you care for such small company," answered Marion, her voice shaking a little. And for the second time that day they walked side by side in the sunshine.

They stopped in the village at a small, dingy house, with a shoemaker's sign over the door, and entered a gloomy kitchen, where a pale, sickly woman, whom Kenneth recognized, rose to meet them, evidently from a long, earnest watch at the wooden cradle beside her.

"Sit down, Ellen," said Marion gently; "we have brought Nelly safely back, and a very pleasant walk we have had. Did you take your rest?"

"Yes; but, Miss Marion, Ned came home just then."

"Ah! and was his journey of any use?" asked Marion.

"He had walked those twenty miles to-day, 'em, and not a bit of sole hardly left to his boots. That's forty miles in the two days. And now he's heard as a good many men are at work in the quarries up to Trevean, and he thinks they'd be sure to want navy boots; so he's lying down a bit, and is going to start there in the morning; and if he finds work there, he'll send for me to do the closing, if only baby——"

Kenneth had stood in the doorway until now; when, thinking some new thought, he turned out and waited, walking to and fro before the door.

Those quarries at Trevean belonged chiefly to Kenneth's old guardian. Perhaps his influence might help this poor fellow to some work up there; at any rate, it might be tried; and as he pondered on this, the poor young mother told Marion, with swimming eyes, how that that was the gentleman who had been so kind to her. So this, perhaps, was why Marion came out to him softened and gentle.

"Yes," she said, in answer to his remark, "I hope so too; but I had wanted, at least his wife had wanted, him to stay at home a little now, till the baby is better, or till—I fear myself that the poor little thing is dying. She cannot leave it at all, that was why——"

"That was why you took Nelly out to-day," said Kenneth gently. "I see, Miss Ardale; indeed I see a great many things; but really I have forgotten something at that cottage. Would you mind walking slowly on for a minute?"

Kenneth ran back. He was very anxious, he told the delighted wife, to get a pair of strong shooting-boots made for him. Could her husband be induced to undertake them before he went to the quarries, did she think?

"Oh! he would begin them at once," she replied.

"No hurry," said Kenneth; "any time will do."

Kenneth measured himself, the woman standing by and showing him how, and awkward enough he was at it, but very merry, and did not seem to care to be very particular. It was not long before he hastened after Marion, whom he overtook just as she was about to turn into the woody outskirts of the park.

"That poor little woman told me something about you, Captain Goring," she said, looking at him almost as if she were proud of him—"what she thought a very noble act of yours."

"She must be a bit of a muff, I fear," said Kenneth, as he closed the gate behind them.

"Captain Goring," she said, "I want to explain something to you, please." She saw he was listening with even more than courtesy, and she did not wait for an answer. "I have been very impolite and rude to you ever since you came." He did not attempt to contradict this; and, though she went on bravely, he thought she winced a little. "What I do in—the sort of work at which, as you said, you caught me to-day, I have to do without my mother's knowledge. She hates—she does not like having anything to do with the poor; and I am obliged to be sly and hypocritical; and oh! it is so difficult to do right. Indeed, I do not know what is right—which is right to do."

Her hands were clasped as they hung before her, and her eyes were wide and bright, but she kept back the tears.

"You are right," said Kenneth emphatically, not knowing much about it himself save by instinct. "You are decidedly right."

"You began to tell me to-day, at Mary's cottage," she went on humbly, "that I might have got help. But I might not, unless I paid for it; and you must know—of course, you have always known—that I am powerless to do that, being—being," she said with a keen

little laugh, "about as well off as the poorest among them, save in the outward adorning provided by my mother. If I had allowed you to finish your question, Captain Goring, you would have said, Why not send a servant from home to do what I—what you and I—did this morning? It is simply impossible, as, if it had been discovered, she would have lost her place at once, whoever she may have been. Oh! what a thralldom it is. But what was I going to say? Oh!—so you see now why I could not tell you where I used to go, and what I used to do."

"But I should have loved——" began Kenneth, when she interrupted him hastily.

"Well, another thing I may as well say, Captain Goring—you disliked my mother and myself ever since you first heard of us, and you made no secret of it. You would not come near us; and when at last you did, it was only done to please your mother. I saw it first by her letter, then by your manner; and all my pride rose in rebellion. I determined that, as you were bent upon thinking scornfully and contemptuously of us, you should have cause for doing so. And I have given you cause (have I not?) up to this very last day. It was a piece of girlish temper, perhaps, which you cannot understand, though you have felt the consequences, and must have had a thoroughly unpleasant visit among us."

"Do you dislike me as you have seemed to do?" asked Kenneth quietly.

"No, no. Why should I dislike you?" she asked.

"Nor have you succeeded in your aim," he went on. "I have not had cause to think scornfully and contemptuously of you at all. See what a failure it is!"

In the shady, quiet wood, he took her in his arms, and kissed her again and again. Shyly she drew away as he whispered his loving words.

"I have been unloved all my life," she faltered. "What is there to love in me? O Kenneth! think before you say it."

"I have thought, and now I say it," he answered, his blue eyes full of truth and earnestness, "I will say to my love that I love her."

Mrs. Goring wondered at her son's continued absence, and recurred merrily in her letters to his unwillingness to go to Erstone, and his unwillingness to leave it; but when he came in on the day his leave expired, and told his own story in his straightforward, simple way, she looked up at the son of whom she was so proud,

and the tears gathered, as a widowed mother's will, at the first consciousness of not being first in all the world to her only son. Not that she fretted long: Kenneth was just the loving son of old, and besides that, had lost the hot, impatient temper which had often sorely tried her.

So the mother was not the least happy of the group that gathered round him on his wedding day, when such grateful prayers and earnest wishes came from the cluster of bright, eager faces that had gathered outside the little church at Erstone. Conspicuous among these was a cheerful, young shoemaker, with an enormous amount of hair-oil (not at all mildly aromatic) on his long, black locks, and a very baggy, sleek, black suit, who had come over from his comfortable little home among the quarries at Trevean on purpose to see this wedding, and to take back all particulars to his wife.

"It's as purty a weddin' as need be," said he to Captain Goring's groom, who happened to be standing next him. "She's got a sweet, bright face upon her; and he's about the best-shaped foot as ever I see. I've made his boots, you see, afore now."

And Barry, who wore those boots out a good while ago, says nothing in answer to this; but elbows his way through the crowd, and throws his hat well up with a cheer as Kenneth brings his wife through the low-arched doorway, and stands an instant, looking down into the cheery faces.

CHATEAUX D'ESPAGNE.

BY FAUSTINE.

I HAVE stately castles with turrets and towers,
With lofty pillars and frescoed walls,
With casements and balconies wreathed with
flowers,
With carven stairways and grand old halls.

There are beautiful terraces bright with bloom;
With tropical birds of most brilliant hues;
And bowers where the vines cast a dreamy gloom
O'er mossy couches where dryads might muse.

And the billows beat 'gainst the walls of stone,
Dashing their spray o'er my garden grounds,
And the sea-gull's cry I hear when the moan
Of the sad sea-waves on the soft air sounds.

No storms e'er break o'er the beautiful scene,
The skies shine above it forever fair;
The gem keeps forever its setting of green,
For, ah me! my castles are built in air.

A ROMANTIC STORY.

THE STRANGE LIFE AND TRAGIC DEATH OF Mlle. TINNE.

THE *Pall Mall Gazette* says: A recent number of the *Gartenlaube* contained an interesting and romantic sketch, by Wilheem Gentz, of Mlle. Tinne, the female explorer, whose tragical death this year was a real loss to science. This remarkable woman was the daughter of an English merchant and a Dutch lady of good family, attached to the court of the present Queen of Holland. Her father dying when she was only five years old, she was left heiress to a considerable property, and as, moreover, her personal attractions were great, she had no lack of suitors when she grew up, and those of the best birth and quality. But to all she turned a deaf ear. What could be the reason?

Rumor, incredulous that the fair-haired beauty could be insensible to the universal passion, whispered that she nourished a hopeless love to some unattainable prince, and that it was this which subsequently drove her, despairingly, into the wilderness. However that may be, two barons are said, in the eagerness of their suits, to have followed her to Khartun. Her earliest developed tastes were those of an Amazon. She delighted in taming horses, and sought nature in its most savage aspects. Her first journey of any length was to the North Pole. The Queen of Holland gave her introductions to many courts of Europe, but she was bent on visiting the East, and made her first expedition in that direction when she was in the eighteenth year of her age. She then traversed Asia Minor, Syria, and Egypt, and seems at once to have succumbed to the fascination which those regions have exercised over the minds of European women as well as men. But it was not the love of rule which she sought to gratify, like Lady Hester Stanhope, nor was it the grasping desire for health, and the simple human sympathies which bound her to the East, like Lady Duff Gordon's; her passion was to solve the problem of Nile discovery. For this she resolved to turn African to the best of her power; adopted the Egyptian dress, surrounded herself with African servants, and engaged a eunuch for her protection.

The native tribes of the interior imagined her to be a "lovely, white, shining daughter of the Sultan of Sultans, who, spending with both hands, and winning all hearts, came the whole way from Stamboul to visit the inhospitable

further limits of her empire." And such is the legend which probably will be handed down among them for as many generations as are yet to pass until the sanguine dreams of future civilization may have their fulfilment. Mr. Gentz became acquainted with this singular damsel-errant on her return from her expedition into the great territory of the Gazelle River, on which expedition she had the misfortune of losing her mother and her aunt, who, in their devotion, had followed her adventurous steps. Her physician, Dr. Studner, has also died from the effects of the climate; and Mlle. Tinne, bereaved and dispirited, retraced her steps to Cairo. But, as she assured M. Gentz, nothing could induce her to return to Europe, and she rejected the solicitations of her step-brother, who actually came from England to Cairo to escort her back. Her desire and intention was to build herself a residence either at Cairo or on the Nile Island of Rhoda; and she was very busily occupied with architectural plans of a strange, fantastic character when M. Gentz met her for the last time in the Egyptian capital.

Her plans of settling there did not meet with encouragement from the Egyptian government, and it was in consequence of her inability to procure land necessary for her purposes that she departed in her own steam vessel to visit the African coasts of the Mediterranean. While on this voyage she put in at Civita Vecchia, whence she frequently visited Rome, and astonished the natives by her retinue of black attendants. Her project was now to journey from Tripoli to Timbuctoo, for which she endeavored to obtain the assistance and companionship of the experienced African traveller, Gerald Rohlfs, then in Rome; but he had just been engaged to accompany the English expedition to Abyssinia. It was in the wild regions of the Sahara, between Mourzouk and Ghat, that Mlle. Tinne met her fate. She had intended to remain at or near Ghat till the following autumn, previously to prosecuting her longer journey as far as to the territories of the Sultan of Bourbon, living out in tents all the time in hope of recovering her strength. A casual quarrel between some camel drivers of the savage tribe of the Tuaric and her own Dutch servants, one morning, brought her to the scene of action, when a javelin was thrust through her from behind.

MARVELS OF THE INSECT WORLD.

BY J. B. D.

SIXTH PAPER.

IN the present paper we propose to begin our description of the third stage in the life of insects—that of the pupa.

The word pupa, given to this phase of insect life, is the Latin for child, or doll, and refers to the swathed appearance of most insects during its continuance, resembling, in miniature, a child trussed up in swaddling-clothes.

This state has two modifications: First, that of insects which, as pupæ, bear a general resemblance to their larvæ; and, second, that of those whose pupæ are entirely unlike their larvæ. The pupæ of insects undergoing a complete metamorphosis, as the butterfly, for example, present instances of this second modification; and it is of these that we shall now speak. The pupa of an insect of the kind referred to is generally quite inactive, and takes no food. By touching, or in any way irritating it, it may, indeed, be made to show signs of life, but it is incapable of locomotion and of eating.

There are certain butterflies whose pupæ are adorned with golden spots. To these the term chrysalis, or chrysalid, from the Greek *chrysos*, golden, was originally applied. This application of the word has been extended, however, to the pupæ of scale-winged insects generally. In the present paper we shall confine our remarks to pupæ of this class, premising that we design making a free use of Figuiet's "Insect World."

Occupying the middle state between the caterpillar and the perfect insect, says the author we have just referred to, what a curious phase of life does the chrysalis present! How little it resembles what it was, and what it is to be! It takes no food, and has no digestive organs; it can neither walk nor drag itself along, and scarcely bends the joints of its body.

Some caterpillars, when about to transform themselves into chrysalids, suspend themselves to foreign bodies. Others spin a cocoon, composed of silk and other substances. Of those which suspend themselves, some do so by the tail; others, having fixed themselves by the same part, suspend themselves horizontally, by means of a silk thread passed round the body.

To understand the difficulty which the first of these operations presents, we must consider

that the caterpillar must suspend itself firmly, and that the chrysalis, which has no communication which supports it, being inside the skin of the caterpillar, must be suspended in the same manner.

To solve this apparently impossible problem, the caterpillar weaves on the surface of the body against which it wishes to fix itself a small hillock of loosely interwoven threads. Pushing its hindermost legs against the hillock of silk, it there entangles the hooks with which its feet are armed, and lets its body hang down.

It remains thus, often for twenty-four hours, during which time it is occupied in splitting its skin. Incessantly bending its body back and forth, there at last appears in the back a split, through which, little by little, the chrysalis emerges. To set itself entirely free, the chrysalis now lengthens and shortens itself alternately, gradually pushing the caterpillar-skin upward, till finally it is reduced to a packet so small as to no more than cover the end of its tail.

But here comes the most difficult part of the operation. The chrysalis, with neither legs nor arms, must get rid of this cast-off skin, by which only it is as yet supported, and reach the threads to which it is to suspend itself in its turn.

Now, the chrysalis is divided into a number of supple and contractile segments. Between two of these, as with a pair of pincers, it seizes on the little packet of old skin so firmly that it is able to support its whole body. Curving itself slightly, it now draws its tail entirely out of the sheath which encloses it. Resting for a moment, the insect, in order to rid itself entirely of the dry skin which surrounds the extremity of its body, curves the part which is below its tail in such a manner that that part can seize the packet to which it holds on. It then gives its body a violent shock, which makes it spin round on its tail with great rapidity. As it turns, the chrysalis acts against the skin. The hooks of its legs fray the threads and break them, or disentangle themselves from them. Sometimes the threads do not break at once; but the repetition of the spinning process is almost certain to succeed.

The process employed by those caterpillars which, after having fixed themselves by the tail, strengthen the support by means of a small, thick cord passed around the body, is no less curious. Our limits, however, do not permit of a description of it.

Those caterpillars which form cocoons, make them of silk and others substances. Generally white, yellow, or brown in color, these cocoons are, for the most part, oval, sometimes boat-shaped. The threads may very slightly adhere together, or be closely united by a gummy secretion, with which the caterpillar lines the interior. Some cocoons are composed of a double envelope; others are of a uniform texture. Some are woven so closely as to completely hide the chrysalis within; others are of so light a tissue that it can easily be seen. Some of these lightly woven cocoons are protected by balls of leaves; others are strengthened and rendered opaque by the addition of earth and other substances; even the hair of the caterpillar itself is torn from its body for this purpose. One species of caterpillar sticks together the leaves of the pimpernel, and then spins underneath them a thin cocoon of white silk. Another constructs its cocoon of an infinite number of small plates of bark, which it first weaves together into two triangular blades on a twig of a tree. The edges of these blades are then drawn together, forming a hollow cone, in which the chrysalis is enclosed.

Other caterpillars make their cocoons of particles of earth bound together with silk. These are generally found on the surface of the ground. Their interior is always smooth and polished, and lined, besides, with silk.

The caterpillar of the puss moth employs in the formation of its shell the wood of the tree on which it has lived. Chewing the bark, and mixing it with a glutinous secretion from its mouth, it makes a sort of paste, which it uses to form a covering, of such hardness that a knife can scarcely cut into it. When caterpillars cannot obtain the materials they have been accustomed to use, they content themselves, as all good workmen do, with what they can get. Réaumur reared one which made its cocoon out of pieces of paper from the box in which it was enclosed.

On the upper part of the abdomen of chrysalids, we perceive various portions formed and arranged like the bands around the heads of mummies. In a large number the back is plain and rounded, while others have on the upper part, along the edges which separate the two sides, little humps ending in a sharp

point. These angular-shaped pupæ are the true chrysalids. Their colors attract attention. Some appear to be wrapped in silver and gold. Others have spots only of gold and silver on their belly or back. Some are green or yellow, spotted with gold. Generally, they are brown. Their golden color is not due, as was long supposed, to coloring matter, but to a whitish membrane, placed under the skin, which so reflects the light as to impart to the robe of the chrysalis its golden hues. We would seek in vain for them, however, in the shell when the butterfly has quitted it.

The chrysalids of the moths, and of certain butterflies of peculiar form, are generally cone-shaped, and of a uniform chestnut-brown color.

Though called a transformation, the chrysalis stage in an insect's life is only a change of dress. If a caterpillar is opened some days before it becomes a chrysalis, the rudiments of wings and antennæ may be discovered. When the pupa has just quitted the caterpillar's skin, it is still soft and tender, and its body is moistened with a liquid which, drying rapidly, becomes opaque colored, and of a membranous consistency. If the chrysalis is examined before this liquid has had time to dry, one finds that it resembles the perfect insect. We see the head resting on the thorax; the two eyes and the antennæ; the two wings folded over the chest; and lastly, in the space between the wings, the six legs, and the body of the insect.

To sum up, says Fignier, whom we have been condensing, the chrysalis is only a swaddled butterfly. As soon as it is strong enough to rid itself of its envelope, the insect, released from its fetters, flies away, bright and free, and its many-colored wings glitter in the sun.

Our illustration this month represents the transformations of the spurge hawk moth (*Delia euphorbiae*). It is a very common European species, where it appears twice during the year, in June and September. The upper wings of the perfect insect are of a rosy gray, with three spots of dark green on the front margin, and a broad, waved band of the same color on the hind margin. The lower wings are rose red, with the base black, and a transverse black band toward the edge, and a large, round, white spot on the inside. The under side of the wings is red, as is also the body, which is covered above with greenish hairs. Its caterpillar is one of the most remarkable of the genus, on account of the splendor and vividness of its colors. Its general hue is a rich, glossy black, on which a number of small, yellow dots, very close to each other, are ranged

in circles. On each side of the body are two longitudinal rows of spots, generally of the same color as the dots. A narrow band of carmine runs down the middle of the back, and a similar band, intersected by yellow, is to be seen above the legs. This caterpillar is always found on the cypress-leaved spurge. The chrysalis generally passes through the winter, the moth emerging the following year.

VOLCANOES.

BY C.

THE word volcano is derived from Vulcan, the god of fire, of the ancients, and those places where volcanoes were in a state of activity were considered sacred to Vulcan. The Island of Stromboli, one of the Lipari Isles, in the Mediterranean, from the circumstance of its being continually active, was supposed to be the peculiar residence of Vulcan and other gods. One can scarcely imagine a spectacle of more solemn grandeur than a volcano ejecting a vast column of fire, ignited rocks, and streams of burning lava, accompanied by loud explosions and detonations; at the same time, rumbling sounds like the retreat of mighty waters, and dull murmurs in the interior of the mountain, make the scene both awful and majestic.

To people in an ignorant and superstitious age, this imposing sublimity produced a religious awe, they considering the immense and various caverns below to be inhabited by superior beings—not beings of love and mercy, but wrathful and revengeful beings, who were more ready to punish and destroy than to save and bless mankind, and so suffered from an undefined dread of something terrible, which modern science shows to be alike unreasonable and absurd.

Volcanoes have their agency and origin from the same causes as earthquakes and thermal springs; that is, from fires which exist below the surface of the earth.

There are but three volcanoes which are in a state of permanent activity: that of Stromboli; one in the Lake of Nicaragua; and a third in the Isle of Bourbon. Cotopaxi is the most beautiful of the colossal summits of the Andes, near Quito, and is a remarkable volcanic mountain. It is a perfect cone, and, being covered with snow, shines with dazzling splendor. The snow conceals all inequalities of the ground, and no point of rock penetrates the snow and ice, or breaks the exact regularity of the conical figure. It is an immense volcano,

and its explosions have been most disastrous. At the port of Guayaquil, fifty-two leagues distant from the crater, the noise of this volcano is heard day and night, like continued discharges of a battery.

The great eruption of Vesuvius, which was August 24, A.D. 79, the second year of the reign of that excellent emperor, Titus Vespasian, destroyed almost instantaneously the cities of Herculaneum and Pompeii. Herculaneum stood on a portion of land running into the Gulf of Naples, about two miles distant from that city, near the spot where the modern towns of Portici and Rosina now stand. Pompeii was situated fourteen miles from Naples, on the road to Nocera. The former was buried under a mass of lava and volcanic matter to the depth of twenty-four feet, while Pompeii, being at a greater distance, was covered but about fourteen feet.

DELAFIELD, WIS.

"THE WANDERER'S LOVE-SONG."

BY C. ERNST F.

THOUGH far from thy presence,
An exile I rove,
My heart to thee trembles,
The star of my love:
And wherever my pathway,
Through forest or glen,
A halo encircles
Our meeting again.

Refrain.

The stars of the heaven
Have brides on the sea—
Oh! say to my spirit,
Thy bride will I be!

The blossoms and sunshine
Are dearer to me,
Because of their daily
Communion with thee;
Like the music of fountains,
Or warbling of birds,
Is the delicate flow
Of thine eloquent words.

(Refrain.)

My soul is a mirror,
Where fondly I trace
The smiles that illumine
Thy beautiful face:
For the thoughts of *thy* bosom
Were born in the skies,
And angels might covet
The wealth of thine eyes.

(Refrain.)

AFRAID OF IT.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "TEN NIGHTS IN A BAR-ROOM."

"IF you are afraid of it, all right. I wouldn't tempt you for the world." And the speaker drew back the wine bottle he had pushed toward his friend.

"All men should be afraid of it," was the steady answer.

"I am not," said the other, with an air of proud self-confidence. He was a young man named Hargrave, a handsome fellow, with a fine physique, and vigorous health—one who felt his life in every limb.

"You will before you die," answered his friend, speaking quite as confidently.

"If I didn't know you as well and like you as well as I do, Barclay, I'd be angry for that saying—it's a reflection on my manhood."

"No, not on your particular manhood, but on manhood in general. No one ever uses intoxicating drinks regularly without having cause to be sorry for it," said Barclay.

"I've taken my glass of wine, or ale, or brandy ever since I was a man, and haven't been sorry yet," replied the friend.

"You've had occasion to be sorry many times, I doubt not," returned Barclay.

"Now look here, Harry! I'll not stand this! Did you ever see me the worse for drink?"

"No, not what is usually meant by the phrase. And yet, very few men take a glass of any kind of intoxicating drink—and all distilled or fermented liquors come under that head, you know—without being the worse for it. Something of the brain's fine equipoise is gone. The man's reason is not so clear; nor his self-control so perfect."

"You draw it very fine," said Hargrave.

"Too fine, eh?"

"Too fine for me," said the other.

"On reflection, I think you will see that I am right," answered Barclay.

"Not right so far as I am concerned."

"Then your brain has never been confused by a glass of wine or brandy?"

A slight shadow fell across Hargrave's face.

"You and Harry Boyd were once the closest of friends," said Barclay. "In an instant of time the bond of friendship was broken, and by an unguarded word. And from that day to this, you have stood coldly apart."

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"Don't speak of that, if you please," answered Hargrave, in a tone of annoyance, as he poured out a glass of wine and drank it off hastily. There was a higher color on his face, and a brighter gleam in his eyes after this.

Barclay did not reply, for he saw that his friend's blood was growing hot, and his brain losing its clearness. After a few moments' of silence, Hargrave said, almost offensively—"I have no patience with your narrow, one-idea men; and I hate a fanatic!"

Barclay felt the remark as a personal thrust; but he tried to repress the irritation it occasioned. If a glass of wine had been at work on his brain also, there would have been a quarrel, for he would have answered the rude speech with a sharp retort.

"The world is largely indebted to what are called one-idea men," he quietly answered, "and even a fanatic may do good in persistently thrusting on public attention the baleful effects of a social evil."

"Do you call wine drinking a social evil?" There was an angry flash in Hargrave's eyes.

"The evil effects are to be seen everywhere," replied Barclay.

"Then you class wine-drinkers and evil-doers together?" said Hargrave.

"No, I do not so class them."

"Then I don't know the meaning of terms." There was a slight curl on Hargrave's lip.

"Wine drinking leads to evil doing in too many cases," said Barclay. "This is no new statement. It is as old as Scripture. And any practice that tends to social demoralization must be regarded as a social evil."

"Oh! you needn't try to explain it away," returned Hargrave, with considerable irritation, sipping as he spoke. "I'm an evil-doer because I take my glass of wine, and you are a well-doer because you do not."

"Let's change the subject," said the friend, "and agree to disagree."

"That's all very well, after you've had your say," retorted Hargrave. "But I can't see it so. Because, forsooth, I take my good wine, and some weak-headed noodle can't touch a glass without making a fool of himself, I'm to be set down as an evil-doer—a bad member of society, and all that! And after I'm so set

down, you say, 'let's agree to disagree' I don't like it! It's an offence! It's an insult!"

"Nothing of the kind was intended, I do assure you," urged Barclay.

"Then take it back," said the other.

"Take what back?"

"The charge you brought against me just now."

"What charge?"

"Why, that I was an evil-doer—a bad member of society, and all that."

"I did not say so." In spite of his effort to control himself, Barclay was becoming irritated.

"You did!" exclaimed Hargrave, his face growing dark with anger.

"No; but I'll tell you what I did say," replied Barclay, his brows beginning to contract.

"What?"

"That all men should be afraid of wine, and that you would be afraid of it before you died."

"Pshaw!" And Hargrave curled his lip contemptuously.

Barclay arose, and was taking his hat to go, when the other said, stepping between him and the door—"Not yet; we must settle this matter first."

"What matter?"

"About my being an evil-doer. No man ever said that of me before." He poured out another glass, and drank it off.

"You misapprehend me altogether," was returned, with much seriousness of manner; for Barclay saw that the wine taken by his friend had already unbalanced him, and put him in a captious and quarrelsome frame of mind. "I only referred to the effect of wine drinking on society."

"And don't I drink wine, ha?" cried Hargrave fiercely.

"Yes; but if under the influence of wine you have never done a wrong act, no one can call you a wrong-doer."

The quiet, serious way in which this was said, subdued Hargrave; and ere the current of his unreasoning anger flowed on again, Barclay said a quick, "Good-morning!" and was gone.

"I am more afraid of it than ever," exclaimed the young man to himself as he gained the street, and drew a deep breath. "He's a good fellow, and I like him; but his harmless wine came near getting us into a quarrel, and has, I fear, turned the fine edge of our friendship. We can hardly meet again without reserve or embarrassment."

Nor did they; for in Hargrave's remembrance of the interview was an impression that his friend had classed him with social evil-doers. Just what was said he could not distinctly remember; but he was sure about its being derogatory to his manhood or his honor. As for Barclay, he felt that it was not safe to be on intimate terms with a man who had in so marked a way illustrated the adage, "that when wine is in, the wit is out." But he was not yet done with this friend. A few weeks afterward he received a note from him, saying—"I want to see you this evening very particularly. I've got an unpleasant affair on my hands, and would like the aid of your clear head. Be sure to come. I will be in my room at eight."

Barclay called, as desired, at Hargrave's room. He found him walking the floor in a disturbed state of mind.

"Ah! good-evening," he said, holding out his hand as Barclay entered. "It was kind in you to come so promptly. Sit down. You see I've got, as I said, an unpleasant affair on my hands, and want your help."

A bottle of wine and two glasses stood on his table. As Barclay sat down, Hargrave filled the two glasses, and was about handing one to his friend, when he checked himself, and grew slightly embarrassed.

"Oh! I forgot," he said in an apologetic way, "you don't take wine."

Barclay remembered but too distinctly his narrow escape from a quarrel in that very room only a few weeks before; and for a moment or two he hesitated to speak as duty prompted—but only for a moment or two. Then he said, with a manly force and bearing that gave a power to his words—"No, I'm afraid of it. It came near getting us into trouble the last time I was here; and now, my friend, if you want counsel from me, you must put up the wine, and keep a cool head."

He spoke bravely and emphatically. Hargrave's face crimsoned to his temples. His eyes flashed with a sudden fire. But they soon dropped away from the steady gaze of his friend, who saw the firm line of his lips give place to weak irresolution. For a little while he remained silent and still. Then in a slow, forced sort of manner, as one acting under impulse, he took the small tray on which stood the bottle and glasses, and put it out of sight.

"Will that do?" he asked in a strangely quiet tone.

"Thank you for meeting my wishes—prejudices—if you prefer to call them so," said

Barclay, with a softened manner. "We cannot always see alike, and must have patience one with another. And now, my friend, in what way can I serve you?"

Hargrave's face grew very serious.

"I'm getting unfortunate of late," said he; "and hardly know what to make of it. It really seems as if people put themselves out to annoy or insult me."

"What has happened?" asked the friend.

"George Glenn behaved so rudely last night, at the Westons' party, that I don't see how I can pass it over," replied Hargrave.

"Annie Glenn's brother?"

"Yes; and what makes it so much worse, is the fact that it was done in her presence."

"I heard something about it to-day," said Barclay.

"You did?"

"Yes."

"Well, what did you hear?" Hargrave turned to the table at which he was sitting, and reached out his hand. The movement was not to be mistaken. But the bottle and glasses were gone. He looked a little confused.

"I heard," replied Barclay, "that while you and Miss Glenn were standing together in the supper-room, her brother came up, and without noticing you, put out his arm to his sister, and said 'Come'—and that his sister took his arm in some confusion of manner, and was escorted to the other side of the room."

"Well; and what else did you hear?"

Barclay did not answer, until the question was repeated.

"It is said," he replied, speaking deliberately, and in a firm voice, "that you had been taking too much wine."

Hargrave started to his feet—flushing deeply, and then growing pale.

"Who said it?" he demanded, with suppressed anger.

"I cannot give you names. But I heard it so said by at least three persons who were there and saw the incident; and each of them said that George Glenn acted right."

Hargrave sat down as if some one had pushed him forcibly.

"Said that George Glenn acted right! Said that I had taken too much wine!" he exclaimed in a hoarse whisper.

"I simply repeat what I heard; and it was said with no ill-feeling toward you, but with evident pain and regret."

"Do you believe it?" demanded Hargrave.

"How much wine had you taken?" asked Barclay.

"Two or three glasses only."

"What were you doing at the time Glenn came up?"

"Nothing out of the way that I can remember."

"You had a glass of wine in your hand?"

"Yes."

"And were making a little speech to Miss Glenn?"

"I was saying something to her; I don't know what."

"Gesticulating, and spilling the wine in your glass over her beautiful dress?"

"Who says that?"

"It is so said," replied Barclay.

A look of blank surprise came into Hargrave's face.

"And you believe it?"

"I was not there, and have only heard one side of the story. I will listen to you patiently for the other side; and I will be a true friend in all possible efforts to set you right in this unpleasant affair. You are sure that the statement about your gesticulating and spilling the wine is incorrect?"

Hargrave did not reply.

"Think closely," said his friend. "You should be able to recall every particular of your conduct."

"Yes, that is true," he answered, in an uncertain way, "but, somehow, there is a slight obscurity in my mind. It is all clear enough from the moment Glenn came up in his rude way; but just what I was saying or doing at the time has faded out of my memory."

"Why should this be? Have you soberly questioned yourself as to the reason?"

"Do you mean to insinuate that I was drunk?" Fire flashed again in the young man's eyes.

"I insinuate nothing. What you were saying or doing at a certain time you cannot remember. Others say that they remember it distinctly, and agree in declaring it as their opinion that you had taken wine too freely."

The fiery flash went out of Hargrave's eyes once more. He bent his head in a tired, baffled kind of way, drawing as he did so a deep sigh, that was almost a groan.

"I am at fault," said he, speaking slowly.

"There is a muddle somewhere. As to my having taken too much wine, the thing is so absurd that——" He checked himself without finishing the sentence.

"Wine is a mocker," said his friend.

"And so you believe with the rest?" Hargrave spoke half reproachfully.

"It is never safe, my friend," returned Bar-

clay, "to take an enemy into the citadel of life."

"An enemy!"

"Was it a friend or an enemy that did you such a grievous wrong last night? A friend or an enemy that took away rational self-control, and so blurred the book of memory that one of its pages cannot be read? If an enemy, who or what was it? Answer these questions to your own soul, my friend. The testimony as to your conduct is clear and corroborative; and you wrong yourself when you attempt to ignore it."

"And so I was drunk!" exclaimed Hargrave, in a helpless, injured kind of way, like one who submits to a wrong and absurd judgment of his case.

"No one says that; only that you had taken too much wine, and didn't know what you were doing."

"And isn't that being drunk, I wonder!" said Hargrave, with a mocking laugh.

"My friend!" returned Barclay, laying his hand upon Hargrave, and speaking with impressive earnestness, "wine is your enemy. I have seen this for a good while. A single glass obscures your fine perceptions; makes your judgment less clear, and quickens all your feelings. The last time I met you in this room, it came near breaking the bond of friendship that has so long held us together."

"Come now," interrupted Hargrave, "don't charge that upon wine. You forgot yourself, and classed me, if I remember, with evil-doers."

"Nothing of the kind," answered Barclay. "I said something in connection with wine drinking about social evils, when you turned on me sharply with the question—'Do you call wine drinking a social evil?' and I simply answered that its evil effects were to be seen everywhere. And then you insisted that I had called you an evil-doer, and would have forced a quarrel on me, if I had not left you abruptly."

"And you say this in all soberness?" There was a look of surprise and pain in Hargrave's face.

"In all soberness, as your friend," replied Barclay. "And let me add this, now that I have the opportunity, which may never occur again. Your singular obscurity of mind on that occasion, and the persistent way in which you tried to misapply my words and draw me into a quarrel, warned me of the danger that was in the way of a continued intimate friendship."

Hargrave sat with bowed head for a long

time. His countenance, when he looked up, was pale, but resolved.

"It may be all so," he said. "I'm not sure of it—I'm not sure of anything, in fact; except that of late people run against me a great deal oftener than they used to do. You say it's the wine."

"I am sure of it," replied his friend.

"Very well, we'll see. Wine and I will part company; at least, for a while. There's no harm in trying the experiment."

"Do people run against you as often as before?" asked Barclay, meeting his friend a few weeks afterward.

"No, I think not," replied Hargrave, smiling.

"You've kept to your word about wine?"

"To the letter."

"And will so continue?"

"As long as I am in my right senses. You told me once that the time would come when I'd be afraid of a glass of wine; and the time is here. I am not as strong headed as I thought myself. Thank you, my friend, for your honest speech. It has saved me, I think, from much that I now shudder to contemplate."

IN LONG-AGO.

BY KITTIE CONSTANCE FILER.

In long-ago the olden story

Was told to two glad hearts by lips above.

It passed, and lived but as a memory;

Gone ever, faded with the glory

Of sinless lives stained with a broken love.

Then was the golden time of mowing,

The time of binding sheaves of yellow grain.

Our hearts hung ripe, their ripeness showing,

'Neath life's October sunlight glowing,

Ere they were touched with cruel blight of pain.

In long-ago we parted sighing—

O long-ago! so ripe with love and pain!

Upon your heart my heart was lying,

And tearful whispers hushed its crying,

In long-ago that broke our lives in twain.

And clasping hands while warm tears started,

We vowed to meet for aye in after years.

Ah! faith ill-kept between us parted,

E'en as we severed, broken-hearted,

Love's grave was watered by our falling tears.

Perhaps, like to a fragrant flower,

Our lost love blossoms on the heavenly shore;

Perhaps within some hallowed bower

It calmly waits the blissful hour

When, joined, we'll nourish it forevermore.

JACQUELINE.

BY VIRGINIA F. TOWNSEND.

CHAPTER XV.

THERE was a very unusual excitement that morning at the well-ordered breakfast-table of the Weymouths.

Just as they were sitting down to it, a messenger had arrived from the factory, quite breathless, with the news that a mob had collected around the office the night before, dashed in all the windows, broken the furniture, and, as the crowning effort of their nocturnal riot, seized upon a suit of clothes which hung in one of the closets, and as to whose proprietorship there could not be a shadow of doubt, and suspended this to the ceiling with a rope around the neck.

It was evident that the animosity of the mob must have been principally aimed against the superintendent of the factory.

The elder Weymouth was thunderstruck. His nerves, since his illness, had not regained their normal steadiness, and between amazement and indignation at the rioters—for he regarded his own person and dignity defied and insulted in that of his superintendent—the man could not eat his breakfast, his appetite failing alike on steak, omelet, and coffee.

"Dear me! Do try now and get down a mouthful of something," pleaded his wife anxiously. "To think this affair must have happened precisely as you were getting well upon your feet again."

"The rascals!" groaned the man, setting down his coffee-cup with a hand that actually trembled. "To think they should have dared serve such a job on us! If I could only get hold of 'em, every mother's son should be lodged in jail before night."

Sydney Weymouth's appetite that morning, too, was none of the keenest, as his doating mother observed. He also had been a good deal startled by the news, which had come bolt up from the factory.

He had been conscious that there was, more or less, a wide-spread spirit of disaffection among the operatives, but he had by no means expected or desired that this feeling should come to a head so rapidly, or develop itself in a midnight riot.

He was secretly a little uneasy and self-conscious, too. Young Weymouth might not admit it to himself, yet for all that, he could not help knowing in his inmost soul that he had

never exerted himself to put down this rising spirit of disaffection toward the superintendent. Young Weymouth tried to assure himself that he was not responsible for it, but he knew well enough that those with whom he had grown most popular were precisely, to a man, those to whom Philip Draper was most obnoxious, and that there was among them a tacit understanding of this fact.

"We must take some strong measures," said the elder gentleman excitedly. "If we ~~can~~ only ferret out the ringleaders, and make an example of them. What an infamous outrage the whole thing was!"

"Now, Mr. Weymouth," put in again the troubled voice of his wife, "do try and keep calm. This excitement will certainly put you on your sick-bed again."

"As for ferreting out the ringleaders," added Sydney, who, though he could honestly say he was ignorant of them, had his own suspicions, "that will be a matter which requires delicate handling. The rioters have the honor of thieves, and would sooner die than betray one of their band."

"But we can't let this thing rest. Such an outrage going unpunished would remain an everlasting disgrace on the firm of Stephen Weymouth & Co.," continued Sydney's father with hot excitement, still regarding the whole thing from a strictly personal standpoint.

"Those factory people have always been so peaceable," subjoined Mrs. Weymouth in an injured tone. "What spite in the world can they have taken against us now?"

"I don't think the spite was directed against us at all," replied young Weymouth, feeling that now the time to speak was come.

"That makes no sort of difference," answered his father decidedly. "Besides, the blow must have been aimed at us over Draper's head."

"I can't precisely agree with you there, sir," answered the son, and perhaps a little twinge of conscience brought him here to a full stop.

"Why?"

"I intended never to mention it, and was in hopes that it would all blow over before there was any demonstration of this sort, but I have seen for some time that the popularity of young Draper was on the wane among some of the people here."

The elder Weymouth was a business man. He understood the value of capacity, diligence, integrity. All these he had found combined in Philip Draper, to a rare degree, he believed.

"They've no business whatever to complain of him," he growled. "I never had a man in his place who looked so thoroughly to the interests of the concern. I know ability when I find it, and I tell you Draper is a man in a thousand."

"I don't dispute that he is a capital superintendent in many respects, father," replied the son, but something in his tone or manner, I cannot tell which, seemed to qualify the praise.

The elder, in his excitement, did not observe this. "To have him treated in this rascally fashion! We must have him up here without delay, and let him see at once in what way we regard the conduct of these scoundrels. Perhaps he can throw some light on the matter."

"I hardly think he would be likely to do that," answered Sydney Weymouth in a slow, significant tone, much as though he were talking to himself. But the tone this time struck his father. The elder man turned and looked sharply at the younger.

"I don't seem to understand what you are driving at, Sydney."

To do young Weymouth justice, he experienced that little, uncomfortable stab again, and this time his voice was louder, and with more moodiness or irritation in it. "I merely remarked, sir, that I didn't think young Draper would be likely to throw much light on this matter."

His father turned, and faced his son squarely. "Am I to understand by this, that you mean young Draper could not or would not?"

Sydney Weymouth paused a moment.

How much hung for Philip Draper on the change of a single letter in one of the monosyllables in this sentence! The young man saw that clearly enough. He saw something else a moment later, which helped him to a reply, and that was the face of Jacqueline Thayne! "You are to understand the latter, father."

It was out now for good or for evil.

Sydney Weymouth drew a long breath, but I hardly think it relieved a certain tension somewhere about his chest at that moment, while his mother looked amazed and a little shocked. The elder Weymouth was a man of strong prejudices, and his late illness had made him more or less irritable and impatient of all sorts of opposition. A talk of an hour or more's length followed, in which there was a

good deal of strong excitement on both sides, rising sometimes into anger.

The elder Weymouth had, from the beginning, taken a hearty and, for him, rather unusual liking to his superintendent. All his subsequent intercourse with the man had confirmed his first feeling; and Sydney Weymouth had now to meet and overcome this, which was no slight thing, when it came to such a kind of man as was his father.

The young man commenced at first in a cautious, roundabout way, with some vague depreciation of Philip Draper, which he tried to qualify the next moment by praises dealt out, a kind of sop, to the growling Cerberus of his conscience.

But to quote a favorite saying of Stephen Weymouth, "stuff of that sort never went down with him;" he kept interrupting his son with sharp, sword-blade sort of questions which went straight to the point, and which were uttered, too, in a tone of contempt and scepticism.

Sydney Weymouth had not intended, when he commenced talking, to cast anything more than a general shadow of doubt on the hitherto unsullied conduct of the man whom he secretly hated; but he ought to have known the character of his father quite well enough to be certain that nothing but absolute facts would satisfy him with regard to his superintendent.

At the beginning, Sydney was thrown on his defence. He had to make out a story that admitted of no doubt or qualifications, or abandon his position altogether.

As he proceeded, his father's scepticism, added, perhaps, to some secret misgiving about the entire truthfulness of Reynolds's miserable story, worked the young man up into a strong excitement.

Hating Philip Draper as he did, the sight of his father's strong predisposition in the superintendent's favor only added fresh gall and wormwood to Sydney Weymouth's soul.

In his heat and excitement he did not know how far he was going, but whatever ground he took he was resolved to maintain himself there.

"The truth is, Sydney," said the elder Weymouth, walking up and down the room, nipping his forehead, where the perspiration stood thick from excitement, "you've been swayed and biassed by the talk of some of those people over yonder. They are a restless set, and would be sure to balk and shy sooner or later at the hand that held the reins over them. I tell you I know an honest man when I see him, and nothing but the facts, tough and square, and no leak in

them, can make me believe young Draper's anything but the sort of man I took him for at the beginning. Have you got them now?" turning half fiercely upon his son.

"Now, father, don't." Mrs. Weymouth seemed to regard it as her duty to put in this admonition at stated intervals. "You will certainly have another pull-back if you get so excited."

The lady's caution had very little effect at that time. Her husband stood still, awaiting the reply of his son.

"I think I have some facts, sir, which would convince any unprejudiced mind that this boasted superintendent of yours was not just the model of virtues you seem to imagine him," answered Sydney, with a sneer all through his tones.

"Well, I say, facts are the things. Let's have them," said the elder, trying to keep cool.

"Yes, Sydney, do tell us whatever you know," put in Mrs. Weymouth again with curiosity, natural enough, perhaps.

"I know, then, that he has behaved in one case like a villain dyed in the wool!" burst out young Weymouth, with a great semblance of indignation, and trying to place the worst possible construction on Philip Draper's motives in the story that Reynolds had told him.

"Who is your authority for all this stuff?" inquired his father, a little impressed, nevertheless.

"My own eyes for a part of it. I suppose those are facts a man can trust."

"Oh! dear me, Sydney," said his mother, with a relish not entirely feminine for a story with a flavor of the horrible in it.

Sydney Weymouth was committed now. He did not mean to tell what was not true; but was there ever a man burning with secret jealousy and hatred toward another, who could be trusted to tell the absolute truth about his rival?

He related the interview which he had witnessed one day, swinging in his boat on Blue River, between the superintendent and the factory girl. If Sydney Weymouth enlarged on every point, if he gave to the whole a complexion which the simple facts by no means warranted, I suppose he was largely unconscious of it, and that, in his eagerness to believe Philip Draper a villain, he did not perceive how far he was transcending the truth in relating what his own eyes had seen.

His father listened with a kind of blank dismay growing in his eyes, and Mrs. Weymouth

drew several half articulate breaths of wonder as her son went on describing the scene in the factory road, and giving to the whole an air of mystery and secrecy which no unprejudiced observer would have found in it.

Thus Sydney Weymouth prepared his way carefully to the confidence which Reynolds had reposed in him. Here again the young gentleman certainly made the most out of his materials, painting the superintendent's conduct in blacker colors than even the wool-sorter had done, and working himself up into what seemed a heat of virtuous indignation, but which was really hate and jealousy, ending in this fashion:

"When a man is carried away by a sudden tornado of impulse, I'm ready enough to forgive and overlook; but when it comes to hypocrisy, that is something more than I can stand, and it always affects me like the cold, slimy coiling of a snake. Now, this Draper always took such high moral grounds, always somehow managed to convey an impression that he was a little finer and loftier than most men; and then to stoop to such a mean, dastardly act—getting that poor, simple-hearted child away from an honest man's love. Why, I tell you, it was a devilish, base thing, and if I speak of it at all, I must speak of it as it deserves."

A doubt had been growing in Mr. Weymouth's mind as he listened to his son.

"It seems as though there must be another side to this story," he said, pulling at his iron-gray beard in a nervous, perplexed way. "I'm not apt to be deceived in men. Draper's face speaks for him. And as for that Reynolds, there's something hard and bold in the man's eyes. I never liked his looks."

Young Weymouth whistled a note or two, and his whole manner indicated that he would have said several things if regard for his father had not held them back.

"There are the facts that I saw, though. How do you get aside of them?" he asked, with a coolness which contrasted strikingly with his heat of a moment ago.

"True, they do have a bad look," answered the elder reflectively.

Mrs. Weymouth had something to say now. On certain subjects, her husband and son usually deferred to her opinion, but her influence had its limitations, and it would not be likely to be powerful in the present instance.

"I always liked Mr. Draper," she said. "He seemed such a pleasant, well-bred, perfect gentleman, as I have so often told you, Mr.

Weymouth; but if he has done what Sydney thinks, I never wish to set eyes on him again."

"Such a popular superintendent as he was, too, and a place that it's so difficult to fill," added Mr. Weymouth to himself.

"But his popularity has been immensely on the wane of late, as last night proves with sufficient emphasis," added Sydney.

The elder man had a secret misgiving at this time which made him more easily swayed than he usually was by other's opinions.

Stephen Weymouth had begun of late to have a fear that his memory was failing him a little, that his mental faculties, too, might be losing a little of their pristine vigor. He would not have owned so much even to his wife. If the fear was not altogether groundless, as its very existence proved, the loss was only temporary, a result of physical derangement.

But this lurking dread made Stephen Weymouth a little insecure of himself. And although at the beginning he had maintained his position, angrily and obstinately enough, Sydney's adroit handling had not been without its effect—an effect heightened by the fact that his father's mental powers were hardly in their normal condition.

Stephen Weymouth had always prided himself on his shrewd reading of men. At another time he would hardly have dreaded so much a failure in a solitary instance, that his better judgment would have been ready to yield to another without a thorough investigation of all the facts.

Sydney's story had shaken him. He began to doubt, after all, whether he might not have made a mistake in the character of his superintendent.

CHAPTER XVI.

Everything was going on apparently as usual at the mills of Stephen Weymouth & Co. that morning; yet there was an undercurrent of strong excitement throughout the whole factory. Before the bell rang that morning, eager faces of operatives had been peering about the office, some grave or fiery with indignation, and others with a half concealed leer of triumph.

Some voices loudly condemned the riot of the preceding night, pronouncing it a cowardly outrage, a burning disgrace to every honest man that worked in the mills, while others poured out great guffaws of laughter, and called the whole proceeding a "jolly raid, an

old stroke of fun." Those engaged in the riot dared not commit themselves farther than this that morning, but from every window of the vast factories, eyes friendly and unfriendly watched for the figure that came over the bridge every morning with its strong, swift stride, alert with life, and courage, and energy.

In came in sight at last—a little later than usual on this particular morning, for the delicious September weather took Philip Draper off on long tramps at this season. There was hardly a heart among that hive of workers which did not give an extra thump, either of dismay or malicious triumph, as the superintendent came in sight. How would he take the outrage which awaited him?

At the end of the bridge, Philip Draper stopped short, finding Fin Brummer in wait for him, his face, that always was on first sight ludicrously suggestive of certain of Punch's caricatures, white with agitation and excitement.

"Well, Fin, what is to pay?" fancying the boy must have got into some trouble with some of the officers.

"I—I wanted to see you, sir, first," said Fin, wriggling his fingers in and out of each other in the most ridiculous manner.

"Oh! that's it, is it? Well, what screw's loose this time?"

"Taint any screw of mine," said Fin, looking very solemn. "Something's happened," and he glanced in the direction of the office.

"Something's happened," repeated young Draper, now quite mystified. "To what, or to whom?"

"You'll see when you get over there. There was a row last night, and they've made dreadful work—smashed in the windows, and torn things up generally."

Fin's eyes were on his hearer's face, but they could not pierce to what was going on beneath. He saw the face grow a shade paler, and something sterner, at this news, which was serious enough.

There was a little pause, and then the gentleman said—"And so you've been waiting here all this time to tell me? It was very kind of you, Fin."

"Yes, sir; I thought it would be better to let you know beforehand, than to have it come all at once upon you. There's many a one this mornin' that's mad enough over it. It was only a few of the roughest and worst sort, sir," said the boy, with an earnestness that could not fail to strike Philip Draper even at that moment.

He said a few kind words to Fin, which more than repaid the boy for all the pains he had taken, and the one went off to his work, and the other to his desk.

"They won't get much comfort out of him. He's true pluck," chuckled Fin to himself, as he watched the figure of the superintendent moving at its usual steady, rapid gait up the factory road.

Arrived at the office, matters presented a sorry spectacle. The large panes had been smashed in, and a mass of debris strewed the floor. The office furniture had been more or less mutilated, and although there had been evident attempts to remove the most salient features of the riot, the effigy that dangled from the wall having been taken down by friendly hands, still the evidences of the last night's work were on every side.

A small group of men were lounging about, watching with some curiosity to see what the first effect of all this would produce on the superintendent. If he had enemies among them they must have been keenly disappointed.

His manner was as composed as ever as his gaze went over the scene, taking in the whole.

The men were vociferous in their expressions of sympathy, and in their denunciations of the rioters. The man at whom, evidently, all this overt malice had been directed, was the calmest among the group. He expressed his regret at what had taken place. There could be but one opinion about the shameful outrage, whether directed against himself or the proprietors of the factory, but this was not the time to discuss it. Business required his attention now, and he proceeded to that as though nothing had happened; feeling, nevertheless, all the morning a glow of gratitude toward Fin Brummer, because he had apprised him of what had taken place, thus preparing him beforehand to face the worst.

The superintendent made his visit over the factories as usual. Nothing in his demeanor betrayed to the covert glances which followed him everywhere his consciousness that anything out of the ordinary course of events had happened.

Late in the forenoon, young Weymouth came in. In fact, Philip Draper found him standing in the midst of the ruin and debris when the latter returned to the office after his tour of inspection through the work-rooms.

Weymouth came forward and shook hands cordially with the superintendent, but I do not think his feelings were to be envied at that moment. No man's are who is doing a cowardly, ignoble thing, and after what he had said that

morning of the superintendent, he had no right to treat him as a man would treat his friend.

He commenced at once. "Well, Draper, what does this mean?"

"That is precisely what I cannot answer," replied the superintendent. "You must have heard of it early in the day."

"Oh! yes. We knew there had been trouble over here before we sat down to breakfast. But really, matters are worse than I had any idea of," looking around on the general destruction.

"What a red heat the wretches must have been in."

"Yes; the facts show that clearly enough."

"And you have no idea, Draper, what was at the bottom of all this," asked Weymouth, turning suddenly and looking his companion full in the face; but this was about the hardest thing he had ever done in his life.

Philip Draper looked back in turn. "None whatever," he said,

His companion turned on his heel, and went from one point of destruction to another in a rather nervous manner.

"Outrageous! outrageous! The fiends," he muttered. "We must get to the bottom of this beastly work;" but even then it struck Philip Draper in a vague way that the anger of the other was not honest, downright, and a kind of impression clung to the former that Weymouth was acting a part. He tried to shake off this, fancying that the last night's events made him a little morbidly impressible, but afterward this feeling explained itself.

"I have not moved in this matter at all," continued Philip Draper. "I naturally waited to consult with your father and yourself before taking any active measures to discover the perpetrators of this outrage."

"I think your course was the wisest, Draper. Confound the rascals. Who would have believed there was such a mutinous spirit among them, or that they would have dared display it after this fashion. We must set them a terrible example, have a grand winnowing among them."

"We must get to work wisely though, and be sure to have the punishment fall on the right shoulders."

"Of course! of course!" answered Weymouth. Then he added the next moment, as though the thought had newly struck him, "They must have an awful spite against some of us."

"No doubt of that, or against whom it was principally levelled this time."

"Yet it is most amazing. The people have

always been so quiet and orderly, and there have been no new rules, and no unusually rigid enforcement of the old ones."

"Well, bad blood is everywhere, and will come to the surface once in a while. You know there is an odd mixture of races and types among our workmen."

Draper assented, and there was some more talk, largely on Weymouth's side, pretty much in the same strain. In the course of it, it came out that he was to be absent two or three days, having been hurriedly summoned off on business by telegraph only an hour or two previous.

Draper learned this with regret, as he considered the presence of the junior partner highly important at this juncture.

Young Weymouth was loud in deploring the necessity of his absence. Perhaps he was honest enough here. His business summons seemed to be imperative, even to Draper.

"The old man's nerves are a good deal shaken by what he has heard," said the son, just before he took his leave. "I did not think it the best thing to have him come over to-day and see the ruin that had been made, but you will see him to-night."

"Certainly."

"Be a little careful about exciting him. I shall hurry back on the earliest possible train—say day after to-morrow, and meanwhile you will take no strong measures in this rascally piece of business until my return."

And so these two parted. To a stranger watching the interview there would not have been apparent a shade of distrust or coldness between them; indeed, if the manner of either lacked warmth, it was certainly on the side of the superintendent.

That day, returning to the office after his noon intermission, Philip Draper found a little white-china vase, in which were a couple of damask roses in their first red bloom and fragrance.

The season for these was quite passed now, but young Draper knew at once where these came from. Some of the factory girls were in the habit of training exotics in the windows of the work-rooms, and scarlet geraniums and clusters of pinks often laid a bit of glowing warmth and fragrance against the dusty panes.

Ruth Benson's "flower-pot," as the factory vernacular went, held a rose-bush. As he went his rounds, the superintendent's eyes, always in search of any beauty, had often rested on the flowers, the red, fragrant deeps blossoming slowly out among the dark green of the leaves.

His face moved a little as he caught sight of

these roses on the desk, which had happily escaped the general mutilation. The factory girl's expression of her sympathy was as delicate as the finest bred lady's could have been. "Poor little girl!" exclaimed Philip Draper to himself, looking at the roses in the bit of china vase, and taking it up, and turning it carefully around, "you did the best you could, didn't you?"

And there came suddenly a singing among his thoughts like thrushes in a green thicket when the sunshine strikes across it. No matter what the words were—it was only some sweetness of Tennyson, long laid away in his boyhood's memory, which the sight of the roses thrilled into sudden life; but anything which made a sudden singing among the gloom of Philip Draper's thoughts that day, if it were only a factory girl's flowers, was worth something.

Of course, under all this outward calm, his brain was busily at work.

The riot last night among the workmen had come like a thunderclap upon the superintendent. The more he reflected upon it, the more he was satisfied that it did not reflect the general sentiment of the workpeople; too many rugged faces had shone with honest sympathy upon him as he made his factory rounds that morning, for Philip Draper to doubt for a moment that the real heart of these workpeople were on his side.

Still, there must be a minority bitterly opposed to him, the facts proved that, and he had been dimly conscious for a long time past that there was some leaven of disaffection at work among the hands.

Going over with those whom he regarded as most likely to stimulate and control the direction of the feeling opposed to him, the face of Reynolds always came up, bold, and bad, and cunning, with the leer in his eyes. Draper tried to turn his thoughts away from it, but it always came uppermost, seeming always, too, to leave a bad taint in the atmosphere.

So the long day wore down. It was one of the longest of his life to Philip Draper, despite the calmness with which, by sheer force of will, the man carried himself through the hours.

In the evening he went over to see Mr. Weymouth, as he had promised that gentleman's son.

His reception here had always been of the most cordial kind, but it did strike him to-night that Mrs. Weymouth's manner had a little extra shade of stateliness.

He met the lady before her husband came in.

She confided to her guest that the former had been a good deal shaken and agitated all day with that disagreeable news from the factory, and besought the young man that the interview which was to follow might be as little exciting as possible, thus repeating her son's injunction.

He had barely time to promise this, when the gentleman entered the room. If there was any change in his manner toward his superintendent, the latter did not observe it; and, remembering Mrs. Weymouth's suggestions, directed the conversation at first toward the ordinary topics of the day.

The lady remained for some time in the room, directing occasional anxious glances toward her husband, and curious, speculative ones toward her guest, in which was a kind of lurking suspicion.

As soon, however, as his wife had left the room, which she did with some evident reluctance, the elder gentleman turned upon the younger abruptly.

"Well, Mr. Draper, we've had some serious trouble down yonder."

"Yes, very serious."

"What have you been doing about it?"

"Absolutely nothing. I would not take any steps, even to discover the perpetrators, until I had conferred with you."

The talk of Sydney was working in the old man's thoughts. He watched the superintendent with his keen, gray eyes, while there was something restless and undecided in his manner, which Philip could not help observing, but which he regarded as fully accounted for by Mrs. Weymouth's words, and the fact that the man was still convalescing.

"And you had no suspicion that there was any leaven of disaffection at work among the operatives until this morning?"

"I cannot precisely say that. I have had a vague feeling that some half ruminous spirit was subtly working among a portion of the people, but I expected time would dispose of it, and really supposed this nothing more than the sort of restless dissatisfaction which is apt to show itself in coarse natures with a general lack of moral balance."

"Yes, yes; I see, I see," said Mr. Weymouth, and he did not know precisely what next to say, and all the while Sydney's story was working its miserable doubts in his father's brain. "There is always some cause for an effect, Mr. Draper."

"Undoubtedly. The corollary is, there must be one for last night's riot."

"You have no idea what it is?"

The question was asked eagerly, the man bending forward, the curious, suspicious look crossing his eyes again. But Philip Draper sat by the window and did not see it.

"Not the remotest. But whatever it is, I am confident that it will work itself to the surface in a little while. Such things always do."

The elder Weymouth rose up and paced the room. He had never felt so thoroughly perplexed in respect to living creature before.

What a face this man had for a hypocrite's or a scoundrel's!

Philip Draper looked at his host in turn. He was about to enter into the measures which he regarded it best to take at this critical juncture to enforce quiet among the workpeople, or at least prevent a recurrence of last night's disgraceful scenes; but the memory of Mrs. Weymouth's admonition, added to her son's, checked him again.

"He is evidently two thirds used up by the day's excitement. It would be cruel to force these things upon him at this time," thought Philip Draper.

Into the midst of his thoughts came the elder man's talk.

"I suppose they've made havoc and destruction down there at the office—smashed up things generally—eh, Draper?"

"Well, I must confess things have a bad look over there. You must prepare yourself to see things generally demolished. But, Mr. Weymouth, I want to insist on one thing."

"What is that?" surprised at the sudden change in the younger's tone.

"That we leave this matter to spectres and hobgoblins for one night, and come to it with clear brains to-morrow morning. You need a sound sleep on it; and I honestly confess I don't believe my younger nerves and muscles would be harmed by one."

"I believe you are right, Draper," answered Mr. Weymouth, glad to be excused at this moment from any decisive measures. "I wish Sydney was here at this time. It was very annoying that he should be summoned off to-day."

There was more talk, but really it amounted to very little. Mr. Weymouth, shaken and perplexed, was glad to slip everything on the morrow's shoulders; and Philip Draper, out of regard to the old man's health, consented.

"Well, Stephen?" said Mrs. Weymouth, with a good deal of anxiety in her voice, as she met her husband on his return from waiting on his guest to the door. He was punctiliously ceremonious that night.

"Well, Mary, that Draper may be a villain, but, hang it! he don't look like one."

Mrs. Weymouth was, like most persons of very narrow sympathies, a poor reader of character.

"Yes, I was never more amazed in my life, as I've told you a dozen times to-day, Stephen; but then there's Sydney's story, one can't get around that."

"No, it's a stone wall right in the way," pulling his gray beard nervously.

"And you saw that Sydney had no doubt that he was a bad man," in a tone that said plainly enough her son's opinion ought to settle the matter to the satisfaction of every human being.

"Yes, Mary, yes," said Mr. Weymouth drearily enough.

(To be continued.)

MY PICTURE.

BY S. JENNIE JONES.

THIS a scene of the peaceful ending
Of the toil in the cold outside,
With two little faces outlooking,
In the beautiful eventide.

Two faces with smiles all dimpling,
Two brows that are marble fair,
The one with a crown half golden,
The other with nut-brown hair.

Two eyes in whose cloudless azure
Are hues from the skies dropped down,
And two that "beyond" seem gazing
With their beautiful depths of brown.

I see it to-night, with a vision
That cannot be dimmed by tears,
And I know it will carry its freshness
Through the lapses of life-long years.

The golden and brown may be silvered
With the scattering frosts of age,
And furrowed the brows of marble,
And blotted each life's fair page;

But the picture in amaranth beauty
Will hang "on the inner wall,"
Enshrined with the heart's best treasures,
Till the temple itself shall fall.

For Memory, faultless limner,
With delicate touches wrought,
And Love gave the colors glowing,
With life that is fadeless fraught.

Oh! not for the gems of Guido,
Or "Raphael the divine,"
Would my heart forego possession
Of this beautiful picture—mine!

To-night, at a far-off window,
They watch for another I ween,
Their foreheads—pure, peace-written tablets—
In the halo of sunset sheen.

And my heart says, in tones its bravest,
To quiet its rising deep,
"The bright little lives are another's,
But the picture is mine to keep."

Two faces with smiles all dimpling,
Two brows that are marble fair,
Sweet Lila with crown half golden,
And Ella with nut-brown hair.

THE MEADOW PATH.

BY ROSELLA.

O DEAR little feet! the path ye trod
Is growing dim with unpressed sod;
And the meadow path, with winding ways,
I can hardly see with strained gaze;
But well I know where the dear little feet,
Now slow and tired, now fast and fleet,
Marked the crooked way of the path that led
Across the meadow—a wee, brown thread.

It spanned a brook, that all day long
Rippled and tinkled a merry song,
As it mirrored the faces of a joyous throng
With blue-bell eyes and tresses free.
A sedgey brook, where the rank grass waved,
And the meadow lark her brown wings laved;
A tempting brook for little, bare feet,
In the golden time of the summer's heat.

O meadow path! in the long ago
The dreamy hours were leaden-slow,
The little feet lingered along thy way,
And little hands gleaned in the summer day,
And wove them garlands of the clover's bloom,
As they, swaying, scattered sweet perfume.
O meadow path! O dear little feet!
O sunny memories enlinked so sweet.

In the meadow path, now bare and brown,
Lie the leaves that whirled in eddies down;
Clovers and grasses have faded and gone,
And the howling winds are sobbing lone.
The winding brook is frozen, chilled,
And its glassy breast is never thrilled
By the pulsing water's tinkling flow,
And the glittering sunbeam's golden glow.

O meadow path! o'er years I reach,
And take to my heart the lesson you teach.
O winding way! O little, bare feet!
O summers flown on bright wings fleet!
As the thread-like path is fading away,
And these tresses brown are turning to gray,
So the end will come, and the grass will wave
O'er meadow path and quiet grave.

GOING TO SCHOOL.

IN a recent number of *The Christian Union*, Mr. Beecher gives the following reminiscence of childhood, which most grown-up people will read with a pleasant interest.

"Did you like to go to school?"

"No, sir, I did not. I detested it—all its precedents, all its accompaniments, and all its sequents."

But this applies only to the primary schools. The academy and the college furnished many hours which are to be remembered with gladness; the early schools not one. They were engines of torture, devised expressly to make good boys unhappy, and seldom do contrivances succeed so well. Let us see—the first school that we remember was Miss Collins's. Deacon Collins lived on the green, southeast of old Litchfield's old church. Up-stairs we climbed, we remember that; on a long bench we sat, with our feet dangling in the air, and a tall, kindly faced woman there was. But, besides, we remember nothing—of book, slate, or recitation.

Next we went to Miss Kilborne's, on the west side of the square, and of this school two things stand forth in memory: first, that the wind on this high hill used almost to take us into the air; the wind that seemed never to be done with blowing. It blew high and low. It swept along the ground, slamming open gates, whirling around corners, pushing us against the fence, and then into the ditch—a little, fat, clumsy boy, that hardly feared anything visible, but dreaded all mysteries, and shook with vague and nameless terror at the roar of the wind up in the high tree-tops—the great elm-trees that swayed and groaned as if they too were in cruel hands. The other memory of this school was of sitting wearisomely for hours on a bench, and swinging our little legs in the air for want of length to reach the floor. Yea, two other things we recall—one, a pinch on the ear, and the other a rousing slap on the head, for some real or putative misdemeanor, and a helpless rage inside in consequence. But of lessons, knowledge, pleasure, there is nothing. The picture is blank. Not a word of tenderness—not one sympathizing, coddling act, not the sight of a sugar-plum, which in that day would have been to us more beautiful than the stones of the walls of the Heavenly City. Oh! why did they put such tempting candy in long glass

jars, and set them in the windows, to put little wretches in such a fever of longing, and to make them so unhappy! How many times have we walked the long road to school, looking all the way on the ground in hopes of finding a cent. Such things had happened! Boys there were in our own neighborhood who had found cents along the road, and even a sixpence in one case. There was a rumor that twenty-five cents in one instance had turned up. But we never heeded that. Had a quarter been lost, the whole town would have been searched as with a lighted candle, and no boy would have been left the luck of finding it. Still, the story acted on the imagination like an Arabian Night's tale. But over against that window—was it Buell's store?—he never gave us a particle of candy, and so his name rests uncertainly in our memory—over against that store we paused full often, and imagined that the day might come—what things had not happened that seemed extravagant to think of?—when we should set up a store, and keep candy, and have a right to put our hand in just when we pleased!

We liked to have done ourselves a wrong, in saying that we learned nothing. We know distinctly that Harriet one brilliant morning plucked dandelions, and taught us how to split them and roll them up into curls. It has been a great comfort to us many times since.

Our next school was Miss Pierce's. It was a ladies' school. We were sent thither to be under the care of elder sisters. We don't recollect a single recitation. For days together we were regarded as a mere punctuation-point, not noticed unless dropped out of place, or turned upside down. Mr. Brace—father of C. L. B.—used to pass by and look at us with a knowing face, and snap his finger, in a significant way, without a word. But that mysterious snap was good for ten minutes' propriety, and sometimes for even half an hour.

Once, for laughing out loud at somebody's fun—one had only to put his tongue in his cheek, or to point a finger at us, to set off that laugh which always lay pent-up waiting for deliverance—we were tied to the leg of the bench. The acute pain of shame pierced like a knife—a kiss cured it. For a kind-faced girl, one of the elder young ladies finishing her education there, looked upon our tearful eyes and

scarlet-blushing misery, took pity on us, put a soft hand on our head and stooped and kissed us. If a cup of cold water to a thirsty child shall bring an immortal blessing to the giver, how much more a warm kiss to a crying child unable to defend itself against shame! May the angels lay their hands upon her as she dawns upon heaven, and kiss from her face every tear and sorrow of the sad world behind her!

All experiences of children are evanescent—and few sorrows have they that are not drowned in the first sleep, dead as Pharaoh's host in the Red Sea. The school was not expected to teach us, and it fulfilled every expectation. Our time was in danger at home of ravelling out in mischief, and the school was a mere basting-thread to hold down the hem of good behavior. Next went we to the district school.

Not a tree! Not a bush! Only a stone wall on one side and a board fence on the other. No window blinds. The summer sun beat down full upon the small, rough, unpainted school-house. Here we learned to catch flies—to crook pins for boys to sit down on, and from which they always arose with alacrity. If any man wishes to know what spontaneity is, let him sit down on a well-prepared pin. We learned the rudiments of the cost of "carrying on"—an art of the largest proportions, and which, in schools, academies, and colleges, is amply taught, whatever else is omitted. Our bearing was very humble. We could make a cat's cradle under the bench unseen. We could look on a book seemingly in study for half an hour without seeing a word. We learned how to make paper spit-balls and to snap them across the room with considerable skill. But beyond these interesting branches we do not think we ever learned a thing. Why should we? Is it possible for a boy of six or eight years, in the school prison, with no incitement and no help, from four to six hours a day, and with all out-doors beating on the school-house, streaming in at the windows, coming in bewitching sounds, through every crack and crevice, to be studious, regular, and exemplary? A good village primary school ought to be a cross between a nursery and a playroom, and the teacher ought to be playmate, nurse, and mother, all combined. One teacher we had, young, pale, large-eyed, sweet of voice, but not prone to speak—bless her—why must she have consumption and one day disappear? And the next day behold in her place a tall, sharp, nervous, energetic, conscientious spinster, whose conscience took to the rod as a very means of

grace. The first one would have made us love and obey her. We were even beginning. From the second we were marvellously delivered.

"Mother, I don't want to go to school."

"You don't wish to grow up a dunce, do you, Henry?"

"Yes, marm."

"What? Grow up like a poor, ignorant child, go out to service, and live without knowing anything?"

"Yes, marm."

"Well, suppose you begin now. I'll put an apron on you, and you shall stay at home and do housework. How would you like that?"

"Oh! do, ma."

Sure enough, we were permitted to stay away from school, provided we would "do housework;" and all summer long our hands set the table, washed dishes, swept up crumbs, dusted chairs, scoured knives; our feet ran of errands, besides the usual compliment of chores in the barn.

But, oh! did we not glory in the exchange? Yes, and in the long summer afternoons, when nothing more was left to do, did we not allow a good aunt to lead us along those paths of learning which before our feet eschewed?

Great is our zeal for common schools, and disinterested. For we are not biased in favor of primary schools by one single pleasant memory connected with them. They lie in our memory as cunningly devised engines for putting poor, little, innocent, roguish boys to torment because they are mercurial, fun-loving, and impatient of restraint.

NEEDLEWORK.

LADIES are very fortunate in having a resource in work at a time when the mind rejects intellectual amusement. Men have no resource but striding up and down the room, like a bird that beats itself to pieces against the bars of its cage; whereas needlework is a sort of sedative, too mechanical to worry the mind by distracting it from the points on which its musings turn, yet gradually assisting it in regaining steadiness and composure; for so curiously are our bodies and minds linked together, that the regular and constant employment of the body on any process, however dull and uniform, has the effect of tranquillizing where it cannot disarm the feeling of the mind.

EVENINGS WITH THE POETS.

A DREAM OF APRIL DAYS.

BY REV. T. HEMPSTEAD.

FROM fields and far hillsides
Comes sifting through the South Wind's drowsy
wings,
And floating out on all its unseen tides,
The scent of budding branches.

In hollows still and brown,
By rocks and knotted roots in quiet vales,
Young violets lift their heads, and up and down
The sweet arbutus trails.

Along the river banks,
Scarce green as yet, and strown with loose, gray sands,
The adder tongues in sharp and mottled ranks
Break through their earthly bands.

Where brooks go murmuring low
O'er mossy stones in many-bubbling turns,
Strange little wood-flowers look like flakes of snow,
And curled and brittle ferns

Burst through the yielding mould.
Where glimmers Winter's wan, white-bearded ghost?
Where now the North Wind's howl, the keen-barbed
cold,
The petrifying frost?

Gone! and the air is full
Of something subtler than the soul of wine;
Lost Springs at Memory's harp-strings gently pull,
And morning-glories twine

Above her storm-browned doors.
Sweet are these outer and these inner calms,
Dear are these hours in which the spirit soars
Through clouds of white-winged psalms.

A sound is in my ear—
Into my deepest soul a voice intrudes,
Like Juno winds in a pine-bough murmuring near,
"Come, walk the solemn woods."

Sweet are these birchen hills
Whose delicate odors shun the dusty town;
These vales where willows rain on low-voiced rills
Their catkins, shod with down;

Sweet are these wakening hills—
The first wren chatters from her twig-bull throne;
By his round door the full-eyed blue bird trills
The name of Audubon.

Dear are these dreamy dells,
Blazing with crimson fire of maple buds,
Where life through millions of late unlocked cells
Throbs down the disrobed woods.

Beneath this piney screen
That drops a twilight o'er the place, I pause
Where coal-like berries of the wintergreen
Burn from their cells of moss.

I walk on cloth of gold
Along these aisles, this faint, balsamic gloom;
Texture more soft, fabric more rare, was rolled
Never from Eastern loom.

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These intermingling boughs,
And tall, fair trunks, were the first temple trod
By man; no grating saws, no ringing blows—
The builder here was God.

How gloriously this roof
He arched, and set on columns grand and strong!
Soon through its mazes, odorous and sun-proof,
Shall flutter wings of song.

And while I slowly tread
These brown leaves, half in joy and half in pain,
The absent and the long-remembered dead
Rise on my path again;

I see the love-lit eye,
Hear the familiar step beside my door.
Behold the forms, the calm, sweet looks that I
On earth shall see no more.

N. Y. Evangelist.

PICTURES IN THE FIRE.

BY HELEN W. LUDLOW.

WITHOUT, the darkness and the gloom,
The wailing wind, the driving snow;
Within, the cheerful fireside's glow,
The flickering flames that come and go,
The lights and shadows of the room.

Where, careless of the conflict dire
Waged by the spirit of the storm,
I sit alone, secure and warm,
And let my busy fancy form
Its glowing pictures in the fire.

Bright faces peer between the bars,
And, when the flame-jets spring,
Small peals of silvery laughter ring,
Faint voices in the chimney sing,
And eyes gleam out like burning stars.

Bright eyes that faded long ago,
Undimmed by time or sorrow's tear,
Sweet voices silent many a year,
Faces in love and memory dear—
In changeful radiance gleam and glow.

The spirits of my buried past
Rekindle in the fitful ray
A little face—was mine so gay
When life seemed one long holiday,
And time could never fly too fast?

And love's young dream as ardent glows
Within the central heart of flame,
As when its first sweet whisper came,
And now the long familiar name
Could turn the lily to the rose.

So all of life—its young desire,
Its hopes and fears, its joy and woe,
In fireside fancies gleam and glow
In flickering flames that come and go,
And paint the pictures in the fire!

IN SCHOOL-DAYS.

BY JOHN G. WHITTIER.

STILL sits the school-house by the road
A ragged beggar sunning;
Around it still the sumacs grow,
And blackberry-vines are running.

Within the master's desk is seen,
Deep-scarred by raps official,
The warping floor, the battered seats,
The jack-knife's carved initial.

The charcoal frescoes on its wall;
Its door's worn sill, betraying
The feet that, creeping slow to school,
Went storming out to playing!

Long years ago, a winter sun
Shone over it at setting;
Lit up its western window-panes,
And low eaves' icy fretting.

It touched the tangled, golden curls,
And brown eyes full of grieving,
Of one who still her steps delayed
When all the school were leaving.

For near her stood the little boy
Her childish favor singled;
His cap pulled low upon a face
Where pride and shame were mingled.

Pushing with restless feet the snow
To right and left, he lingered;
As restlessly her tiny hands
The blue check-apron fingered.

He saw her lift her eyes; he felt
The soft hand's light caressing,
And heard the tremble of her voice,
As if a fault confessing.

"I'm sorry that I spelt the word;
I hate to go above you.
Because," the brown eyes lower fell,
"Because, you see, I love you!"

Still memory to a gray-haired man
That sweet child-face is showing,
Dear girl! the grasses on her grave
Have forty years been growing.

He lives to learn, in life's hard school,
How few who pass above him
Lament their triumph and his loss,
Like her, because they love him.

SHADOWS.

BY ALICE CART.

WHEN I see the long wild briers
Waving in the winds like fires,
See the green skirts of the maples
Barred with scarlet and with gold,
See the sunflower, heavy-hearted,
Shadows then from days departed
Come and with their tender trembles.
Wrap my bosom, fold on fold.

I can hear sweet invitations
Through the sobbing, sad vibrations
Of the winds that follow, follow,
As from self I seek to fly—

Come up hither! come up hither!
Leave the rough and rainy weather!
Come up where the royal roses
Never fade and never die!

'Twas when May was blushing, blooming,
Brown bees, bluebirds, singing, humming,
That we built and walled our chamber
With the emerald of the leaves;
Made our bed of yellow mosses,
Soft as pile of silken flosses,
Dreamed our dreams in dewy brightness
Radiant like the morns and eves.

And it was when woods were gleaming
And when clouds were wildly streaming
Gray and umber, white and amber,
Streaming in the north wind's breath,
That my little rose-mounted blossom
Fell and faded on my bosom,
Cankered by the coming coldness,
Blighted by the frosts of death.

Therefore when I see the shadows,
Drifting in across the meadows,
See the troops of summer wild-birds
Flying from us, cloud on cloud,
Memory with that May-time lingers,
And I seem to feel the fingers
Of my lost and lovely darling
Wrap my heart up in her shroud.

A BABY RHYME.

SO new the kiss, so new the bliss
Of baby fingers tender—
A weight so warm upon the arm,
A sleepy, breathing splendor;
O baby-bird! sleep in thy nest,
Dear, warm, wee bird, sleep in thy nest.

Two hands clasped fast, two lids down cast,
Eyes—(brown or blue, which, mother?)
A heart as white as flowers at night,
Moon-kissed, that kiss each other;
Like birds at rest, so thou in nest
Sleep, baby-bird, sleep in thy nest.

So white the earth grew at thy birth
(Thy tiny feet were whiter)—
So light the fall of snow o'er all
(Thy warm home nest was lighter);
O baby! rest, in folded nest,
And sleep, sweet bird, within such nest.

But, baby dear, it is so queer,
Sometimes this world is clouded
And gray, and gray, beneath the day,
It looks like friar shrouded.
But, little guest, sleep in thy nest,
Nor know the rest—sleep in thy nest.

And over thee, all warm I see
Two tear-bright eyes bend fondly;
And folded fast, upon thee cast,
Are kisses falling softly.
Then, bird at rest within the nest,
Sleep well, sleep well—sleep in the nest.

O tiny thing without a wing!
O bird with song yet hidden!
The guest with glee would welcome thee
To life's feast later bidden;
And while the West calls day to rest,
We say, dear bird, sleep in thy nest.

GARDENING FOR LADIES.

BY MRS. E. B. DUFFEY.

WORK FOR AUGUST.

WEEDING, watering, and frequent stirring of the soil must be observed during this month as well as in July. In addition to this, all flowers that have done blooming must be pulled up, that their withered stalks may not mar the appearance of the beds.

SEEDS.—A few flowers should be allowed to go to seed, for it is advisable, if expense is an item, that each gardener should save her own stock of seeds, to avoid the necessity of purchasing the ensuing season, and for the further purpose of giving away or exchanging with neighbors. But beyond what is absolutely required for seed—and for this purpose the most vigorous plants and most perfect blossoms should be selected—no seed should be allowed to mature. As soon as the beauty of the blossom is gone, it should be clipped from the stem, and the vigor of the plant be allowed to devote itself to the formation and growth of new buds and blossoms.

It is safest to gather seed before it is dead ripe. If this is not done, no seed of balsams, phloxes, and others will be secured.

Put the gathered seed under cover for a day or two to dry, and then spread them in the sun to harden. Label all seeds when gathered, that there may be no mistake nor confusion in planting.

SEEDS OF PERENNIALS may be sown with advantage as soon as ripe, and the plants will usually become strong enough to bloom the next year.

LAYERING ROSES.—At this season layering produces the best results. Cuttings at this time require extra care, but layers can be made by those not skilled in the management of flowers. Layers may be made of vigorous and healthy shoots, upon which the leaves are not so mature as to show signs of dropping. Make a cut in the shoot about half its thickness and about half an inch in length, cutting from the old plant toward the end of the shoot. Keep the split open by inserting a leaf rolled up, or a bit of stick, and peg the shoot down securely, covering over the cut with dirt. The soil around the bush must be prepared to receive the cutting, and it will be found advantageous to put a covering of moss over the layered branch where it is covered with the earth.

Layers may be struck from monthly roses, heliotropes, and geraniums the same way, with much greater ease and certainty than by slips or cuttings. The layers will generally be found sufficiently rooted to be detached and potted by the last of September.

TO DESTROY PLANT LICE.

HOUSE plants are very apt to suffer from the depredations of lice, worms, and other like enemies, and the following method of ridding them of these pests—which is certainly very simple, and, we are assured, quite effective—will, we trust, prove valuable to many.

Take some of the common fine-cut smoking tobacco, strong, and sprinkle it over the top of the earth about the plant, and keep the plant well watered. The strength of the tobacco passes through the earth and about the roots, and is just as sure to kill all creeping things as it is used, and is a great benefit to the plant. The worms, etc., die, and with the strength of the tobacco form a most valuable manure for the plant, and those using it will find the plant will soon show much more vigor, and begin to grow very fast.

Unlike some chemicals used for that purpose, there is no danger in using too much of it, and thus killing or injuring the plants. The proper quantity, of course, depends upon the strength of the tobacco, but when it is strong, just cover the earth so that it will not show much.

RUSTIC PICTURE-FRAMES.

RUSTIC work for this and other purposes is in great favor nowadays. With a little care in selection of material, and skill in handling tools, we may frame our engravings and paintings at slight cost. Oak-wood, denuded of the bark, presents a beautifully corrugated surface, out of which the knife easily removes the few fibres which adhere, and it is ready for varnishing as soon as it is seasoned. The "season cracks," should they occur, may be filled with dark-brown putty, and will even heighten the general effect.

Take a thin board, of the right size and shape, for the foundation or "mat;" saw out the inner oval or rectangular form to suit the picture. Nail on the edge a rustic frame made of the branches of hard, seasoned wood, and garnish the corners with some pretty device, such, for instance, as a cluster of acorns. Ivy may be trained to grow around these frames with beautiful effect.

The Japanese, in exporting living plants, wrap the roots in a mixture of earth and carrots ground together. As carrots retain moisture for a considerable time, and are slow to decompose, this hint is worth the notice of our horticulturists.

A REMEDY FOR INSECTS ON PLANTS.

HOT water may be employed for the destruction of the insects that most commonly infest plants. Aphides quickly perish if immersed in water heated to 120 degrees Fah. We obtained from various sources plants infested with green-fly, and cleansed them all by the simple process of dipping. It became desirable to ascertain the degree of heat the plants could endure in the dipping process. A number of herbaceous and soft-wooded plants were therefore subjected to the process of immersion. We found that fuschias were unharmed at 140 degrees, but at 150 degrees the young leaves were slightly injured. Calceolarias suffered at 140 degrees, but the plants were not killed, though their soft tops perished. Pelargoniums were unhurt up to 150 degrees, but the slightest rise beyond that figure killed the soft wood and the young leaves completely.—*The Gardeners' Magazine*.

The great botanist, Linnæus, thought of constructing a floral clock by a special arrangement of different kinds of flowers. It would not be so difficult a matter as might be supposed. The morning-glory opens at dawn, the star-of-Bethlehem at ten o'clock, the ice-plant at noon, the four-o'clock at that hour in the afternoon, the evening primrose at sunset, and the night-flowering cereus after dark. The beautiful white water-lily closes its petals at sunset and sinks beneath the surface of the lake or river for the night. At dawn the petals expand and the flower emerges again from its watery bed.

SUNFLOWERS.—It has recently been asserted by experimenters in France and Holland that sunflowers, when planted on an extensive scale, will neutralize the deleterious effects of exhalations from marshes. This plan has been tried with great success in the fenny districts near Rochefort, France; and the authorities of Holland assert that intermittent fever has entirely disappeared from districts where the sunflowers have been planted.

FLOWERS IN PARIS.

A CORRESPONDENT to one of our exchanges writes from Paris:

"One very beautiful feature of Paris is the universal window gardening. Every window is full of scarlet geraniums, fuschias, and ivy and various vines. The windows make the plainest house attractive, and indicate refinement and a love of nature and the beautiful. In the gardens, whole beds of one-colored flower are very effective and very common. Walks in the gardens are bordered for a long distance with one kind of flower, as a border of white, then pink, scarlet, or yellow; ivy and scarlet geraniums are everywhere. Parisians live out-doors, and they make all out-of-doors attractive."

THE MIGNONETTE.

MIGNONETTE is a native of the dry, hot climate of Africa, and requires a dry, sandy, and rather poor soil to bring it rapidly to perfection. It is wonderful how little soil and moisture it requires. A writer in the *London Gardeners' Chronicle* states that the finest plant he ever saw grew out of the middle of an old wall, and hung down to a length of three feet. The seed was accidentally blown into the crevice when he was sowing the border, and the plant thus produced was far more healthy and vigorous than any of those at the foot of the wall.

CULTIVATION OF FLOWERS.—The cultivation of flowers will not only have a happy, but an enduring influence upon the people. It will affect the character of our farms and houses. Instead of uninclosed dooryards, where stray cattle and gobbling geese are at home, and old wheels and rambling woodpiles skirt the house in dire confusion, there will be a spot inclosed with white pallings, sacred to fruits and blossoms.

THE HOME CIRCLE.

EDITED BY A LADY.

THE EVILS OF BOARDING-HOUSE LIFE.

THE REV. WILLIAM AIKMAN, in a volume entitled, "Life at Home; or, The Family and its Members," makes the following sensible remarks in regard to the custom, now so prevalent, of living in boarding-houses.

"Among our numerous and curious inventions, we have of late brought into popularity what is perhaps the least beautiful of them all—family

boarding. To avoid expense and be rid of trouble, housekeeping is broken up, and father, and mother, and children make their abode in the hotel. Now I would not for a moment intimate that the boarding-house is not as necessary as it is a useful institution. Far from it. I intend to assert that it cannot make a family home; it was never intended so to do. Indeed, I might add, the experience of unhappy hosts and of guests, who have a right to be in a boarding-house, because they have no family and can have no home, mournfully testifies that

however the attempt may be made to constitute it a home, the results are not lovely. As a general thing, a boarding family is a boarding nuisance.

"The family must have a home, and the hotel or boarding-house can never give it. To have a home which is not all a name, you must have a door which shall open to yours as to no other hand, a threshold upon which you step as the drawbridge to your castle, a house over which you may go with the unthought consciousness that it is yours alone. Its halls must not be the thoroughfare of a hundred passers, and your room your only domain.

"This hotel life has a disastrous effect on a family of children. It renders family training and true government very difficult and almost impossible. If, to avoid the subtle and unfortunate results of promiscuous intercourse, the little ones are confined in their apartments, their physical as well as mental health must suffer; if they are permitted to be abroad, they are subject to influences entirely beyond parental control. If the child be interesting or sprightly, he is petted and spoiled; if he be dull or peculiar, he is soured and injured by neglect; and in either case the little one bears the unfortunate consequences of the evil circumstances by which he is inevitably surrounded.

"If parents do not need a home, their children do; and though it should be the smallest of all homes, they should have one. The number of its apartments and the style of its furniture are but of small account in comparison with the thing itself. If I were advising a young married couple, I would say: As soon as possible make yourselves a home; feel that married life is incomplete without that. If you cannot get it at once, fix it as something to be striven after unflinchingly till it is obtained. It is easier to enter upon the cares and the work of house- (better say home-) keeping at once, than when the indolent habits of boarding have taken away your heart for it. While you are alone, only husband and wife, it would be better if you had a home, and tenfold more so if God should give you children."

WORK.

BY PHEBE M. SMITH.

HAVE American women arrived at such an age of progress, that they no longer have occasion to work? Because a few can afford to live without work, is that any reason why nearly all the rest should consider it disgraceful to work? We do not ask to have every woman do her own work, if she chooses to hire it done and can afford to pay for the same. But are we not reasonable in asking to have work considered respectable? Those who hire, complain of bad servants, and is it to be wondered at, when they prefer ignorant foreign girls to American girls? But do you say "American girls are not to be had"? Whose fault is it that so many American girls who are entirely dependent on themselves for a living, should prefer to do almost any-

thing else rather than become domestic servants? American women like to be independent, but when a girl becomes a servant she becomes truly the servant of her mistress.

How often is it the case that women marry, and enter upon the responsibility of housekeeping, who are entirely ignorant of the most simple parts of housework. Perhaps their husbands can afford to hire help, but they may be as ignorant as their mistresses in domestic affairs. But not one in ten can afford to hire help, and so the wife goes into the kitchen and attempts to do the work. But she has a sorry time of it. Burnt fingers are nothing compared to the mortification of knowing that her victuals are not fit to eat, and so she frets and worries, and becomes one of those nervous, irritable women, that we so often meet with, and if their faces are an index of their feelings they have a miserable life of it.

Now the question is, shall we scorn to do what we know must be done to sustain the substantial realities of life, or shall we devise a way in which all may become thoroughly initiated into the mysteries of housework, without losing caste in society?

THE CREAM OF SCIENCE.

(For the Young Housekeeper.)

CREAM, milk, skimmed milk, and whey, furnish, severally, cream cheese, rich, meagre, and green cheese. In its abundance of fat, cream cheese is the richest; while green cheese prepared from whey, which contains only a very small proportion of fat, is the poorest of all.

The principal constituent of cheese is the caseine of the milk. Milk itself is at once a solid and a liquid food—in a word, the most perfect of nutriment—it possesses in caseine a representative of the albuminous substances, accompanied by the ready formed fat of the butter, by a constituent of fat in the sugar of milk, and by the most important salts of the blood contained in small cellules, which it dilates into glittering globules; the fat rises to the surface of the milk, while the lower part contains the chief quantity of the caseine, the milk of sugar, and the salts. If from curdled milk the caseine to which a great part of the butter adheres be taken away, the whey remains, which is a solution of lactic acid, salts, and sugar, with a much smaller proportion of caseine and butter than is contained in pure milk.

The odor and taste of cheese is produced by the fatty acids as well as by the valerianic, which is similar to them. Common salt checks the formation of these acids from caseine and butter. Butter contributes the greatest proportion of volatile acids, so that a rich cheese, like that of Limburg, smells much stronger than the poor Marsalino, or the still poorer green cheese.

Cheese impels the digestive glands to a greater activity; a greater quantity of saliva and bile, of

gastric and pancreatic juices, is secreted and carried into the digestive canal; and hence the cheese, notwithstanding its difficult solubility, may be considered in a restricted degree as promoting digestion.

Where cheese is prepared, meat cannot be deficient; a rich blood produces, together with the vigor of the muscles, the noble mind and the ardent courage of liberty.

A LETTER.

MY DEAR MR. ARTHUR: I have been thinking for some time about writing to you. I am a little girl, only eleven years old, but I want to "free my mind" to somebody, and as I have been reading the *Children's Hour*, I have come to the conclusion that you would be the very somebody I've been looking for.

I have a "heap" (as they say here) to tell you. For some things have puzzled my head for a long time, and I am going to tell you all, and ask you lots of questions.

Now in the first place, about this very thing of asking questions: Whenever my mamma is talking about something that interests me, and I want to know something about it, what's the reason I am always snubbed and told that "little folks mustn't ask questions," and that "little pitchers mustn't have big ears," and various other wise and, I think, very disagreeable sayings? How upon earth can I ever know anything unless I can ask questions, and if my questions are not answered, what shall I do about it?

In the next place, I am very fond of reading—and the time of all others that I enjoy the best, is the evening after the gas is lighted, when the family are seated around the table, and home does seem so pleasant.

Now my bed-time is eight o'clock in the winter and nine in the summer, and I am expected at the very minute to get up from my seat, leave my pretty story, no matter how interesting, say "good-night" very amiably to everybody, and go to bed to lie awake for an hour, within hearing of the cheerful voices. Now don't you think this is hard? The other day I heard mamma tell a lady that she sat up till two o'clock in the morning to finish an interesting book, and had the headache all the next day. Now if she had a right to sit up till that time and make herself sick, would it be a great sin for me to sit up just one little half hour to finish my book, when it don't make me sick either?

Another thing puzzling to my little head is this. There are often days when mamma is real "nervous," she says, and she worries over every little thing, and scolds too, and makes me "nervous" too, but then everybody says I am ill-tempered and naughty, and often I am put off in a room all alone and told about Cain and Abel, and how wicked I am, and what a dreadful end I'll come to, and then I have to ask everybody's pardon. Now I do think

sometimes mamma ought to ask my pardon. Will you please tell me why she is "nervous" and I am "wicked" for just the same fault?

Now, Mr. Arthur, I've got "lots" more questions to ask you, if you'll only let me ask them, but I'll have to wait until I can write another letter. If you'd like I'll send you a little sketch of some of the days in my life, some time. KITTY KENT.

CHILDREN'S QUICK APPREHENSION.

GROWN persons are apt to put a lower estimate than is just on the understanding of children; they rate them by what they know, and children know very little, but their capacity of comprehension is very great; hence the continued wonder of those who are unaccustomed to them at the "old-fashioned ways" of some lone little one who has had no playfellows, and at the odd mixture of folly and wisdom in its sayings. A continued battle goes on in a child's mind between what it knows and what it comprehends. Its answers are foolish from partial ignorance, and wise from extreme quickness of apprehension. The great art of education is so to train this last faculty as neither to depress nor over-exert it. The matured mediocrity of many an infant prodigy proves both the degree of expansion to which it is possible to force a child's intellect, and the boundary which nature has set to the success of such false culture.

DROLL RUSSIAN PROVERBS.

EVERY fox praises his own tail.
Go after two wolves, and you will not even catch one.

A good beginning is half the work.

Trust in God, but do not stumble yourself.

With God, even across the sea; without Him, not even to the threshold.

Money is not God, but it shows great mercy.

The deeper you hide anything the sooner you find it.

If God don't forsake us, the pigs will not take us.

A debt is adorned by payment.

Roguary is the last of trades.

Never take a crooked path while you can see a straight one.

Fear not the threats of the great, but rather the tears of the poor.

Ask a pig to dinner and he will put his feet on the table.

Disease comes in by hundredweights and goes out by ounces.

Every little frog is great in his own bog.

An old friend is worth two new ones.

Be praised not for your ancestors, but for your virtues.

When fish are rare, even a crab is a fish.

A father's blessing cannot be drowned in water nor consumed by fire.

OUR NEW COOK-BOOK.

CHAPTER VIII. FURNITURE.

IN the selection of furniture, consistency is the main object in view, and this should regulate the taste of the purchaser. Inconsistency, both with respect to the selection and arrangement of furniture, often affords considerable amusement to visitors, and is apt to leave an unfavorable impression upon their minds. Also, the mistress of a family should especially provide for the comfort of those around her, by supplying her chambers with sufficient and well-made furniture, and not neglect so important a consideration for the adornment of such portions of her house as will be open to the inspection of guests. After procuring a *full supply of articles necessary for comfort and convenience*, adornments may be added with perfect propriety.

The kitchen department is the one which exercises—in providing for it—much thought and judgment. Cleanliness being the most desirable point to be maintained, a full supply of water should be secured. The modern style of cooking-ranges have boilers attached to them, affording a constant flow of hot water, which is a great convenience and improvement upon the old system. Another essential point to be remembered in connection with culinary arrangements, is the providing a complete and full assortment of necessary utensils and furniture. The kitchen should be furnished with a neat, but plain and substantial set of dinner and tea plates, &c.; and it should be required of the cook that the servants' meals should be arranged upon these carefully, and at suitable hours.

The style of furniture displayed in a *dining-room* should convey the idea of solid simplicity. Good taste, is, however, essential in this department, and may be manifested by the effect produced by curtains and carpets being of the same color as the material used for the chairs or tables, or so contrasting as to blend in with them harmoniously. A few well-selected pictures of acknowledged merit may be placed upon the walls, but other ornaments and *useless* articles of furniture should be entirely dispensed with, as inconsistent with the character of the room. Buffets should be "massive, but not clumsy," and rich carving will greatly enhance their elegance.

Ever-changing fashion so regulates drawing-room, or parlor arrangements, that it is almost impossible to define any certain style as regards these apartments. We can, however, suggest that a *refined* taste exercised in the adornment of these rooms, cannot fail to produce a happy effect. The wall-paper, carpets, and covering of the furniture should harmonize, and no *startling prominence* be

allowed in any particular. Some parlors are so crowded with trifles and purely ornamental articles, that it is often difficult to wend one's way through them, for fear of overturning a table or breaking some fragile image. When too numerous, such things aid in giving the apartment an untidy appearance. Of latter years, as a general rule, too much gilding and light carving is to be found upon furniture, and it is also costly beyond reason. Our forefathers—whose manners and furniture were alike substantial—manifested their preference for good, solid mahogany and haircloth; and it would perhaps be much better, on all accounts, if their children were equally wise in their generation. Mahogany is both durable and strong, and is so close in grain that no insects infest it, as is the case with other kinds of wood; it is capable of receiving, by mere friction, the highest polish; and it is improved by age, rather than lessened in value; in fact, if fashion were not fantastical, mahogany furniture might be handed down from father to son, almost as undiminished in value as plate. The above is a copious extract, but so much to the point, we have ventured to copy it for the benefit of the sons and daughters of our country.

According to our ideas, the parlor *should* be the most social room in the house, the evening *resting place* after the toil and turmoil of the day. Around the table should be gathered busy daughters; and bared within the inviting depths of some most comfortable chair, should repose the father, immersed in the perusal of his favorite journal. The open piano should discourse eloquent music, and brothers and sisters enliven the scene with pleasant converse, and even merry games; whilst the presiding genius, the loving and loved mother, should be waited on and watched by all, and her heart be gladdened by the spirit of *universal content*. And were *all* the members of a household to mingle together—no separations occurring between young and old—as is, alas! too often the case nowadays—such would be the amiable result. With such views, and under such circumstances, it would be totally inconsistent to merely *ornament* this apartment; instead of this, the chief aim should be to make it attractive, refined, conducive to the pleasure and comfort of the home circle.

PUDDINGS.

CHOCOLATE PUDDING.—Mix well together five tablespoonfuls of cornstarch, two and a half ounces of grated chocolate, three tablespoonfuls of sugar, some grated lemon-peel, and one quart of milk; boil about fifteen minutes, or until the mixture be-

comes pretty stiff, stirring it continually. Pour it into a mould, and let it remain thus until it becomes quite cold. Serve it with the following sauce: Place on the fire a skillet containing a quart of milk, into which has been put a quarter of a pound of sugar and a small portion of vanilla; when it boils, stir into it the yolks of nine eggs, well beaten, with a small quantity of cold milk. As soon as it begins to boil again, it is sufficiently cooked.

WHORTLEBERRY PUDDING.—Mix, or beat well together a quart of flour, six eggs, one pound and a half of brown sugar, rather more than a quarter of a pound of butter, three teaspoonfuls of cinnamon and cloves, and a small teaspoonful of saleratus. Then mix in two quarts of whortleberries. Dissolve the saleratus in a small portion of milk.

RICE PUDDING.—Boil one quart of rice; pour one quart of milk over it and let it become heated through. Sweeten to your taste. Pour it into a deep pan, and sprinkle a small quantity of powdered cinnamon over it; then bake it.

CORNSTARCH PUDDING.—Three pints of milk, a quarter of a pound of cornstarch, a quarter of a pound of sugar, quarter of a pound of almonds, pounded fine. Put the milk on the fire, and when it boils, stir in the cornstarch, sugar, and almonds, and then let all boil together for about five minutes. Beat the whites of nine eggs to a stiff froth, and stir it in among the other ingredients, over the fire; then pour the mixture into a mould, and let it remain until it becomes quite cold.

COTTAGE PUDDING.—Warm two and a half table-spoonfuls of butter, and stir into it one teacupful of white sugar, and one or two well-beaten eggs. Mix into one pint of flour and two teaspoonfuls of cream of tartar—even full—and sift it into the above mixture. Add one teacupful of milk, with one teaspoonful of carbonate of soda, dissolved. Beat all well together flavor with nutmeg, or lemon-rind, grated, or anything else you prefer. Grease a dish well, and bake your pudding for half an hour; serve it hot with sauce, or else serve it cold, as a cake.

LEMON PUDDING.—The ingredients are three lemons (the juice only), three eggs, and three quarters of a pound of sugar; grate the rind of the lemons on the sugar. This is a sufficient quantity for three pies.

POTATO PUDDING.—Beat together three quarters of a pound of sugar, half a pound of butter, and three eggs, well beaten. Add one pound of grated potatoes, previously boiled and left to grow cold. Bake the puddings in plates or pans covered with paste. Add as much spice as you please.

ORANGE PUDDING.—1. Boil the rind of an orange very soft; beat it in a marble mortar, with the juice; put to it two stale sponge-cakes, grated very fine, half a pound of butter, a quarter of a pound of sugar, and the yolks of six eggs; mix all well to-

gether. Put puff paste round your dish, and pour in the mixture. Half an hour will bake the pudding.

PLUM PUDDING.—1. Beat the yolks of eight eggs, and add the whites of four eggs. Mix them with a pint of good cream and one pound of flour; beat them well together, and add to them a pound of beef suet, very fine, one pound of currants, half a pound of jar raisins, stoned and chopped small, a quarter of a pound of sugar, two ounces of citron, and the same quantity of candied orange cut small. Grate a large nutmeg and the rind of a lemon; mix all well together; put it in a cloth, and tie it up close; it will require four hours' boiling. If you make it without suet, it will require two and a half hours' boiling. Garnish it with powdered sugar, and serve it with sauce.

COCOANUT PUDDING.—Take twelve eggs and beat them to a froth; grate the cocoanut; take a lump of butter the size of a large walnut; sweeten to your taste, and season with nutmeg or lemon. If the dough is not soft enough, put in the milk of the cocoanut.

BREAD PUDDING.—1. Six eggs, half a pound of sugar, a penny loaf of bread soaked in milk, half a pound of butter, one pound of raisins, and mace or cinnamon to your taste.

EVE'S PUDDING.—This recipe was brought from England many years ago, and is said to be a good one:

If you want a good pudding, mind what you are taught,
Take of eggs six in number, when bought for a groat,
The fruit with which Eve her husband did cozen,
Well pared and well chopped—at least half a dozen;
Six ounces of bread, let Moll eat the crust,
And crumble the rest as fine as the dust;
Six ounces of currants from the stones you may sort,
Lest you break out your teeth and spoil all the sport;
Six ounces of sugar won't make it too sweet,
Some salt and some nutmeg will make it complete;
Three hours let it boil without any flutter,
But Adam won't like it without wine and butter.

FIG PUDDING.—Cut into fine pieces half a pound of figs; cut, but not too fine, half a pound of suet; have ready, also, half a pound of brown sugar, half a pound of bread crumbs, five eggs, and a little lemon-peel. Mix all well together, and boil it for five hours in a mould. A few sweet almonds are a great improvement to this pudding.

MOONLIGHT PUDDING.—Mix six table-spoonfuls of flour in a gill of milk, then pour it into a quart of milk, and stir it gently for ten minutes over the fire, adding a little salt. Serve it with sugar and cream, or rich sauce. When cooked, pour the pudding into a dish or mould, to keep it warm.

ORANGE PUDDING.—2. Pare two oranges very thin, and beat them very fine, with the juice, in a mortar; add a quarter of a pound of loaf sugar, a quarter of a pound of butter, the yolks of six eggs, and a little rose-water.

PRESIDENT'S PUDDING.—To five eggs take half a pound of sugar, half a pound of grated bread crumbs, half a pound of butter, one pound of raisins or currants, one ounce of citron, and the rind and juice of one lemon; bake well, and serve with sauce."

SUET PUDDING.—One teacupful of finely chopped suet, one teacupful of seeded and chopped raisins, the same quantity of molasses, the same quantity of milk, and one teaspoonful of soda, with whatever spices you prefer. Thicken to a stiff batter with flour, and steam it for three or four hours in a deep tin vessel or bucket kept for this purpose.

PLUM PUDDING.—2. One pound of raisins, seeded and cut in half, one pound of currants, ten eggs, half a pound of citron, three quarters of a pound of suet, one pound of grated bread, one nutmeg, a dessertspoonful of cinnamon. Boil the pudding for three hours, or bake it for about two hours. Wet your pudding-cloth, and flour it well before using it. Leave sufficient room for the pudding to swell, and put it into boiling water. You may put a plate in the bottom of the pot to keep the pudding from burning.

BAG PUDDING.—Beat well eight eggs, and add a quart of good milk, a small portion of salt, and enough flour to thicken it sufficiently. Dip your bag into boiling water, and flour it before you put your pudding into it. Boil your pudding two hours, or until it becomes light. You must keep your pot filled with boiling water. Serve your pudding with whatever sauce you please.

JAM PUDDING.—Make a good pie-crust, roll it out, and then take any nice preserve and spread it thickly over the paste. Roll it up, sew it in a cloth, and boil it an hour and a half. When done, cut it in slices, and put butter, nutmeg, and cinnamon over it. Keep your pot filled with boiling water whilst boiling the pudding.

APPLE PUDDING.—Mix three eggs, a little butter and sugar, and one pint of milk, with enough flour to make a thin batter. Core and peel as many apples as will fill the bottom of your dish; fill the opening in the apples with some cinnamon, pour the butter over them, and then bake them.

ENGLISH PUDDING.—The ingredients are one quart of milk, six eggs, half quarter of a pound of suet, and whatever spice you prefer, sugar to your taste, and a little flour to thicken it. Mix up half quarter of a pound of butter with some flour into small lumps, put them on the top of the mixture, and bake it in a dish.

CHEAP RICE PUDDING.—The ingredients are one teacupful of rice which has been soaked half an hour, a teacupful of water, and quart of milk, with the cream on it, as much sugar as you please, and some raisins and cinnamon. Bake the pudding in a stove or oven.

POTATO PUDDING.—2. Boil well, and mash four

potatoes, add to these four eggs, one teacupful of sweet cream, a good-sized lump of butter, as much sugar as you like, some nutmeg, and such spice as you please. Mix the whole well together; have two soup-plates covered with puff paste, and pour into them the mixture.

ORANGE PUDDING.—3. Grate thoroughly the rinds of three oranges. Have ready four (grated) Naples biscuits, and add the yolks of six eggs, one quarter of a pound of butter, and the juice of one orange. Beat all well together; make a good crust, and bake as you would an apple custard.

BREAD PUDDING.—2. This saves dry pieces of bread—it must be wheat. Take about the same as two slices of bread; soak in sweet milk until the bread is soft; then mash it in the milk, so that the bread may be very fine. Add two eggs well beaten, and sweet milk enough to almost fill your dish (which should hold nearly or quite two quarts); sweeten and spice; put in a little salt and a little butter. Put it in the oven and bake.

TO MAKE BREAD PUDDING WITHOUT EGGS.—Take light wheat bread and cut in pieces; put in milk, and let it stand on the stove until it becomes very soft; then mash it all together; then put cold milk in to make it thin enough to sweeten, and season to taste and bake. When it is done, it is as nice as can be with eggs.

PORNO PUDDING.—Half a pound of butter, and an equal weight of sugar. Beat the butter to a cream; then add six very well beaten eggs and half a pound of flour, four ounces currants, two of candied lemon-peel, and a little lemon-juice. Beat all together for half an hour. Boil in a mould two and a half hours.

YEAST.—Peel eight large, mealy potatoes; boil and mash fine; add a small cup of white sugar, and the water the potatoes were boiled in (if not more than one pint) boiling hot. Let it stand till nearly cold; then add a pint of cold water and strain it through a colander or very coarse sieve, and add a cup of good yeast. Let it stand in a warm place, without stirring, till it rises. No salt. This yeast makes excellent bread, not being bitter from hops.

YEAST—EXCELLENT.—One handful of hops to three quarts of water; boil. Grate three large potatoes, and to them add one tablespoonful of flour, one teaspoon of salt, and one teacup brown sugar. Strain on the hop water. Cook thoroughly. When cool, put in the rising.

BISCUIT.—1. One cup sour cream, one of sour milk, one small teaspoonful saleratus, a little salt; flour to roll out. Bake quickly.

BISCUIT.—2. One cup cream, two cups milk, one teaspoonful saleratus, a little salt; flour to roll out. Bake quickly.

BISCUIT.—3. One pint buttermilk, butter size of egg, one teaspoonful saleratus; knead middling stiff. Bake quickly.

NEW PUBLICATIONS.

Music Hall Sermons, by Wm. H. H. Murray, pastor of Park Street Church, Boston. Of the twelve sermons contained in this volume, we have found time to read but one, that on "The Tenderness of God," and if this be a fair type of the rest, then is the book full of spiritual consolation, light, and strength. We noted many fine passages as we read. A few brief extracts will show the style and manner of thought.

"Weakness is very near God. He draws nigh to it as a mother draws nigh to a suffering child. What man or woman here, if, when walking at night, you should hear the cry of a deserted babe, would not follow the sound, and, running to the little thing, lift it in your arms and carry it to shelter and care? And do you think God is less merciful than you? Do you think that you can teach Him sympathy, or show Him how to be tender? Do you think that He ever hears a deserted soul crying in the night of its trouble, and does not go to it, and lift it to His bosom, and carry it in the light and shelter of His love? If a poor, bruised reed is sacred in His sight; if the weak and wounded things of the natural kingdom—the trodden grass, the broken bough, the falling bird—are not beneath His notice, who is he that dares to say the poor, bruised soul is not for Him to love, that the prostrate spirit and the breaking heart and the stifled hope are beyond the limit of His care, and the reach of His helping hand?"

"God, as I conceive, is never nearer to one than when he stands dissatisfied with himself and manner of life, and longs to be better. When the mind is about to make a needed resolution, God invariably draws nigh to help it. Because you have broken one resolution, never imagine that He will not assist you to keep another, made with greater wisdom and a more determined purpose. The temples of God, so far as we represent them, are all constructed out of ruins. He builds from the fragments of an ancient overthrow.

"Be persuaded of this, that nothing good in you ever escapes the notice of God. He is not, as some seem to picture Him, a heartless overseer, standing over you whip in hand, and watching for a chance to get in a blow. His observation is like a gardener's. There is not a bud of promise that can open in your soul, there is not an odor that can be added to the fragrance of your lives, that He does not detect it and rejoice in it. Whatever beautifies you, glorifies Him. He delights in your development, and smiles on your every effort in that direction. God is always ready to give a man one more chance. The world is hard and smiting in its judgments, and swift as lightning in its censures; and its condemnation falls on a man as a huge beam of timber falls on a body, crushing it down to the ground and holding it there; but God is slow to wrath, full of forbearance and tender mercies. He prunes away the dead and soggy branches, He transplants and grafts; He never cuts a tree of productive nature down, yea, after three years of barrenness the tree has yet one more year of grace, and the last year is fuller of care, and nurture, and enticements to fruitfulness than all the others."

"When God sees a man or woman struggling with

temptation, sees you about to fall, sees the wreck and ruin which will result unless He comes to your rescue, do you think He stands aloof, indifferent and regardless how it shall go with you? Do you think Christ could have allowed Peter to sink? Why, the very buoyancy would have gone out of Christ himself if He had coolly held Himself from His disciple's rescue. There is not an element of the Divine nature, there is not one amid the multitude of His mercies, which does not mean help, and support, and salvation to you and me, in the hour of our deepest need. There is a lily—He is thoughtful of that. Yet, what is a lily? Pluck it; fling its leaves into the air; stand and idly watch them as the white fragments of its parted beauty drift down the wind. What has the world lost? The air is not less sweet, the earth is not less fair. There is a bird—a little bunch of tuneful down. Even in mid flight, in mid song, it rolls upon its back and falls fluttering to the earth. A drop of blood is on its breast, two ruffled plumes in its broken wings; it gasps once; a convulsion quivers through its little frame, it closes its eyes and dies. You walk on. You forget it. You wake next morning. The garden is as full of song. Your ears miss no note. Yet God saw and noted that little bird go down.

"Do you think that He who clothes the lily and sees when it is torn, He who keeps watch over the birds, and sees when each one falls, has no care, no thought, no sympathy for your soul and mine when an evil power comes up to blacken it and kill it, yea, take all the fragrance and song out of it? No! no! Such a being is not my God. Neither in supplication nor in praise are my hands lifted to such a being. My friend, I dare to say there are black days ahead of me, that the future will be as the past, and that more than once I shall stand in great peril and near death; but there never will come an hour, from this moment to my dying gasp, whether I live rightfully or wrongfully, when God will not stand in love by my side, when all a father can do will not be done to save me from danger, and my soul from death."

As we run our eyes over this book, we find it full of passages like those we have quoted. It is from the press of Fields, Osgood & Co., and is for sale in this city by Turner Bros. & Co.

From Messrs. Fields, Osgood & Co., Boston, we have also received *Hedged In*, by Elizabeth Stuart Phelps, and *The Seat of Empire*, by Charles Carleton Coffin.

Speaking of it simply as a literary production, *Hedged In* seems to us scarcely to come up to "The Gates Ajar," by the same author. There is a want of naturalness in some of the characters which gives evidence of their having been drawn from imagination rather than actual observation. No doubt, for instance, there are places not unlike "Thicket Street," inhabited by unfortunates much resembling those depicted by Miss Phelps, yet one cannot help doubting, after all, whether she ever had much more than a surface acquaintance with them, if even that. Aside from this, however, the book is one that cannot be too well spoken of. The

great lesson of charity it enforces, which, though co-eval with Christianity itself, seems by some to be looked upon as a novelty—a strange doctrine—is one that should be made more practical than it has been, instead of being restricted to the domain of sentimentalism. We shall attempt no analysis of the story, hoping, in the behalf of all that is charitable, that our readers will do this much for themselves. It is a simple one, certainly, yet one that must enchain the heart. Few will read it without interest and being made better.

The Seat of Empire is a graphic account by one of the liveliest and most popular of newspaper correspondents, the well-known "Carleton," of a visit to what is commonly called "the Northwest"—that is to say, that portion of our vast domain lying around Lake Superior and the upper waters of the Mississippi. Here it is that Mr. Coffin locates the "Seat of Empire." However the future may dispose of this imperial question, one thing is certain, our old friend Carleton has written a most readable book on it, full of life and adventure, as well as of facts and figures, which will make it acceptable not only to those who read merely for pleasure, but also to such as look upon all reading as useless which does not add to their knowledge of the material world.

No recent novel has made such a stir in the novel-reading world as *Lothair*, by Disraeli. Whether this excitement is to be ascribed so much to the merit of the story itself, as to the fact that the writer of it is one of the most prominent of English politicians, is a question about which opinions may differ. Yet, be this as it may, *Lothair*, written in the advanced years of one who, as a young man, charmed so many readers by his "Henrietta Temple," is not unworthy of its author's previous reputation as a novelist, and exhibits all the beauty and force of style which rendered his earlier works so attractive. Published by D. Appleton & Co., New York.

The above works are all for sale by Turner Bros. & Co., No. 808 Chestnut Street, Philadelphia, who will send them, post paid, to any address in the United States, on receipt of the publishers' price. We can heartily recommend Messrs. Turner Bros. & Co. to our friends in the country, who will find them reliable and trustworthy. Their store is one of the most extensive in Philadelphia, and they keep all new works on hand.

Lifting the Veil, published by Charles Scribner & Co., New York, is a book written, evidently, from deep and tender religious experience. The veil that is attempted to be lifted is that which hides from view the spiritual world. But mere guesses or suggestions of how it may be cannot give solid comfort to those who desire to know how it is with the loved and lost. Still, the book has many enlightened views, and is fraught with Christian consolation. No one sorrowing for the departed can read it without being drawn nearer to the divine Source of com-

fort; and the nearer we get to Him, the deeper our peace will be.

At last the tension on our nerves has been relaxed. *Put Yourself in His Place* is finished, and we feel relieved. And everything, except the "Trade Union," is as it should be. The ends of poetical justice are, in the main, accomplished, and—well, we shall let our readers, or such of them as have followed Reade in his exquisitely sensational story, find out the rest for themselves. The climax is reached with a rapidity and directness at once wonderful and distressing to weak nerves. For our copy of the complete work we are indebted to Sheldon & Co., New York, through the courtesy of J. B. Lippincott & Co., of Philadelphia.

Sheldon & Co. also send us, through the same house, *Sanctum Sanctorum; or, Proof-Sheets from an Editor's Table*, by Theodore Tilton, a most pleasant and entertaining book, made up of miscellaneous papers from the *Independent*, of which its author is the editor. It is, to quote from the preface, "a mosaic of biography, art, politics, and criticism. Nevertheless," continues the outspoken author, "as I should be ashamed of my pen if in its lighter tasks it could forget its serious aims, these pages bear an incidental testimony against enslaving negroes, against hanging criminals, against murdering Indians, against oppressing Chinamen, and against disfranchising women." Mr. Tilton is an earnest, independent thinker and writer, and, as such, will, very naturally, find many who do not agree with him. But few, however much they may differ with him, politically or otherwise, will read his present book without some degree of pleasure, and a warm feeling for the man, if not of assent to his opinions.

Bound Down; or, Life and its Possibilities, by Anna M. Fitch, is the title of a tolerably readable novel, in a somewhat sentimental vein, the scene of which is laid in San Francisco principally. Published and for sale by J. B. Lippincott & Co., Philadelphia.

Samuel R. Wells, No. 389 Broadway, New York, has favored us with a copy of *Life at Home; or, The Family and its Members*, by William Aikman, D.D., comprising the substance of a series of discourses to the people under the writer's ministerial charge, "these pages are sent forth with a very deep desire to bring, if possible, the blessed light of the Gospel of the Lord Jesus into the family circle." Without giving utterance to anything remarkable, Dr. Aikman has, nevertheless, written much in his well-intentioned volume that is worthy of being read.

Driven to Sea; or, The Adventures of Norrie Seton, by Mrs. George Cupples, is the title of a very entertaining book for boys, published by Horace B. Fuller, 14 Bromfield Street, Boston, and for sale by J. B. Lippincott & Co., of Philadelphia.

The National Temperance Society and Publication House, New York, send us the following new pub-

lications:—*Jug-or-Not*, by Mrs. J. McNair Wright, a tale in which respectable drunkards, and the hereditary effects of drinking are dealt with in a manner that cannot fail to attract attention; *Job Juston's Rest*; or, *Ways and Means*, *A Story of Life's Struggles*, by Clara Susan Balfour; *The Har-*

ker Family, by Emily Thomson; and *Come Home, Mother!* by Nelsie Brook. The last mentioned is designed especially for young people. It is needless to say, probably, that we earnestly recommend these publications to the kindly consideration of our readers.

EDITORS' DEPARTMENT.

THE DEATH OF CHARLES DICKENS.

IT is but a few months since England and America united in lamenting the death of George Peabody, the wealthy banker and the generous philanthropist. George Peabody went to his final rest full of years, and receiving, as he deserved, the respect and admiration of two nations. Yet it was more a national mourning, rather than a personal one. Very few felt that they were individual losers by his death; thus, while the mourning was decorous, it was more in outward symbol than in heart-felt sorrow.

Now for a second time the two nations join hands and mingle tears over the grave of an illustrious man, and, banishing for the moment all personal animosities, all international jealousies, they only remember that he was near and dear to them both.

When the cable brought us news of the death of Charles Dickens, we each of us individually felt as though we had lost a near and dear friend. His name is a household word wherever the English language is spoken, and his memory will be treasured as that of few men has been.

The remains of George Peabody laid in state in two hemispheres, as it was fitting they should, before they were deposited in their final resting-place. Charles Dickens was borne, quietly and unostentatiously, without the usual trappings of woe, followed only by his immediate family, to Westminster Abbey. Yet all hearts joined in sympathy that little mourning train, and all stood in spirit over that open grave—a mighty though invisible concourse of mourners. The one man two nations delighted to honor; the other the entire people loved.

It is late now to pen eulogies of the man, or praise of his writings; for in this age of telegraphs and daily papers, that which occurred a month ago has been read, talked about, and dismissed from the mind. Still, we cannot let the event of Dickens's death pass by without paying our tribute to his memory.

In literature he stood, like Scott, a head and shoulders above the writers of his age. We may compare other writers one with another, but we never think of comparing them with Dickens. He was *sui generis*; none approached him, and we fear it will be long before any one will take his place.

The secret of his popularity was that he seized the salient points of human nature, and was able to establish between his characters and his readers that "fellow feeling which makes the whole world kin." He painted life as it really is, sometimes, it is true, with a touch of caricature or exaggeration, but no more than really seemed necessary to make his figures stand strongly out from the canvas; and not half so much or so often as he is accused of doing. He has made a world of his own, and peopled it with a throng of men, women, and children, each one a separate and distinct creation impossible of being confounded with another. He has not only given them life, but has endowed them with immortality, for so long as English literature lasts, will his books be read and his characters be received as prototypes each of a class.

Any one on seeing Eytinge's spirited sketch of Pickwick welcoming the people who come after him in Dickens's novels—a picture recently issued with *Every Saturday*—will realize how varied, how almost infinite in number these people are. Here they come trooping through the picture—a multitude, marching down to meet our posterity—yet this picture includes only the most prominent ones.

Of all the good things that may be said of Dickens, the very best is that, with the exception of temperance, he has always been on the side of virtue and humanity. In regard to temperance, we try to forgive him, remembering that he was English, and that in this reform even the best people of England are far behind Americans.

With all the vigor, humor, and more than their aptness at character drawing, of Smollett and Fielding, he is free from their coarseness and indelicacy. Even Mr. Podsnap could take no exceptions to his writings as being of a character to "bring a blush into the cheek of the young person."

The brotherhood of man has been the key-note of all Dickens's writings, and his Christmas stories were produced with the direct aim of encouraging kindly feelings, and striking down arbitrary barriers between classes.

Dickens is gone and his work is finished, and the world is the better for his having lived. That is the highest tribute that can be paid to the memory of any one. That he should be out off in the

full vigor of his powers seems sad, remembering what he might yet have written. But of this Henry Ward Beecher says in his "Lecture Talk," reported for the *Christian Union*:

"Having done his work, he passed from the stage of life as one might wish to die—one moment in the full enjoyment of his faculties, and the next moment gone, as it were. I will still cling to that old heresy, the Episcopal Prayer-Book to the contrary notwithstanding. I should never pray God to keep me from sudden death. Instead of that, my prayer to God is that He will cut me off suddenly. I do not want to be like an old harness that is always broken, that always has to be tied up with strings, or that is always being carried to the shop for repairs, and is always good for nothing. At the full of life, while yet his mind was vigorous, he was stricken down. And he has died at the right time—at the right time for himself, and at the right time for the world. He had done his work, and such as it was, he had done it well. I, for one, thank God for the life of Charles Dickens. And I thank God for his work. Though I do not regard it as the highest, I regard it as eminently noble and useful."

There are certain persons who are in doubt whether they shall express all that their hearts prompt them about Charles Dickens, because they cannot find, with exactness, what were his religious beliefs and principles. We are not called upon to judge him in the future world. We knew him and loved him here, and let us feel no hesitation in saying so. Meantime, let these persons recall the beautiful little poem of "Abou Ben Adheim." Abou, not daring to declare himself as one who loves the Lord, says to the recording angel,

"Write me as one who loves his fellow men."

When the angel returns, he shows—

* * "the names whom love of God hath blest,
And lo! Ben Adheim's name led all the rest."

LITERARY WOMEN AND HOUSE-WIFERY.

When will the world be convinced of the erroneousness of its idea that a woman cannot be intellectual, and have literary tastes, without at the same time being neglectful of household duties? Why is the literary woman always pictured with untidy dress, dishevelled hair, house in confusion, and husband and children in rags and tatters? Even Horace Greeley says that he would rather his daughter should know how to make a pudding than to edit a newspaper; as though the two were incompatible. Are they so? We believe not. Indeed, we have had sufficient evidence to the contrary to know they are not.

Yet, as soon as a woman writes a book, or delivers a lecture, or does anything that men seem to consider they have the sole patent right to perform, there is at once a clamor of disapprobation among a certain class of conservatives, who immediately want to know why she doesn't stay at home and cook her husband's dinner and mend his stockings!

How do they know that she does not do these things, and do them well, too? We have yet to learn that a cultivated intellect is any bar to the performance of domestic duties; and it is certainly hard, if a woman have tastes and talents for something else, that she should be confined to the narrow sphere encircling the cook-stove and the mending-basket. If she chooses to hire the cooking done for her, who can complain? And as for the stocking mending, no woman who has tried it will blame her if she lets the ragged stockings go, and buys her husband new ones instead—if he is not able to buy them for himself.

Willingly or unwillingly, all must acknowledge that Mrs. Harriet Beecher Stowe is one of the most talented writers of which our country can boast, and her pen has wielded a potent influence such as no other one has. "That may be," says the grumbler; "but then she is a miserable housekeeper." Suppose that to be true, what her husband loses in home comfort is gained to the nation; and who would desire that the world should lose the benefit of her great talents, that she should spend her time in cooking and mending, especially as the money her pen has brought her will enable her to secure the most competent assistance in household affairs. But, to spoil the moral of the grumbler's remark (if it has any), Miss Catharine Beecher last year, in an article called "Fallacies Concerning the Beecher Family," flatly contradicted this assertion. So Mrs. Stowe is not a wretched housekeeper after all; and maybe other literary ladies will dare to be seen waving a pen in one hand and a spoon in the other, in the hope that the world will believe them when they declare that they are equally at home in the use of both.

We find an excellent article in *The Revolution* on this subject. From it we take the following sketch, which illustrates the point in question, and which will be far more likely to convince unbelievers than any amount of abstract argument:

No longer ago than last week, we passed a day with one of the most prominent lady writers this country has the honor of owning. It wouldn't be fair to mention her name, without her consent. But the Yankees among our readers may "guess," and probably guess right—and our dear Southern friends have our august permission to "reckon," and correctly, too, if they can. She is tall, and fair, and plain. Her husband adores her, and her children call her blessed. There is considerable style in her manner of living, but comfort is never sacrificed to the dictum of modern mode. She has no stiff, straight-backed sofas in her drawing-room. She admires the antique in show-rooms and at exhibitions, but considers her house neither a furniture warehouse nor a world's fair; so in their place we find large, roomy, luxurious lounges, which enhance to a remarkable degree the pleasures of conversation. There is not an article of furniture in her establishment but means use and comfort. The very pictures on the walls fascinate one with their suggestiveness and intensity, quite as much for the lessons they teach, as that they are copies of great masters.

"I am so glad you thought to come to-day," she said, as she opened the door. "There hasn't been a soul in this house for the last hour but my own. My husband has gone West—the children are away also—and I have given the servants a holiday. We'll just have a jolly time. I'm going to get lunch myself, and if you don't want to write, you can help me!"

And she led the way to the kitchen, chatting gayly.

"I haven't made any biscuit this ever so long. I know they are indigestible things, but, like many another forbidden article of food, they are very nice."

Five minutes later, our literary friend was deep in the mysteries of culinary preparation. A long, white, cooking-apron tied over her elegant morning-wrapper—sleeves pinned up to the shoulder, hair brushed plainly back—completed a *tout ensemble* as bewitching as it was unique. The pure, feathery, immaculate flour she seemed to revel in, and was quite as much at home as when in her library surrounded with the appliances of her profession.

While we were engaged in preparing the strawberries for the table, the door-bell pealed out a lusty "I want to come in," which we confess, with a little shame, slightly disconcerted us of the strawberry-stained fingers.

"It is too bad to send you to the door," said our friend apologetically. "But this dough is so sticky, whoever is there would lose their patience before I could get my hands washed."

"Are you at home?" we ventured to ask, not a little nonplussed at her extreme nonchalance.

"Why, of course. You needn't say I am engaged, either. If I don't want to see folks who call here, they very soon find it out, but I never have them lied to, dear."

We opened the door, and there stood the Rev. Dr. —. We ushered him into the parlor, and returned to the kitchen, expecting to throw a bomb into the bread-pan, which would effectually spoil the biscuit.

"Well, there! Isn't that *jolly*!" said she. "How nicely things do happen sometimes. The doctor is very fond of coffee. I'll make a nice pot, and then run up and ask him down here, while we finish setting the table."

And sure enough—up went the hostess, after removing her apron and drawing down her sleeves, and in five minutes more the reverend divine stood in the middle of the kitchen, the very personification of delight at this pleasant surprise.

"Just look into that oven, doctor, and see how nicely those biscuits are browning. They are going to be as light as a feather!"

We do not believe this minister ever enjoyed himself so much at any dinner party given in his honor, as he did at that pleasant, impromptu lunch, prepared by the fair hands of the woman whose lovely private character, as well as literary ability, he had long loved and admired.

This is only one of the "blue stockings," whose housewifely accomplishments we can indorse, and whose houses are the abodes of peace, neatness, and industry.

Mrs. Gladstone is said to be always in the ladies' gallery of the British House of Commons, when any important question is debated, watching her husband's proceedings.

VOTING IT OUT.

"The number of embryo cities and incorporated towns in Illinois which have voted 'no license' this spring is much larger than ever before. About fifty have voted that they will not have the unclean thing within their borders. And at least one whole county—Edwards—way down in Egypt, has voted the traffic out of its limits, and in White County, its neighbor, liquor cannot be legally sold."

It is cheering to read a paragraph like this. It is a gleam of light, breaking hopefully on the darkness and gloom in which one of the greatest social and moral questions of the day is involved. How to deal with the liquor traffic is the problem for which all who have at heart the good of society are anxiously seeking for a solution.

In the simplest, most direct, and most effective way they are solving the problem in these towns and cities of Illinois; and whenever, in other States, legislatures can be had free enough from the baleful influence of the whiskey shop and corner grocery, to pass laws leaving to each township or county the right to say whether liquor shall or shall not be sold within its limits, the direful evils of intemperance will begin to cease all over the land.

In this State, strong efforts have been made to get a "local option" law passed, but the beer and whiskey interest is yet too strong at Harrisburg, and holds the salutary measure in abeyance. But right and humanity must in the end prevail, not only in Pennsylvania, but in every State in the Union.

THE WOMAN QUESTION IN ENGLAND.

The bill looking to female suffrage has been tabled in Parliament after passing to a third reading; and it has been decided that Miss Burdett Coutts cannot hold the position of guardian of the poor, to which she was elected by a majority of votes. A few years since, a bill was introduced designing to give to mothers partial control over their children, but it failed to become a law. Concerning this bill, Mr. Stephenson, of England, wrote—"You cannot get the Peers to sit up till three in the morning, listening to the wrongs of separated mothers; they are disturbed at the preposterous importance set by women on the society of their infant children, and doubtful as to the effect of such a claim on the authority of the heads of families." Alluding to the same bill—"What a fuss is here," said Lord B., "about a little, trifling piece of injustice to women! From the cradle to the grave they meet with nothing else. It would take us too much time and trouble to put this matter to rights. Besides, if we must reform, better begin at the beginning."

It is probably unnecessary to add that the English common law allows to married women no rights whatever. They are the property of their husbands, and in law have no voice whatever concerning the management and control of their children.

THE FOLLIES OF FASHION.

We find some sensible remarks on fashion and its followers in *Harper's Bazar*, from which we make the following extract :

"It is commonly supposed that the disastrous effects of fashion and its follies, with their inevitable debauchery, and prodigal waste of means, time, and health, are chiefly felt by the fashionable. This, however, is a mistake. They are mostly composed of a class of wealthy idlers, whose leisure and opulence allow a free expenditure of money, vigor, and time upon the frivolities of life. Dollars, health, and nights may be thrown away by those who are not obliged to save and to work, and can sleep all day. It is the great mass of the foolish admirers and pitiful imitators of the fashionable who are the chief sufferers. These abject followers, in their vain endeavors to keep up, exhaust themselves in their effort. Poverty in striving with opulence becomes bankruptcy; and work, in competing with idleness, leads to disease and premature death."

HEARTH AND HOME.

Hearth and Home is one of our most readable and most handsomely illustrated exchanges. It is edited with ability, and is not only a reliable agricultural paper, but is in every respect a pattern paper for family reading. John Thomas, the veritable Petroleum V. Nasby, is now publishing a series of sketches in it, under the title of "Jethro Throop's Night Thoughts." These sketches are intended to give the experience of a country boy in the city, and to teach in the humorist's own peculiar style that city life is not half so attractive in reality as it seems in imagination.

CINCINNATI INDUSTRIAL EXPOSITION.

We have received the circular of a proposed industrial Exposition to be held in Cincinnati, commencing September 21st, 1879. This exposition it is intended and desired to make national in its character, and mechanics, manufacturers, artists, inventors, and others, are invited to contribute specimens of their skill, ingenuity, and taste. Steam power is to be provided for the use of machinery that it may be displayed to the best advantages.

Ladies are especially invited to contribute specimens of their handiwork, and a committee of ladies is to be appointed who will take charge of their contributions.

The premiums and awards are intended to be of the most ample character; and arrangements will be made with the various railroad and steamboat lines for the transportation of passengers and articles on the most favorable rates. Any information concerning this exposition will be promptly given by addressing the "Secretary of the Cincinnati Industrial Exposition," who will furnish the "Rules and Regulations," and also blank applications for space.

WHAT DO YOUR CHILDREN READ?

We commend to parents the following from *The Workingman*: "A bad book, magazine, or newspaper, is as dangerous to your child as a vicious companion, and will as surely corrupt his morals, and lead him away from the paths of safety. Every parent should set this thought clearly before his mind, and ponder it well. Look to what your children read, and especially to the kind of papers that get into their hands, for there are now published scores of weekly papers with attractive and sensuous illustrations, that are as hurtful to young and innocent souls as poison to a healthful body.

"Many of these papers have attained large circulations, and are sowing broadcast the seeds of vice and crime. Trenching on the very borders of indecency, they corrupt the morals, taint the imagination, and allure the weak and unguarded from the paths of innocence. The danger to young persons from this cause was never so great as at this time; and every father and mother should be on guard against an enemy that is sure to meet their child.

"Our mental companions—the thoughts and feelings that dwell with us when alone, and influence our actions—these are what lift us up or drag us down. If your child has pure and good mental companions, he is safe; but if, through corrupt books and papers, evil thoughts and impure imaginings get into his mind, his danger is imminent.

"Look to it, then, that your children are kept as free as possible from this taint. Never bring into your house a paper or periodical that is not strictly pure, and watch carefully lest any such get into the hands of your growing-up boys."

FACTS FOR THE LADIES.—We are very happy to be able to recommend Wheeler & Wilson's Sewing Machine to all persons who may be wanting an article so useful as a Sewing Machine. After an experience of ten years, we are not only able to speak with confidence of their usefulness, but also of their great superiority over all other machines that we have tried in our establishment. These Sewing Machines have three advantages of great importance—rapidity of motion, adaptation to a great variety of work and material, and little or no expense for repairs.

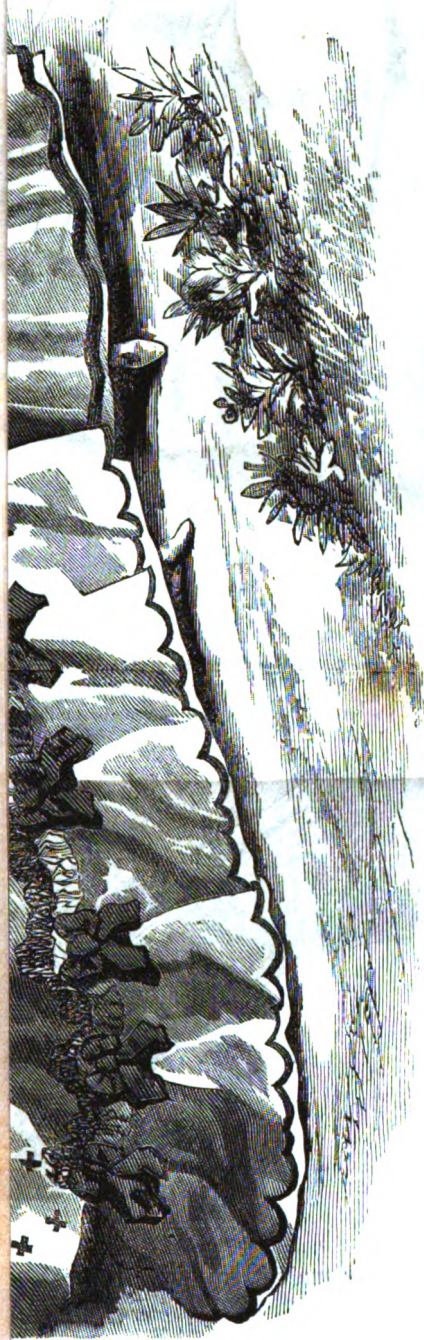
SISTER MARY,
Providence Nunnery, Montreal. Sister of Charity.

Prof. Allman writes from Naples to the Botanical Society of Edinburgh: "I paid a visit the other day to Mrs. Mary Somerville, on her ninetieth birthday. She is a charming old lady; all her senses, with the exception of a slight failing in the power of hearing, are still perfect; she can thread her needles without using spectacles, and is in full intellectual vigor, as you may readily imagine from the fact that she is busily engaged upon a second edition of her recently published work on Microscopic and Molecular Science."

100



HUSH.



EARLY FALL FASHIONS, FOR 1870. (FROM MME. DEMOREST.)



LITTLE GIRL'S DRESS.

The girl's dress of white pique, with a double skirt; the under one is braided with scarlet seersucker. The skirt is cut in deep scallops, edged with embroidery and braiding. Low, square bodice with sleeves braided to match the skirt. Waistband with long ends of pique, ornamented with embroidery.

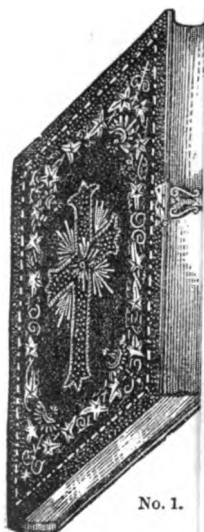
No. 1.—A graceful and a loose front. Our flounce attached by a bias correspond. The flounce of the material, or of silk.

No. 2.—A MORNING DRESS. The round skirt is being placed below, on the flowing sleeves, trimmed



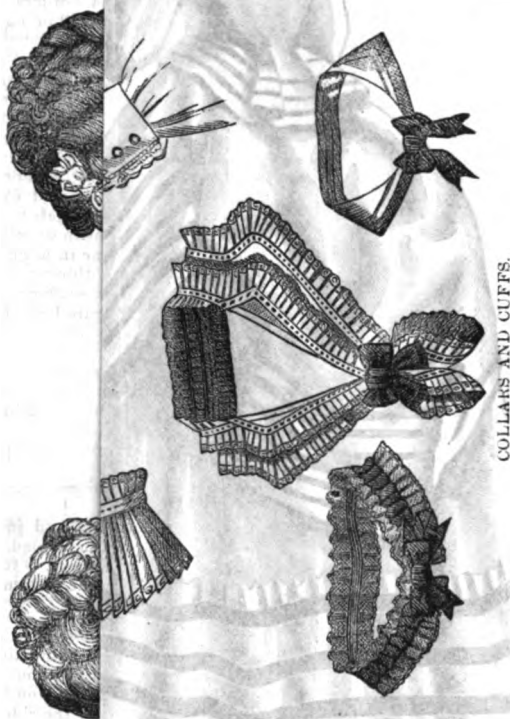
LITTLE GIRL'S DRESS.

The covers may be of dress of white muslin for a little girl between six and eight years old. This dress is trimmed according to taste. The bottom with a flounce, edged with Valenciennes lace, and headed with muslin insertion. Tunic full-size parts of the design front and just covering the flounce, headed with insertions and narrow tucks that simulate a cross in the middle. The tunic is simply edged with a flounce and insertion. Low bodice, pleated in front with flounce. Some ladies make these covers, which meets that of the tunic. Puffed sleeves. Waistband and sash of blue ribbon.



No. 1.

FASHIONS FROM MME. DEMOREST.



COLLARS AND CUFFS.

No. 5. UNDERSLEEVE with embroidered linen cuff, belonging to Faruro "Abbe-galant."

No. 6. COLLARETTE "GABRIELLE"—a full ruche of Valenciennes lace finished in the centre with a plaiting of cerise satin ribbon. Fastened with a bow of satin ribbon to match.

No. 7. COLLAR "FERNANDE"—a very stylish collar, made in white organdy, and trimmed with full plaitings of wide lace footing edged with narrow Valenciennes lace, a beading of lace with scarlet velvet run through, forming the heading to the plaitings. The back is formed entirely of the plaitings—the upper one standing—and the front is turned back, on revers, the ends being continued quite long and fastened together with a handsome bow with fringed ends.

No. 8. LINEN SAILOR COLLAR, trimmed with bands of checked cambric. Suitable for traveling.

No. 3 THE "BROAD"—One of the new shapes, to be trimmed with black thread lace, loops, and streamers of black grosgrain ribbon, and a large rose in foliage placed on the left side.

No. 4. THE "ROSETTA"—One of the latest styles, made with a diadem front and a full, loose cap fitting over the high coiffure. The cap should be made of embroidered tulle with ruchings and bows of ribbon, and the diadem of puffines of tulle interspersed with flowers. Tie-strings of grosgrain ribbon.

No. 5. A FASCION.—To be made in black lace with a bouquet of flowers set directly in front, a veil falling over the obignon. Tie-strings of ribbon.

No. 6. A stylish arrangement for the hair of girls from six to nine years of age.

No. 7. THE SCHOOL-BOY'S COIFFURE, for misses from eleven to fifteen years.

TOILET AND WORK-TABLE.

FASHIONS FOR SEPTEMBER.

We give this month a great variety of fashions, both for ladies and children. Summer materials and summer styles are still in use. Linen, pique batiste—a fine, close, neutral-tinted fabric of wiry silk and cotton—and seersucker—a mixture of Lisle thread and cotton, which washes and irons beautifully—are all in as the most popular fabrics of the season. Dress goods have been and still are exceedingly cheap this season, having nearly, if not quite reached their standard before the war. And in spite of the beautiful and costly fabrics which the windows of our warerooms display, there has been displayed a commendable tendency to economy. Piques and percales are as frequently to be met as silks and hennamies, and the higher priced organdies. We have even seen plain prints, such as can be obtained for twelve and a half cents per yard, prettily and stylishly made, on our fashionable thoroughfares.

Nevertheless, those who wish to be extravagant can be so to their heart's content. Lace in some shape is an almost imperative addition to a dressy toilet, and as "no one would dare to wear" imitation who wished to retain caste," the demand for the real fabric is enormous, and prices have advanced accordingly. Consequently a lady can easily carry a fortune on her back.

An effort is about to be made to revive long dresses, but there is a determination among sensible women—among whom, we hope, we may number all our readers—to resist it.

Madam Demorest, the standard fashion authority in America, gives some excellent hints in regard to the wearing of chemisettes and fichus, she says:

"Chemisettes and fichus, trimmed with strips of insertion, and borders in point lace, are very fashionable. White bodices are nearly gone out of fashion. All the skill of our fingers is now expended on chemisettes of various kinds, to wear with low, open dress-bodices.

"The shape of the chemisette, of course, varies according to that of the dress-bodice, which is either square, round, or heart-shaped. Fichus are worn with low dresses. They are made of muslin, trimmed with strips of insertion in embroidery, and with Valenciennes or Mechlin lace.

"The fichu is extremely becoming to ladies who are thin and slight, who should, on the other hand, avoid the square-cut bodice, which always makes one appear thinner, and is, therefore, suited to ladies of, with a good, well-proportioned figure, will look well in any style of dress; but if they incline to any degree of thinness, or embonpoint, they must make use of a little art to conceal it.

"The very thin will do well to adopt the pretty fichu mantles crossed over the bosom in front; also a short, loose jacket, just open enough in front to show the full lace jabot.

"The stout should wear the square cut bodice, with clear muslin or tulle chemisette, and beware of rills and other puffed-out trimmings. It should also be borne in mind that light colors and white make one look stouter; and black and dark colors make one look thinner. Striped materials, vandyked and spiked trimmings, are becoming to stout figures; and founcess, scallops, and ruches, to those that are reverse. It is also well known that a short waist makes the figure look shorter, and a long one causes one to appear taller."

The same lady speaking of children's fashions, says:

"Nothing is so pretty for a little girl's 'vest' as white muslin, over pink or blue silk—the bows and hems, of course, the color of the silk. Wash dresses, however, for this season, are in the ascendant, and ought to be for any summer in this climate. Piques, linens, percales, cambrics, are all cheap, all pretty, durable, and make pretty suits and dresses for both boys and girls.

"Boys, until they are five years old, wear little cross over blouses and paletôts of linen, and piques, h pants or short plaited skirts.

"Girls', high-necked, yoked, or Gabrielle dresses of muslin, pique, or cambric, with apron or overskirt, more or less looped, and ruffled, and decorated with ribbons.

"Very pretty excursion suits for boys consist of sailor pants and jacket, made of blue cloth and lined with white or black braid. The collar of the jacket is very broad, and deeply pointed on the under; over it a smaller collar, attached to the striped cambric shirt, is turned down. Striped stockings, high boots, belt with leather pouch, and sailor hat, complete the costume."

FASHIONS FOR FALL, FOR 1870. (See Double-page Engraving.)

No. 1.—Morning walking-costume of lawn, the lower skirt and half-fitting sacque in white with blue stripes, and the overskirt of plain blue. The lower skirt is entirely without trimming, and the sacque is lined with ruffles on the bottom, around the heart-shaped neck, and on the flowing sleeves. Simple, and overskirt, trimmed with a broad ruffle and gracefully looped at the sides. Hat of rice straw, turned at the back and trimmed with a feathered ruching of blue silk, a bunch of marguerites, and streamers of blue grosgrain ribbon.

No. 2.—A distingue evening toilet in rose-colored gaze de Chambéry, the train skirt bordered with a seven-inch flounce cut in scallops and bound with silk of the same shade. This flounce is arranged in very broad box-plaits, leaving plain spaces between, each plait being attached with a bow of black velvet, the intervening spaces headed with a feathered ruching of rose-colored silk. Just above is placed a single row of black thread lace. The overskirt, trimmed to correspond, is open and rounded away in front, and looped on each side with a large graceful bow of black velvet. Corsage à basque, forming deep points in the front, and having a second plaited postillion at the back of rose-colored silk. Neck, trimmed with ruching and lace. Point-lace chemisette. Flowing sleeves and lace under-vests. Coiffure of puffs, adorned with sprays of pink hyacinths.

No. 3.—Visiting-costume of lavender grenadine made over violet poult-de-soie. Skirt ornamented with a twelve-inch flounce surmounted by a deep puff with a narrow ruffle above. The flounce is edged with a fold of violet silk, similar ones defining the puff, and the ruffle caught with loops of silk. Simple skirt, trimmed with a corresponding puff, and looped at the sides under a bow of violet silk. High overskirt with a berthe formed by a puffing, and close sleeves trimmed to match. Sash of violet silk. Bonnet of lavender crepe de Chine, trimmed with clusters of shaded violets in foliage. Brides of crepe de Chine fastened on the left side with a bunch of violets.

Shift of
three bars
trimmed
velvet and



THE SISTERS.

Vol. XXXVI.—9

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COSTUMES FOR CHILDREN. FROM MME. DEMOREST.



No. 1.—COSTUME "LA PETITE."

No. 2.—"LOTHAIR" SUIT.

No. 1.—A simple yet stylish suit for girls of seven years. Our model is made in bright-blue French cambric, trimmed with fluted ruffles of white Victoria lawn attached by bias bands of the cambric. The design can easily be copied from our illustration. Hat of white chiff, trimmed with streamers of blue ribbon.

No. 2.—One of the latest styles for boys from seven to nine years of age. To be made in gray cassimere, and trimmed with narrow black silk braid.



No. 1.—"THE 'BLUEBELL.'"

No. 2.—"THE 'ROSEBUD.'"

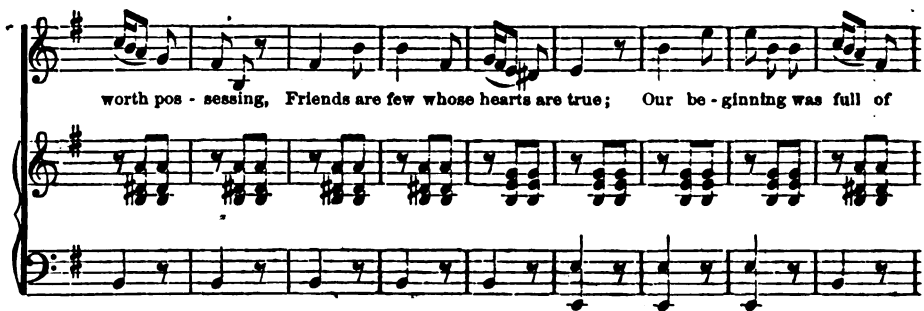
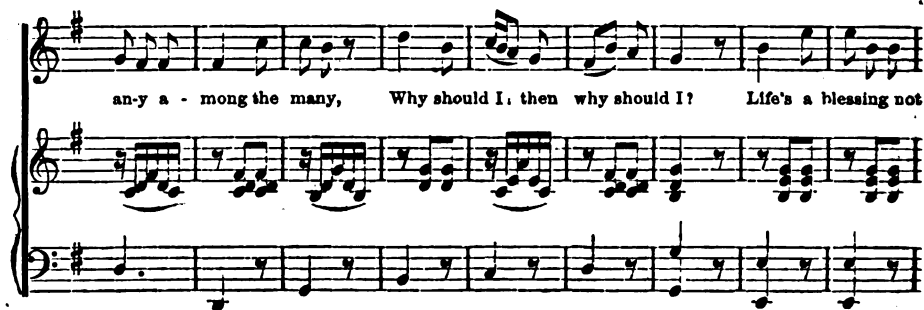
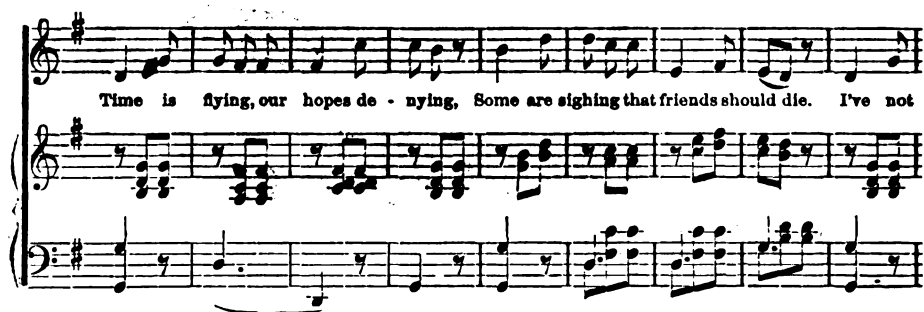
No. 1.—A serviceable dress made in blue pique, the skirt trimmed with ruffles of Hamburg embroidery set on in an undulating manner and finished with bias bands of pique stitched on by machine. The waist is cut high and plain, a ruffle of the embroidery forming a deep round collar on the back and bretelles in front. Close sleeves, and a rather long sash, trimmed with embroidery. Buttoned shoes of blue kid.

No. 2.—A pretty party-dress made in white Swiss or organdy and trimmed with ruffles of Swiss embroidery, headed with rouchings of rose-colored satin ribbon. The waist is cut square in front and the trimming of ruffles and rouching around the neck and down the front is continued on the skirt, signalling a tunic. Short puffed sleeves with an over-cap of embroidery and rouching. Wide sash of rose-colored satin ribbon. Shoes of pink kid.

WHAT CARE I?

WORDS AND MUSIC BY ALICE HAWTHORNE.

Animato.



[Entered according to Act of Congress, A. D. 1866, by S. F. WINNER, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court of the United States for the Eastern District of Pennsylvania.]

sinning, Life's a lie! the whole way through. Yet what care I? What care I?

rall. *a tempo.*

rall. *piu anima.*

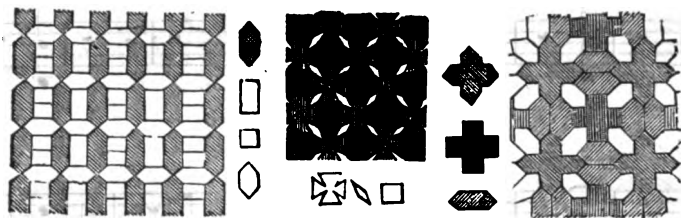
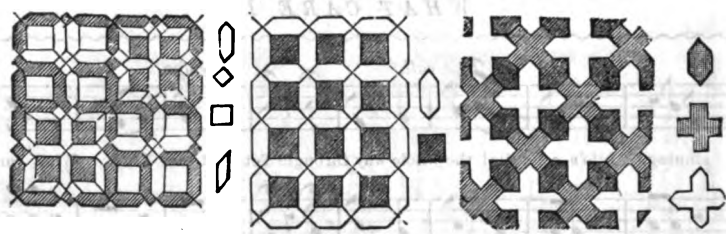
What care I for fate's decree? What care I? What care I?

What care I? Who cares for me?

rall. *a tempo.* *p* *f* *Sva -*

Vows are spoken,
 Though early broken;
 Life's best token soon passes by;
 Friends are scattered,
 And hearts are shattered,
 Vainly sighing, but why should I?
 Love they tell us is blind and jealous,
 Hearts for gold are bought and sold,
 Man's a creature of fickle feature—
 Woman, too, if truth be told.
 Yet what care I, &c.

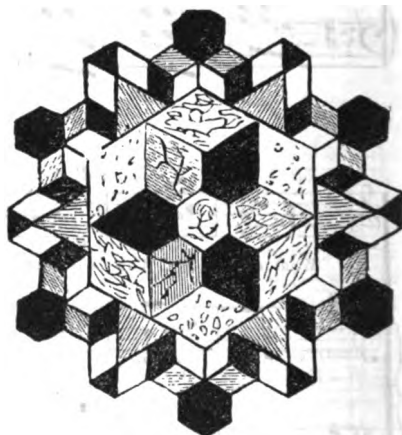
Doubts awaken,
 And faith is shaken,
 Hearts forsaken that love too well;
 All the pleasure
 We learn to treasure,
 Brings a sigh to break its spell;
 Truth confided to hearts divided,
 Wakens care we fear to bear;
 Who would borrow from life her sorrow?
 Love is lost—beware! beware!
 Yet what care I, &c.



DESIGNS FOR PATCHWORK.



SILK EMBROIDERY.



PATCHWORK DESIGN FOR CUSHION.



EMBROIDERED EDGING.

ARTHUR'S HOME MAGAZINE.

SEPTEMBER, 1870.

A DAUGHTER OF ISHMAEL'S.

BY MARY HARTWELL.

NOW you must not suppose that Phebe Dulip was an Arab. I would make her distinct to your mind's eye, sorting carpet-rags in an Ohio garret—a rich-tinted, half-formed being, at that awful period when the young woman wriggles in the chrysalis of the little girl. Perhaps it was the discomfort of this period that so tightened a look of defiance which had grown upon her face, that it fitted like the skin. For she was riding through this desert world with her dark front set to the winds and sands, and her spear set to the noses of all she met, as grimly as ever rode tawny-hided Bedouin. It is half-pitiful, half-ridiculous to see Ishmael in such little shapes.

Phebe Dulip's father and mother had been a very good pair, more innocent than most young people, rich in nothing except in their love for each other. They were slow to believe evil of anybody; their door opened easily to whatever hand. They spent much of their probation riding around in a one-horse buggy to publish their goodwill among an army of relations, and such time as they spent not thus was employed in moving from one little house to another. They did good in their day and generation by merely planting Eden in so many spots. For wherever they tabernacled, their home was paradise.

Oh! these child-people who get all the May out of life, the good smell from the blossoms, the balm from the winds, who are like grass, green, and tender, and lowly! they don't accomplish wonders any more than do this year's awards; they are only refreshing. They are the development of unsalted benevolence. They will do to write a pastoral poem about. But I must confess they will not do very well to found a family or a state on.

Phebe's father professed to be an attorney. That he was in some way tangled in the law is

made plain by the fact that his little competence took unto itself wings and flew. The flitting did not kill the good man, however. He submitted to it as comfortably as grass submits to the nightly disappearance of the snow; bedewing himself with a few tears, he crept on over his mother earth. The pair might have been riding around to-day in their one-horse buggy, had not cholera suddenly carried them off at the happy moment when there was nothing more to spend. They departed in as tranquil a manner as their conveyance, the disease, would allow, having sent their goods before them, and carrying their content with them. Their offspring, Phebe, became sole heiress to their circumstances.

This little brown girl became the sorriest of respectable wanderers. She was tossed from one family to another, having no abiding-place, was member of no household, a hanger-on. Our human nature has tender spots, but those tender spots are for the touches of "our own." To be sure, she had a guardian, who looked at her occasionally, and saw that she was still in the body, and that her body kept in motion. Phebe Dulip learned early that she wasn't anybody's "own," so she set her hand against every man, and every man, by indifference, set his hand against the child.

I'd rather be hated than to be merely neglected.

This garret in which you see her is a close place, with dusty sunbeams like yellow-hot rods heating it up, and the sweet odor from old clothes in various barrels scenting it up. Here she wrought out the behests of Mrs. Juniper, who owned the garret and the house under it, and Phebe, too, for the time being. The hot afternoon kept stepping back and back into the west, while she kept overhauling the alien garments with Ishmael-like ferocity. It was long

before she finished and could sit down by a square hole in the gable-end to cool herself.

Phebe was not unpleasant in her appearance. Though her dress was a faded print, she had put it on neatly; her boots were well-laced, her short, black hair was trained prettily back from her forehead; the nails on her small, dark fingers were clean and white. A woman in any circumstances, if she has a reasonable amount of woman nature, will make herself a wholesome being.

Now, having reached that age when, according to Jean Ingelow, romance takes possession of the feminine mind, Phebe Dulip made Spain-castles while she squatted by the window. They might properly be called Ishmael-tents in her case. She saw herself putting her slender heel socially across the neck of every woman who had boxed her. By some revolution of things she gained power to play Herod with all the babies she had ever dragged. Or she saw herself walking in wondrous beauty on the hearts of men—ah! how firmly she could put her boots down on such a pavement! Phebe's life had been blessed with one glimmer of novelty. Two years before, during the war, she had received a letter from some unknown friend. The letter she had read in secret, learned by heart, and burnt. She repeated it sitting by the cubby-hole in the gable.

"MISS PHEBE DULIP: You will be surprised to receive a letter from a stranger. But I shall probably not be a stranger to your future. Your father was my friend, and I want to be his daughter's friend. I have just found out where you are. If I survive this struggle, you will see me. If not, you may forget this letter and the man who intended good to you. I write in haste."

There being no name signed to this, Phebe, who invariably and naturally made her hero of the only man who had ever professed interest in her, gave him names according to her humor. When above par, he was General Gilderoy; when her spirits and consequent estimation of things were depressed, she used for him the tender synonyme, Peter Drivole. She marched him through her head in shoulder straps, and made him adopt her for his child, open a wondrous future to her, and draw all the unused cords of her heart around himself; or she whipped him through camp for an insulting, sentimental puppy. Phebe abhorred sentimentality.

She always dispelled her air-castles with a contemptuous sneer. "Humph! that's all nonsense, and I know it!"

The *knowing* that these sugar-towers are not sugar is what takes the sugar out of life.

Sometimes we fall into unaccountably tender moods, and look back over the pleasant things of our lives as if our feet were turned that we might pick up forgotten blessings. Phebe, as the wind cooled her, fell into such a mood. Her fancy having no longer to play Atlas to the future, stepped as daintily as a dandy over the uncouth present, and lifted the little world of her past. She saw a time when she said her prayers to her mother, and *believed* that God would answer the prayers. Phebe was not as devotional as most women. What influenced her I will not pretend to say, but she suddenly put her hands together, looked up with a most childlike face, and whispered—

"Our Father which art in heaven, hallowed be Thy name. Thy kingdom come. Thy will be done on earth as it is in heaven. Give us this day our daily bread." Here she stopped to name all the ingredients of the bread her nature craved. "And forgive us our debts as we forgive our debtors." She began honestly to wipe out old scores, when Mrs. Juniper added another grief to the list by screaming up through the stairway and her prayer,

"You may come down now, Phebe, and draw the baby out in his cab!"

Phebe came down, with not quite so devout a mind as St. Peter carried from the house-top.

"You flabby little wretch!" said the daughter of Ishmael to the young son of the oppressor, as she wheeled him before her, "I believe you are the ugliest baby I ever had to push!" She looked at everything with a severely critical eye. She did not love anything in these days.

Up and down her usual beats Phebe trundled her charge, until she brought up a halt to watch the sunset from the bank of the creek that bounded the village on one side. It was a high bank and afforded a fine view. While she and young Juniper were so occupied, a gentleman sauntered up and added himself to the group. He was tall and blonde, with a clear-cut face and bushy hair. Phebe was somewhat astonished, on turning about, to find him standing near, with arms folded and eyes pleased, looking at the sunset.

"Good-evening," said he, noticing her presence courteously.

"Good-evening," replied Phebe.

"You have a pretty little village."

"Yal ya!" cried young Juniper, perhaps with some vague idea in his baby mind that

he, as a son of the land, ought to acknowledge the compliment. Ishmael's daughter said nothing. The gentleman regarded her attentively. She was so accustomed to strangers that she hardly heeded the presence of this new stranger. Having finished his scrutiny, he said—"I have a message for you."

"For me?" cried Phebe, looking up with an eager flush.

Her pavilions suddenly hoisted themselves in vast proportions. Could he be her soldier hero in search of her? Was there romance in the world after all? But General Gilderoy shrunk to the proportions of Private Drivole, and then disappeared altogether, as the stranger looked into her eyes and asked with tender interest—"Are you a Christian?"

Now Phebe did hate cant. All the bread of life that had been offered to her was mouldy bread, and she sniffed at the faintest scent of it.

I told you she was lacking in devotion. Indeed, her experience had not called out upon her all the blossoms of virtue (with which some men claim it is our sole function to adorn ourselves, who deny us a comfortable animal existence and insist that we are vegetables). Therefore, though the stranger asked his question with engaging simplicity, she was grievously annoyed, as well as disappointed.

"One of those *agents* or something, and is going to make a tract of himself and read himself aloud for my benefit."

She set her neck squarely, and replied, "No, I'm not!"

The stranger met her gypsy face and old, defiant eyes with compassion. Upon which the daughter of Ishmael magnified herself and her reply:

"I wouldn't be. I hate whining. People who lose their property and can't get anything more out of this world always turn religious. And sick people are always religious; the sicker they get the more religious they get. I know a woman that has spells of rheumatism and religion; she sends for the liniment-bottle and the Bible together. It's so sentimental! I'd just set my teeth and go through!"

Her stored-up observation and wrath, enlarging the hole which the messenger's little, pointed question had made, thus poured out their eloquence:

"You needn't tell me about it! Besides, Christianity isn't the thing; it's money!" hinted Miss Ishmael, with a gleam in those sharp eyes of hers that had not watched the tents of Isaac for nothing.

"There, now!" she deigned a glance at the gentleman she had settled.

He was smiling a broad, good-humored smile.

"You're a forcible little woman, aren't you? But now tell me, my child, if you do not believe there is a good God who discerns between hypocrites and just, and who loves to answer our prayers?"

"I've said my prayers for fifteen years," testified the young patriarch, sitting deliberately down to a discussion, "and what good does it do? Old Mrs. Muggins says to me God answers our prayers by making everything beautiful around us; the sky so blue, the grass so green—humph! That isn't what I asked for. I can't live on grass—I a'n't an ox! Yes, there is a great, calm God, who sits above and sees how we have to suffer, and when we die, maybe He takes us to heaven, and maybe He doesn't!"

"Tell me what you asked Him for, my child!"

"It's none of your business! You are not an angel sent to inquire!"

"But I am sent to inquire. Some people have prayed longer than fifteen years, and their prayers have at last been answered."

"I don't mind telling you. It was for a home and some one to like me."

Phebe pulled up a handful of grass, and looking toward the stranger with a softer expression on her countenance after she had given him this confidence, she tossed it up to please the baby.

"Now, listen to me. You have a friend that loves you. He loved your father. And for the love he bears your father and you, he determines to save you from a wretched life. He offers you a home, a loving heart to rest on, and advantages, some of which you cannot now understand. And he will take you to this home just as quick as it is possible to do so."

"Oh! yes," said Phebe, with a backward stroke of her brown hand, "I've heard it all. I s'pose I believe it with my head!"

"But it is no parable. I asked my first, abrupt question to find if we have a common ground of confidence; for I want you to trust me. I have been to your guardian, and have obtained his consent to take charge of you. Your father did me a dear service once." The gentleman paused and smiled with half-shut eyes. "In this country of ours, the boy to whom you give a penny to-day, to-morrow may reach out the executive hand to you. I'm not president, however, but I am one of the president's captains, and I have come to take you

home to live with my mother and me, little Phebe Dalip, if you will go."

She scanned him with the sharp look of an Arab who has seen mirages before.

"Did you write me a letter from the army?"

"I did."

"Do you mean just what you say?"

"Yes."

Phebe drew a long breath. It occurred to her that the prayer she had prayed that afternoon with all her might, was answered. Her eyes filled up—she was very still with emotion.

"Do you think you would like to go?"

"If you will take me, sir."

"Come, then, and say you are glad to see me!"

Phebe got up, and went and gave him her hands.

"I can't understand it all," she whispered tremulously. "I don't see why——"

Neither did Master Juniper see a why for all this scene. He set up a yell, and Phebe turned to quiet him.

"There! you darling little flabby," she crooned, accompanying her voice with most humane caresses. "He isn't such an ugly baby after all—he has pretty eyes."

"But I can see the other now," continued Phebe frankly, coming back to her friend—"about—Christianity. I believe it with my heart. This somehow makes it plain."

—
All the rest of you, daughters of Ishmael, be comforted. You overworked women, you half-paid teachers, who bedew with your own vitality the rising crop—all you poor sisters who are forced into the arena of the world, and go holding up the skirts of your purity with one hand to contend for your bread with the other, against a gallant knight on horseback who would just as lief ride you down as not because you are out of your sphere, because you ought to be riding behind some other knight—I say, be comforted.

Some One sees it all; He never loses sight of you, though you do of Him. He is surely coming to make your best life the gladdest of realizations if you will have it so. He may come in the darkness, or He may send a shining before Him.

But in the mean time, whether you work on to the end darkly, or whether the shining meets you, I beseech that you help one another. Do not wrong your class by giving currency to that sweet sentiment coined by the lips of well-housed, thoughtless women—"We are scandalized by all this noise about the 'woman's ques-

tion;' why, women are perfectly contented as they are!" I have observed with shame that every woman is "perfectly contented," excepting where the tight shoe pinches her. •

I say again—Ho! ye wanderers outside the tents of Abraham, be comforted. And comfort ye one another.

AGNES.

BY MINNIE MARY LEE.

WALKING over life's rough pathways,
Treading o'er uneven sands,
We chanced to catch each other's glances,
Chanced to clasp each other's hands.

Then the thought within us awakened,
And the faith grew sudden strong,
That each heart unto the other
Did in love and trust belong.

He was gentle, brave, and truthful,
Wise, and resolute, and good,
Fit to be the guide and ruler
Of my weaker womanhood.

Oh! the hours of blessed sunlight,
Days and months of sweet first-love;
Oft we said the very angels
Have not more of heaven above.

But a fate rose up between us,
And our ways went far apart,
And a gulf that had no crossing
Swelled and surged between each heart.

He hath been a wanderer lonely,
East and west, and up and down—
I at home remaining, only
Thinking of my heart's lost crown.

Thinking, how on earth I never
More shall meet my parted love—
Thinking that in heaven forever
Will be sweeter, holier love.

Now they call me Sister Agnes,
For I go amidst distress,
Cheering up the heart that's breaking,
Bringing balm to wretchedness.

If the days are dull and dreary,
And the nights bring but unrest,
If the years grow long and weary,
As life's sun goes down its west—

Then I say—O soul! be active,
Work, nor pause upon thy way:
So thou'lt mount the pathway shining,
Leading to eternal day.

Youth and beauty, oh! how fleeting,
Earthly love, alas! how vain—
Nothing real—nothing certain,
Only heaven is worth our gain—
Heaven only hath no stain.

FARTHER FROM THE MISSES FITZ-NOODLE.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "WATCHING AND WAITING."

HAVE you forgotten our report of the Woman's Convention, and of Miss Lucia Dalrymple's definition of woman's rights given in the HOME MAGAZINE for December, *Anno Domini* one thousand eight hundred and sixty-nine?

I dare say you have, and it will be necessary to ask you to review that article before proceeding to this, written in fulfilment of a promise of which it is somewhat embarrassing to have to remind you.

The colonel says that in these days, when everybody writes, any one who can succeed in getting a book or magazine article twice read is on the high road to fame. If the colonel is right, might not a little stratagem to secure such an end be considered excusable?

You remember—or you will when the whole story is told you again—that we were deeply impressed by Miss Dalrymple's views of our rights and wrongs, approved, as they very evidently were, by the colonel, even under his playful pretence of opposition; and we meant, even as we said, in the sudden uplifting of our thoughts, to escape the thrall of the feverish, fashionable life which held us, body and soul, in slavery never fully realized until that moment, and to have some higher aim and nobler ambition in the future than had animated us in the past. We really meant it, you know, and we parted with the Dalrymples and went away with our new-born aspirations fluttering in our hearts like young, unfledged birds that want to fly before their wings are grown. Just what we were going to do we did not clearly know; our purpose was wonderfully indefinite, but all our thoughts and impulses were reaching out blindly after the larger life of which we had caught a breath while Miss Dalrymple talked.

The next person on our list for morning calls was our dear friend Frivoli Flutteroy, and in the midst of our lofty musings, Thomas, obeying our mechanically given directions as we entered the carriage, reined us up to the door, and we were presently exchanging gushing exclamations of delight with that voluble young lady, who declared with the most charming *empressment* that it was a whole age since we had called on her, and that she was positively dying to see us, which assertion, considering

the fact that we never found her in better health and spirits, and that we had called on her only the week before, is not to be taken too literally.

"Young ladies do, sometimes, say rather more than they mean," we once admitted to the colonel, who was using our profuse style quite pointedly.

"But," queried he, with that curious smile of his, which would be sarcastic if it were not so very bland—"but, do they ever mean more than they say?"

Frivoli was a creature after our own heart. Coming into her atmosphere after our late exaltation, we felt, I fancy, just as a flying-fish must feel plunging back into the water after his brief aerial flight. We were in our native element again, swimming gayly with the tide, and our upper-life experience was as thoroughly forgotten for the moment as though it had never been.

Frivoli had just received the dress she had ordered expressly for Madam Bonton's forthcoming party, and it was such an exquisite affair, and so delightfully extravagant, that we went into ecstasies of admiration over it, with the reserved thought, however, that we would go straight to our dressmaker on our return home, and leave some additional orders for our costumes preparing for the same occasion, which should completely eclipse Frivoli's splendid plumage in the Bonton exhibition.

To have heard us discussing for the next half hour, with the most animated interest, the merits of puffs, and plaits, and ruches, and quillings, and flounces, and trains, and tunics, and bows, and sashes, and all the floating, foamy, shimmering mysteries of evening dress—except, perhaps, corsages, of which fashion kindly relieves us of the trouble of thinking by decreeing that there shall be none, or next to none—you would not have believed that there were any objects in life of higher significance, and calling for a more profound exercise of thought, than the stylish and elegant arrangement of silks, satins, gauzes, tulles, laces, and illusions; or that a little time before we had been glowing with aspirations and ambitions which these things could not satisfy. We would not have believed it ourselves. It was the strangest, most incomprehensible thing to us,

when we remembered it, how we could have passed so swiftly and easily from one mood to another so entirely diverse in spirit. How was it possible to live in a single hour two lives in direct antagonism to each other? How could one person be so distinctly two—or how could three Fitz-noodles be so distinctly six—in desire, impulse, and intention? Questions of too metaphysical a character for the grasp of the Fitz-noodle intellect at that period, though later exercise has lent it some strength for such wrestling; and strivings after truth have resulted in the concentration of a few rays of light on this and other matters.

We see that in the infinite sweep of human possibilities there are capacities lying like great tracts of wild, beautiful, unimproved land, to which we hold no title-deeds, and which we know only by names half forgotten, and without significance to us, until some moving, magnetic power, like that which the Dalrymples exercised over us, bears us into their vast solitudes, and we feel the stir and thrill of their silent forces working mightily within us, and the impulsion of thoughts and aspirations new and grand; but because we have never appropriated these glorious capacities, and wrought them into deeds, we can no more abide in them when we first rise to a consciousness of our possible possessions, than a bird can sustain itself in air, and we slip by natural gravitation back to the dead levels of life, where, coming again into that which use has made fully our own, we experience a glow of delight which separates us for the moment from the exalted life in which we only breathed and did not act.

But when we have once risen to those sublime heights, though we may tarry but briefly, we are almost, nay, absolutely, certain to ascend again and again, until we have obtained a foothold there; and so we, after that lapse into our old life, could not remain content with it, but began to feel creeping dissatisfactions with its vanities from time to time, and spasmodic longings for something better and higher, but not clearly defined to our minds. I don't know whether there was really more to suggest it, or whether we were more attentive to such suggestions, but scarcely a day passed in which we were not reminded, in one way or another, of the petty, frivolous nature of our aims, and rebuked for the waste of power which might be devoted to the pursuit of infinitely more worthy objects.

The colonel and his sister took good care that we should not lack for stimulus to carry

our newly inspired views into practice, calling on us very frequently, and always managing to lead the conversation into channels which, undirected, our thoughts never would have found, and where they crept somewhat timidly at first, conscious that they were straying a long way from home, and mirroring indistinctly objects new and strange, but gaining strength, and courage, and freedom, growing fuller, and going farther, until it happened sometimes, before they could get back into the old, warm ruts to which they were accustomed, we were surprised into some speech or act quite foreign to the spirit of our false conventional life, and to the characters we had developed therein. Our first betrayals of this sort frightened us a good deal, the bugaboo, "What will folks say?" threatening us with terrors more dreadful than the lions roaring in Christian's way; but we found ere long that we were not singular in our experience, that the Dalrymple influence was working through our whole set like leaven in a mass of dough—though until quite recently that was too unfamiliar and vulgar a figure of speech for us to use understandingly.

The colonel and Miss Lucia were like sowers after the plough of the Convention, casting in seed that stood one chance in a thousand of finding again the life that it lost.

But Belle, though grown daring enough to act conscientiously and independently in one or two instances, could not venture on so heroic a flight as the dismissal of her fashionably dissolute and worthless admirer. He was so handsome, you know, he flattered so sweetly, he was such a favorite with the ladies, waltzed so divinely, drove such a splendid turn-out, kept such an elegant establishment, was so lavish in his expenditures, reported to be so fabulously rich, and so altogether a good fellow, and an excellent catch, that a Fitz-noodle could not resign him without a struggle.

So many allowances could be made, too, for any little deviations from the prim, prosy path of rectitude in one so brilliant and fascinating as the dashing Alphonse Montpensier—a prince, a count, or something distinguished, you understand, but altogether too devoted to our Republican principles to retain his title, although "Count Montpensier," sweetly syllabled by his fair adorers, seemed to ravish his ear and tickle his pride immensely, I observed. It wouldn't do to draw the lines too close on such a man. Perhaps he drank a glass too much sometimes, perhaps he loved a game at cards, perhaps he kept his mistresses, and had his private in-

trigues—well, well—half the men in society did the same, and nobody thought the worse of them. Belle always argued as if these notorious facts about the gallant Alphonse were possible fictions, and she covered them with the broad mantle of her charity—not broad enough, however, to cover the derelictions of his victims also.

"A lady has no business to be meddling with such matters," she declared one day when Lucia Dalrymple was present, and the talk turned by accident, as it appeared, on the responsibility of women for the morals of society—a grave topic indeed for us, who had never been used, within the limits of a fashionable call, to discuss any more serious affairs of this life than the latest imported styles, the newest scandal, and the recent, or impending, party.

"One doesn't expect a man to be a saint in this world," she avowed with more than usual spirit, attributable, I knew, to her interest in the person whose cause she was blindly advocating. "For my part, I never could hold to such prim, old-maidish notions as some do regarding the habits of their gentlemen friends. I don't fancy these masculine Miss Nancys. I like a bit of dash and devil in a man, and as for insisting on the same code of morals for men and women, it is perfectly ridiculous, in my opinion. A larger liberty has always been conceded to the former than to the latter, and by right, I think."

Lucia Dalrymple lifted her delicately expressive eyebrows. She has a way of looking straight through all conventional modes of thought to the eternal, immutable principle of things, which is very shocking to us sometimes. It is exceedingly disagreeable to have an established opinion undermined, and left rocking on its foundation, or, rather, without its foundation.

"I don't think it is 'by right' that any man makes a beast of himself, Miss Belle," she said, "if that is what you mean by his 'larger liberty.' 'Liberty' a word sadly misused. A man given over to lawless indulgence of his evil propensities knows nothing of liberty in its proper sense; he is the most abject slave on the face of the earth, self-defrauded of the highest and holiest right of humanity—the right to be pure, honest, and in the image of God. And why, pray, should men and women have a separate code of morals? Did the Lord make any distinction in giving the law? 'Thou shalt not kill; thou shalt not steal; thou shalt not commit adultery;'—are these prohibitions to women more than to men? Is the

violation of the law a greater offence in the one than in the other?"

"Well, yes, in the eyes of society, you know," began Belle.

"Never mind the eyes of society," said Miss Dalrymple. "God has given you eyes of your own; open them, and see for yourself. Where the same motives are involved, does sin wear any darker shade in a woman than in a man?"

"It appears blacker," evaded Belle.

"We are not talking of appearances, but of facts," persisted Lucia. "Is it blacker?"

"Really, Miss Dalrymple, I think so. Only look at the consequences," and the Fitznoodle hands were uplifted with horror. "A woman sins once; and then she goes on from bad to worse until she sinks unreclaimed and unreclaimable to the lowest depths; a man commits the same offence, but it doesn't degrade him; he is just as much honored and respected in society as he was before. Proof sufficient, is it not, that man is less defiled by sin than woman?"

"Proof sufficient that false education leads to very serious errors and fatal consequences in our treatment of sinners," answered Miss Dalrymple. "Why does a woman go on from bad to worse until she reaches the lowest depths, as you say? Because society virtually pushes her on by refusing to help her back, or to acknowledge that it is possible for her to withdraw from the downward road and recover her lost estate, however sincere her desire and earnest her endeavor. And why does a man commit a like offence and suffer no degradation, or loss of honor and respect? Because society assumes that vice does not degrade him, and opens wide its arms to receive him out of the mire wherein it tramples his victim; because Miss Fitznoodle admires 'a bit of dash and devil' in him, and smiles her admiration in his face, until, alack! some unhappy day she finds under matrimonial rule the admired 'dash and devil' a bit too much for endurance, and desperately applies to be divorced from it.

"But do you suppose that the pure eyes of Almighty God so regard the iniquity of the one and not of the other? Surely, I believe, if the Divine love is not equally tender in the judgment of sinners, it inclines with softer pity toward the woman, because she, governed wholly through her affections, and tempted through these, sins the more ignorantly and impulsively, man's higher, but too often perverted gifts of reason, and powers of persuasion, corrupting and misleading instead of ful-

filling their God-appointed end of uplifting and directing her.

"But I am not pleading woman's cause in sin; she has no business with it; no more has man. Both are bound equally to obedience of moral and spiritual laws, to purity and uprightness of life, and neither can do wrong without involving both in the consequences, for they are together. Until this truth is fully recognized and thoroughly wrought out in action, there can be no true relation between the sexes, no appreciation of a true relation, and social institutions must rest on an insecure basis subject to upheavals, strifes, divisions, chaos, and confusion. All these are trite, common-place facts," concludes Miss Dalrymple. "I wonder that I have spent so much breath in presenting them just as if they were new to you."

Now you may suppose this little speech delivered in the dogmatic, self-assertive, half-offensive way that some folks have in pressing opinions contrary to yours. Nothing of the sort. Lucia Dalrymple assumes that she is only telling you what you knew and felt before, and her voice is so soft, her manner so sweet, her influence so magnetic, that she melts, and moulds, and converts you to her beliefs, at least for the time that she is talking, and you feel no spirit of resistance.

Belle gave up the argument for that day, and though I cannot say that she was sufficiently moved by the conversation to venture on any different course of action in relation to the matter discussed, I did hear her not long after administering some milk-and-water reproofs, made very sweet, to the courtly Alphonse Montpensier. I wonder she wasn't stricken dumb in the act; she looked as if she expected to be.

That distinguished personage turned on her with a ravishing smile, and bending low, touched his bearded lips reverently to her hand, then looked at her again with worshipful eyes that said so always would he kiss the hand that smote. The noble Alphonse is so gracious, and so sweetly deferential in the society of ladies; you would think he regarded them as nothing less than angelic, and was ready on the instant to suffer at their command the tortures of the rack, and to lay down his life for their sakes; yet there is a something in his look that gives me of late an impression of meanness and cruelty, and I have a feeling that the woman who puts herself wholly in his power will find him, in private, a petty, exacting tyrant, demanding in earnest a ten-

fold return of his pretended devotion, of which spurious coin the reverse side is abuse.* But a woman in love would not be likely to observe this something in his look which I have blundered so in explaining, and Belle, if she is not in love, believes that she is, which amounts to the same thing, you know.

"My precious girl," says this possible scion of noble or royal stock, swallowing Belle's homœopathic and delicately administered dose of reproof with infinite grace—"you smite me on the right cheek, and see, I turn to you my other also. Of course, I have my vices. Most men have. We are coarser-souled, tougher-fibred creatures than women are, and cannot be judged by the same rule, nor soiled by the same evils. Coarse earthenware may be put to baser uses than delicate porcelain. I can pass unscathed through fires which would burn you, my sweet saint, black as a cinder. I can wade unpolluted through muddy waters which would drabble, befoul, and despoil you, my dainty, fragile flower, of beauty and sweetness forever. You must not imagine because the fine, white texture of *your* soul would be sullied and destroyed by habits in which men freely indulge, that the looser, grosser fabric of mine will suffer in a like degree. Oh! there's no comparison between us, my angel. I am only human, but you, you—my adored one—are divine."

And another devout kiss pressed upon the adored one's hand finished the business. Belle was completely overcome. That's the way they do it, brethren and sisters. If a woman finds fault, stop her mouth with a sugar-plum. She will put up with anything—call her angel and adored one. By-and-by, when she can't help herself, perhaps, it will do to bid her mind her own business when she meddles.

I, Lily Fitz-noodle, am growing wondrous wise. But Belle had ventured on a bold step for a Fitz-noodle. Berenice would not have dared so much, and Lill would have asked to be fresh-primed with Dalrymple instructions before taking such aim. For you know we would once have considered it highly indelicate and improper for a lady to speak to a gentleman regarding his vices—the true Fitz-noodle instinct of delicacy, while permitting us to associate freely with those whose unclean lives are imaged in eye and lip, in speech and gesture, never suffering us to recognize the signs. We might patronize amusements of doubtful morality, and follow unblushingly customs essentially vulgar; but to speak an open, unequivocal, straightforward, uncompro-

misgiving word in behalf of virtue and decency—what shocking immodesty!

I took occasion at our next meeting with Miss Dalrymple to repeat in substance this little speech of the gallant Alphonse.

Belle flushed a lovelier color than she could find on her toilet-table. I complimented her on her discovery of a new cosmetic.

"Lill Fitz-noodle, I blushed for you," she cried hotly. "An eavesdropper and a tell-tale. For shame!"

"I didn't eavesdrop. I sat in the window cutting the leaves of the last *Gazette*, and you might have seen me if the Montpensier mustache hadn't filled your eye. And I'm not telling tales, I'm only verbally reporting the philosophy of a fascinating man of the world, with the view of calling out Miss Dalrymple's opinion."

My sister Fitz-noodle glanced shyly at that lady. "You don't think the argument unsound, or without force, do you?" she said deprecatingly.

Queen Lucia smiled. "I wouldn't like to speak for your friend, Belle," she said softly, "but I must confess that, as a rule, I think men who reason that way are rotten to the heart, and cannot be trusted. The claim that they may sin with impunity leaves them, in the absence of any natural repugnance to evil, without safeguard to virtue or honor, and the assumption that they are not to be judged by the same law that we are, gives them the effrontery to flaunt their vices in our very faces, and even to plead with us in extenuation of them. I would have asked Alphonse Montpensier, my dear Belle, how such a gross, vile creature as he, by his own admission, could have the audacity to approach, with love proposals, a being so divine as he believes you. What sort of union does he suppose there can be between an angel and a satyr? What kind of partnership is that to which one brings all the stock in virtue, purity, and good-behavior, and the other brings nothing that can unite with these in a communion of interests and profits? Would he put 'coarse earthenware' and 'delicate porcelain,' as he phrases it, cheek by jowl in a house and expect them to keep it pleasantly together? How does he think to reach you through fires that would burn you to a cinder without some touch and taint of soot with which you, so easily blackened as he claims, cannot safely come in contact? And after he has waded through 'muddy waters' which would 'despoil' his 'dainty flower,' can he pluck and wear the flower with the mire upon his gar-

ments; can he plunge back into the dirty pool with the flower in his bosom, without offence to that 'beauty and sweetness' which he fondly chants?"

Poor Belle! she found the critique of her admirer's speech as unanswerable as she had found the speech itself, but a certain twitching of the eyelids, and pursing of the lips hinted her displeasure, and Miss Dalrymple, whose way it is to press her point swift and sharp, and then leave it, without feeling for its effect, began to talk of something else.

A new weight of evidence, however, was soon to be brought against the brilliant pseudo-count by a witness whom I must make haste to introduce, as my space, I see, is narrowing fast. It takes a Fitz-noodle some time to learn the value of space, Mr. Editor.

Some months ago, pa spoke to us about a new clerk in his establishment whom he regarded very highly, and whom, as he was a stranger in town, he would like to bring home with him occasionally to dinner, and to spend an evening, if we had no objection, fearing that the friendless fellow, without the influence of something like home pleasures and associations, might fall in the way of tempters and be led into evil.

That was just like pa. We lifted our hands with a horrified "Did you ever?" As if we were going to put ourselves on a social level with friendless clerks, and receive and entertain them as honored guests! What an idea! We laughed at pa's absurdity until he was glad to drop the subject, and we forgot all about the ridiculous proposal until a short time ago, when it was unexpectedly renewed by—whom do you think?—no less person than our influential friend, Colonel Dalrymple himself.

We were out shopping—Berenice and I—and running into pa's salesrooms, we encountered the colonel on some errand for his sister, who detests shopping, and knowing always precisely what she wants, orders the article without ado, to the infinite relief of lazy clerks, who would like, if they dared, to deprive us of the refined pleasure of fingering all the handsome fabrics in their departments only to discover, when the last piece has undergone our manipulations, and their discomfited heads are no longer visible behind the heap of dry-goods between us, that there is really nothing in their line that we want.

We stopped to chat a moment near the door, and while so engaged, a young man passed us and went up to the rear of the store—not that we should have observed an incident so trifling if the colonel, who had marked the passer keenly, had not invited our attention.

"There is a person," said he, "who might be benefited by your influence, if you are philanthropically inclined."

We opened our eyes.

The colonel smiled. "Don't you see?" he asked.

We confessed that we didn't.

"He looks, this young fellow, as if he were beginning to feel the chafing fetters of evil habits," said the colonel, "and yet he has a good, noble cast of countenance, though indicative of a trifle too much susceptibility, perhaps. Probably, as is the case with a great many who come here for employment, he has not a respectable woman acquaintance in the city, and without literary or artistic tastes to lead him, by their refining influence, out of the way of temptations to coarser pleasures—for human nature craves enjoyments of some sort, you know—he is very likely to lapse into evils from which the society—if only occasional—of true womanly friends might rescue him."

"But what have we to do with him, Colonel Dalrymple?" Berenice asked. "He is not in our circle, you know."

"He is in your father's employ," returned the colonel.

"He might be in Jones's, Smith's, or Brown's," I answered wonderingly. "What is the difference with us?"

"In the broadest sense there is no difference, I suppose, except that the work nearest home is the first to be performed," said Colonel Dalrymple. "I hold that it is every man's duty to look after the interests of his employees; and not unfrequently the members of his own household may render him material assistance in the discharge of this duty, if they choose to exercise their power."

Berenice and I looked at each other, but we didn't lift our hands and cry, "Did you ever?" as we had done at pa's proposal. It wouldn't do to call the colonel absurd. However, we made quick resort to our old argument.

"You don't expect us to put ourselves on a level with such persons, with their vulgar associations, Colonel Dalrymple?" we said with great severity, and with crushing emphasis on "such persons."

The colonel smiled—that peculiar smile of his, which seems to shine straight through us, and play like lightning around our cherished foibles.

"Put yourselves on a level," repeated he slowly, as if he were weighing separately each word. "That is one of the phrases supposed to comprehend a great deal, but which in

reality means nothing at all. There's no such thing as putting on a level. Knock out the artificial props, and pull down the partitions of false distinctions which society builds, and people will very quickly find their proper levels without 'putting.' Some of your whiskered and perfumed drawing-room pets, if the scaffolding of impudent pretension were knocked from under them, would find a much lower level, I fancy, than this poor young man to whom you cannot condescend. You ladies of society lead about poodles with a string, and drive the noble mastiffs into kennels."

Well, we thought over what the colonel said, and we concluded after we got home that we must try and see what we could do for the "poor young man."

So we described him to pa as accurately as we could, mentioning the department we believed he was in. And what do you guess? Why, it was the same clerk in whose behalf pa had tried to enlist our interests so many months ago, and to whom we had positively refused hospitality.

"I don't know as he will come now," pa said, in response to our low-worded, reluctant permission to invite him; "and I don't know as it would avail anything if he should. The young fellow is getting unsteady and inattentive to his business of late, and I have had half a mind to give him warning of dismissal. It is doubtful if you can do him any good now—if you ever could," parenthesized pa *solito voce*, and a little contemptuously; "but if you choose to undertake it, I will invite Clarke Lester to come home with me to-morrow."

We pouted our consent, and the Lester came. A shy, quiet young man, but more self-possessed and much nicer-behaved than we had expected to find one so unaccustomed to good society. (That's another phrase which attracts the lightning of the colonel's smile.)

But, really, we didn't know what to do with him—our visitor, I mean—how to amuse him, and put him at his ease, and make him feel that he was a truly welcome guest. It was difficult to find any subject to build conversation upon, and if by accident we did strike a theme which we could make a few words out of, we, between us, soon ran it quite dry, and came again to an embarrassing pause. We couldn't discuss the last party nor the opera, you know; we couldn't permit sentiment, and we couldn't condescend to nonsense; and as there was not a gentleman of our acquaintance with whom we ever talked anything not nonsensical, sentimental, or fashionable—except-

ing, of course, the colonel, who leads us always on untrodden ground—you can conceive our perplexity in finding topics of conversation on this occasion.

I don't know how the "poor young man" enjoyed himself, but I'm afraid very illy, indeed, for when, at his departure, we expressed the hope that he had found us sufficiently entertaining to repeat his visit at an early day, he thanked us very politely, but he did not feel at liberty to intrude often on our hospitality, and bore us with his dullness, which was partly of nature and partly of ignorance and inexperience in matters which, to be an agreeable companion to ladies of fashion, he would need to understand. Belle thought he must have meant the art of paying a decent compliment, of which he certainly was extremely ignorant if this was a sample of what he could do.

A day or two later Colonel Dalrymple happened in. The colonel always *happens* in, quite informally, like a country neighbor. When he first began to visit us, he told us, point blank that he would not be received in state, that if he could not come for a friendly chat right into our living room—if we had any such—he would not come at all. He had had enough in his life of waiting in cheerless drawing-rooms for ladies to put on their back hair, and an extra flounce and blush to receive him, and he didn't mean to submit to such treatment any longer. And so, after that, we endeavored to keep our back hair in order for the unknown day and hour when the eccentric colonel might appear.

On this particular day, in the dull season of Lent, he found us, in the absence of more exciting matters of thought, quite busy with some articles for a fancy fair, and in his usual unceremonious fashion he sat down among our velvets, silks, wools, braids, beads, and patterns with the easy freedom of the brother whom he had sometimes asked us to consider him.

"Smoking-caps and tobacco-pouches," commented he, glancing at our work. "Well, well, when the only beings in whose eyes we care to look fair, and to be clean and decent, unite in petting our vices, what absurdity to torture ourselves with trying to overcome them."

And lifting the crimson, gold-tasselled cap from my hands, he set it atilt on his handsome head, and elevating his feet to a neighboring chair, threw himself back luxuriously, and puffed at an imaginary cigar in our tracing pencil with that perfectly nonchalant, indolent, impudent, self-satisfied, devil-may-care, lookout-for-yourself, and don't-bother-me ex-

pression which struck me at the moment I had never seen on any human face but that of an inveterate tobacco user.

"Charming picture, isn't it?" he said, seeing my look of disgust; "with a thing like that on his head," taking off the cap and surveying it, "and a hookah in his mouth—a man with my present surroundings might fancy himself the prince of a seraglio, with all his houries about him."

We had been fervently wishing the colonel would come, that we might report to him the ill-success of the last venture into which he had led us; and not fancying the present matter of comment—or, rather, not fancying the colonel's comments—we hastened to turn the current into a new channel by a highly extravagant and detailed account of our effort to entertain the "poor young man," whom he had commended to our regards, and the very unsatisfactory result of our pains.

Colonel Dalrymple listened with deep interest to our recital, leaning forward in his chair, from which one of Berenice's inevitable tidies, disturbed by the movement, dropped down upon his shoulder, gracing it like an epanlette. Perhaps the thing annoyed him; he got up and replaced it carefully before making reply, tangling his feet, as he turned about, in Berenice's wool and cotton, out of which, spider-like, she was spinning more webs; for Berenice at that time was in a raging anti-macassar fever which, without speedy abatement, threatened to exhaust the last pattern, and run into the nightmare of invention. Extricating himself from this snare, the colonel nearly upset a stand of flowers which, being of our own construction and coloring, we valued more highly than any of the Lord's manufacture, as was evident from our having none of the latter in the room. In correcting that blunder, the man managed to knock one of those elegant gilt annuals, chiefly prized for their binding, from the table to the floor, and in restoring that, he displaced the mat on which it should have rested, and overturned and disarranged half a dozen articles of our skill and handicraft with an awkwardness which we began to think must have, like Hamlet's madness, a method in it; for in all our acquaintance with the colonel we had never seen him make so many ungraceful moves.

"Don't let me be so presumptuous as to rise again," said he, sinking impotently back in his chair. "Your rooms are comparatively free from these man-traps, but I have been in houses where I had to steer like a man-of-war, or more aptly of peace, between Scylla and

Charybdis, in all manner of "fancy work," saving myself out of the vortex of the one only to be dashed helplessly on the other.

"One need but glance through the lady's pattern and fashion books to see to what extremity, in these days, the feminine mind is driven for occupation. It is astonishing to think how much nerve and energy—not to speak of capital in time and money—are spent in the creation of articles in dress and ornament which, so far from appealing to any sense of the beautiful and harmonious, are positive violations of good taste, and an offence to the eye trained to any appreciation of true beauty and harmony. Not that I would decry or undervalue ornament, but only its excess, whose effect is the exact reverse of that designed. A lady ought to know—and she does if she chooses to remember—that no adornment of her person can cover or atone for her lack of mental attractions; that she herself is the chiefest ornament of her rooms—not by virtue of what she wears wholly, nor yet by the skilled industry of her hands, but by those cultured graces of mind and heart which attract and draw out all that is best and noblest in those who enter her rooms, and does not permit them to depart until they are spiritually warmed and fed, comforted and uplifted. But the lady who makes dress an avocation, and devotes any possible moment that can be spared from that engrossing occupation to those wonderful productions, included under the general head of 'fancy work,' who selects her books with reference to their covers and their appropriateness for table ornaments, who considers it unfeminine to know anything about matters of public interest, and disgraceful to cherish a principle conflicting with established usage—why, she may be a companionable creature for the brainless coxcomb of her set, and with pretty exclamation and witching pantomime entertain him very sweetly; but when she is required to play hostess to a man—say like our friend Lester—who is not practised in the art of small talk wherein the male of her species is an adept, and who does not know how to flatter gracefully, and to lead out with a skilfully turned compliment, or, perhaps, on account of his inferior station in society, does not presume so far if he does know, she is at her wit's end to find anything to talk about, and racks her brain vainly for suggestions and ideas with which her education in worsted work and toilet arts has not furnished it. In a word, she is very much in the dilemma in which you confess yourself with the Lester—she don't know what to do with him."

We had begun to see the drift of the colonel's long digression, which was not a digression after all, but a plump rebuke, and much more sharply pointed than any he had ever given us before. Surely, we thought, the colonel must have come with the intent to make himself intensely disagreeable that day.

"So," I cried hotly, "you had a double motive in commending Mr. Lester to our favorable notice—not to serve him merely, but to teach us a lesson."

Colonel Dalrymple turned about with a frank, kind smile, whose properties, this time, were less electric than magnetic. "A man never should presume to teach a woman," said he. "He is certain to make rude, blundering work of it. Are you offended, Miss Lill? Forgive me. Forgive me, Miss Belle—Berenice."

It was impossible to refuse his frankly outstretched hand. If there is any honor or truth in one, it has to answer to the Dalrymple appeal, and we felt impelled to acknowledge the fairness of the hit, and to take it in good part.

"But what now, Colonel Dalrymple? The 'poor young man' will not come again, and will never taste the fruits of our knowledge—for, of course, we shall set ourselves at once to the getting of wisdom, and we begin already to count the effect of our gains."

"Gather in a few of your choice friends some evening, and invite the young man," said the colonel. "He will come."

We elevated our eyebrows. "Our friends would feel insulted, Colonel Dalrymple."

"Would they?" queried our imperturbable guest. "Mark the ones that feel insulted and don't invite them again."

"Well, Colonel Dalrymple, we will name Thursday evening for our sociable," I said. "Consider yourself bidden."

The colonel bowed graciously.

"And bear our invitation to Miss Lucia," said Belle.

"With pleasure, and I venture to accept for her, too. And Belle," he added jocosely, "be sure to invite 'Count' Alphonse Montpensier."

"Of course," returned Belle, bridding.

My impatient reader, I am coming to it. You must not expect a Fitz-noodle to make her point without a wide sweep, and infinite detail, any more than you could expect her to appear in a dress without multitudinous and elaborate trimming. I don't know but I shall have to leap my enclosure in Mr. Arthur's literary garden, and trespass on my neighbor's flower-plot to finish my story; but if my neigh-

bor will forgive me, he or she may plant posies in my borders another time.

As the colonel had prophesied, Clarke Lester came promptly on our invitation for Thursday evening, and, really, under the genial influence of Miss Dalrymple, who was also present, he was quite another person from our guest of the other day. In fact, so superior was the conversational talent developed by Lucia's gentle tact, under which his reserve was thoroughly melted, that we were actually quite proud of "Mr. Lester," though a little nervous lest some whispered inquiry regarding his social position should be broached among our dozen guests, who seemed to think him a pleasant addition to our circle. With one notable exception—Alphonse Montpensier, who, I had noticed, when Lester was introduced, started visibly with seeming alarm, or, more probably, haughty surprise, and, beyond a very stiff inclination of the head, had deigned no recognition of his presence.

Later in the evening, however, the Montpensier, less gallant and gracious than usual, for some reason, came up to me, and levelling a suspicious look at Lester, who was standing near in conversation with the colonel, asked superciliously—"Who is that person, Miss Lily?"

Before I could respond, "that person" turned abruptly about, and looked Montpensier significantly in the eye, to the manifest confusion of the latter, whose swarthy flush and averted glance betokened a degree of disturbance which seemed disproportioned to the trifling accident of having his remark overheard by its insignificant subject.

"A friend of ours," I replied with dignity to his inquiry.

"Ah! excuse me," whispered the "count," twirling his mustache; "but so many impositions are practised on society, that we need to be a little cautious about receiving new claimants to our favor and courtesy, and to inquire somewhat into the merit of their demands."

Somehow, though this was uttered in a very humble, apologetic tone, there was a covert insinuation in the words which angered me, and made me more distrustful of the man than I had ever been before.

At the earliest opportunity, I drew Clarke Lester aside, where I could talk with him unheard.

"Now, then, Mr. Lester," I said with a resoluteness that abashed me, "tell me the meaning of the look you flashed at Alphonse Montpensier just now."

He colored with surprise.

"Really, if I looked at that gentleman with any meaning, it must have been contempt, possibly astonishment at his audacity," he responded quickly.

"So I would have interpreted it," I said. "But why?"

"I beg you to excuse me; I do not wish to speak of your guests," he returned coldly.

"But, Mr. Lester, I have reasons for questioning you," I urged.

"Is your happiness concerned?" he asked, smiling.

"Indirectly, it is," I returned.

"I would not have credited the man with honesty to woo a lady of fortune for herself alone," said he; "but since knowing the lady"—he paused with a low bow—"I am inclined to reverse my opinion."

Really, the Lester was improving; but for once I was unmoved by a compliment.

"Stay here," I commanded, pushing him into the alcove near which we were standing; and, returning to the room where Miss Dalrymple was enchanting our guests with her glorious voice, I sought out Belle, and with some whispered excuse drew her away to my waiting prisoner.

"Now, Mr. Lester, tell us what you know of Alphonse Montpensier," I said grimly.

"Indeed, Miss Fitz-noodle," he remonstrated, "this is hardly the time or place for such revelations."

"Tell us," I insisted resolutely, for I had thrown myself completely overboard in this matter, and was swimming bravely without help or thought of precedents, to which I had always clung.

"Well, since you command me, I have only to obey," he returned. "In the first place, I know that the man's name is not Alphonse Montpensier, and that the handsome mustache, and the foreign accent, and sundry other becoming disguises, are assumed with the patrician appellation, and thoroughly distinguish him from the person who, in quite a different circle from that in which the elegant Montpensier moves, is familiarly known as Bill Jordan."

"Oh!" gasped Belle, who had been gaping at us in astonishment.

"I know that in his true character he is a professional gambler and swindler, and that the money which Alphonse Montpensier spends so lavishly is gained by Bill Jordan through robberies as atrocious as those of a highwayman and freebooter."

"It is false," murmured Belle, ready to faint, and leaning against me for support.

Lester looked at her compassionately. "I wish it were false," he said; "but unfortunately I have too good reasons for knowing the truth of what I tell you, as he is well aware, and he naturally fears me. Probably he has never met one of his victims in 'high life' before to-night, and he cannot answer for the consequences. His decoys are usually sent out to strangers in the city, or to those who never by any imagined possibility can come in contact with him in his assumed character, and he has so far escaped recognition. Does not Alphonse Montpensier have frequent calls away from town?"

We admitted that he had.

"That is when he relapses into Bill Jordan, and becomes the active proprietor of his gaming tables, where, by arts unknown to the uninitiated, thousands are transferred nightly from the pockets of his dupes to his own overflowing exchequer. In betraying him I am also exposing myself. For several weeks I have been a frequenter of his gambling-rooms, and being known as the confidential clerk of a heavy firm, I have been assailed by temptations which I am extremely doubtful whether I should have had strength to resist if, when they were pressing the closest, the accepted hospitalities of my employer had not made it impossible for me, without total loss of honor, to betray his generous though unmerited confidence."

I felt as if I had heard enough, if I had got to keep silence regarding the matter for the remainder of the evening, and leaving Belle quite limp and crushed, to recover herself under the soothing influence of Lester's sympathy, I was hurrying back to our guests when I came upon the discredited Montpensier hovering darkly in the shadow of the door.

A glance at his angry, discomfited face showed me that he had been an uninvited listener to Clarke Lester's disclosures. "Eavesdroppers never hear any good of themselves," I sneered.

"Miss Lily," said he, with infinite pathos, overlooking my taunt, "is it possible that you will allow an old friend to be traduced by a malicious enemy without an attempt at defence?"

I glanced into the room beyond us. Miss Lucia was still playing, and the guests were mostly gathered about her out of range of our voices.

"Mr. Jordan," I said, "we will not mind to

discuss the matter. Here is an excellent opportunity for you to make your exit unperceived. There is the door. In the hall you will doubtless find your hat. You need not stay to make your adieux."

"Miss Fitz-noodle, let me explain," he began desperately.

"Not a word," I interrupted, convinced by his disconcerted air of the truth of Lester's story. "I will not parley with such as you. If you do not quit the house quietly this moment, I will summon Mr. Lester to repeat before the whole room the story to which you have been surreptitiously listening. Choose, instantly."

The fellow turned purple with suppressed rage, and looked at me as if he would like to have eaten me on the spot, but evidently thinking discretion the better part of valor, he wheeled with a muttered oath (think of it!) and shot straight as an arrow through the door, which he has not entered since.

"Bravo!" whispered the colonel at my elbow, though I had thought him at the other end of the room.

"Colonel Dalrymple," I said, turning fiercely upon him, "did you know the character of that man?"

"Not fully until to-day," he answered, "though I have long suspected it. Come," he added, in a soothing voice that had a wonderfully quieting effect on my excited nerves, "we are going to try a new song, and want a little of your help."

"I don't know," I panted, hesitating.

"We shall not require much of you," he whispered, leading me toward the piano, "and the music will compose you."

It did. I felt like a heroine, and my voice soared triumphantly in the highest notes.

At the close of the song there was some inquiry for Montpensier among the guests, who were scattering again through the rooms; but the colonel's prompt information that the gentleman had been suddenly called away, seemed to entirely satisfy them.

I was beginning to feel alarmed about Belle when she made her appearance, looking quite tranquil, though very pale.

Lester, serious and silent, stole from time to time, a solicitous glance at her.

It is an absurd thought, of course, but wouldn't it be curious if Belle should exchange a count for a clerk?

WOMEN have been elected as superintendents of public schools in several towns in Vermont.

SONG OF THE SAW.

BY GRACE LEAVENWORTH.

BUZ-A-Z-Z-Z whirr-r-r-r z-z-z-r-r-r buz!
That's what Will declared it said. I know better; it might have said Buz-a-z-z-z at first, but it ran into something else after awhile.

That was a wonderful saw-mill, and it sang wonderful songs. The mammoth oxen, with their huge necks, brisk tails, and large, meek eyes, brought in the giant old trees from the "forest primeval," dead giants they looked, stretched out on rough biers with all their robes of state stripped off; naked, and gaunt, and stiff, but giants still. And then the saw-mill would commence its song; no dirge over the fallen heroes, but a prophetic chanting of the future of every house whose timbers it shaped.

The day that it sawed out Charley Tomkins's house, the machinery would not work well, and this was what it sang—

There's no light step on the door-sill,

There's no kiss within the hall,

"It's a bread-and-butter wedding,"

Not a bit of love at all—

—Whirr-r-r-r—jerk!—tz-tz-tz—not a bit of—
buz-z-z-z—Bread and butter wedding, not a bit of love at all. Here ensued a snapping and the machinery broke down. Started again—

The fireside is not cosy

More than that, it is not clean,

And the air's perfumed with codfish,

And the only light that's seen

Glimmers from the smoky chimney

Of the dirty kerosene.

Oil lamp—(whirr—buz-z-z-z—snap—jerk)—

And Charley's awful cross

For the coffee tastes like gall.

"It's a bread-and-butter wedding,"

Not a bit of love at all.

But when the saw-mill squared the timbers for the new dock, it sang quite another ditty—

The world's a world of business, and there's no time for play,

It is work, work all night and work all day.

Work while the lanterns shine on beams so high and dizzy—

Buz, fuz, business, all the world's busy;

Busy, busy business; busy, busy business, all the world's busy.

Rattle, rattle, falls the ore down into the pockets;
Glimmer, glimmer, fall the lights as deeply in their sockets;

Drudge, drudge, toils the drudge, yet not a bit faint-hearted;

Toll, toll, the passing bell, a steamboat has departed;

Chut, chut, chut, consequential little tug

Leading up a stately schooner—

Here followed a dull sound of uz. It might have been the stopping of the machinery, or

the greeting of an Indian guide, who entered just then and conferred with one of the loggers on the subject of snow-shoes.

At any rate, the dock timbers were squared, and now long, thin boards were being turned out to a sort of "Rattle his bones over the stones" rhythm, and the foreman remarked that that timber was going to a cheap coffin manufactory in Detroit.

Then succeeded a buzzing sound, like the turning of myriad spelling-book leaves, and the hum of many a five times five are twenty-five, five times six are thirty; five times seven are thirty-five, five times eight are forty—Caucasian, Mongolian, Indian are various kinds of men—Aries, Taurus, Gemini, Cancer—Jane had a fat hen. Evidently a school-house going up now.

Now as the heavy mouldings for the queer, old book miser, Aristotle Greedyreader's library were roughly blocked out, the saw sang a more subdued song—

The long slant beams in golden streams,

Flash through the quaint, small panes,

Fall on the long, white hair of the man who counts as only a miser can,

Who stealthily counts his gains.

With trembling fingers, reluctant he lingers

Before the shaded nooks,

And loving caresses the strong oak cases

Which guard the hoarded books.

In sooth, the collection was costly and old; yellow books worth their weight in gold,

Stolen from some ancient crypt,

Books rare, and precious, and richly bound; books which elsewhere could not be found,

And gorgeous manuscript.

Now, while the flooring of St. Luke's Hospital was shaped, the buz of the saw was like the hum of the city, borne through the high, grated windows by the warm, faint air, which flooded the long corridors and spacious wards, languidly lifting the moist locks from brows knotted in agony. Silently, the Sisters of Mercy passed from one cot to another; pressing the cooling cup to parched lips, with their soft hands smoothing the tangled gold locks of little children, or straightening the tired limbs, and closing the weary eyes of those who would evermore rest from their labors, drawing the linen over the faces of the sleepers.

"Where on their pallets they lay like drifts of snow by the wayside."

And the shadows from the grated windows made the sign of the cross on the floor at the foot of each sleeper.

The rough boards which formed Aunt Nancy's rude cabin, were fashioned, too, at the mill. When the work was done, the noisy song which rang through the mill was wonderfully like the clatter which at all times pervaded Aunt Nancy's domicile. Indeed, had you with closed eyes listened to the saw, you could easily have fancied yourself in the low-browed room, with its board wall and ceiling resplendent with whitewash, a monument of the skill which Aunt Nancy's oldest son, 'Lijab, exercised in his profession. In what bold relief the little darkies stood out against the white walls, and how many there were of them, how they bubbled up like ink spots everywhere, and swarmed from under the bed like cockroaches, imitating on the clothes-line stretched across the room the performances on the slack rope at the last circons. While Aunt Nancy, seated on the floor before the embers which smouldered in the smoky fireplace, hugged her knees with her withered arms, watched the hoe-cake toasting on the coals, and crooned away to herself in a cracked voice—

"Nobody knows de joys I has,
Nobody knows but Jesus;
Nobody knows de troubles I has—
Sing glory hallelu.
Sometimes I'm up, sometimes I'm down,
Sometimes I'm lebel wid de groun',
Sometimes de glory shines aroun—
Sing glory hallelu."

Then as one by one the rafters for the Rink were fashioned—

As the keen saws flashed
And their quaint jaws clashed,
Sure a merry laugh rang out,
And bright-eyed girls,
With flying curls
Echoed the skater's shout.

Flirting and skating,
Skating and flirting
Is jolly; now do you think
There is aught so nice
As a turn on the ice
In that delightful rink?

Then as the flooring was made ready for the new church, surely there was heard the reverent tread of worshippers, coming and going, coming and going, and angels walking between.

Then a sweet, dear tone of a Sabbath bell,
And voices hushed as they crossed the sill,
And footsteps pattering low—

The solemn chant of the sweet-voiced choir,
The light from stained windows, which fall like fire
As the sunbeams come and go.

Our day at the mill was ended.

DRESS OF CHILDREN.

THE chief cause of infantile mortality is not more the weather or foul air than the ignorance and false pride of the mothers. Children are killed by the manner in which they are dressed, and by the food that is given them, as much as by any other cause. Infants of the most tender age, in our changeable and rough climate, are left with bare arms and legs, and with low-neck dresses. The mothers, in the same dress, would shiver and suffer with cold, and expect a fit of sickness as the result of their culpable carelessness. And yet the mothers could endure such a treatment with far less danger to health and life than their tender infants.

A moment's reflection will indicate the effects of this mode of dressing, or want of dressing on the child. The moment the cold air strikes the bare arms and legs of the child, the blood is driven from these extremities to the internal and more vital organs of the body. The result is congestion, to a greater or less extent, of these organs. In warm weather, the effect will be congestion of the bowels, causing diarrhoea, dysentery, or cholera infantum. We think this mode of dressing must be reckoned as one of the most prominent causes of summer complaints, so-called. In colder weather, congestion and inflammation of the lungs, congestion and inflammation of the brain, convulsions, etc., will result. At all seasons, congestion, more or less, is caused, the definite effects depending upon the constitution of the child, the weather, and various other circumstances.

It is painful, extremely so, to any one who reflects upon the subject, to see children thus decked like victims for sacrifice, to gratify the insane pride of foolish mothers. Our most earnest advice to all mothers is to dress the legs and arms of their children warmly, at all events. It would be infinitely less dangerous to life and health to leave their bodies uncovered, than to leave their arms and legs as bare as is the common custom.

A new theory of sleep has been propounded by a French professor. His idea is that sleep is the result of the deoxygenation of the system; and that a person becomes sleepy as soon as the oxygen stored in the blood is exhausted.

Miss RYE, who brought seventy poor English girls to Canada, last October, has found good homes for all of them, and is going back to England for one hundred more.

BURKE.

BY C.

EDMUND BURKE, by his originality and genius, secured for himself a prominent and worthy position among men of letters and eminence. He was born in the city of Dublin, on Arran Quay, January 1, 1730. His father had been educated to the profession of the law, and carried on a very large business as an attorney. His grandfather was the proprietor of a considerable estate near Limerick, and resided there in affluence, much esteemed and respected for his ancient lineage and unvarying kindness and good will.

The education of Edmund Burke was carefully attended to. He was not sent to school at an early age, being of a delicate frame, but he received instruction from his mother, who was a woman of cultivated intellect and excellent judgment. He applied himself to his studies with ardor and industry, but after a few years the country air was thought necessary for his health, and he was sent to a classical academy in the county of Kildare, at the head of which a worthy member of the Society of Friends presided. Burke always retained a sincere and grateful respect for this old teacher, and often alluded to him in after life as "an honor to his sect."

At school he was not anxious to display his powers, but his superiority among the boys of the establishment was apparent, and duly recognized.

His rare faculties were proudly appreciated by the learned Quaker, who foretold that they would ultimately conduct him to fame and fortune. His brother, Richard, was witty and gay, and was generally regarded as the more brilliantly endowed of the two brothers, but their father perceived the superior wisdom and energy of the youth who was to be the terror of oppressors and the champion of the injured. Even while a boy, he showed a peculiar sympathy for the poor and desolate, which began then to flash forth with promising brightness and warmth.

Burke entered Trinity College, Dublin, in 1744. He did not seek opportunities of proving the might of his genius, but silently made himself master of that universal information which he afterward exhibited in forms so grand and magnificent, and when the proper time arrived, he was able to speak with correctness

and eloquence on any subject that presented itself. Long before Burke left the University, he had been enrolled as a student of law, but he was in no haste to keep the terms. He resolved to go to London, believing that by industry and ability he could secure honor and independence. He engaged in literary labor on his arrival there. He wrote essays on various political and literary subjects for daily and weekly publications, and studied with great diligence; and though his industry was unceasing, yet his income remained small.

It is impossible to work incessantly without impairing the health; and a severe illness caused him to apply to Dr. Nugent, a physician of skill and talent, for medical advice. Nugent kindly invited Burke to reside at his house while under his treatment. The invitation was accepted, and the care of the good doctor and his interesting daughter soon restored him to health.

Miss Nugent was an amiable and agreeable companion; their mutual esteem and affection resulted in a happy marriage, and their lives were made useful and beautiful by the union. In after life, when cares and anxieties oppressed him, he often declared that all his troubles departed when he entered his own house.

Now, with a double motive for exertion, Burke applied himself with energy to business, and published his "Vindication of Natural Society," and soon after his "Essay on the Sublime and Beautiful," which last so pleased and delighted his father that he immediately sent his son a hundred pounds.

Burke now became celebrated. Dr. Johnson declared him to be the greatest man living. He became the private secretary of Lord Rockingham, and a member of Parliament. He made his first speech on the bill for repealing the American Stamp Act, with an eloquence which excited the admiration of all present, and caused the Earl of Chatham to give him valuable praise.

The same day that Burke made his first speech in the House of Commons, the first Pitt made his last speech, and some of their hearers were in doubt which of them was the more splendid speaker; but before two years had passed, Burke had established his oratorical supremacy.

A few years before Burke entered Parliament, he purchased a pleasant villa near Beaconsfield, where he could enjoy rural privacy, and be surrounded by the wonders and works of nature, of which he never wearied. As a country gentleman, he exerted himself to the utmost to ameliorate the condition of the peasantry among whom he lived; he was daily earning their blessings by the schemes he devised for their benefit. He enjoyed the respect and admiration of his numerous guests. His hospitality was overflowing, though he neither affected style nor studied display. He regaled them with substantial fare, and delighted them with cheerful and entertaining conversation.

Burke was a diligent writer, and many of his works were published. In 1790, his "Reflections on the French Revolution" appeared, which agitated all Europe, and for it the degree of LL.D. was conferred on him by the Dublin University.

He held many offices of trust and responsibility, and for many years that of paymaster-general. For his long and faithful services, the king bestowed on him a pension, though he was rich. He buried his only son, a youth of great promise, and in a few years followed him to his eternal home.

Burke died July 8, 1797, and was buried in Beaconsfield church, where a plain mural tablet has been erected to his memory.

DELAFIELD, WIS.

DREAMLAND.

BY KITTIE CONSTANCE PILER.

SILKEN eyelashes
 Pressed on its cheeks,
 Sleeping the baby lies,
 Rocking away
 Through the bright day,
 Till the wing'd sunlight flies
 Over the mountains with roseate gleams,
 Dreaming no worded dreams.
 Only the face of sweet mother smiles faintly,
 Crowned with a wreath of brown hair braided
 quaintly;
 Only the touch of her minist'ring fingers,
 Like breath of an angel's wing over him lingers.
 Rocking away
 Through the bright day,
 Dreaming no worded dreams.

Weary eyes closed
 Over the world,
 Over its joy and care;
 Tanned boyish face
 Pressed 'gainst the lace,
 Pillowing his brown hair,

While o'er his slumbers the crescent moon beams,
 Dreaming sweet childhood's dreams.
 There is a mother's face bending above him,
 Faces of friends and of comrades who love him,
 Bright spots of meadow, of moor, and of fallow.
 Silver-waved brooks shaded by the marsh mallow.

Resting his face
 'Gainst snowy lace,
 Dreaming sweet boyhood's dreams.

Over his cheek
 The brown curls creep;
 Closed are his eyes on the day;
 Strong manhood's face
 Says with still grace,
 "I'll conquer all, come what may!"
 Through the closed lattice the silver moon gleams,
 Watching o'er manhood's dreams.

White is the face that is hov'ring above him;
 Death claimed the mother that once used to love him.
 Death—"But another was raised up to cherish,
 In place of the loved one who lived but to perish."*

'Tis manhood's face
 Of powerful grace,
 Dreaming strong manhood's dreams.

Closed, weary eyes,
 Faltering lips
 Quivering with long-drawn sighs;
 Breathing away
 Through fading day,
 Till the last sunbeam dies.
 Over the river the flash of wing gleams
 To the keen sight of dreams.
 Only the face of an angel smiles faintly,
 Crowned with a wreath of brown hair braided
 quaintly;
 Only the touch of her minist'ring fingers,
 Like breath of spirit-wing, over him lingers.

Breathing away
 Through fading day,
 Dreaming a heav'nly dream.

The sleeping bell
 Awakened to-day,
 On this drear, darkened day,
 Uttering slow
 Murmurs of woe,
 Telling its dreams away.
 Bright through the morning the summer sun
 gleams,
 Over the bell and its dreams.
 Sadly and slowly a dirge 'tis ringing;
 One listens not to its mournful singing,
 Fallen asleep from all pain and weeping,
 Dreaming sweet dreams thro' his peaceful sleeping.
 Lying so low,
 Out of all woe,
 Dreaming immortal dreams.

* These two lines were unintentionally quoted at the time the piece was composed, and as no other can be found by me so suitable, I have let them remain.

WOMAN'S WORK AND WOMAN'S WAGES.

BY AN AMERICAN WOMAN.

WOMEN IN THE TRADES, ARTS, AND PROFESSIONS.

WHAT shall a woman do for a living, who lacks strength to become a domestic, health to become a seamstress, and inclination to be a teacher? The conservative shakes his head, and says: "What, indeed?" She has exhausted the whole list of feminine occupations, and there is nothing left for her to do but to get married. This is, indeed, the sovereign remedy suggested by those who are opposed to any widening of woman's sphere of labor. Only, alas! if this advice is followed, the poor girl is too likely to find that she is expected to be servant, seamstress, and teacher all at once, and nurse and waitress as well. And then if she becomes worn out, or dissatisfied with these multifarious cares, she is coolly asked why she got married if she was not prepared to discharge all the duties direct and incidental, of married life.

"I don't like strong-minded women," said a spirited young girl, "but I do wish when we leave school we could have some object in life besides dressing for parties and angling for a husband." And I know this is the sentiment—though perhaps unspoken—of myriads of young girls. And the most inconsistent part of it all is, that while they are shut off from all other occupations and ambitions, and husband-hunting is made the one object of their lives, propriety forbids them making the least effort, or showing the least anxiety to accomplish their destiny.

When the millennium shall come it is possible that every woman may find herself provided for by a father or husband, who will not only be willing, but abundantly able to take care of her; and when sickness, misfortune, or death intervene, there will be some other male relative ready to step in and take his place, and thus the original intention of creation be carried out that men shall do, while women suffer.

But now things are sadly mismanaged, and in fact, if not in theory, we find it necessary to lose sight of the original plan, while we consider things as they are. There is a vast army of spinsters, who must necessarily remain spin-

sters, because in this longitude the women so far outnumber the men, and we are not yet quite prepared to accept Mormonism as a gateway through which to pass out of our difficulties. Then there is an array, scarcely less numerous, of widows, and another of those who are worse than widows, with invalid, shiftless, drunken, or profligate husbands, who make their wives' burdens doubly heavy. The State does not seem to feel itself called upon to provide for the wants of these various classes, so they must do it for themselves and those dependent on them, just as surely as though they were men. They must be fed and they must be clothed; and though, thank heaven, they are not, as a class, addicted to the expensive vices of the sterner sex, they have certain feminine tastes for refinement or finery, as the case may be, the gratification of which is just as harmless, to say the least, as is the indulgence in the aforesaid vices. If a man's wages are to be regulated with a view to brandy, cigars, and billiards, so should a woman's with a view to ribbons, laces, and jewelry? So that a woman requires no less than a man to support her; and as her right to live is equal to his, her right to work should also be equal.

Thus far I have discussed the three occupations conceded to women as an equivalent for the hundreds in which men may compete with each other. But is it right or fair, considered abstractly, that one half the human race should so crowd and jostle one another in three narrow paths, while there is room and to spare in hundreds of others? I truly believe not; and to the question asked in the opening paragraph of this article, I answer, with a belief and conviction born of long thought, observation, and experience: I would leave all avenues of labor as free to women as to men, yield them the same privileges, grant them the same rights, impose the same duties, and give them the same encouragements. I would, in view of possible events, have every woman educated to be self-reliant, and if necessary, self-supporting. Whatever she learns I would have her learn thoroughly; and I would have that knowledge selected and acquired with a special view to real use in after life. And the manner of this self-support I would leave wholly to herself.

Though others may suggest, may aid by counsel and encouragement, no one can decide the matter for her. The only restrictions I would place upon her, the only limits I would make to her field of labor, are those which nature itself imposes—which her own inclinations and abilities prescribe. Not her nature as interpreted by some man or by some other woman, but her own special, individual nature. Whatever a woman cannot do she will not do, nor is she liable to even wish to undertake; whatever is in itself improper that she should do, there is little probability of her wishing to do. Therefore the fears and doubts which trouble so many minds are all needless. A woman will never become any less a woman for being allowed free exercise of her faculties and full development of her nature. If our women are violets and mignonettes, as some recent writer on the subject declares them to be, they require no board placed over them to keep them from emulating tulips and poppies. Give them the full, free air of heaven, and plenty of space to spread their leaves and blossoms, and they will be all the more beautiful and fragrant. Give them full leave to trail for yards, build them trellices and invite them to climb, train them and try to make them into trees, it will be all of no use, their nature will still remain the same. But if a rose or a lily be among them, do not clip and trim it, and insist that it shall become violet or mignonette. Let it develop all its stately beauty, consoling yourself with the thought that it is only carrying out the instincts with which heaven has endowed it.

To forbid a woman to do that which she has no desire or capacity for doing, is absurd; to compel her to abstain from that which she feels well qualified and anxious to do, is cruel and unjust. It is placing a board over the rose-tree to compel it to keep to the low stature of the mignonette.

Fifteen or twenty years ago, when the subject was broached of women entering the occupations and professions of men, incompetency, physical weakness, and mental incapacity were urged, if not with a show of reason, at least with no apparent unreasonableness, because then the trial had not been made. To-day there are few occupations into which the strong, brave, and resolute ones among our sex have not forced their way. They have proved themselves possessed of courage and endurance far beyond the ordinary, not only by mastering the details of their trade or profession, but also by overcoming the extraordinary difficulties with which they have had to contend.

We are told with all the earnestness of conviction that women have not powers of endurance equal to men. But never was there a greater fallacy. In the adjustment of gifts, men were endowed with strength, women with endurance. Endurance is woman's portion from the cradle to the grave. She can bear greater extremes of heat and cold than man, as any one will discover, who will thoughtfully observe the dress of the two sexes at the various seasons of the year. She will endure sickness and pain silently and almost uncomplainingly; and will still keep on her feet and at her work in suffering that would drive a man to bed and surround him with doctor and nurses. She will endure close and steady confinement at work, and only ask for her cup of tea to revive her; while a man in the same case, unless his principles are of the best, will imagine that something stronger is needed. Whoever heard of a literary lady requiring brandy or cigars to help her in her labor with her pen, or to recruit her system after it was over? Whoever, I was about to ask, heard of a literary man who did not? Let any one enter the studios of our artists and judge for himself whether tobacco, ale or whiskey, might not almost be considered as the necessary belongings to their business. But the studios of our lady artists tell no such tales. It is our male travelers, and not our female, who find it necessary to recruit their systems at way stations from the exhausting effects of travelling. This much for endurance. As for efficiency, when women once learn that they *must* be efficient and reliable, they *will* be; and the only way they will ever learn this is by bringing them in contact with men, and letting them learn, by experience, that if they wish to compete with men on equal terms, they must be ready to accept all the requirements and responsibilities of the situation.

Women have had a hard battle to enter the printing-office, but the tide is turning in their favor, and the victory is the same as won. They are now officially recognized by the National Printers' Union, and even in Philadelphia, where, but a few years ago, women printers were mobbed, a woman has been received as member of the Typographical Union.

In other employments they have had similar difficulties, and are meeting with similar successes. Women telegraph operators are now not uncommon, and their reliability is something admitted by all who have no interested motives to speak otherwise. Women clerks and book-keepers are no new thing, their chief

recommendation having been—shame to their employers—that they can be obtained at a cheaper rate than men.

"They take the bread out of men's mouths," and "they are sure to get married and leave their business as soon as they learn it." If both these statements be true, then the latter is a set-off against the former; for if they soon leave their business, they consequently soon give back the bread. But, to consider the bread question, have men a prior right to the bread, that they should have a whole loaf and women none, and do women suffer any less pangs in starving? If so, then the argument possesses a certain weight. If not, it is worth nothing. Some men have families dependant on them; some have not. The same, neither more nor less, may be said of women. And the family of one is as much in need of food and clothing as that of the other. If women who have no dependants are to be excluded from remunerative labor, then let the same rule apply to men. And it follows, in justice to all, in order that the one sex should not injure the other, that in the adjustment of wages, the amount and quality of work should be considered, and not the sex of the worker.

I am not one who wishes to see women driving the plough, felling wood, and engaging in laborious, out-of-door work. There is nothing that the women of America should dread more than to be reduced to the state of women in the peasant class of Europe, where the heaviest and most menial labor falls to woman's share as a matter of course. It is hard enough that the heavy duties of washing, ironing, and scrubbing devolve upon them in the conventional adjustment of things. Even these are of a nature that make them totally unfitted for woman's physical structure, and almost invariably subjects her to the most distressing of complaints. I often vaguely wonder, when I hear the talk about woman's physical weakness and delicacy, and her unfitness to perform the rude and wearisome tasks that are assigned to men, that these chivalrous souls who are so exercised in her behalf do not come forward and offer to relieve her of the drudgery of the laundry, while they vacate their own lighter and pleasanter occupations for her benefit.

The battle has been fought and won in the medical profession; and, paying no more heed to the action of the medical convention recently held in Philadelphia, than it deserves, there is abstractly nothing to prevent women entering here. As clergymen (or clergywomen) they are a success, if we may judge by their popularity

and by the good they accomplish, though prejudice is still strong against them. A lady has been refused admission to the bar in Illinois, not because she was incompetent, for she is acknowledged to be fully qualified, and her paper, the *Legal News*, is received as authority in legal matters, but simply because she is married. In Iowa the bars have been let down, and the legal profession is left free to women as to men; and in St. Louis there is a lady actually practicing, having passed a most creditable examination. So the three leading professions are open, and it only requires a little courage and perseverance for women to try their capability in these great fields. A single woman, —Miss Anna Dickinson,—has made a triumphant entry into the lecturing field, and left a broad and clear way for all who choose to follow her. Prejudice has yielded here sooner and more easily than in any other case.

Women have for a long time dabbled in the arts, and we have been told that we should never expect them to do more than dabble. Still there have been and are notable exceptions to the general rule, and the number is increasing every day. I do not need to repeat the names of well-known lady sculptors and painters who are proving to the world that women can handle a chisel or a brush.

But the reason that women have not been more uniformly successful is, not that the talents have been really lacking, or the inclination, but that they have only dabbled, and circumstances seemed to restrain them from doing more. Society presents its claims to them. Dress must occupy a portion of their time. Their friends must not be neglected. Their families have a right to their first attention, and when they are ready to turn to art it is only to give it the remnant of their time and thoughts. They do not dare to make their profession the first thing in their lives. Propriety and expediency seem to forbid them tramping out in all seasons and all weathers in all localities, and, I might say, in all sorts of company, to see and study from nature in all her guises. There are a few who have done this, and these few are the successful ones.

Another reason why women are not more uniformly successful in art I think I have already explained in a previous essay. The fault must be laid to a false and superficial education. I will not now go over the ground again; but before feminine talent is entirely condemned, or passed by with a sneer, give the women equal opportunities for learning, and equal chance for practicing their art. As I believe

that masculine and feminine natures are different, but each perfect in its way; so I believe that women will yet prove themselves capable of as great excellencies as men, though differing from them. But the question of greatness, and of excellence, in this or in any other domain of labor, is not now under discussion. Whether the works of women always will or will not prove inferior to those of men, makes little matter practically. The question is this, whether women, being obliged to eat their daily bread, have or have not a right to earn it, especially when necessity seems to compel them. If they are to be excluded solely on the ground of mendicancy, the same objection would apply against a vast majority of men. Let the labor be considered and paid for according to the laborer's worth, and then perfect justice will be done.

"But," I have been asked before now, "why all this agitation of the subject? What is to hinder women from taking all these rights, and entering any trade or profession, if they choose, without any ado about it?" Nothing absolutely, if women were all brave, and men all wise. As it is, there is much to hinder. You and I believe in all that I have said. You agree with me that it is an excellent thing if a woman is competent to take care of herself and her family when it becomes necessary. But are you, individually, educating your daughters with a view to all possible contingencies? No; of course you are not. Your sons equally, of course, are being trained as they should be, and some day will make useful and efficient men. But your daughters it is pleasant to keep with you at home. The burden of their support is not heavy, and you can easily bear it for the sake of their company, and the help they are to you. In fact, you do not exactly see how you can spare them, they are so useful to you in so many ways. Would you feel justified in reasoning to yourself thus about your sons? Would not your conscience upbraid you if you were to destroy their future prospects in life for the sake of a selfish pleasure and gratification in their society and assistance? Of course it would. Now, to adopt the words of a recent writer on the subject, "it is adding insult to injury to simply tell a girl, without giving aid or encouragement, that the law will not prevent her from following the pursuit she wishes to, when she well knows that society will stare at her and hiss, like ill-mannered geese; that peacock men with microscopic souls will yelp like dirty curs; and last, but not least, that her time is occupied with domes-

tic affairs, which she cannot leave without being accused of ingratitude and neglect, but which could be hired done, and would be, if she had *happened* to be a boy instead of a girl."

If the right of women to work on equal terms with men, and as a human being, is not recognized, what shall be done with the vast preponderance of women in the eastern States? The disproportion of the sexes is growing larger every year, and some means must be taken to remedy the evil, for evil it is, in its consequences. These women must labor, and if their labor is easy, honorable, and remunerative, they will no longer remain a class to be regarded with commiseration. They will all be merged in the great army of workers, of both sexes, but with identical interests. Then, too, another result is certain to follow. As these women-workers go from shop to shop, from town to town, and from State to State, in pursuit of employment, we will find the number of the sexes beginning to equalize. There will be fewer women in the east, where they are not wanted, and the west, which is calling loudly for them, will become supplied. Then, in the natural order of things, women will find husbands, and men wives.

I know of nothing more revolting to one's ideas and perceptions of womanly delicacy, than shipping women off by the hundred to the western States for the sole, avowed purpose of getting them married. Yet what else can be done with the women, if their single object and vocation in life is to be married, and the women are on one side of a country, and the men on the other? Obviously, if the men will not come for the women, the women must go to the men. But all this offending of womanly instincts will be avoided, if women are taught that it is possible for them to have some other object in life than the securing of a husband. A woman may go to the antipodes in the pursuit of business, and if there she meets the man whom destiny has intended for her, she may give herself to him without confusion, and he may receive her joyfully, thanking the means that brought her to him. If she does not meet him, she may walk on serenely to the end of her life, feeling that it has not been marred by disappointment, and conscious of no shame which waiting without being sought is sure to bring.

There are a certain class who fear that in thus opening wide the doors to women, that they will change their natures and become like men, and that therefore the world will suffer by it. Do these people believe that women are

what they are only because they have no opportunities to be otherwise. A compelled virtue is scarcely better than no virtue. Besides if confinement and seclusion are the proper circumstances in which to develop womanly attributes and graces, the odalisques of the harem ought to be pattern women, but I never heard that they were.

Women, it is safe to believe, will never leave their womanliness behind them, and wherever and whenever they come in contact with men, the influence of each upon the other will be restraining and beneficial. As I have already said, in a previous essay, I would have the two sexes educated together, so in all positions in after life I would have the two work side by side, mutually helpful, and mutually helped.

That everything would not move smoothly in the first carrying out of this plan, it is possible to imagine. Indeed, we know it. The pioneers and heroines in the great struggle for the right to labor can tell us this. But they have fought, and constantly conquered, and other recruits should come forward ready to fight to the end. There may be brutes who, in their homes, abuse their mothers, wives, and sisters, and who, having no particle of chivalry about them, may sometimes venture to insult those women with whom they come in contact in the work-room. But the popular sentiment would always be against them. And it should always be remembered that it is no harder for their workfellows to bear their abuse than for the women with whom they hold domestic relations—probably not so hard. I think, in strict justice, the question should be, not whether the victims should, on their account, be debarred from an honorable and profitable means of support, and from the really beneficial influence of the society of honorable men, but whether the offenders should not be banished from all places where they can give offence, and become the pariahs of society. If strict decorum be required, and the same rigid rules for its preservation be enforced against one sex as against the other, the punishment to fall upon the guilty instead of upon the innocent, there will be little difficulty in the matter. The well-disposed will not be molested, and the evil-disposed will be cowed into submission.

It is not what a woman does, but how she does it, which must be considered. It should be required only that she should do her work in a womanly way. Endurance, rather than strength, is her portion—fleetness and delicacy rather than power—soft, womanly graces, and virtues, instead of masculine boisterousness and

masculine vices. In following the latter course the woman is lowered; in the former, the man who is her associate is palpably, though almost insensibly raised.

The world needs women—true, generous, earnest, wise, and womanly, working women. It needs them in its public as well as its private places, and it is calling for them. Let them come from whatever class they will, let them enter what field they will, they are welcome; and each should welcome one another, uniting in one grand sisterhood, whose object it shall be, not so much to help suffering women, as to show them how to help themselves. And whatever a woman does with all her strength, she is doing not for herself alone, but for her sex, and for the world.

A SLIGHT MISUNDERSTANDING.—A lady employed a young girl, about fifteen years old, to assist her about her housework, and one day she was making some cake, and wished to put some kind of plums in it; so she set the dish down on the table with the plums, and told the girl to *stone* them. To show her how, the mistress took up a plum and took out the stone, with the remark, "This is the way;" and then, thinking the girl understood what she meant, she put the plum she had into her mouth, instead of into the dish, and went away. What was her surprise, a short time after, when the girl came into the room where she was, and told her she had eaten all she could! The lady went into the room where she had been at work, and found she had put all the stones into the dish, and eaten nearly all the plums. The girl told her that she thought the hard pieces—meaning the stones—would soften up when baked in the cake.

GIRLS.—There are two kinds of girls; one is the kind that appears best abroad—the girls that are good for parties, rides, visits, balls, etc., and whose chief delight is in such things. The other is the kind that appears best at home—the girls that are useful and cheerful in the dining-room, sick-room, and all the precincts of home.

They differ widely in character. One is often a torment at home—the other a blessing; one is a moth, consuming everything about her—the other is a sunbeam, inspiring light and gladness all around her pathway. The right kind of education will modify both, and unite the good qualities of both.

JACQUELINE.

BY VIRGINIA F. TOWNSEND.

CHAPTER XVII.

IT was the middle of the afternoon. The day had been just such a one as Philip Draper loved, perhaps, above all other days: a day at the ripe core of September—earth and air drowned in still, slumberous sunshine. A great brooding peace, it seemed, at the heart of things, shining outward too, and transforming every object, so that it too held its share in the vision and the glory.

Vast white structures of clouds lay all around the horizon, taking sometimes the shapes of temple and palace, sometimes that of great piles of ruins, shattered pillars and columns, and broken heaps, hustled along the broad blue tracts, and here and there some airy, floating fretwork of mist, which seemed as though it had been torn away by some mad Vandal from a Gothic frieze, where it had been patiently and lovingly carved by a master-hand.

But the day, despite its voices and its visions, had not charmed the soul of Philip Draper. Sometimes, it is true, he had gone to the office door, and looking from the still peace of the river at hand to the holiness of the distant hills, fragments of sweeter thoughts had sprung suddenly into the gloom and disquiet of his mood. Somewhat after this fashion—"Ah God! Thy stillness and blessedness! The glory of Thy hands and the gladness of Thy sunshine across them."

And the thought, no doubt, was a deeper thanksgiving than many a one that is chanted to the rolling of organs.

Still, on the whole, the day had been one of the dreariest of Philip Draper's life. Something clung to his soul like those cold, dismal fogs that cling to north-eastern coasts. He tried in vain to shake it off, but there it was, like a dull, steady pain.

On returning to the office that morning, he found that so far as possible all traces of the riot had been removed by friendly hands, and order and neatness restored. When he made his rounds about the factory, the eyes which followed him—kindly eyes, too, for the greater part—had a puzzled curiosity in them. Evidently this was no ordinary man with which they had to deal. So much, at least, the duller of the work-people were finding out.

When the superintendent returned to his

office, he found a note awaiting him from Mr. Weymouth, stating that he would be out during the afternoon, to talk over the recent troubles. On the back of the envelop the young man's pencil scrawled unconsciously a few figures. He smiled to himself grimly enough when he found what these were. He had been multiplying the days of his life by the thirty-seven years which yet remained to round out that circle of three score and ten which, according to David, is the measure of a man's life.

"They go up well among the thousands," murmured the superintendent, looking at the figures with a kind of questioning curiosity, in which yet was some sadness or bitterness.

The outlook was dreary enough. I do not think it is saying too much to compare it to gray reaches of the still desert, the burning sky overhead, the awful stillness around, and the figure of the solitary traveller moving across the dull, gray monotony.

"All those days," said Philip Draper, apostrophising the paper. "I wish you were well over them."

Then better thoughts came. If there was a wholesome sting of remorse in them, better still.

"Don't be a fool, man," they said to him. "Shake off this mood which is of the devil, or if you can't do that, fight it to the death."

"Here you are, turning coward and traitor, instead of making the best of matters, and looking your fate in the face. It will do to get limp and worn and ready to die when you are fairly tided over the sand-bar of your seven years, but not before."

So his thoughts went, stinging and accusing him with a not unwholesome sharpness.

There were various causes which had contributed to this man's mood, and in some sense, at least, excused it.

No doubt the riot had its share in producing this frame of mind. It is never pleasant to a man to learn that he is unpopular even with a minority, and Philip Draper had been taught this of late in a very rough fashion.

Still, the whole occurrence affected him far less than he would have supposed possible himself.

Looking back on it, long afterward, Philip Draper wondered at his indifference at that

time. The truth was, he did not know himself what a long strain this spring and summer had brought him. For the first time he felt a sudden longing to get away from Hedgerows, to put the old town, with its dark-blue belting of rivers, and its distant hills, with their white crapes, of silver mists, far away from him, he rose up, drawing two or three deep breaths, with a kind of sense of suffocation. His soul seemed to pant and cry suddenly within him, for wide, fresh horizons. He thought of the vast reaches of western prairies, with the rush of the cool, free winds in the long, loose grass, of the wild, strong joy of the buffalo hunts over those green, level leagues. He thought of the still glory of the wide nights, when every muscle, aching with the blessed fatigue of the day's ride and tramp. He would lie on the ground, gazing up into the glory of the heavens, until sleep should come softly and fold him away in its hush of blessedness.

"Oh, my God, I wish I was there this hour," said Philip Draper, walking up and down the office, with the broad bolts of sunshine on the floor, and the dreaming of winds in the leaves outside.

He was like a man whose whole nature stirs itself of a sudden, and clears off, at a bound, a paralysis which has clung to him, if one can imagine such a thing. Indeed, he did not realize, until this moment what a subtle weariness had hung to him. He wanted to possess himself again, absolutely, and it seemed to him that he could never do this in an atmosphere charged with the presence of Jacqueline Thayne. I think the instinct of his nature here was the true one. If he could not take to his heart the woman of its love, the next best thing for him to do was to get as far away from her as possible.

Some purpose he had half-formed a while ago, of going out west and passing two or three years in prospecting and geologizing, returned to him now.

"I wish I could throw up the whole thing here and start to-morrow," muttered Philip Draper. But that, of course, was not to be seriously thought of at this juncture. Much as the superintendent might desire to leave Hedgerows, his presence was imperatively demanded here at the present crisis. He had every reason to suppose that a suggestion on his part of a release from his engagement would meet with the strongest opposition from the head proprietor of the woollen-mills. Indeed, the issues of the riot were yet to be met, and to run off before thorough investigations had been

made into the affair, was something which it was not at all like Philip Draper to do.

"It won't do to turn your back on duty, man. There's no release from this bond," said the superintendent to himself, again drawing a sigh, this time as the old sense of stifling and oppression came back upon the soul, stung so lately with a wind from the vast, wide plains, and God's still, blue heavens all around them.

I fear you will think my hero was, after all, lacking in manly courage. Perhaps he was, but if so it was the first time in his life that Philip Draper had been found wanting in that quality. It may be that had his love been less he would not have feared so much to put it to the test. But he had so far idealized and glorified Jacqueline Thayne in his thoughts, that the possibility of winning her for his wife, seemed to him a good deal like attempting to win a seraph.

I suppose men have felt like that towards women before, and I do not believe the men who have so felt, have generally been weak and ignoble.

Perhaps, too, Jacqueline's devotion to her uncle had its influence with Philip Draper. Only a man of that lofty ideal type of the Squire could win her heart, the superintendent fancied, and where could she find such another? he asked himself more than once.

No doubt he was a little morbid, and, in this instance, lacked self-esteem, but this latter want is not usually the accompaniment of ignoble minds, and, at all events, I will answer for my hero—he would not fail when the time came to test him.

The superintendent had resumed his seat at the desk, when a shadow fell upon the threshold, and, looking up he saw the figure of Mr. Weymouth at the door.

The old gentleman came forward less briskly than usual, it is true, but that was easily enough accounted for by his recent invalidism.

The two shook hands cordially. The elder's gaze went around the office, which, despite all the efforts to remove them, bore plenty of traces of the recent riot. His eyes flashed angrily.

"The rascals!" he muttered. "That plate-glass cost six hundred dollars."

"Yes; they made the destruction pretty thorough, considering the short time they were about it."

The two sat down by the desk. The workmen going back and forth in the factory-yard looked inside the office and saw the proprietor and the superintendent sitting there together, and conjectured all sorts of things as to the talk

going on between them, coming, of course very wide of the truth.

Mr. Weymouth took out his handkerchief and wiped his face a little nervously. He turned and looked at his superintendent. If Philip Draper had been observing, he would have noticed something curious and doubtful in the look.

"There have been no further demonstrations of this spirit, Mr. Draper?"

"Not a sign of one. The people have never been more quiet and orderly than during the last two days. I think the results of their own violence have appalled the perpetrators and then the feeling of the majority was against them."

"No doubt, at the commencement; but such a leaven as this working among these people will be sure to spread disaffection among the whole body. The more I think of this matter the more serious it seems to me," and again the old gentleman wiped his forehead with a little nervous movement.

I may as well say here that the proprietor of the mills had, after a struggle which had told a good deal upon him, come to a settled resolution that morning. Indeed, the effort which it had cost him to do this, had only made him more resolute in his purpose, and this was, in homely English, to get rid of his superintendent.

It was a most disagreeable business, and therefore the sooner it was well over the better. Moreover, he wanted to prove to himself and to Sydney that the old masterful will on which he prided himself, was not shaken. This was a matter of strong feeling with the man, as you have seen. He went on, stretching out one leg until the toe of his boot could tap the foot of the desk.

"It is high time we took some active measures to discover the perpetrators of this wretched affair. You, Mr. Draper, cannot have been among these people so much without getting some general notion with regard to most of them."

"Well, if I were a betting man, I should not hesitate to lay down a high wager that I could name the half-dozen ringleaders in this movement."

"Suppose you do it, Draper, without betting," replied the proprietor.

The superintendent wrote off half a dozen names on a slip of paper and handed it to Mr. Weymouth. The latter glanced it over eagerly. Reynolds' name headed the list. There was a quick, suspicious flash in the proprietor's eyes, as he read that name.

"You think he is the king of the rascals, do you, Draper?"

"I do. When the matter is thoroughly sifted, I believe enough can be brought home to this Reynolds to prove him the most active promoter of the riot. I like to give a man the benefit of a doubt, but when it comes to this Reynolds, I have long believed him a villain dyed in the wool."

"Aren't you rather severe on him, Draper?"

The question struck the superintendent as a little singular. Perhaps, by this time, something in the elder's manner did. He turned squarely upon his companion:

"You know this Reynolds, Mr. Weymouth. You are not unskilled in reading faces. What does this man's say for him?"

"True, true; a bad face," muttered Mr. Weymouth, shifting his feet uneasily. He inquired, after a moment's silence—"Have you settled on any plan for bringing this whole matter to daylight?"

The superintendent proceeded to lay before the proprietor the plan which had struck him as most likely to reach the bottom of the outrage. What that was has nothing to do with my story at this time. Mr. Weymouth declared long afterward that Draper had hit upon the right expedient. Indeed, he followed the former's suggestions in the main.

Philip Draper's instincts were very susceptible. I cannot tell—he could not, I suppose, himself—the precise moment when it began to dawn on him that his auditor was listening in a nervous, pre-occupied state of mind. Turning full upon him, Philip Draper met a look of dull suspicion in the eyes of Stephen Weymouth, which he had never seen there before.

It baffled the younger man for a moment. The wild longing for wider horizons, for the free, strong, careless life of hunt and bivouac, was still stinging and stirring in the man's brain. On its impulse he spoke. "Mr. Weymouth, I believe I need not say that I have tried to do my whole duty in all my relations with you and your workpeople since I came among you."

The senior sat bolt upright. "I have nothing myself to complain of, Mr. Draper," he said.

"But it is evident some of your people think they have. I do not disguise for a moment, the fact that night before last's demonstration was aimed solely against myself."

"It appears to have been, Mr. Draper, I regret to say," added the man, looking at his superintendent, and feeling a strong impulse to

unburthen himself of that miserable story of Reynolds's, only that would be betraying Sydney.

"And with that fact kept fully in view, you can perhaps understand that my position here will not be altogether a pleasant one?"

"I comprehend, Draper; but then, my dear, young fellow," returning by the very force of his attraction to his old manner toward his superintendent, "I need not tell you there are no positions in life which are altogether pleasant."

Philip Draper's heart sank at the kindly tones. A swift hope had shot across him, that a chance for release might after all be opening for him, yet, the next moment, he fancied the wish had been father to the thought. He could not fail to know the value of his services to the proprietor.

"What you say is true enough, Mr. Weymouth; yet—well I will not go around Robin Hood's barn to strike the truth in this instance—you could not do me so great a favor as to give me an absolute release from my engagement this very hour."

The elder stared; got up from his seat, like one who hardly believed the evidence of his senses, and braced himself against the desk. He had been fumbling all about in his thoughts in a blind way, for a key to fit the lock, and here the door was spread wide open, and he had only to bow the superintendent out. "Man alive!" he gasped. "Is that what you want?"

"Of all things in the world that is what I want supremely," and then, he remembered that was not just true; there was one other thing in the world more precious to Philip Draper than release from Hedgerows, even.

"Mr. Draper," said Stephen Weymouth, even now shaken in his purpose, although he had roused all the forces of his strong will to make it, "I never hope to light upon another superintendent who will supply your place."

"It appears, however, that you and your people differ widely in their estimates of me," with a significant gesture toward the broken panes.

"Well, if you insist upon it"—Mr. Weymouth made a last effort—"I will not hold you to your bargain, Mr. Draper."

The superintendent rose up, paced across the floor, every drop of blood in him, it seemed, alive, and stung with a strong, delicious sense of freedom.

The elder man noticing him, observed the bold, springing step, like that of one who has

suddenly sprung into freedom. "What ails the fellow?" thought Stephen Weymouth to himself.

The superintendent came over to the other. "I thank you from my heart," he said as he would say it to a man who had done him a vast favor.

"But do you know, Draper, what they will say of you around here?"

"No. What?"

"That I have turned you off."

"Nonsense. What folks say of me became long ago a matter of absolute indifference on my part."

"You are a strange man, Draper." Mr. Weymouth supposed he was only thinking these words, when in reality he spoke them out loud. "I don't understand you."

Philip Draper smiled to himself, and his smile now made his face like a boy's. There was an answer to that remark, but it would hardly have been complimentary to the senior member of the house of Stephen Weymouth & Co. The young man contented himself with saying. "Do you think so?"

"They shan't say that of you. I'll fix that," answered Stephen Weymouth, his honest feeling mounting now above all his suspicions and prejudices.

Philip Draper folded his arms and looked around the office. It seemed as though any woman, seeing how handsome and manly he looked at that moment, might have loved him.

"You are very kind, Mr. Weymouth," he said, "but I do not think that any man who knows me will suspect that I shirk away because I am afraid to stay, or that I fear to face anything human. A good many hard names may well apply to me, but cowardice is not of them."

"I wish Sydney could see him now," thought that young man's father, thinking, too, of Reynolds and his love, that this man had with craft and baseness seduced from the wool-sorter.

The old man tried to harden his heart again against his superintendent; but he went home at last, sorely perplexed in mind, and not knowing whether he was glad or sorry.

CHAPTER XVIII.

Squire Thayne had just returned from a little business trip, which had taken him out of town for several days. His niece had accompanied him.

She came into the kitchen now, and sat down on a low chair by the window. It was her

favorite seat, perhaps because it commanded a fine view of the sunsets. When she was a small girl, she used to come to the window every evening, and, climbing upon this very chair, watch the west with her wide, still eyes while the great glory of the sunset possessed it. Perhaps it was from habit partly that she still loved the kitchen so well, and the seat by the window, and the chat with Deborah the faithful old Englishwoman, who, to her general duties of housekeeper, added no small share of the daily work of the family, Squire Thayne not being a rich man enough to keep a corps of servants if he had had the inclination for them.

"O Deborah! it seems nice to get home," said Jacqueline, with a kind of sparkle all over her face.

Deborah was a dumpy little body, with a broad, honest face, and a quaint glimmer of humor lurking among her wrinkles. Her hair was thickly striped with gray. Altogether, there was a substantial, motherly sort of look about the old woman.

"It seems good to get you back, too, Miss Jackey, child," said Deborah, who had never learned to get beyond the old child dissyllable when she addressed her young mistress. "I've had rather a lonesome time of it."

"Have you? I fancied it would be brimful of rest and comfort, with nobody to trouble you."

And she sat down and commenced opening a packet of letters and papers which she carried in her hand. She always opened all her uncle's mail. It had been another of her habits from childhood; although she no longer could stand by his knee, with his arm around her, watching the little, dimpled fingers, and the small, grave face, as she carefully tore away the envelopes.

Meanwhile, a brisk talk went on between the two women, for Jacqueline was relating, in her bright, piquant way, various incidents of her visit, and Deborah was drinking it all in amid little, short, amused laughs, while she bustled about from pantry to table.

In the midst of her talk, Jacqueline came suddenly on a large, shining square directed to herself. Opening this, the handsome wedding-cards of Sydney Weymouth tumbled out. Jacqueline's cheeks certainly flushed. She examined the cards with something more than a woman's natural curiosity over things of this sort.

"Dear fellow! I hope he'll be happy," she said.

"Who's that, Miss Jackey?" asked Deborah. And then the girl saw she had spoken her hope out loud.

She handed the cards to Deborah, who put on her silver-bound glasses with gravity, and squinted and peered at the cards for a long time. At last she gave them back.

"They're mighty purty, Miss Jackey," she said; "but I'm glad your name isn't there."

"Why not?" asked the young lady, a good deal surprised. She had a high opinion of Deborah's shrewdness when it came to judging people or things. So had her uncle.

Deborah settled the corners of her mouth squarely, and shook her head very decidedly.

"I've known him from a boy," she said. "He was always handsome, and smart, and agreeable, but with all his fine airs I al'ays felt there was something hard and selfish underneath."

"Why, Deborah, I am sorry to find you have so poor an opinion of my friend," answered Jacqueline, almost indignantly. "You do him injustice."

Deborah's opinions were stubborn things. Her mistress knew that well enough. The serving-woman did not reply at once. She pulled down her sleeves and fastened them at the wrists with profound gravity.

At last she looked up, the puckered face solemn as an owl's.

"Miss Jacqueline," (on special occasions, when Deborah desired to be impressive, she unconsciously slipped into the trisyllables which formed her mistress's name,) "there are two kind of gentlemen in the world, and one may be handsome, and polished, and agreeable, with all sorts of grand learnin' and fine airs, and yet when you come to look away down inside, if you've got eyes to see deep enough, there's something hard and selfish at the bottom. Somehow all the learnin' and fine airs, and the agreeable manners don't strike clear in—when you get to the core, there's specks and unsoundness, jest as you'll find in some apples that are the reddest and finest outside."

Jacqueline drew a long breath. "Deborah you wholly misconceive my friend," she said. "I always thought you wonderfully acute in reading character, but you have made a mistake this time."

Deborah squared her lips and lifted her eyebrows for answer. Jacqueline knew from experience that further argument would be useless.

The serving woman sat down now, drew a large pan of greengages which she was getting

ready for preserving toward her, and commenced talking again. "If you want me to name a gentleman clear through, dyed in the wool, as much a part of him as the color of his eyes or his hair, it's that new superintendent over to the woollen-mills, Miss Jackey."

"There's nothing put on with him."

"Mr. Draper is a gentleman, certainly," answered the young lady, a little amused and a little curious.

"But how in the world did he manage to get so deeply into your good graces?"

"As though I couldn't tell the real stuff when I saw it!" said Deborah, with a little expressive toss of her head. "I never told you a little thing between him and me, did I, Miss Jackey?"

"No. What was it?" said the girl, looking up with real interest.

"It must have been before he ever darkened these doors; but I'd gone down to the store one afternoon on some errand, and I was on my way back with a basket in one hand and a big cage in the other, for Miss Trueman had given me her parrot to keep while she went out of town, and there came up suddenly a gale of wind which I thought would take me off my feet, and send the whole kit of us, parrot, basket, and all riding through the air, like witches on a broomstick. The wind struck me full as I reached Hunter's lane, and such a screeching as that parrot set up, and all of a sudden, the wind twitched my blue plaid shawl off my shoulders, and sent it coolly sailing through the air, and lodged it in a pine tree a little way off!

"Jest then horses feet came thunderin' along, and before I could look they stopped close by me. That man was off his horse in a minute, he must have taken in the state of things with a glance. He went straight to the old pine, and reached up and switched down my shawl from one o' the lower branches, and brought it back and wrapped it round me as carefully and politely as though I had been a crowned queen.

"I think the force of the wind has pretty much spent itself," he said.

"I'm very much obleeged to you, sir," I managed to get out.

"Oh! not at all, ma'am. It isn't worth thanking me for," and he lifted his hat as though I had been a beautiful young girl, instead of a gray, wrinkled, old woman standing there, and went back to his horse. I didn't learn for weeks afterward who he was, but I tell you, Miss Jackey, there's no mistakin'

here: the man that did that deed is a gentleman born—it's in him to the core."

"Yes, I think it is," said Jacqueline. If Philip Draper could have seen her face at that moment, he would have felt under life-long obligations to the old serving woman.

By a very natural process of association, Jacqueline fell to wondering whether Sydney Weymouth, under the same circumstances, would have done precisely as Philip Draper had.

"Of course he would. Of course he would," she murmured to herself, but, in her inmost heart, I doubt whether, unacknowledged to herself, there did not lurk a little uncertainty.

A face suddenly showed itself at the open door. Both the women started, and then recognized it, although there was a wonderful improvement in it, since that winter night when it had flattened itself against the pane, "like a big plaster of dough."

"Why, Tib, boy, is that you?" cried Deborah. Come in, and tell us what has brought you over here, to-night."

Deborah always regarded the boy as a protégé of her own; although the superintendent had, according to his promise, provided him a situation in the mills, and wholesome fare, and regular work had effected a wonderful improvement in the boy's whole appearance, and the coarse, yellowish hair resembled much less than formerly a heap of "unpicked oakum."

The boy came in now, shambling and shy. His eyes fastened on the lady in the corner, who put out her hand and said, with her sweetest smile—

"I am glad to see you have not quite forgotten your old friends, Tib."

It was a mooted question with the owner himself, what Tib stood for. The drunken mother might have answered that doubt in her sober moments, but she had done her boy the greatest favor it was in her power to do, by absconding from Hedgerows, and taking her shadow out of the horizon of his life.

"I come over to see if you'd heard about the row night before last at the factory," blurted out the boy, of a sudden, setting his hands on his hips, and striking an attitude which recalled to Jacqueline a coarse print she had seen on a placard that day, of a prize-fight.

"A row!" exclaimed both the women, and one forgot her half-opened packet, and the other her greengages.

"Yes, they smashed in the windows, and stove in the furniture, and tore up things in the office. It was all done for spite against the

superintendent, but I'm on his side—yes, that's what I am," and a flush came up into the cheeks that, with plenty to eat had rounded out from their old, pinched, wilted look and the boy actually doubled his fists; but this time Jacqueline did not think of the picture of the prize-fighter.

For the next half hour, the questions and answers followed in quick succession. Tib related in his homely, coarse, vernacular, the whole history of the riot. I doubt after all, whether anybody could have told it better.

The two women drank the whole in with breathless interest—both inexpressibly shocked and indignant.

There could be no doubt that a feeling of gratitude, as well as of honest loyalty to the superintendent, had brought the boy out here to-night, as well as an honest desire to prove that he had no part nor lot in the riot, had brought the boy out to the house beyond Blue River, to-night.

"It's a shame, a perfect outrage to treat him in that way, and he such a noble young gentleman," said Deborah, her voice shaken with the feeling at her warm, honest heart.

Her mistress was less demonstrative in speech, but she certainly looked pale, as she sat there with the red aureole of the sunset in her hair, and its flickering lights upon her beautiful hands, at her heart some intenser feeling for the superintendent at work than had ever possessed her before.

"He's worth a dozen of Mr. Weymouth, whatever the folks may say—Mr. Draper is," blundered out Tib again; and although the speech hardly struck Jacqueline at the time, she remembered it afterward.

"Tib, I al'ays said you'd come out right," said Deborah, piling a tray with plums, and berries, and cake, and various tempting dainties best calculated to make a boy's mouth water.

As for Jacqueline, she went into the library, and sat down in her uncle's arm-chair thinking of Philip Draper; but she was tired with her long ride, and the coolness and stillness wrought upon her, and she fell asleep.

She dreamed that she sat on the brow of a hill, and looking off into a valley on her right, she saw the superintendent standing calm in the midst of a vast crowd, gone-mad with rage and riot. She saw the dark, fierce faces, she heard the stormy yells in the stillness where she sat, while below her in the shouts, and the seething, and the sea of faces foaming with their frenzy of hate, Philip Draper stood calm and unmoved.

Suddenly in her dream Jacqueline rose and floated to him. She touched his arm. "Come with me, my friend," she said, "I will save you."

He turned and smiled on her, and then Jacqueline awoke.

Squire Thayne was standing by her side. He had just come in, for his riding-whip was in his hand.

Jacqueline started up. "O Uncle," she said, "have you heard of the dreadful riot down at the factories?"

"Yes, my dear, he replied, I know all about it."

(To be continued.)

HOW TO ACQUIRE ORDERLY HABITS.

IN early life I might have been tracked by the confusion I left behind me; but in some odd corner of my nature was a love of beauty that was forever at war with the ugliness of disorder. When I became a housekeeper I determined to vanquish my old enemy and form a new habit. In carrying out this determination, I learned every step of the way from inherent chaos to acquired habits of order, and know of no better clue than is suggested by the saying of Archimedes: "Give me a lever long enough, and a fulcrum strong enough, and with my own weight I will move the world." One spot in a house made orderly, and kept so, will afford a fulcrum upon which to rest the lever of constant endeavor that shall move and revolutionize the whole domestic world. I began with my work-basket, and found even this small beginning difficult; but I persevered and conquered. I next took in hand my bureau drawers, giving thought to their arrangement and assigning to each article a place. Closets, with their demoralizing dimness, and tempting facilities for storage, I found a sad stumbling block, but finally mastered them, too. Chaos was constantly invading unoccupied rooms, but by persistent effort the victory was won. I could think into every corner of my small world, and feel that it was permeated by my individuality; that crude matter had been subdued and made subordinate to mind.

Cleanliness, order, fitness, and a degree of beauty in one's surroundings, are essential to the best activity of both mind and body. Order is heaven's first law, and we cannot disregard it without wasting our best powers in unnecessary friction.

PRIZE TEMPERANCE TALE.

[The prize of one hundred dollars, offered by the Proprietor of *Wood's Household Magazine*, for the best Temperance Tale, was unanimously awarded, by the Committee, to the following story.]

THE WAY OF ESCAPE.

BY T. S. ARTHUR.

MY heart ached for the wretched man. His debauch was over; his nerves unstrung; the normal sensibilities of a fine, moral nature, quickened, after a brief torpor, into most acute perceptions. Such a haggard face! Such hopeless eyes! I see the picture now, as a haunting spectre.

"Let the memory of this hour, so burdened by pain and repentance, be as a wall of defence around you in all the future," I said.

He looked at me drearily. Slowly shaking his head, he replied:

"Such memories are no defence. My soul is full of them. When temptation assails, they fall away, and I am at the mercy of mine enemy, who rushes in, like a hungry wolf, to kill and to destroy."

"Is there no help for you, then?" I asked.

He shut his eyes and was very still. If an artist could have seen his face then, and faithfully caught its expression, those who looked upon the image must have felt such pity in their hearts as makes the eyes grow dim with tears.

"I fear not," he answered, after a little while, in a hopeless kind of way.

"It cannot be." I spoke confidently and assuringly. "No man is given over to such utter ruin. There must be, and there is, a way of escape from every evil."

"Except the evil of a bad and degrading habit—that vile second nature," he answered, "the steady current of which is forever bearing him downward, downward, toward a storm-wrecked ocean. He may seize the oars in alarm, as I have done scores of times, and pull against the current, making head for a little while. But, human strength avails not here. The arms grow weary, the spirit flags—it is easier to drift than to row, and down the current bears him again. It is the history of thousands and tens of thousands, and I am no exception."

"It cannot be," I answered. "There is help for every man, no matter how weak, nor how beset by enemies; else God's word must fail."

"It does fail, I think," he answered, in a gloomy, despairing kind of way.

"No! no! no!" Quickly and emphatically did I reject his conclusion.

"Have it as you will. I shall not argue the point." He spoke almost listlessly.

"Then, I say, there is help for every man, no matter where he is or what he is. We cannot fall so low that the Everlasting arms are not still beneath us, ready to bear us upward to mountain heights of safety."

"Oh, that those arms would bear me upward!" almost groaned my poor friend. "I have no strength in myself. I cannot climb. Unless lifted by another, I must perish."

"So bad as that?" I said.

"Just so bad," he answered, slowly and bitterly. "This second nature I have made for myself, is my ruler. Reason, conscience, the love of my wife and children, my good reputation, pride, manliness—all human powers and virtues are its slave. And such a bondage!"

There was not a ray of hope in his dreary eyes.

"You must try again," I said, cheerily.

"No man need be a slave."

"Easily said!" was his impatient answer; "while yet all men are slaves to some habit from which they cannot break."

"Say, rather, from which they will not break."

"You mock me with idle words."

"No; I speak only the words of truth and soberness. There is human strength, and there is divine strength. The Everlasting arms are always beneath and ready to bear us up, if we will but lean upon and trust them. Human strength is but as a broken reed; divine strength is sure as God Himself. It never fails."

There came into his heavy eyes a feeble play of light. The stern rejection that sat upon his lips faded off.

"In our own strength, nothing," I said; "in God's strength, all."

I saw his hands moving in an uncertain way. Then they rested one against the other. Suddenly they were clasped together in a kind of spasm, while his eyes flew upward in a wild, half-despairing appeal to God, his lips groaning out the words—

"Save me, or I am lost!"

Even now, memory gives back the thrill that swept along my nerves as his cry penetrated my ears.

Never from any human soul went up, unheard a prayer like that. He who once and forever took upon himself our nature, and who was in all points tempted as we are, yet without sin, and who is touched always with the feeling of our infirmity, stands close beside us, knocking at the door of our heart, that he may come in and help and save us. All hell is powerless before Him. Impure desires flee from his presence like night-birds when the sun arises; and the cords of evil habits are broken, as the withes that bound the arms of Samson, at His lightest touch.

I waited for a little while without speaking watching him closely, to see if he would rise into anything like confidence. Gradually, the hard, desponding look faded from his countenance, and I saw a calm resolve begin to show itself about his mouth.

"One effort more," he said, at last, speaking slowly, but very firmly: "One effort more, but not in my own strength. I have tried that too often, and shall never try it again. I give up the struggle as hopeless. If God fails me, I am lost."

What a fearful crisis! If God fail? He never fails—is never nearer to us, nor stronger to help us, than at the moment when, despairing of our own strength, we turn to him. The only danger lies in our not trusting him fully.

"But how shall I trust him? How shall I get a transfer of his strength to my will? How is it that his power can supplement my weakness? I am away down in the valley of sin and shame; how am I to get upon the mountains of purity, peace and safety? Will he bear me up as on the wings of an eagle? or must I climb and climb, from day to day, until I reach the summit?"

"You must climb," I said.

"I cannot. I have no strength. I have tried it a hundred times and failed." He answered with returning doubt.

"And will fail again, if you trust in your own strength. But, with God-given strength, used as your own, the ascent is sure."

"Ah! I see!" Light broke all over his face. "I see! I see!" he repeated. "God does not lift us out of our sin and misery, but gives us divine strength, if we ask him in all sincerity, by which we lift ourselves."

"Yes."

"It is very simple and clear." He drew a

long breath of relief, like one who has a load taken from his mind.

"The law of our dependence on God for help," I said.

"Yes. And now I see the meaning of this sentiment, in an old hymn I often heard sung when I was a boy, and which always struck me as a paradox:—

"When I am weak, then am I strong."

"The christian poet," I answered, "lifted into something of inspiration, often sees truth in clearer light than we who are down among the mists and shadows."

"Ah me!" he sighed; "your closing words remind me of the depth at which I lie, and the almost infinite distances above me to which I must rise ere out of danger."

"And to which you may surely rise if you will," I answered, with cheerful assurance.

"By God-given strength only!" he spoke, solemnly.

"Aye; never, never for an instant lose sight of that! Never, no matter how strong you may feel that you have grown, trust in yourself. In the hour of temptation, look upward, praying in the silence of your heart, for strength to resist."

"Best of friends!" he exclaimed, in deep emotion; "you must have been sent to me by God. Hope dawns on a night that has been starless. I see the way to safety—for me the only way. No one knows but myself how hard I have tried to reform, nor in how many ways I have sought to escape from a terrible thralldom. But all has been in vain. When this remorseless appetite that has enslaved me, asserted itself, my will became as nothing."

Long time we talked, I saying all that I could to strengthen him.

On the next Sunday, much to my surprise and pleasure, I saw him at church with his wife. I could not remember when I had seen him there before. At the close of the services, as I moved down the aisle with the crowd, some one grasped my hand and gave it a strong pressure. I turned and looked into the face of the friend I had tried to save.

"Oh, Martin!" I said, as I received a glance full of meaning, and then returned his hand-pressure.

We walked for a few moments side by side without speaking, and then were separated by the crowd.

On the Sunday following, he was at church again; and Sunday after Sunday found him in the family pew, that for years had seen him so rarely.

Three or four months went by, and Martin's feet were still in the paths that led upwards. But one day I was shocked to hear that he had fallen again. On careful inquiry, I learned that he had been with his wife to an evening entertainment, given by a citizen of high worth and standing, whose name is on every lip as munificent in charity; but who, whatever may be his personal conviction, is not brave enough to banish wine from the generous board to which he invites his friends. And I learned still further, to my grief and pain, that the glass which broke down the good resolution of Martin, and let in upon him the fierce flood of repressed appetite, was proffered by the hand of this good citizen, as host.

I lost no time in going to my poor friend. I found him away down the valley of humiliation, his soul in the gall of bitterness. Shame and sorrow were in his heavy eyes; but not despair. I took hopeful notice of this.

"It is very hard for us, all but God forsaken wretches!" he said bitterly, after the first formal sentences had passed between us. "Mr. — is a man of generous feeling. He gives, in a princely way, to churches and to charities; is one of our best and most liberal citizens; and yet, after I have taken a few steps heavenward, he puts a stumblingblock in my way and I fall back toward hell!"

"You could not have fallen over any stumblingblock man or devil might place in your way," I answered, "if you had been walking in divine, instead of human strength."

"Well do I know that," he replied.

"And so," I said, "let this sad fall keep you in a more vivid remembrance of human weakness. Never for one instant trust in yourself. Stand perpetually on guard. The price of your liberty is eternal vigilance."

"It is a hard fight," he said, with a sigh, despondingly.

"Life is a warfare," I replied. "We are all beset with enemies, who know too well our vulnerable places—enemies that never sleep; implacable, cruel, ever seeking our destruction. I, you, all men have them. Trusting only in human strength, no one gains a victory; but in divine strength the issue of battle is sure. And so, my friend, gird up your loins again, and be wary and valiant."

Hope and courage came back into his heart.

"Beware of ambush," I said, as I parted from him that day. "The enemy, coming on you unawares, is more to be dreaded than when he forms his line of attack to the sound of trumpets. Seek no conflicts; keep off his

ground; but when he comes forth to meet you, giving challenge, do battle in the name of the Lord."

A few weeks afterward I was present when a gentleman of large wealth and good standing, both in church and society, said to him—

"I didn't see you at my house last evening."

"No," was the rather curt reply; "it is safer for me to keep off of the devil's ground."

"I don't understand you, sir!" replied the gentleman, a flush of sudden anger in his eyes, for he felt the remark as a covert insult.

Martin's face grew sober, and he answered with a calm impressiveness that caused the anger to go out of his listener's eyes, and a thoughtful concern to take its place.

"I am fighting the devil," he said, "and must not give him the smallest advantage. Just now I am the victor, and hold him at bay. He has his masked batteries, his enchanted grounds, his mines and pitfalls, his gins and miry sloughs; and I am learning to know the signs of hidden danger. If I fall into any of his snares, I am in peril of destruction; and though I struggle, or fight my way out, I am weak or wounded, and so the less able to meet the shock of battle when he rushes upon me as I stand on guard, ready in God's name, for the conflict."

"His enchanted ground is a social company, where wine flows freely. I speak of what it is to me, and call it, so far as I am concerned, the devil's ground. He caught me there not long ago, and had me at his own advantage. But, I will not again set foot thereon. If you, good citizens, make of your homes, in mistaken hospitality, places where the young find temptation, and the weak, stumblingblocks, men, such as I am, must shun them as the gates of hell."

His manner had grown more and more impressive.

"Is it so bad as that?" remarked the gentleman, in a voice that showed both surprise and pain.

"Just so bad," Martin answered impressively; "I believe Reigart's oldest son was at your house?"

"Yes."

"It was the devil's ground for him? An hour or two ago I saw him coming out of a saloon, so drunk that he could not walk straight. And only three days ago, his father told a friend that his boy had certainly reformed, and that he now had more confidence in his future than he had felt for a long time."

"You cannot mean what you say?" The gentleman exclaimed in visible agitation.

"I have told you only the sad and solemn truth," was Martin's answer; "and if I had accepted your invitation, I might now be lying at a depth of misery and degradation, the bare thought of which makes me shudder!"

The gentleman stood for a little while as if stunned.

"This is frightful to think of," he said, and I saw him shiver.

"It is the last time," he added, after a pause—"the last time that any man shall go out of my house weaker and more degraded than when he came in. If my offering of wine cause my brother to offend, then will I not offer it again while the world stands."

"Ah, sir!" answered Martin, "if many, many more of our good citizens would so resolve, hundreds of young men now drifting out into the current of intemperance, might be drawn back into safer waters; and hundreds of others who are striving to make head against it, saved from destruction. I speak feelingly, for I am one of those who are struggling for life in this fatal current."

The way of safety for a man like Martin, is very narrow and straight. If he steps aside into any of the pleasant paths that open on the right hand and on the left, he is in the midst of peril. If he grow confident in his own strength, and less dependant on that which is given from above, the danger of falling becomes imminent.

Martin fell again. Alas! that this should have to be told.

"Was that Martin who passed us?" asked a friend with whom I was walking.

"No," I answered, in a positive voice; and yet, as I said the word my heart gave a throb of fear—the man was so like him.

"It was, I am sure. Poor wretch! He tries hard to reform; but that cursed appetite is too much for him. I'm afraid there is no help. He'll die a drunkard."

I turned back quickly and without a response, following the man we had passed. Just as I came up to him, he had stopped at the door of a drinking-saloon, and was holding a brief parley with awakened appetite.

"In God's name, no!" I said, laying my hand upon him.

He started in a frightened kind of way, turning on me a haggard face and blood-shot eye. I drew my arm within his, and led him away, passive as a child. Not a word was spoken by either, until we were in his office, which was not far distant, and the door shut and locked. He dropped into a chair, with a slight groan,

his head sinking upon his chest. He was the picture of abject wretchedness.

"He leaveth the ninety and nine that are safely folded," I said, speaking in a low, tender voice, "and goeth out into the wilderness to seek that which is estray."

He did not answer.

"You have looked to the strong for strength, you have prayed to him for succor, and he has come very near to you and helped you. Because you again went out of the fold, his love has not failed. He has found you out in the wilderness and brought you back to a place of safety. Only trust in him, and all will be well. He is the friend that sticketh closer than a brother. His is a love that never fails."

I waited for him to reply, but he kept silence.

"It must have been no ordinary temptation," I said.

Still he was silent.

"The enemy must have come on you unaware," I added, after a brief pause. "The bolt must have fallen ere you saw the warning flash."

"I was taken at a disadvantage; but I had time to know my enemy, and should have given battle in God's name, instead of yielding like a craven."

Such was his reply. It gave me hope.

"Tell me the whole story," I said.

He raised himself to a firmer attitude; and I saw swift lights beginning to flash in his dull eyes.

"Wounded again in the house of a friend," he replied.

"What friend?"

"One on whom God has laid the special duty of saving human souls—our minister!"

"Not Mr. L——?"

"Yes."

I was confounded.

"I went to him for help," continued Martin, "and instead of the counsel and support I then so much needed, for my old enemy, appetite was gathering up his strength, and setting his host in battle array, I was tempted and betrayed! I should have gone to God, and not to man. With his Divine Word in my thought, and prayer in my heart, I should have opposed the awakening enticement of desire, as I have so often done and prevailed."

"Tell me how it happened," I said.

"As I have just told you," he replied, "I was not feeling very strong. That old restlessness of which I have spoken, had come back

upon me, and I knew what it meant. So, I said to my wife, 'I think, Mary, that I'll step around and see Mr. L——. I'd like to talk with him.' She looked at me with a slight shadow of concern in her face; for she has learned to know the signs of a coming hour of darkness, when the powers of hell renew their direful assaults upon my soul. 'Do,' she answered: and I went.

"I found Mr. L—— in his library, but not alone. Mr. E——, the baker, had called in to have a talk with the minister about a college for theological students, in which both felt considerable interest. Funds were wanted in order to give the Institution the required efficiency; and the ways and means of getting funds were earnestly discussed by Mr. L—— and the capitalist. After an hour's talk, and the arrangement of a plan for securing the object in view, Mr. L——rang a bell. To the servant who came in, he said something in a low voice, that I did not hear. The servant retired, but came back in a few minutes, bearing, to my surprise and momentary consternation, a tray with wine and glasses. I saw a pleased light in the banker's eyes, as they rested on the amber-colored wine.

"'Some fine, old sherry,' said Mr. L——, 'sent me by a friend abroad. I want you to taste it.' And he filled the three glasses that were on the tray, handing one to his guest and another to me. In myself—my poor, weak self!—I was not strong enough to refuse. If I had looked up to God, instantly, and prayed for strength to do the right, strength would, I know, have come. But I did not. I took the glass, not meaning to drink, but to gain time for thought. To have refused, would have been, I then felt, to set myself up as a rebuker of these men; and that I had not the courage to do. No, I did not mean to taste the wine. But, as they lifted their glasses, drank and praised the fruity juice, I, in a kind of mesmeric lapse of rational self-control, raised my glass also, and sipped. A wild, fierce thirst possessed me instantly, and I drained the glass to the bottom!

"A sudden terror and great darkness fell upon me. I saw the awful gulf on whose brink I stood. 'I will go home,' I said to myself; and rising, I bade the two men an abrupt good-night and left them. But I did not go directly home, alas for me! There were too many enticements by the way. Indeed, I don't know how or when I got home.

"Of the shame, the anguish, the despair of this morning, I cannot speak. You don't know

what it means—have no plummet by which to sound its depths of bitterness. I left home for my office, feebly resolved to keep away from temptation; how feebly, you know! If the good Lord who is trying to save me, had not sent you to my rescue, I would now be—oh! I cannot speak the frightful words."

"He never leaves us nor forsakes us," I answered. "He is always going out upon the bleak mountains, to the hot desert, and into the wilderness of wild beasts, seeking his lost and wandering sheep. If they hear his voice, and follow him, he will bring them into his fold, where is peace and safety."

"Good Shepherd of souls," my friend said audibly, lifting upward his eyes, that were full of tears, "save me from the wolves! They wait for me in all my paths; they spring upon me in all my unguarded moments; they hide themselves in covert places, thirsting for my life; they steal upon me in sheep's clothing—they beset me everywhere! Good Shepherd! I have no help but in Thee."

Breaking the deep, impressive silence that followed, I said—"In Him alone is safety. So long as you hear His voice, and follow Him, no wolf can touch you with his murderous teeth. But, if you go out of his sheepfold, and trust in your own strength to overcome the wild beasts that crowd the wilderness of this world, destruction is sure."

A few years have passed since then, and Martin still holds, in divine strength, the mastery of appetite. The vile second nature he had formed unto himself, and which bore him downward, for a time, in its steady current, grew weaker and weaker, as the new life, born from above, gained strength. In the degree that he resisted and denied the old desires, did they grow weaker; and in their place, God gave him purer and healthier desires, so that he became, as it were, a new man.

"The wolves are not all dead," I said to him one day, as we talked of the present and the past.

He looked a little sober as he replied—"No, my friend. I often hear them howling in the distance; and I know full well, that if I leave my Shepherd's side, and stray off into the wilderness, vainly trusting in myself, that I shall be as powerless to stand against them, as a helpless sheep. For me, I am not safe for a moment, except when I trust in God's strength to supplement my weakness. When I do that, all hell cannot prevail against me!"

Wood's Household Magazine.

THE HOME CIRCLE.

EDITED BY A LADY.

WHAT SHALL BE DONE WITH THE BABY?

FANNY M. BARTON, writes in the *Christian Union*, concerning the baby, thus:—

"And now, what shall we do with our pet—our pretty May-flower? Just what God does with the violets and daisies! Make the atmosphere around her as warm, and soft, and tender with love as the heavenly air that broods over the earth to-day. Give her room to develop her own individual life—and push no intrusive will into the orbit of her soul. Let us see how our Father brings up a rose, and take a lesson therefrom. He gives it a place to grow in; soil for its roots; nourishment for all its functions; room, sunshine, and lets it alone to be itself. So we want our baby to grow.

"When she wakes from her vision of angels, let her see only smiles; let not our cares and sorrows come near her; let us not pay off our old scores with life by scolding May for following out the laws of babyhood. Let us not mistake the guilty one in our small tiffs of household discipline. If May builds a house of mamma's holiday books, with her point lace for upholstery, let the owner of the treasures be punished with rigor for leaving them in baby's way, but let us fear to incur the guilt of slapping those little, constructive hands; let us never wound her tender heart by punishing that which is as innocent as nest-building in a bird.

"May is pure, and sweet, and loving. After she has lived with us a half-dozen years, we may make the discovery that she is totally depraved, but she is as ignorant now of wrong as that robin atill on the lilac bough—even a bird would exhibit signs of depravity if, when making his free circuits through the sweet, blessed air, he should break his wing against somebody's arrogant, unjust will.

"We will let May alone, and try to become ourselves like little children, so that all she sees and hears shall be noble and true. We will try to clear ourselves from the stain of the world, that no soil may touch her whiteness. We want her to be by and by a woman, with a soul grandly rounded. We want her to blossom perfectly, but always to keep her childish faith intact, like a drop of honey in a flower-cup. We want her to develop all the beautiful germs in the rich nature that has been given her. There is but one way to attain this. Give her love, give her liberty to be herself, and live before her the life that we wish her to imitate.

"God bless little May, and all good angels have her in their keeping"

MANAGEMENT OF DOMESTICS.

IN these days of trouble with servant-girls, a little advice from one who is seldom obliged to make any change of domestics, may be of interest and advantage, especially to young housekeepers. Define your girl's duties plainly. When she first comes to you, tell her what you wish her to do. If her work is to be heavy, let her understand it; do not represent it as very light, letting her think, in order to secure

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her, that she will have a great deal of time to herself. Be just in your demands. Do not think that a girl must work all the time, because you are paying her good wages, and giving her her board. She will do better work and more of it, if she feels that you are willing that she shall have some time to herself. Encourage her to employ her spare time usefully; but at the same time do not frown upon her going out sometimes. If a girl knows that you are willing that she should visit her friends, she is not nearly so apt to get into the habit of running out all the time, as if you were impatient with her, and tried to prevent her going out at all. Help her by doing something for her which she cannot do herself, when you have time to spare, or by teaching her something which she would like to know, as reading, sewing, etc. But do not help her in her ordinary work, if you wish to keep her a good servant. This may sound unfeeling, but it is not meant to be so. If your girl is sick, help her, but if she is simply in the habit of getting behind hand, do not assist her in any way. If you have been just in the amount of work assigned to her, insist upon its being done at the right time, and by herself. I have seen many a good girl spoiled by being continually helped. I have a most estimable lady in my mind, whose servants invariably become lazy and shiftless, although she herself is an excellent housekeeper. The difficulty is, she never leaves a girl to do a piece of work all by herself.

For example, instead of telling the girl that setting the table is a part of her work, and expecting her always to do it, she puts on a few dishes herself, then the girl a few more, as it happens; and, when the meal is ready, there is almost always the necessity of calling for several things that have been forgotten. If the girl was taught to be careful, and feel that she would have no one to help her, the work would be done better. If there is anything about your girl that you do not like, tell her of it kindly, but plainly. Never hesitate for fear of offending—have your girl understand that you are not in the least dependent upon her, but that you would not keep her if she did not endeavor to please you. The Irish, as a race, like plain speaking. Talk to your girl moderately of your own affairs, or those of your neighbors. Check any tendency in her to comment upon the faults and failings in others. Pay her wages at regular intervals, advise her as to the use of her money, and to invest what she does not need in some safe way.

I do not pretend to affirm that all servants would be made good, by their employers acting upon these suggestions; but I do think that the mistress is very much in fault, sometimes in one of the particulars I have mentioned, sometimes in another, and often in all, and more; and I feel confident that, if there were more women who made it a Christian duty to be good mistresses, there would be more good servants.

In the principality of Waldeck, Germany, the government has recently issued a notice, that no license to marry shall be granted to a drunkard, nor to any one who has been a drunkard, unless he exhibits proof that he has entirely reformed.

MOTHERS, SPEAK KINDLY.

CHILDREN catch cross tones quicker than parrots, and it is a much more mischievous habit. When mother sets the example, you will scarcely hear a pleasant word among the children in their plays with each other. Yet the discipline of such a family is always weak and irregular. The children expect just so much scolding before they do anything they are bid, while in many a home where the low, firm tone of the mother or the decided look of her steady eye is law, they never think of disobedience, either in or out of sight. O, mother, it is worth a great deal to cultivate that "excellent thing in woman," a low,

sweet voice. If you are ever so much tried by the mischievous or wilful pranks of the little ones, speak low. It will be a great help to you to even try to be patient and cheerful, if you cannot succeed. Anger makes you wretched, and your children also. Impatient, angry tones, never did the heart good, but plenty of evil. Read what Solomon says of them, and remember he wrote with an inspired pen. You cannot have the excuse for them that they lighten your burdens any; they make them only ten times heavier. For your own, as well as your children's sake, learn to speak low. They will remember that tone when your head is under the willows. So, too, will they remember a harsh and angry tone. Which legacy will you leave to your children?

OUR NEW COOK-BOOK.

CHAPTER IX.

PROVISIONS: GIVING OUT STORES, &c.

ANOTHER special branch of housekeeping is the supplying of provisions; and a point to be particularly remembered, is, that superior articles always prove the cheapest in the end. There are various rules which are excellent guides in purchasing meat, and a housekeeper should acquaint herself with them as soon as possible. One is, "that coarse joints are generally unpalatable; the bone, skin, and gristle in such pieces bear a great proportion to the meat, which is itself hard and indigestible." Coarse joints are suitable for gravies and soups. For boiling and roasting, the superior joints should be procured. In buying groceries, and like commodities, it is better to purchase them—if possible—in large quantities, as it is much cheaper so to do; and some articles, also, improve by keeping.

A pass-book should be kept, in connection with the store at which you are in the habit of dealing; and this method will prove doubly advantageous, for you will not only be thus informed of the exact expenditure made, but it will also serve as a restraint upon servants, and prevent any sort of imposition. It is also the duty of the mistress of the family to examine the various accounts frequently, and, after assuring herself that she is not charged with articles which she did not order, the books should be balanced, and the debts discharged at once. Prompt payments promote individual and domestic happiness—make New Year's day a source of pleasure, instead of anxiety and discomfort—and, above all, aid in securing the approval of *conscience*. No haunting visions of needy families, and piteous cries for bread from famishing children, disturb the midnight repose, when domestics and tradespeople are regularly and justly paid, and

"No ghost of many a veteran bill,
Breaks in upon sweet slumbers."

We state a few particulars, in connection with purchases, which may not be generally known. Candles and soap are among the articles which are more "advantageously purchased in large quantities." Candles improve by keeping, and so does soap; the latter should be cut into small pieces, and should be kept in a dry and tolerably warm place. It is best not to use soap until about six months after it is purchased. A large percentage will be saved by following out this direction. A close and heavy grained sugar is the

best to procure; porous sugar is not economical, as almost a double portion is required for sweetening, than when a hard and solid sugar is used. "Rice should not be purchased in large quantities, as an insect is apt to breed in it; to prevent this, all seeds should be kept in earthenware jars, and be covered from the air.

Fruits &c., for winter use, may be preserved in various ways, but generally speaking, the rooms or cellars, in which they are placed, should be tight and free from damp. Apples and pears may be laid on a dry floor or shelf, and be covered with a *linen* cloth—or, they may be packed in barrels, and be kept where they will not freeze.

"More delicate fruit may be preserved by wiping them dry, to clean away the moisture which they yield often in gathering, and placing them in earthen jars, and covering them with layers of dry sand about an inch in thickness. Each jar should be well filled, closed with cement, and placed in a cool, dry place, but where it cannot be affected by frost. When fruit has been frost-bitten, it should be put into cold water, which will recover it, if it be suffered to remain in it a sufficient time."

"Onions and bulbs should be laid loosely on shelves, in a dry cellar; cabbages, endives, lettuces, and similar plants, may also be preserved through the winter, in a state fit for use, if they be taken out of the ground with their main roots entire, in perfectly dry weather at the end of the season, and be then partially immersed in dry sand. They should be kept in a close, dry cellar, of an ice-cold temperature."

We trust the above extracts will merit the attention and approbation of housekeepers.

It is a good plan for the mistress of a household to appoint a certain hour for the giving out of stores for the day or week, and to require punctually on the part of domestics, in making their wants known. Should they neglect—from forgetfulness—to apply for the articles they need at the proper time—the mistress should (if possible) refuse to re-open her store-room, and thus demonstrate the inconvenience arising from inattention and negligence. A lesson of this kind will have a twofold effect; it will prove the firmness and decision of the lady, and do more toward producing a system of order and promptness, than all the lectures and advice that could be heaped

together. By giving out the necessary stores, the mistress ensures a proper degree of domestic economy, for, she learns how much is required per week, of articles in constant use, and she cannot, thereby, be imposed upon, or be requested to procure supplies which are wasted, instead of being judiciously used.

But, until actual deceit and dishonesty is discovered, it is both best, and *right* to maintain an unsuspicious and generous manner in the necessary intercourse between domestics and employers. Tender hearts often beat beneath rough exteriors, and locked chamber doors, and ordinary articles of furniture, imply as great a want of trust as spoken words.

When a fault is *first* discovered, *gentle* treatment will often prove more effectual than harsh measures. We once read of a lady who discovered theft on the part of a servant, and was therefore tempted to dismiss her. Finding her—upon examination—to be friendless, she took pity on her, and conversing with her freely in regard to her fault, told her as *suspicion* could not *reform* her, she (the lady) would try to overlook the circumstance, if the offender would solemnly promise to never again betray the trust reposed in her. The promise was made, and the lady was rewarded for her forbearance and gentleness, by a prolonged and faithful service of years, from her grateful and attached domestic.

CUSTARDS, CREAMS, &c.

RICE FLUMMEY.—Boil half a pint of rice until it becomes tender, then pour off the water, and add one pint of milk, with two eggs, well beaten; boil all together for two or three minutes, and serve it hot; eat it with butter, sugar, and nutmeg. It may be sweetened, and cooled in moulds, then turned out into a dish, surrounded with rich milk, into which raspberry marmalade may be stirred.

SAGO JELLY.—Four tablespoonfuls of sago, one quart of water. Let it soak for thirty minutes; then grate the rind of a lemon and put in it, and boil it about half an hour, until entirely dissolved. Take it off the fire, squeeze the juice of a lemon in it, sweeten it to your taste, strain it, and let it become cold. Flavor with vanilla, and serve with cream.

FROZEN CUSTARD.—Boil one quart of milk with cinnamon, and a few peach leaves—say about a dozen; beat six eggs well, and mix them into the milk after it is boiled, adding in also a teaspoonful (to each quart of milk) of cornstarch; sweeten the milk according to your liking, and pour it into an iron pan, stirring it well one way. Then give the custard a simmer until it is a proper thickness, but do not let it boil; it must be stirred one way all the time. If preferred, half cream and half milk may be used.

JAUNE MANGE.—Break up and boil one ounce of isinglass in rather more than half a pint of water till it is melted; strain it, and then add the juice of two large oranges, and the yolks of four eggs, beaten. Sweeten to your taste, and stir it over a gentle fire till it just boils up. Dip a mould in cold water, and fill it with the preparation. If there should be any sediment, do not put it in.

SPANISH CREAM.—Boil one ounce of gelatine in one quart of new milk until it becomes dissolved; add to it four eggs, beaten, and half a pound of sugar; stir it over the fire until the eggs thicken, take it off the fire, add a wineglassful of peach-water, and when cool pour it into the mould. Serve it with cream. Orange flour-water may be used instead of peach-water.

RODGRAUT.—(From the Hotel Royal, Copenhagen.)—Take eight pounds of currants and raspberries mixed, but let there be more of the first named fruit; boil them a short time with four quarts of water, then squeeze the fruit through a cloth, and put it again on the fire, with sugar—as much as is agreeable to you—a little lemon peel, and cinnamon, or a small piece of vanilla. To six quarts of juice take one pound of sago, or rice flour, mixed in a little cold water or a little of the juice, and a quarter of a pound of blanched almonds, pounded. Add these ingredients carefully to the boiled juice, stirring it all the time; let it boil until it becomes quite smooth, then put it into moulds dipped in cold water. It must be made the day before it is to be used, and then is to be turned out on to dishes. To be served with cream and sugar.

CREME A LA VANILLE.—Boil for a quarter of an hour a piece of Vanilla and six ounces of bruised sugar in a quart of milk, then take it off the fire. Beat well the yolks of five or six eggs, and one whole egg; mix them with the milk, and pass the whole through a sieve; pour it into a mould or small pots, and put them into a vessel containing boiling water, and let them remain thus until the mixture becomes of a proper consistency. If you wish a *bararais*, or *Charlotte Russe*, just as the cream is beginning to set add a plateful of whipped cream to it, mix all together, put it again into the mould, and plunge it into the water until of the desired consistency.

ITALIAN CREAM.—Mix six ounces of powdered sugar with one pint of cream, also the juice of two lemons, and two wineglassfuls of white wine; then add in another pint of cream, and stir all together very hard. Boil two ounces of isinglass with four small teacupfuls of water, till it is reduced to one-half the quantity, and then stir the isinglass, lukewarm, into the mixture, and pour the whole into a glass dish to congeal.

FRENCH CREAM.—Mix well into a pint and a half of sweet milk two tablespoonfuls of flour-starch. Beat the yolks of six eggs well, and add them to the milk, also putting in a teacupful of white sugar and a tablespoonful of essence of lemon. Stir it over the fire, one way, until it becomes a thick custard. Pour it into a dish, and when it grows cold, and just before it is sent to the table, sift powdered sugar over it, and hold a hot iron over the sugar until it melts and forms a crust.

APPLE CUSTARD.—Pare, core, and quarter one dozen large stewing apples (pippins), and stew among them the peel of one lemon. Stew them, until they become very tender, in a little water, and when enough cooked, mash them smooth with a spoon. Mix half a pint of apples with a quarter of a pound of sugar, and set it away to cool. Beat six eggs very light, and stir them in a quart of milk, alternately with the apples; put the mixture into cups, or into a dish, and bake it twenty minutes; grate nutmeg over the top.

LEMON CREAM.—One pint of spring-water, one and a half rings of isinglass, dissolved in water, a little juice of sweet orange, and the juice of six or seven lemons. Stir it over the fire, and when thick pour it into moulds. Sweeten to your liking previous to putting it on the fire.

BLANC MANGE.—The ingredients are: one quart of milk, four tablespoonfuls of cornstarch, and four tablespoonfuls of sugar. Wet the cornstarch with a small portion of the cold milk; set on the remainder of the milk to boil, and while boiling pour the cornstarch into it.

EVENINGS WITH THE POETS.

MINISTERING SPIRITS.

BY FLORA L. BEST.

LIFE is ours for patient toiling,
Ours for noble thought and deed,
Ours to meet its ceaseless struggle,
Ever giving earnest heed.

Yet around us hope and gladness
Shed their fragrance every hour,
Blessings brought by hands immortal,
Full of sweetness, full of power.

Gazing at the scene of conflict,
Yet unsullied 'mid the strife,
Angels glide with gentle footsteps,
Whispering of the better life.

Not by regal pomp and glory,
Flashing, gleaming on our sight,
May we know the holy presence
Of the messengers of light.

When the heart is faint and weary
With the burdens it must bear,
And it pauses in the battle
For an upward look and prayer

On its quick and fevered throbbings
Falls a pressure, soft and strong,
And the breath of rushing pinions
Fans it as they float along.

By a peace when strife is fiercest,
By a strength in hours of pain,
May we know the blessed coming
Of the spirit-band again.

Oh! how could we face the contest,
Brave the foes that we must meet,
Bear the weight of grief, unaided
By angelic comfort sweet?

Soft and silent as the snow flakes,
Lowly sink within the ground,
So these messages of mercy,
Deep within our souls are found.

And as snow flakes are protection
To the blossom frail and fair,
Shielding from the storms of winter,
From its cold and blighting air—

Thus do angel ministrations
Shelter virtue's tender flower,
When the storm-winds of temptation,
Gather all their mighty power.

Heart that dreads to meet the future,
Trembling, wavering to and fro—
Thro' the sombre shadows stealing,
Comes a music soft and low.

And a white robed angel lingers
Near the days that are to come,
Saying, "I will guide thee onward,
To a safe and heav'nly home."

WHITE ROSES.

BY ADELAIDE STOUT.

AS still as the kiss of love should be,
The moonlight touches the purity,
Of roses clust'ring near,
And over them falls the dowy time,
How sweet an hour is the eventime,
The voice within to hear.

You'd think an angel's soft brooding wing,
A shadow down on my heart could fling,
As soon as the roses snow;
How dark the shade that the moonlit drift,
Throws down on the weary eyes I lift,
Only my God can know.

Thou'st meekened, proud heart, since yester-morn,
Thine altar burned with unspoken scorn,
For lips that whispered "come,"
Mary is dying alone I ween,
But how can I pass the gulf between,
The pure and fallen one?

"Mary" who sat on the same low seat,
At the village school, and with face so sweet,
Oft bent o'er th' same torn book;
Who trod with us as a little child,
In mossy nooks, where the flowers grow wild,
Or played by rippling brook.

The first to venture and laugh with glee,
At feet that followed but tremblingly,
Where hers were firmly set.
With netted sunbeams upon thy hair,
And merry eyes, and face so fair,
Mary, I see thee yet!

Ah! out too far in the still clear tide,
Thy young feet went, and in stream more wide,
They ventured without fear,
Had'st thou known less of the uncurbed will,
Thy feet had tarried and rested still,
Where waves flow sweet and clear!

• • • • •

Now I'm the pleader, thou wilt not fling
My hand aside as a guilty thing?
'Tis wet with tears I shed!
Thou wilt not think of my woman's pride,
If I dare to speak of the "Crucified?"
I'll speak with bowed head.

Are gathered roses too white and pure?
They will not shrink from her touch I'm sure,
Didst see how th' little child,
At the roses' touch in her heart awoke,
Her brow flashed bright with the flowers of hope
Sweetly the dying smiled.

And kneeling there was it wrong to say,
Love's gate is open for feet to stray?
She fell asleep at morn,
Of quickened vision there was no need,
On peaceful brow of the dead to read,
"Love is better than scorn."

Buffalo Evening Post.

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ANGEL CHARLIE.

BY MRS. E. C. JUDSON.

[Written on the birth of a child that did not live.]

HE came—a beauteous vision—
Then vanished from my sight,
His wing one moment cleaving
The blackness of my night:
My glad ear caught its rustle;
Then, sweeping by, he stole
The dewdrop that his coming
Had cherished in my soul.

Oh! he had been my solace
When grief my spirit swayed,
And on his fragile being
Had tender hopes been stayed;
Where thought, where feeling lingered,
His form was sure to glide,
And in the lone night watches
'Twas ever at my side.

He came; but as the blossom
Its petals closes up,
And hides them from the tempest,
Within its sheltering cup,
So he his spirit gathered
Back to his frightened breast,
And passed from earth's grim threshold,
To be the Saviour's guest.

My boy—ah me! the sweetness,
The anguish of that word!—
My boy, when in strange night-dreams
My slumbering soul is stirred,
When music floats around me,
When soft lips touch my brow;
And whisper gentle greetings,
Oh! tell me, is it thou?

I know, by one sweet token,
My Charlie is not dead;
One golden clew he left me,
As on his way he sped.
Were he some gem or blossom,
But fashioned for to-day,
My love would slowly perish
With his dissolving clay.

Oh! by this deathless yearning,
Which is not idly given;
By the delicious nearness
My spirit feels to heaven;
By dreams that throng my night-sleep;
By visions of the day;
By whispers when I'm erring;
By promptings when I pray,—

I know this life so cherished,
Which sprang beneath my heart,
Which formed of my own being
So beautiful a part.—
This precious, winsome creature,
My unfledged, voiceless dove,
Lifts now a seraph's pinion,
And warbles lays of love.

Oh! I would not recall thee,
My glorious angel boy!
Thou needest not my bosom,
Rare bird of light and joy;
Here dash I down the tear-drops,
Still gathering in my eyes,
Blest! oh! how blest! in adding
A seraph to the skies!

THE ALPINE SHEEP.

WHEN on my ear your loss was knelled,
And tender sympathy upburst,
A little spring from memory welled,
Which once had quenched my bitter thirst.
And I was fain to bear to you
A portion of its mild relief,
That it might be as healing dew,
To steal some fever from your grief.

After our child's untroubled breath
Up to the Father took its way,
And on our home the shade of death
Like a long twilight haunting lay,
And friends came 'round with us to weep
Her little spirit's swift remove,
The story of the "Alpine Sheep"
Was told to us by one we love.

They in the valley's sheltering care
Soon crop the meadow's tender prime;
And when the sod grows brown and bare,
The shepherd strives to make them climb
To airy shelves of pasture green,
That hang along the mountain's side,
Where grass and flowers together lean,
And down through mists the sunbeams glide.

But naught can tempt the timid things
The steep and rugged path to try,
Though sweet the shepherd calls and sings,
And scared below the pastures lie,
Till in his arms their lambs he takes,
Along the dizzy verge to go;
Then, heedless of the rifts and breaks,
They follow on o'er rock and snow.

And in those pastures lifted fair,
More dewy soft than lowland mead,
The shepherd drops his tender care,
And sheep and lambs together feed.
This parable by nature breathed
Blew on me, as the south wind free
O'er frozen brooks, that flow unsheathed
From icy thralldom to the sea.

A blissful vision through the night
Would all my happy senses sway,
Of the Good Shepherd on the height,
Or climbing up the starry way,
Holding our little lambs asleep;
When, like the murmur of the sea,
Sounded that voice along the deep,
Saying, "Arise, and follow me!"

AUTUMN.

BY LONGFELLOW.

THOU comest, Autumn, heralded by the rain,
With banners, by great gales incessantly fanned,
Brighter than brightest silks of Samarcand,
And stately oxen harnessed to thy wain!
Thou standest, like imperial Charlemagne,
Upon thy bridge of gold; thy royal hand
Outstretched with benedictions o'er the land,
Blessing the farms through all thy vast domain!
Thy shield is the red harvest moon, suspended
So long beneath the heaven's o'erhanging cave;
Thy steps are by the farmer's prayers attended;
Like flames upon an altar shine thy sheaves;
And, following thee, in thy oration splendid,
Thine almoner, the wind, scatters the golden leaves.

GARDENING FOR LADIES.

BY MRS. E. B. DUFFEY.

WORK FOR SEPTEMBER.

ALL tender house-plants should be housed this month. Re-pot all verbenas, geraniums, fuchsias and heliotropes at the first approach of cold weather. Bring under shelter the oleanders, orange and lemon trees, hydrangeas, and other trees, bushes and plants that frost will injure. Supply the hanging baskets for winter bloom. If it is desirable to save more plants for the coming season than there is room for in the house, put the surplus stock in a warm, dry cellar, and let them remain till spring.

The propagation of plants by cuttings can now be resumed, but it is well to put a layer of old manure in the bottom of the pot or box, to supply the essential bottom heat.

STARTING PLANTS IN WATER.—Oleanders will root readily in water; and cuttings of ivies, solanum, and other herbaceous plants, may be placed in little homeopathic bottles, and suspended by a thread against a sunny window pane.

Now is the time to start ivies for house decoration, further particulars of which will be given in a succeeding number of the *HOME MAGAZINE*.

The beds of annuals and perennials ought to be now in magnificent bloom.

CHRYSANTHEMUMS will now need stakes. Pot those intended for blooming indoors, as soon as the buds are well formed.

CANNAS.—It is safest to take up cannas now, with the exception of the common *canna indica*. Lay them under a shed, and allow the roots to mature.

BULBS of the spring-blooming kinds which were taken up early in the season, can be re-set the last of this month, or early in the next. Bulbs which bloom in the summer, and which will not bear the frosts of winter, must be removed from the ground as soon as they are done blooming and the leaves have decayed, and should be kept during the winter in dry sand. Among these are the gladiolus and tuberose.

Continue to sow the seeds of perennials as fast as they ripen. Pansies will do better if sown now than at any other season.

SEEDS AND BULBS FOR FALL PLANTING.

WE wish to remind those of our readers who wish a magnificent bloom in their gardens in the early spring months, that they must now be considering the purchase of their bulbs and seeds. September and October are the months for putting these in the ground. Many flower-seeds bloom much earlier and more profusely by being planted in the fall. Among these we may mention as being the easiest to cultivate, candy-tuft, phlox, poppies and pansies. For the latter flowers Mr. Henry A. Dreer, seedsman and florist, Philadelphia, took the first premium this year at the exhibition of the Pennsylvania Horticultural Society, and the seeds he offers are of superior quality. For early winter blooming, pansy-seed should be sown in August and September; for spring bloom in October and November.

Mr. Dreer has issued a descriptive catalogue of bulbs with colored steel-plate, and directions how to cultivate, which he will mail to all who desire it, on receipt of a postage stamp.

SEPTEMBER.

BY JOHN JAMES PIATT.

ALL things are full of life this autumn morn;
The hills seem growing under silver cloud;
A fresher spirit in nature's breast is born;
The woodlands are blowing lustily and loud;
The crows fly, cawing, among the flying leaves;
On sunward-lifted branches struts the jay;
The fluttering brooklet quick and bright receives
Bright frosty silverings slow from ledges gray
Of rock in buoyant sunshine glittering out;
Cold apples drop through orchards mellowing;
'Neath forest-caves quick squirrels laugh and shout;
Farms answer farms as through bright morns of
spring,
And joy, with dancing pulses full and strong,
Joy, everywhere, goes Maying with a song!

NEW PUBLICATIONS.

The Modern Job, is the suggestive title of a neatly-printed volume of blank verse, with a copy of which its author, Mr. Henry Peterson, has favored us. It is certainly a remarkable production, and one likely to attract considerable attention. There is more originality and independence of thought about it than one usually finds in a new book now-a-days. It grapples the most intricate problems of both speculative and practical religion, with a boldness which certain persons may characterize as audacity, if they should use no harsher term, and displays a spirit of free inquiry which may shock some sensitive minds, but

which appears to us to be governed by a profound feeling of respect and veneration for divine truth. Mr. Peterson has evidently given much earnest thought to the solution of these problems, and the results of his reflections have been embodied in the striking and vigorous poem before us. Without giving our assent to all the views it advances, we can yet recommend it to the thoughtful and dispassionate, we will not say unprejudiced, reader, who will find it neither unprofitable nor uninteresting. For sale in Philadelphia by H. Peterson & Co. Price \$1.50.

H. H. & T. W. Carter, of Boston, have sent us with a

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copy of their "Half Dollar Edition" of Mrs. Struss's *Feminine Soul*, a book we have already spoken favorably of. For sale in Philadelphia by J. B. Lippincott & Co.

From Loring, Poston, through Porter & Coates, Philadelphia, we have *A Week in a French Country-House, Medusa and Other Tales*, by Mrs. Adelaide (Kemble) Sartoris. This, we presume, is a new edition of a collection of pleasant stories, which were received with great favor on their first appearance.

A book calculated, probably, to create some little sensation among certain classes of readers, has just been published for the author, Samuel D. Greene, by H. H. & T. W. Carter, of Boston. It is entitled *The Broken Seal; or, Personal Reminiscences of the Morgan Abduction and Murder*. For sale in Philadelphia by J. B. Lippincott & Co.

The Caged Lion, a Novel, by Charlotte M. Yonge, is one of the best of its author's always very acceptable productions. Miss Yonge writes in a strong, nervous, and remarkable pure English style, and her books never lack in interest. For sale in Philadelphia by J. B. Lippincott & Co. D. Appleton & Co., New York, are the publishers.

We have received from Porter & Coates, *Antonia*, a Novel, by George Sand, translated by Virginia Vaughan, and published by Roberts Brothers, Boston. ALLIBONE'S DICTIONARY OF ENGLISH AUTHORS.

We copy from the *Philadelphia Public Ledger* this comprehensive notice of Dr. Allibone's great work, the second volume of which has just been given to the public by J. B. Lippincott & Co.:

Two noble volumes are now gracing the shelves of most of our libraries, public and private, that no lover of books can look into without a longing desire to possess them. They are treasures of English Literature, without which no collection of books in our mother tongue can be considered in any way satisfactory. They contain what can be possessed in no other way than by the ownership of whole libraries of books. They embrace the results of half a lifetime of the most patient, painstaking, discriminating labor of a most intelligent and scholarly man, to whom the arduous task has been a labor of love, or it never could have been done at all.

The two volumes to which these strong words of eulogy are applied, are volumes I and II of Dr. S. Austin Allibone's Critical Dictionary of English Literature, or "Dictionary of Authors," the second volume having been published a few weeks ago. When the first was placed before the reading world, just prior to the recent war, it was regarded not only as a marvel of exhaustive research, but was welcomed with delight by men of letters wherever the English language is spoken, as the book of books, for which scholars had been looking and longing, but which none of them ever expected to see; for such a work seemed to be beyond the power of any one man, and far too great to be accomplished within the limits of a single life. And when the first volume did come, showing what a "priceless" boon the completed work would be, they were immediately beset by fears that it could never be finished. That was in 1858-60; the volume then published, containing the names and the titles of the works of all "British and American authors living and deceased, from the earliest accounts to the latter half of the Nineteenth Century," whose names were embraced between the letters A and J inclusive. Nor was this a mere "Dictionary" or "Index" of names and titles, or bare chronology of dates of publication. In all cases where the subject would admit of such elaboration, there were sketches of the authors, embracing precious little

pieces of personal and literary history, descriptions of their works, and the very essence of the criticism that had been passed upon them, in the words of the critics themselves. Nor was the phrase in the title which claims that the book embraces British and American authors, "living and deceased, from the earliest accounts to the latter half of the nineteenth century," mere unmeaning or exaggerating words, such as are too often used in framing titles to books. In this case the promise of the title had been fulfilled to the uttermost. There were the authors, from the early Saxon, Cædmon, in 680, down to those of our own day, in our own city, embracing all accessible writers, from the publisher of a twenty-page monograph to the great author who published as many royal quartos. The volume was "a gigantic Index Rerum," and it was not at all surprising that the men of letters, who understood the enormous labor and research required in the preparation of such a work, feared that it could never be completed.

But now we have the second volume, bringing the subject matter down to the end of the letter "S," in all respects equal to the promise of volume I. The two published volumes contain 2326 large octavo double column pages, and these with the third, now in press, embrace an amount of matter equal to forty octavo volumes such as those of Bancroft's History of the United States. In the two volumes before us, we find the full proportions of the "thirty thousand biographies and literary notices" referred to in the title, leaving for the third and final volume the authors from "T" to "Z," and the "forty indexes of subjects"—indexes so copious and comprehensive as to enable the reader or the student to find with ease any fact or event in the history of literature in the English tongue.

It is most difficult to do justice to such a work in the brief terms we are obliged to use. The foremost idea all the time is, how any man could have the courage to undertake it, and the sustained patience to carry it through to completion—the stupendous mass of authorities to be examined, the never-ending still beginning search through the literature of thirteen centuries, the catalogues of all libraries, the price lists and advertisements of all publishers, the references to endless bibliographical notices, transient publications, reviews, magazines, periodicals, and printed matter of every kind—the minute and painful verification of proper names, titles, facts and dates—the conscientious search for the most obscure works of almost unknown authors, as well as for the illustrious names in our literature—all this merely makes the "wonder grow" in turning over the pages of these two volumes. We find a range of titles in volume II, from "Starr, John M. D.," whose two medical papers, in 1750, are recorded in two lines, to the grand article on Shakespeare, which fills fifty pages, and equals in quantity of matter the contents of a two hundred page duodecimo. How will it ever pay the author for his life of labor? His book, in all probability, will be a monument more enduring than any "storied urn" in Westminster Abbey; but that is posthumous profit, highly prized, it is true, by men of genius and ambition, but which does not go far in replenishing a bank account, or in making "both ends meet," during the long years consumed in such work. But this author has been fortunate in his publisher, and in the same appreciative spirit which prompted the dedication of his first volume to his then publisher, he dedicates the second and the third "To my friend, Joshua B. Lippincott, whose enterprise enables me to give to the world the completion of this work."

EDITORS' DEPARTMENT.

MADAME DE SEVIGNÉ'S TIMES.*

One puts down these wonderful letters of the witty Frenchwoman with a smile, but a sigh is forever drifting across the smile, like breath's cold, gray mist across the morning sunbeams. Looking into the dazzling colors of these pages, with eyes that can read them aright, one finds here, just the old story of human life over again, the drama acted this time, it is true, on lofty, historic heights. But for all that, it is only the play so many thousand years older than Shakespeare's. It is just human life again, with its foibles and faults, with its ten thousand fool's chases for power, and place, and prestige, its jostlings and pushings, its mean jealousies, its paltry envies, its rivalries and heart-burnings, all that is poor, and mean, and ignoble on one side; on the other, again, what is best, and tenderest, and loftiest in this human nature of ours. The noble heroisms, the courage that looked death bravely in the face; the love that faltered at no loss nor sacrifice; all take their turn in this mirror of two centuries ago, held up to our view by the fair hand of the titled and gifted Frenchwoman.

They were seething, tumultuous times, in which she lived—you remember them. That marvellous court of *Louis the Fourteenth*: was then in the morning glow and bloom of its pride and splendor. An atmosphere of Asiatic pomp and luxury, with an organization half Roman in its genius and stringency of etiquette, while the Latin and Teutonic races brought to the age and time that wonderful development of intellectual energies and æsthetic genius which so enriched this era.

It flowered in drama, in art, in poetry, in sculpture; its sunshine ripened broad harvest-fields of philosophy; it threw such lustre and radiance around the court and throne of the "Grand Monarque," that the world still holds its breath while it gazes, and its eyes, the eyes of this nineteenth century, even, are a little dazzled at the reflection, and the whole seems the dear old tale of—

"The golden prime
Of good Haroun al Raschid."

In this enchanted atmosphere, amid the most brilliant men and women of the court, or of any other, for the world has never seen the like, and, after all, thank God! it never can again. Madame de Sevigné moved, one of its most graceful and interesting figures. What times those were! What names crowd along those pages, hurriedly thrown off by the hand of the mother, for the absent daughter, for whose sake they fairly ache and throb with their passion of tenderness. Almost every line has a historic value. They are living, breathing men and women here, and we share their joys and sorrows, and almost stand in awe ourselves at the great central figure, whose frown or whose smile is life or death, and for whom all this glory and beauty are gathered together, and who brought down upon his race and his nation the slow, sure curse of the gods. And we almost hearken through the piping and the dancing for the first low, distant mutterings of the thunder, for the French

revolution was only a little more than a century behind!

There was something beside dancing to flutes in those days even! There was Fouquet, poor Fouquet! you remember. One cannot help pitying him, and fancying he was more sinned against than sinning. No wonder his head grew giddy under such a weight of honors, and if he did "feather his own nest," he at least did no more than the monarch who took such cruel revenge on his old friend and host.

One sees the man going from his cell in the Bastille, and turning and smiling on his friends, and remembering only the long, dreary imprisonment at Bignerol, and the brave heart that was so very long in breaking.

Then there is *La Vallière*, young, beautiful, gracious, tender. Martin says truly of her: "She was not the mistress but the lover of Louis the Fourteenth."

What a pathetic history hers is, followed to its last sad close in the Carmelite Convent, that female La Trappe! "When the life of a Carmelite appears too severe to me, I have only to recall to mind what those persons made me suffer," she said, pointing to the King and *Madame de Montespan*.

Haughty, dominant, insolent, the ruling mistress had her long day of pride and power. But it came to an end at last, and the fiery, passionate heart had its turn, too, to be wrung bitterly as it had wrung others'.

Last, but not least, comes Madame de Maintenon. This woman, calm, gracious, dignified, never ruffled, never perplexed, is a perpetually baffling study.

How in the world did the homeless widow of Scarron, the lame, comic poet, manage to get such a power over the haughtiest of kings? manage to make herself his wife? his, Louis the Fourteenth's? and to maintain herself in his regard to the latest hour of his life, when that life, too, was going out, an old man's in disappointment and defeat?

"I feel less regret at leaving you, because I expect to meet you so soon again!" said Louis the Fourteenth, on his dying bed, to *Madame de Maintenon*.

Ah, the dying monarch had something else to meet on the other side! There was the long muster-roll of his victims, who had been hunted to death by the revocation of the edict of *Nantes*. There were the hosts, too, of his own subjects, starved by tens of thousands to build his palaces and deck his mistresses. There were stately cities he had doomed to flames. There were millions slaughtered to gratify his ambitions and revenges. And yet, unmindful of all these, this man could talk comfortably and sentimentally on his death-bed, about meeting *Madame de Maintenon* in heaven!

But that was at least a couple of decades after Madame de Sevigné put her name to the last of her long series of letters, and when she did this, Louis the Fourteenth was in the fervid summer-noon of his pride and prosperity.

How the rapid lines quiver and sparkle with life and wit! They have kept, like old wine, their choice flavor, through a couple of centuries. What cabinet pictures of great historic characters, are dashed off by this rapid, glowing pen.

We see *James the Second* discrowned, and awkward, and garrulous, at St. Germain, whether monarch or man, cutting a mean, miserable figure always, and

* *Letters of Madame de Sevigné*, by Mrs. Hale. Boston: Roberts Brothers.

his beautiful Italian wife, *Mary of Modena*, is by his side, with her sorrowful face and her royal mien, and in her arms she carries

"The heir of the Isles!"

The innocent little head, born in the purple, and yet it carries the awful doom of the Stuarts! It is to pay, through long, homeless years of wandering and hope deferred, the heaped debt of their crime and cruelty. Better, after all, that it had perished in that dismal midnight flight across the stormy channel.

With all her vivacity and sweetness, her clear intellect, the wit, like the flash of sabres, and that might have slashed like them, also, had it not been for the soft heart underneath, what a good Frenchwoman, *Madame de Sevigné* is!

How devoutly she worshipped the star of *Louis the Fourteenth*, and believed in the divine right of kings.

One can afford to smile at her talk now, over the *Prince of Orange*, and that "*Modern Sullia*," his young wife, who followed her husband's fortunes with such brave devotion, and through all the fates, went on quietly spinning—such different patterns from *Madame de Sevigné's* fancies.

Amid drooping banners, and funeral marches, and the tears of a mighty nation, we follow the great soldier, *Turenne*, to his last rest. We wander through the blaze of splendor of *Versailles*, or the moon-light loveliness of *Trianon*, we sit at *St. Cyr*, in those palmy days when the monarch and all his court went to see the young pupils perform *Racine's* wonderful drama of *Esther*. And we are silent and wonderfully enjoyable spectators of that little side-scene, when the king actually went over to *Madame de Sevigné*, and, in the presence of all his court, addressed two or three remarks to her!

What a fuss the whole audience made over it! What a buzz of wonder and curiosity there was over that very simple act!

Yet how naturally the woman took the vast honor, and related it a little while afterward, to her daughter.

Ah, well! Times have changed since then, and the world has staggered and stumbled into something better during these last two hundred years.

This, after all, is the great lesson which these letters teach! We turn away from their limp mirror with a long-drawn breath of reverent thankfulness, that the new times are better than the old!

The splendid court, the "*Grande Monarque*," the beautiful women, the gay and haughty cavaliers, all the pomp and glory are gone as everything, whether it be joy or sorrow, good or evil, goes in a little while from this world!

Louis the Fourteenth lived, at least, long enough to reap, in a partial measure, the harvest he had sown; reaped loss, and defeat, and misery, that bowed him, hard, haughty, arrogant as he was, to the dust, and at last he too went to his own place.

And less than twenty years after he lay dead, amid all the mocking splendor of *Versailles*, there was born, far off, in an old homestead, among the green wildernesses of *Virginia*, a boy. The most that could honestly be said of his parents at that time was, everybody knew them for respectable and worthy people; and to this boy, opening his eyes first in the still old homestead on *Bridge's Creek*, his parents gave the name of *George Washington*.

A hundred years later, and who would have exchanged the name of the son of the unknown *Virginia* pioneer for that of "*Louis the Grande Monarque*," of the times of *Madame de Sevigné*?

V. F. T.

MR. DICKENS.

In his sermon upon the death of Mr. Dickens, *Dean Stanley* read the following extract from his will, dated May 12th, 1869.

"I direct that my name be inscribed in plain English letters on my tomb. . . . I enjoin my friends on no account to make me the subject of any monument, memorial, or testimonial whatever. . . . I rest my claims to the remembrance of my country upon my published works, and the remembrance of my friends upon their experience of me in addition thereto. . . . I commit my soul to the mercy of God, through our Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ; and I exhort my dear children to try and guide themselves by the teaching of the New Testament in its broad spirit, and to put no faith in any man's narrow construction of its letter."

"In that simple but sufficient faith," said the Dean, "*Charles Dickens* lived and died. In that faith he would have you all live and die also; and, if any of you have learnt from his words the eternal value of generosity, purity, kindness, and unselfishness, and to carry them out in action, those are the best 'monuments, memorials, and testimonials' which you, his fellow-countrymen, can raise to his memory."

A NEW TEA FIRM.

Two ladies of New York are about to give us a practical solving of the "woman question," that many persons will watch with interest. They have entered into partnership for the importation and sale of tea. Of this firm, *Madame Demorest*, the Editress of *Demorest's Mirror of Fashion*, and a lady well known as possessing superior and energetic business capabilities, is the resident partner. "Her colleague," says the *New York World*, "is Miss Susan A. King, a maiden lady of mature years and ripe discretion, whose immense fortune has been made solely by her own shrewdness, industry, business tact, and management. For years she has been one of the largest real estate operators in New York City, and has the confidence of some of the wisest and soundest of our business men. The new firm commence with a capital of half a million, and Miss King is already on her way to China (via San Francisco), where she intends to make an attempt to explore the interior, select better brands of tea than are usually sent to this country, buy a plantation of her own, and set a thousand Chinamen to work. The first cargo of selected tea is expected to arrive before Christmas, and will be consigned to *Mme. Demorest*." These ladies have our best wishes in their undertaking, as we hope it may prove profitable to themselves, and beneficial to the public.

"WOMAN'S RIGHTS" PAPERS.

EDITOR ARTHUR'S HOME MAGAZINE:—I take this method of making an inquiry, and would like to receive the desired information through the columns of the *HOME MAGAZINE*. I wish to know how many journals there are in the United States exclusively devoted to the Woman Question, and their names. Also, the address and terms of each, and which you would advise a woman to subscribe for, if she took but one. In answering these questions, you may possibly oblige others as well as

Yours, Truly,

AN OLD SUBSCRIBER.

We cannot give a complete answer to this question, but will comply with our correspondent's wish so far as our information goes.

The *Revolution* is published in New York City, at

two dollars a year. It was recently edited by Mrs. E. C. Stanton and Miss Susan B. Anthony. Mrs. Laura Curtis Bullard is the present editor, while all subscriptions and business letters must be addressed to Edwin A. Studwell, Publisher, Box 2706, New York city. This is the organ of the Union Woman's Suffrage Society, of which Theodore Tilton, editor of the *Independent*, is President. *The Revolution* is a sprightly little sheet, and numbers among its occasional contributors, Alice Cary, Mrs. Isabella Beecher Hooker, Eleanor Kirk, Virginia F. Townsend, Mrs. Paulina Wright Davis, Mrs. Kate N. Doggett, and Emily Faithful, Editress of the *Victoria Magazine*, published in London, England.

The *Woman's Journal* is published in Boston and Chicago, with Mrs. Mary A. Livermore as editor, and Mrs. Julia Ward Howe, Mrs. Lucy Stone, Henry B. Blackwell and T. W. Higginson as associate editors. To this paper Celia Burleigh is a regular and Mrs. F. D. Gage an occasional contributor. It contains earnest and able articles on the "Woman Question," and keeps its readers posted on what women are doing. Its terms are \$3 per annum.

The *Woman's Advocate* is or was published at Dayton, Ohio, but who are its editors and what are its terms we cannot tell.

There is also a *Woman's Rights Paper* issued in San Francisco, Cal., but we have never seen a copy and forget its name.

Mesdames Woodhull & Claflin's *Weekly* cannot strictly be numbered among women's rights journals, though its publishers are women who "know their rights, and knowing, dare maintain."

Nor can Mrs. Myra B. Bradwell's *Legal News*, published at Chicago, be placed in this category, though its editress is an advocate of female suffrage, and does not hesitate to express her views through the columns of her paper.

ADVICE TO AMATEUR WRITERS.

The *Christian Union* publishes an excellent article on "Amateur Authorship," from which we extract the following:

"How shall I know whether I have the capacity to write or not?"

"At least you can demand strong proof before believing that you have! Understand, we are not speaking of occasional communications, but of authorship as a habit. Do you really think yourself capable of instructing or amusing thousands of people; of doing this repeatedly, continually; of producing brain-work equal to that of the strong, cultivated, original minds that are constantly giving their best products to the press? Perhaps you are, but be slow to believe it!"

"The golden rule is, never to write simply for the sake of writing. If you are full of some subject of general interest, if you have something in you which 'will not stay unsaid,' say it. Whether it ever reaches any but yourself or not, the act of expression will have done you good rather than harm. Its product will have a certain intrinsic value, the great first merit of honesty and earnestness. If 'the world' ever cares to hear you, it will be through that which you have said under such an impulse. Writing from the fullness of your heart, with the first thought for your subject and only the second for yourself, you will not be heart-broken if you win no personal success. If you keep on writing in that spirit, outward success may come; inward good there will be at any rate. But shun laborious effort at brilliancy; never

write primarily that you may yourself be heard. That way lies disappointment—harm to yourself, and no good to others."

STIMULANTS.—Speaking of these, Dr. Hall, in his *Journal of Health*, says:

"There is no such thing as a good stimulant, so there can be no best stimulant. Stimulants are all bad. What is a stimulant? It is a poison. To stimulate means to goad, to excite. Alcohol is a stimulant. When alcohol is taken into the stomach the vital powers, recognizing it as a poison, are excited to resist it and throw it out, which they do with all the force they are capable of exerting, and this action to rid the system of poison is stimulation. Stimulation is really poisoning, and nothing else; therefore, if there is a best poison, there is a best stimulant."

MISS GARRETT, the American lady who lately finished a course of study at the University of Medicine in Paris, and succeeded, despite all opposition, in obtaining a diploma, has been regularly licensed as a "doctress" in that city, and is said to be overruling with patients. Thus slowly but surely is woman winning her way into the professions, and many branches of business from which social prejudices have hitherto debarred her.

HOMŒOPATHY.

This school of medicine has made such rapid progress in the last twenty years, that a company of capitalists in this country, some four years ago, organized a *LIFE INSURANCE COMPANY* at Cleveland, Ohio, on a Homœopathic basis. They are insuring the lives of Homœopaths at **TWENTY PER CENT.** less than those treated by any other system. We believe that this Company stands second to none in the country, and would advise all persons desiring insurance to consider the special advantages offered by this Company before they insure elsewhere. Philadelphia office, 8. W. corner Broad and Chestnut streets; J. A. Cloud, M. D., manager.

NEW YORK WOMAN'S MEDICAL COLLEGE.

We have received the circular of the Woman's Medical College of New York city, making their annual announcement. The class of 1870 numbered twenty-six ladies, of whom five graduated. For particulars regarding this college, its course of instruction, terms, etc., students may apply by letter to Dr. Emily Blackwell, Secretary of the Faculty, 128 Second Avenue, New York city.

Lady physicians are making headway against the strong opposition which a majority of the profession have maintained against them. Prejudice is gradually being overcome, and we venture to predict that twenty years from now it will be a matter of wonder that there was any dispute or hesitation about admitting them into the profession.

The *Medical Gazette*, after a valiant contest against recognizing women as entitled to a position in the medical profession, has at last yielded. Referring to objections against women as physicians, the *Gazette*, while still believing that few possess the necessary power of physical endurance, admits that the objection that immodesty necessarily attends the female physician is incorrect. It says:

But all of these objections have been individually refuted by a few who, like Miss Garrett, in England, and

one or two whom we might name here, have shown that it is at least possible for a modest, womanly woman to achieve a useful and honorable career in medicine. To those of our brethren who dogmatically flout "female physis" on "general principles" we would hint that submission to the inevitable is the part of wisdom, and that individual capacity must henceforth be our criterion for judgment, unbiased either by prejudice on the one hand or by gallant leniency on the other: to our fair competitors who resolve to try their lances in an exceedingly arduous battle, lay aside their sex's claim to tender consideration, and ask only "a fair field and no favor," we can assure grudging praise if they are victors, and little pity if they fail. To the great body of male applicants for enrollment in our ranks, we offer an adjuration to profit by the instruction afforded them as industriously as has, at least, one of those whose claims to recognition it is the fashion to perhaps underrate; and, finally, to our new colleague herself we tender a welcome to our profession, and this recantation in her behalf of much that we have heretofore said.

OUR POETS.

In a recent editorial we stated that literature could not be relied upon as a highway to wealth; and made the further assertion that very few, if any, of our poets or novelists depended upon their pens, alone, for the means of a livelihood. We have since met with a statement of the property of the American poets, and how, in each case, it was acquired. Though these are the poets *par excellence* of America, it will be seen that, in every case, a portion of their property has been inherited, or else some other occupation has been united to that of poet. In not a single instance is the man a poet by profession:

"Bryant is reputed worth \$500,000, made chiefly by journalism; Longfellow is estimated at \$300,000, the gift of his father-in-law, Nathan Appleton, beside the very considerable profits of his poems; Holmes is rated at \$100,000, hereditary property, increased by lecturing and literature; Whittier, who lives frugally, is worth \$30,000, inherited and earned by his popular pen; Saxe is reputed worth \$70,000, inherited and earned in law, lecturing, and literature; Lowell is said to be worth \$30,000, or \$40,000, hereditary and acquired in his chair as professor in Harvard College; Boker is rich by inheritance, and worth, probably, \$100,000; Bayard Taylor is a man of independent property—the profits of his literature, lecturing, and dividends from his New York Tribune stock."

ALAS for him who never sees
The stars shine through his cypress-trees!
Who, hopeless, lays his dead away,
Nor looks to see the breaking day
Across the mournful marbles play;
Who hath not learned, in hours of faith,
The truth, to flesh and sense unknown,
That life is ever lord of death,
And joy can never lose its own.

WHITTIER.

THOSE who in the day of sorrow have owned God's presence in the cloud will find him also in the pillar of fire, brightening and cheering the abode as night comes on.

THERE is only one thing worse than ignorance, and that is conceit. Of all intractable fools, an overwise man is the worst.

MARRIED WOMEN.

THEY HAVE NO RIGHTS IN ENGLAND.

In England, at the present time, says *All the Year Round*, a married woman, so far as the possession of property is concerned, is, in the eye of the law, simply a non-existent person. At common law there is but one person in a matrimonial partnership, and that person is the husband. Under this singular system a wife, on her marriage, is supposed to make her husband an absolute gift of all her personal property. He may do what he likes with it, and she has no sort of claim upon it from the moment of the marriage. If she be fortunate enough to be possessed of real estate as a spinster, it will avail her little in her changed condition. The husband is entitled to receive the rents and profits of the wife's estates, and to spend them as he pleases. There is, obviously, a little mistake in the marriage service somewhere. It is, in fact, the wife who endows her husband with all her worldly goods. It is true that the husband professes to endow the wife, but that is nothing but a pleasant fiction, a merry little jest. This irresponsible power which the man enjoys over the woman's property applies not only to such property as she may have brought with her at her marriage, but to anything and everything she may acquire afterwards. The wife, being a nobody in law, is incapable of entering into a contract; she cannot sue or be sued, and is, consequently, quite unable, legally, to earn anything whatever. If she work for wages, the wages are her husband's. If she writes a book she has nothing to do with the profits. If she paint a picture the price of it is not her own. And here is one of the most fertile sources of hardship! here is the tyranny of man, of which we hear so much, unmistakably, for once. The bad husbands, there is no doubt, have it all their own way.

FACTS FOR THE LADIES.—I can inform any one interested of hundreds of Wheeler & Wilson Machines of twelve years' wear, that to-day are in better working condition than one entirely new. I have often driven one of them at a speed of eleven hundred stitches a minute. I have repaired fifteen different kinds of Sewing Machines, and I have found yours to wear better than any others. With ten years' experience in Sewing Machines of different kinds, yours has stood the most and the severest test for durability and simplicity.

GEO. L. CLARK.

Lyndenville, N. Y.

EDUCATION does not commence with the alphabet; it begins with a mother's look; a father's nod of approbation, or his sign of reproof; with a sister's gentle pressure of the hand, or a brother's noble act of forbearance; with a handful of flowers in green and daisy meadows; with a bird's nest admired but not touched; with pleasant walks in shady lanes; and with thoughts directed, in sweet and kindly tones and words, to nature, to beauty, to acts of benevolence, to deeds of virtue, and to the source of all good—to God himself!

BAD thoughts are worse enemies than lions and tigers; for we keep out of the way of wild beasts, but bad thoughts win their way everywhere. The cup that is full will hold no more; keep your hearts full of good thoughts, that bad thoughts may find no room to enter.

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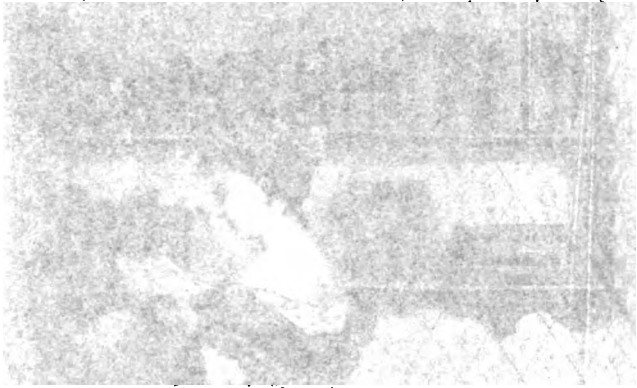
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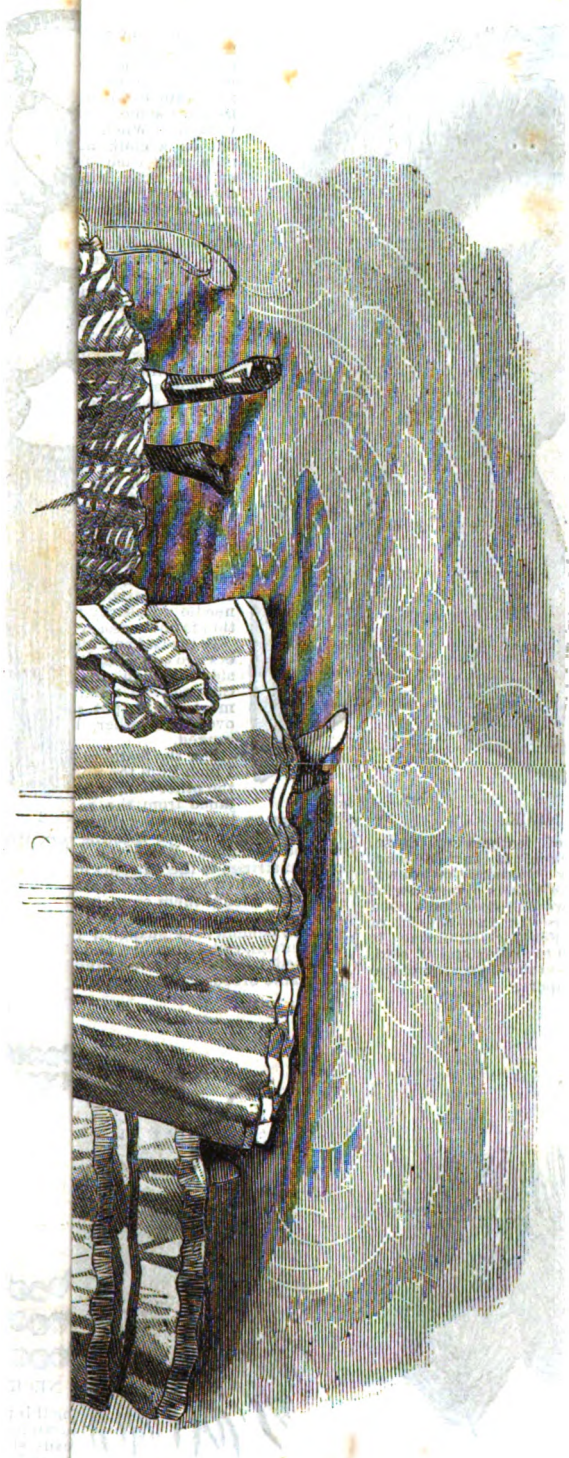
THE INTERESTING BOOK.

WALKING DRESSES FOR AUTUMN 1890.---(From Mac. Magazine.)

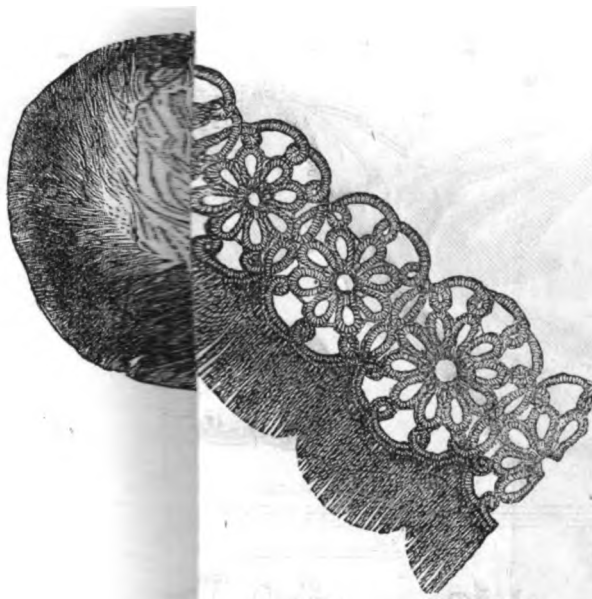
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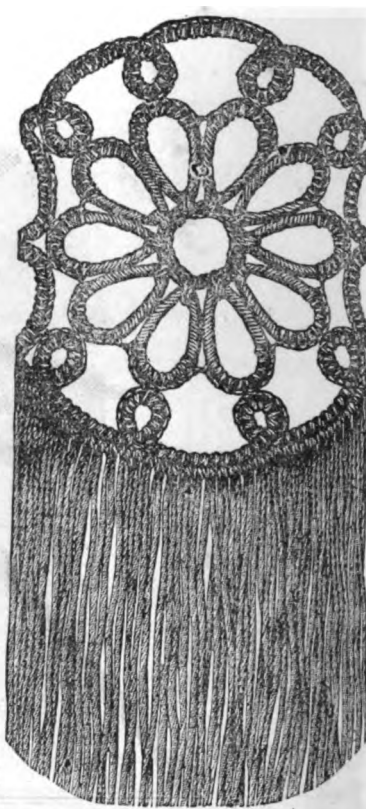
WALKING DRESSES FOR AUTUMN, 1870.—(FROM MME. DEMOREST.)



No. 1.

BORDER OF WHITE COTTON CORD AND TATTING COTTON.

The holder consists of large and small rosettes of cotton; on both sides of the curtain-holder these are worked with loops and scallops of cord; these are like and with tatting cotton. At the lower edge of the work a crochet fringe with cotton. No. 1 shows the holder smaller than full size; No. 2 shows the same, full size. The curtain-holder is 14 inches in diameter. No. 1 must first be traced on stiff paper or cardboard; then on the same, following the outlines of the circles of the rosette make a loop with the cord, and the end of the cord together. No. 1 shows the rosettes get smaller toward the ends of the holder. In the middle of the rosette fasten every circle with 10 buttonhole stitches of thick cotton; at the edge of the holder, take up one loop in every buttonhole stitch, and on the paper in loops, and working buttonhole hem, fastening at the same time the loops on to the illustration. For the fringe at the lower edge, draw it out so as to form a loop 3 inches long; must all be exactly of the same length; for this or 4 loops together on the needle. When the fringed fringe is cut open.



No. 2.

CENTRE OF CURTAIN-HOLDER (full size).

FUR F
No. 1. This fur is
You require a pi
by 1 wide; som
which should be pr
as well as fashiona
method of prepari
those who keep f
much worn, and is n
would prove far mor
feathers to upholste



PEARL NECKLACE.

The mode of making this pretty-shaped necklace is too clearly shown in the design to need description. The beads should be strung on round white elastic, and fastened by satin bows.



INITIAL LETTERS.

FASHIONS FROM MME. DEMOREST.



CELIA OVERDRESS.

A stylish little overdress, made short and open in the front, with three quile long tabs on the sides, and a short pouf back. The material may be black or any colored silk, trimmed with bands of velvet and narrow fringe.

ADELIA JACKET.

This jaunty jacket, intended to be worn en suite, is drawn from a model made in grisaille silk, and trimmed with narrow black thread lace and ruelings of bright blue silk. The vest is of grisaille silk, garnished with broad bands of blue.

TOILET AND WORK-TABLE.

FASHIONS FOR OCTOBER.

We are now in a transition state between the thin materials for summer wear and the heavy winter goods which will be introduced in November. A novelty of the present month will be suits of Scotch wool, composed of skirt, polonaise, and talma, the latter arranged to throw over the left shoulder as an extra wrap, and trimmed like the polonaise, with velvet and fringe, the latter containing the colors of the plaid.

Demorest's Monthly says of the fall fashions :

"Undershirts and orinolines, as being prepared for the fall season, are perfectly straight and flat in front, and sustain fulness at the back by a curved shape, or by five volants, spaced between.

"We recommend the *special guaranteed* makes of black silks, and black alpacas, and mohairs for fall suits, as they are sure to be pure in quality, and will give much better wear, as well as greater pleasure in the wearing.

"Irish poplins are to be very fashionable this season.

"Wide bonnet strings, rich and plain, are adopted by the empress, and 'ruled in' for the fall and winter styles.

"The new fall and winter bonnet is of the gypsy shape, but somewhat larger than those worn this summer.

"Hats of very rich plush, in high colors, trimmed with velvet of a darker shade, are to be very fashionable during the coming season.

"Grebe is to be fashionable for trimming, and especially for trimming cloth and velvet suits.

"Crimped waterfalls have been revived—they are much cooler than the chatelaine braids."

The handsomest parasols are of white or of some pale-colored silk, with a lace cover, and stick of pearl and gold or coral. Some very pretty parasols are of a thin, white silk, lined with blue, cherry, or lilac silk, and trimmed with three narrow ruffles, bound with the color. The color shows through the silk (which looks like a heavy silk grenadine), and has a very pretty effect.

WALKING-DRESSES FOR AUTUMN, 1870.

(See Double-page Engraving.)

No. 1.—A lovely toilet for a soirée, the skirt made in white gaze de Chambéry, trimmed very high with gathered flounces edged with white Tom Thumb fringe and headed with black velvet. The overskirt—consisting of an overskirt, forming three distinct points and a round apron-front, and a basque to correspond—is of lavender crêpe de Chine, trimmed with folds of silk of the same shade, each point being finished with a heavy silk tassel to match. The corsage is open to the waist in front, and is completed by a chemisette, plaited à la paysanne, of organdy, trimmed with Valenciennes.

No. 2.—A handsome visiting-costume made in black poul de soie and black grenadine, the silk skirt ornamented, as per illustration, with flounces and ruffles of grenadine, bound with black silk, and retained with broad silk bands. The trimming, on tablier, is slightly raised in the centre, forming reversed points. Corsage with square neck and close sleeves, trimmed with grenadine ruffles. Chapeau of black thread lace, ornamented with shaded violets in foliage.

No. 3.—A charming dress for a Miss of fourteen years. The skirt is of summer silk, striped in blue and white, and ornamented with a bias flounce, having a heading of shell trimming, in plain blue silk. Over this skirt is arranged a second one of plain blue silk, trimmed with silk fringe, and tied carelessly on the sides like a scarf, leaving two floating ends. The corsage of blue is of a new style, the fronts laid in plaits like a fichu, trimmed with fringe, and continued round to the back to form a sash. Rather close sleeves of striped silk, trimmed to match the skirt, and having a full puff of blue at the top.



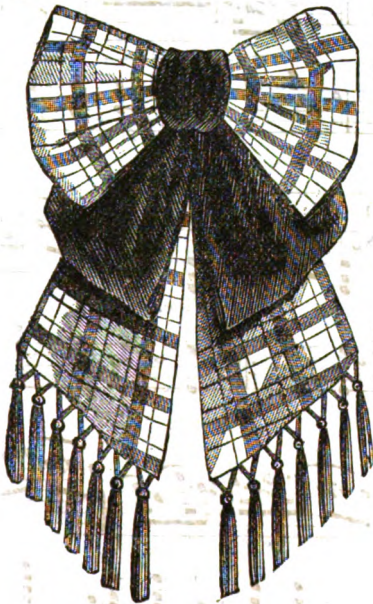
BURNET MOTH.





CECELIA BLOUSE.

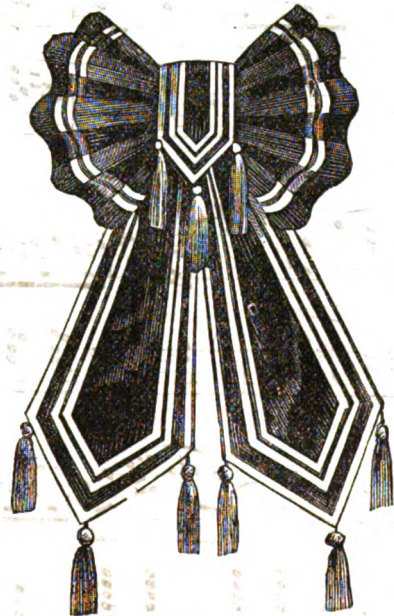
A favorite style of linen overdress, very much used this season for travelling. The front is cut in the Polonaise style, and the back forms a square basque, with the full skirt sewed on a band underneath. It is cut high in the neck, with the revers set on, so that it can be worn, on occasion, without any waist underneath. The trimming consists of bias bands of linen, with brown alpaca braid stretched at either edge, so as to show about one-half its width beyond the bands.



No. 1.

SASH BOW OF PLAID AND VELVET.

No. 1. Butterfly bow of plaid velvet with a white ground, black velvet traverse between the loops, and two black hanging loops below; the plaid ends terminate with fringe. The bow to each of these sashes is ten inches wide.



No. 2.

BLACK VELVET SASH.

No. 2. Black velvet sash—forming two fan-shaped coquilles at the sides. These are crossed by a band that is pointed at the bottom; the sash ends are likewise pointed. The trimmings are gold braid and gold tassels.

Music selected by J. A. GETZE.

THE BELLES OF PHILADELPHIA.

POLKA MAZURKA.

BY PAUL SENTZ.

PIANO.



Musical notation for the piano introduction, featuring a treble and bass staff in 2/4 time. The key signature has one sharp (F#). The melody starts with a forte (f) dynamic and ends with a piano (p) dynamic.

POLKA MAZURKA.



First system of musical notation for the Polka Mazurka, featuring a treble and bass staff. The melody includes trills (tr) and is marked with a forte (f) dynamic.



Second system of musical notation for the Polka Mazurka, featuring a treble and bass staff. The melody includes trills (tr) and is marked with a forte (f) dynamic.



Third system of musical notation for the Polka Mazurka, featuring a treble and bass staff. The melody includes trills (tr) and is marked with a forte (f) dynamic. The system concludes with a "Fine." marking.



Fourth system of musical notation for the Polka Mazurka, featuring a treble and bass staff. The melody includes trills (tr) and is marked with a forte (f) dynamic.

[Entered according to Act of Congress, A. D. 1870, by W. H. BOWEN & Co., in the Clerk's Office of the District Court of the United States for the Eastern District of Pennsylvania.]

First system of musical notation. Treble and bass staves. Treble staff has first and second endings marked. Dynamics include *p* and *cres.*. A section labeled "Trio." begins in the treble staff.

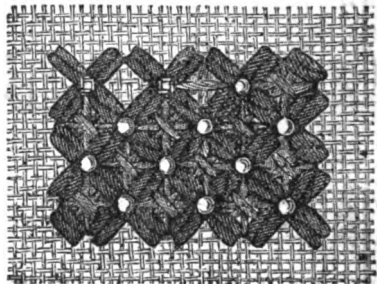
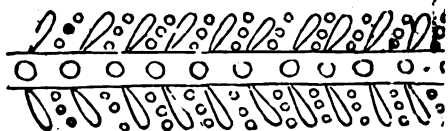
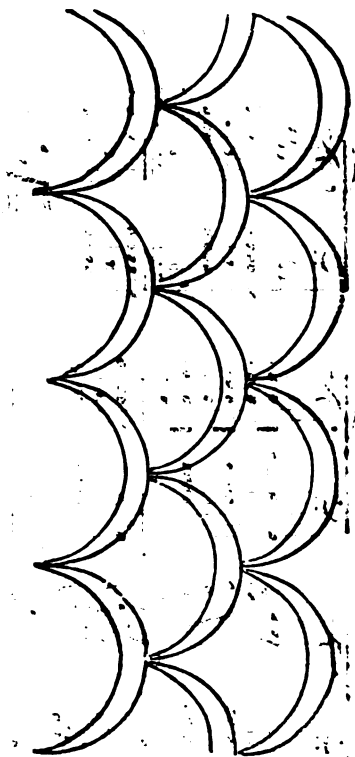
Second system of musical notation. Treble and bass staves. Dynamics include *p* and *cres.*

Third system of musical notation. Treble and bass staves. Dynamics include *f*. Trills are marked in the treble staff.

Fourth system of musical notation. Treble and bass staves. Dynamics include *f*. Trills are marked in the treble staff.

Fifth system of musical notation. Treble and bass staves. Dynamics include *p*.

Sixth system of musical notation. Treble and bass staves. First and second endings marked. Dynamics include *f*.



PATTERNS FOR EMBROIDERY.

ARTHUR'S HOME MAGAZINE.

OCTOBER, 1870.

DOCTOR NICHOLSON'S DREAM.

BY MARY E. COMSTOCK.

CHAPTER I.

DOCTOR NICHOLSON rose and parted the heavy curtains, and looked out into the winter starlight, whose pale glory was giving place to dawn. He touched the warm, firm fabric of the crimson hangings, and stood silent, with earnest, intent expression in the deep eyes, that seemed gazing into far off regions beyond the distant hills. Standing thus, he ran his fingers through his hair at measured intervals, giving himself a most peculiar appearance, which was lost to the world, or would have been had there been no deputed chronicler to suggest the effect to the imagination. With the rapt look uncrossed by other expression, the doctor stood long, and watched the flecks of rose color appearing in the east, till suddenly he strode from window to window—there were four in the room—and flung back the drapery wide and high.

The early light came stealing in, making a gray twilight, in which objects were more and more easily discerned in the spacious room. Doctor Nicholson went from object to object, touched the elegant vases on the mantel, nodded; touched the handsomely carved bedstead, murmured, "rosewood;" looked down at the dimly seen design of vines and flowers on the carpet, and whispered, "velvet;" and so passed quickly from article to article around the room. One thing he did not touch, did not look at. He paused before the fine old painting he had received in a collection ordered from Florence, but he did not glance toward the portrait that hung over his bed. It was the picture of a young and very lovely woman. So life-like was the expression, that, assuming the original to have had right of remonstrance, one need not have felt astonished had the sweet lips, that yet had a trick of archness, parted in quiet expostulation at these rather erratic pro-

ceedings on the part of the swift-moving, muttering, portly, old gentleman, with plentiful iron-gray hair so unusually and alarmingly bestowed. Soft tones, with least possible spice of amusement in them, might have said—"Doctor Nicholson, luxurious lover of nine o'clock breakfasts, are you not slightly demented this stinging, cold morning, with the thermometer at fifteen degrees below zero?"

But whatever might have been said, the portrait kept quiet, and watched him with the heavenly, smiling eyes that had belonged to his young wife of a year—eyes that had never seen a fault in him, and that had followed him lovingly about the room, and guardingly when he slept, for twenty years and more. They did not reproach him or look wonderingly now.

The room was growing brighter every moment. The doctor paused before an east window again. Crimson light with tinge of gold was making the mountain-tops glorious. Higher and higher, in gorgeous preparation, rose the majestic brilliance, till spirit as well as eye waited in mute fascination of expectation. The doctor knelt as he looked; then watched mutely, as gloriously, serenely, the god of day ascended. Presently the doctor bowed his face in his hands, and tears trickled through his fingers. Then he rose and laid himself down on his couch, and slept peacefully as a little child till Simon tapped at his door with warm water.

The breakfast-room was very pleasant, as the doctor and his two nieces, Louise and Jenny, sat down with good Mrs. Inkerman to the well-appointed table. Maude was always late.

The doctor helped Louise to syrup on her fish-ball, and passed his cup to Mrs. Inkerman for coffee while it was yet filled with the untasted beverage.

"I'm afraid you are not well this morning, are you, unkey?" asked Jenny, when he com-

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mented on the niceness of the fricassee, no such dish being on the table.

"Well? Very well, my dear, bless you. Had a dream!" winking very fast; "had a dream!"

"What did you dream, Uncle Clement?"

"What is it? Yes, ah! yes, had a dream; couldn't say; that is, only a dream, you know."

Louise laid down her fork and looked mystified.

The doctor ate hurriedly, and begged to be excused. He proceeded down-town very rapidly, they noticed, for him, who usually walked leisurely, and sociably looked for a friend to bear him company.

"Uncle gone, and never waited to give me my scolding!" exclaimed Maude regretfully, appearing at the moment.

"I don't think unkey is well this morning," said Jenny.

"The coffee was not to his mind, and he wished for fricassee. I am sure that was it," said Mrs. Inkerman; "though, to be sure, I don't mind ever seeing him take anything just so these twenty years and more I've ordered his meals for him," and the good lady's capstrings trembled visibly.

"But uncle hadn't tasted his cup when he asked for more, and he drank every bit of it," said Lou, leaning forward to look into the depths of the china as she spoke. "The cutlet was so nice, I really think he thought it fricassee. He is a little troubled about something. Maybe he ate oysters last night, and had ugly dreams. He'll walk it off."

"It's dreadfully dull without him!" said Maude.

"Complimentary! I shall leave!" and Lou's tall figure rose to more than usual height in mock dignity.

Hall Underwood, according to not infrequent habit, dropped in during the evening.

"Hall, whatever has possessed unkey to-day I don't know," confided Maude. "He has had the strangest freak all day. It began at breakfast. He helped everything wrong, and rushed off down-town before I got down to the table. He always waits for me—always till this dreadful morning. When he came back, he shut himself up in the library, without saying a word to anybody. I went in, and he had got down all the medical works and tumbled them about, and was walking up and down repeating medical phrases, coming back every few minutes to consult some book. Hasn't looked at them before in years. Never spoke to me; didn't mind me more than he would a fly!"

"Rather an evidence of insanity that," spoke Hall, smile and eye saying more than lip, however.

Maude was too engrossed with her narration to mind the words or the eyes.

"At length I interrupted him," she continued. "I went up to him and said—'Uncle, what is the matter?'"

"'Matter? None that I know of,' he said, and he looked at me in such a strange, absent way. 'And yet there is a great deal of matter, too,' and his tone was quick and troubled again."

"But do tell me, are you sick, Uncle Clement?" I said.

"Not the least, my pet-trouble."

"Well, what does make you act so?" I said.

"I had gone to the other side of the room, and he came up to the grate where I was standing and stirred the coals. 'I had a dream, little Maude—I had a dream!' And now you will think I'm foolish, Hall, but Uncle Clement really did look beautiful out of his eyes. That was all he told me, Hall. Do you think he is going to die?"

"I don't think that being absent-minded and reading medical works are important signs of very sudden demise," said the young man, his thought evidently more engrossed with the narrator than with the narration he had just been listening to. "People of your uncle's age are apt to take up whims and fancies. Perhaps Doctor Nicholson is going to take up the practice of medicine again. Maybe he thinks he has dreamed out some discovery."

"But I have not told you all," resumed Maude. "This afternoon he came in where Louise and I were sitting, and walked about the room in the strangest manner; asked Louise what sum she supposed would cover the expense of the lace curtains; went about touching everything—the velvet of the chairs, the carving on the piano, even the statuettes and pictures. I declare I felt queer, and so, I think, did Louise, though she makes believe to me that she thinks it is nothing. At last he came up and stood regarding us. He spoke to Louise first.

"What are you doing, Louise?"

"A bit of embroidery, uncle. Why?"

"Nothing, nothing; I was only thinking. And you, little Maude?"

"He always calls me little Maude."

"Well, uncle, I was reading that new story Mrs. Corning brought over to us. I don't think it is very interesting."

"He looked right at me. 'Little Maude, are you happy?'"

"Why, yes, I think so. I should be if you would only act like yourself, dear Uncle Clement," I said, ready to cry, he looked so queer.

"Well, well, I don't know but I am a little absent to-day—just a little absent," he said. Then he took a newspaper and sat down in his easy-chair quite in a rational way.

"Just before tea, however, he began again. 'Girls, you have finished your education, haven't you?'"

"Thanks to you, uncle, we have, I believe," said Louise; 'only Maude's music.'

"Well, you've all finished your education, now what are you going to do?"

"Jenny was just coming into the room as he spoke. His manner was so peculiar, it checked her, and tears came to her eyes. Jenny is so sensitive, you know. No one spoke.

"I mean," said uncle, 'are you as happy as I can make you? Is there anything else you would like to do? What are you doing, anyway? How do you live?'"

"Live with you, uncle, principally," I returned, for I knew Jenny couldn't speak, and Louise wasn't ready. 'It don't seem like living, really, when you go away, at all events. We do just as do other young ladies who have pleasant homes, I suppose. We receive and return calls, go to the dressmaker's, read some, and practice, write letters, and all such things generally. What do you want us to do, Uncle Clement?'"

Here Maude blushed, and did not add in her rather minute narrative that Louise gave an addendum as to what it seemed likely she, Maude, was bidding fair to do one of these days if Hall Underwood continued his visits. She only glanced around in a hurried manner, and resumed quickly, as if to stifle the recollection.

"Uncle walked right up to Jenny then, and took some work she was busy with out of her hands.

"What's this?" said he, and he shook out the soft merino folds she had been working on. 'A child's dress! Why, what in the world?'"

"Oh! nothing, uncle," said Jenny; 'please don't!' and then laughing. 'Cook's sister has been burnt out, and I was only helping a little; one of my dresses cut over for the little girl.'

"Uncle started off in such a funny little trot all around the room, so strange.

"Good! I like that!" he said. 'That does me good—helping a little—bless the child!' and then he went right off up-stairs, and didn't come down till we had waited tea a long time.

"What do you think, Hall? You know

uncle is not usually queer or abrupt one bit."

The young man looked non-committal.

"Did you ever see him so before?" he asked.

"Never; nor did anybody else. Mrs. Inker-man has known him from a boy, and she never did."

"Insanity in the family, perhaps. Bad investments; or possibly the old gentleman thinks of hymeneal bands again. Bad for the young ladies in that case!" were suggestions that flitted vaguely through the young man's mind, but none of them found expression to the wee creature so full of solicitude at his side. "Eccentricities of men of his years," and kindred phrases, served as material for answer.

Crowding his hat down over his eyes, passing through the streets that night, Hall Underwood mentally soliloquized:

"Business trouble! Looks like it! Everybody always thought him rich as a Jew. Hasn't got any business, either, except to take care of his property, all snugly invested. Something may have burst up, however. Or maybe the old gentleman isn't well, and is going to make his will—enough to make a man feel queer and shaky. Little Maude, everybody knows, is his heart's delight." A shrewd smile sat on the young man's lips. "I had some thoughts to-night of sounding the depths of that young lady's regard for me. She's never given me a real sign yet, only a few blushes, though I've gone more than once to the very verge of a declaration. Miss Maude has either a very proud little heart, or else she doesn't care a fig for me. I can usually tell what a lady thinks of me, but I have known the doctor and the young ladies so long, and am on such easy footing there as a family friend, really I can't tell how we do stand. Should have committed myself to-night had it not been for this freak of the doctor's. Very opportune. The old gent may take to insanity, and sink his funds in the endowment of a college, or some such thing. Little Maude's a jewel, but—well, there's Miss Marjory we know has wealth already in her own right, and she dotes on me. Hall Underwood, don't be rash, my boy. Wait and see."

CHAPTER II.

The next morning the doctor was only more silent than usual, while the young ladies, between breaking their eggs and buttering muffins, discussed the duty of afternoon calls.

"I hate to go to Mrs. Verner's, much as I want to see Agnes," said Louise. "Elegant as

Mrs. Verner's rooms are, I always feel oppressed in them. Madam always looks as though she were criticizing everything being said, and I just long to ask Aggie to take me up to her room, and let me hold her in my arms as I used to at the old seminary, and talk to my heart's content. It is impossible to get at Aggie in the down-stairs atmosphere of Mrs. Verner's rooms, and I never meet her out."

Maude laughed merrily. "The idea of you, Louise, being infected by any atmosphere, with all your address and self-possession!"

"I didn't suppose you knew anything about such things, Lou," said Jenny; "I thought I appropriated all such susceptibilities for the family."

"I went up into Aggie's room once," said Maude. "Tore my dress at the party, and Aggie took me up to mend it. I think you'd be surprised at the atmosphere, as you call it, of her apartment; the most Quaker-like little room you ever knew—more than that, shabby! and the rest of the house is so *recherche*! Away up in the attic, too, it was—a mere corner of a place."

"And to think that Aggie might live like the little princess that she looks!" subjoined Lou. "Susie Hammond says Aggie's Uncle Roe left her a snug little competence, and Aggie won't touch a penny of it for herself. Her sister married unfortunately, and the family are in very straitened circumstances, and Aggie is educating the children with her own yearly allowance. Meantime, she accepts this equivocal position with this disagreeable great-aunt of hers, makes her caps, takes care of her in her headaches, pets her foibles, and comes and goes at her bidding, instead of being quite her own mistress, as she might. It must be hard for Aggie, for, despite her fine manner, Mrs. Verner is a narrow-minded, domineering person, and Aggie is at heart a most independent little puss. Sue got indignant that Aggie would submit to Mrs. Verner's treatment on one occasion, and told her so. What do you think Aggie said?"

"I can't imagine, I'm sure."

"Sue said her eyes were so bright with a sudden light, that, if it hadn't been for a great softness in them, she couldn't have borne to meet them, and she just said, 'But think, dear, of sister Sid and those children! It's *easy* for love's sake.' Sid thinks she's happy there, and doesn't need what she lets them have. If Aggie should teach, she would understand at once, and nothing would induce her to accept."

The doctor, who, to all appearance, had been

wholly intent on mutton-chops and coffee, sat suddenly erect as Lou, finishing her last sentence and her breakfast together, folded her napkin and leaned back in her chair.

"Will you introduce me to that young lady?"

The doctor asked the question much as he might have asked, "Will you fight a duel with me?"

Jenny positively changed color, and flashed an anxious glance at Lou.

That young lady responded in her usual calm, matter-of-fact way. "Certainly, uncle, with pleasure."

And Maude struck in—"Go with us to call this afternoon, Uncle Clement."

"At what hour shall I wait upon you?" in official style of interrogation.

The hour was named.

"Take me up at Ketchum's," said the doctor.

"I will attend you."

Maude stood in her room half hid by the rose-colored curtain. Jenny came and put an arm around her. Maude dropped her head on Jenny's shoulder.

"Uncle hasn't been calling with us for at least two years, and then he never went but in special cases, where it was particularly due," she said.

"I hope people won't notice," said Jenny.

"If he is queer with others as he is with us, I shall know something really is the matter," said Maude.

The girls stood in silence a few moments, and then Maude went to her practicing, and Jenny to dispense fresh seed to her bird.

In Mrs. Verner's elegant drawing-room that afternoon the doctor addressed himself to that lady on the usual topics. The girls exchanged glances, as, instead of his usual easy urbanity, sentences concise and sparkling regarding the charity concert, the last prima donna, and certain measures of the municipal authorities, were discharged with pop-gun celerity. Attentive listening waited the lady's least reply. But the dropped period was taken up with the same avidity, until Agnes's light step was heard on the stair, and she came floating in to them.

The doctor rose, and bent with courtier-like grace. A soft light shone upon his face. A happy tone came into his voice, as though from some summer country of the heart, and with genuine deference in his manner he addressed a few choice remarks to that young lady. Rising as he concluded one of them, he proceeded to make his polite adieux to madam.

"I wanted merely to shake hands with you,"

he said, turning to Agnes, though either of the ladies might have appropriated the remark, albeit the keen, clear eyes were fixed upon the younger. "I have a business engagement, and must reluctantly excuse myself. The carriage will return for you," to the young ladies, and he bowed himself out.

It was a relief to the girls to conclude the call, and be by themselves again in the carriage. It was Maude who broke the silence that followed Lou's direction to Jarvis where to drive.

"It's years since uncle has had a business engagement that could interrupt a social call," she said.

"I wonder how long it will be before we shall know what it all means?" quietly spoke Lou. This was the first time she had admitted there was any "all" to be understood as meaning anything.

The next day, nearing home on her return from a shopping expedition, she perhaps thought she had obtained a clue. The handsome house, the dear old home of happy years, was placarded, "For Sale." Even Lou's equanimity was disturbed, and tears sprung to Jenny's eyes as her lips silently formed the words, "Dear uncle!" Remembrance went quickly back to the day when that home received the orphan sisters, and she, their cousin, who had dwelt beneath their mother's roof, had been welcomed as warmly, generously, as they.

"Maude!" called Lou with hurried breath, entering the house, "come here! Do you know what's on the house?"

"On the house?"

"Yes; it's placarded 'For Sale'!"

Maude stood for a moment looking straight into her sister's eyes, then with clasped hands, and a little gesture peculiar to herself, she turned quickly away, and remained motionless.

"It's worse than we thought," said Jenny.

Maude wheeled and entered the library door. Doctor Nicholson sat before the pleasant fire, poring over a huge medical work resting on his knees.

Maude put her cheek to his, and her arm around his neck. "Why didn't you tell us, uncle? Why do you not let us share it with you? Is it so very bad? Is it a real failure?"

"What, my child! A failure? Yes, yes, a great many failures—failures all along. Well, well, we will try what we can to make up the lost time. We'll do what we can, little Maude."

"And the house is really to be sold?" and there was eagerness in her voice, and he felt the tremor of her arm on his shoulder.

"Bless my soul! Pierson hasn't placarded

it yet, has he? These young men are such fast dogs now-a-days!"

"Never mind, uncle," began Maude.

"I meant to talk with you. I meant to tell you, poor little puss. You're all of a tremor. I—I——"

"Never mind me, uncle."

"No, don't think of us," chimed Jenny, who had entered with Lou as the doctor spoke. "You have taken care of us, and we can help you now; women really do a great deal now-a-days, and——"

"Oh!" broke in Maude, "I could live in two rooms with you, Uncle Clement, and be happy, too, if only you could be content."

"If the sale is inevitable, it is undoubtedly for the best, in some way," said Lou, with some sudden new faith, born of the moment, coming to her aid. "I presume we girls cannot realize the full extent of the change, uncle, but rest assured that our greatest solicitude will be for you."

Maude still knelt with her arm on his shoulder. Lou stood graceful and self-poised, with calm resolution in every lineament, and Jenny leaned on one arm across the table, her loving eyes full of anxiety and self-renunciation.

"Well," and the doctor seemed to have an impediment in his speech, and a mist in his eyes that made him wink very hard, while something like a sob was mastered in his throat, "you are a noble set of girls. There doesn't seem to have been much need to have told you, but I wouldn't have had you shocked so, my darlings. I—really, I—Pierson misunderstood me as to the time, and——"

Just then Jarvis tapped at the door.

"Mr. Underwood is in the parlor, miss."

And presently, while Jenny mended the fire, and Lou picked up the medical work, and the doctor walked to the window and straightened his collar, Maude entered the parlor with a glow on her cheek and a light in her eye, that made her more than usually charming.

"You know about it," she soon said to Hall very frankly.

The young gentleman was non-committal.

"That dreadful paper on the house," she subjoined. "Uncle kept it all from us till just now. Jenny and I talked like magpies, and Lou made such a nice little speech to him; said 'if it was inevitable,' and I don't know what, in her stately way. I don't know much about failures. I know in books the young ladies most always teach."

Hall never saw her look so enchanting; never felt more irresistibly inclined to declare

himself on the spot; he sat ill at ease and constrained, and at length exclaimed impulsively—"It's preposterous! Your uncle has stock enough in the Commercial Bank to build a western city, and that's sound, I know. He has a crotchet in his head; he hasn't failed."

"Maybe the stock was some one's else in his name—Cousin William's, perhaps," suggested Maude. "I don't know much about business, but I asked him if it was a real failure, and he said, 'Failure; yes, a failure—failures all along.'"

"And he told you this?"

"Yes; he said he meant to tell us before; wouldn't have had us shocked, but Pierson had been too soon for him."

"There is a mistake somewhere. Your uncle insolvent! Why, he hasn't a note out, or a debt in the world!" and the young man looked perplexed.

It did not occur to Maude that Mr. Hall Underwood seemed pretty well informed on the subject. She only said—"Something is the matter. Uncle's not like himself. He has had some secret from us. He says it's a failure, and the house is certainly placarded 'for sale.'"

"My dears," said the doctor that night, "though the house is for sale, we are not to leave it till we are ready. The time is at our own option. Don't trouble your precious heads about anything. I should have talked with you about it, but you have given me such an unequivocal expression of your noble, sympathizing hearts, that I do not think it is necessary. I had a dream, you know," and the constrained manner came back. "It is—it is a—difficult—only a dream, you know," and the doctor turned away abruptly.

He appeared again in a few moments at the door, entered a few paces, and stopped.

"I wanted to tell you, my dears, not to be troubled about me at all. I may seem a little absent at times; some new activities seem to be opened to me, but you have no occasion to be troubled about anything. Be as happy as you ever have been, and happier. Everything's harmonious."

There was benign assurance in the look he bent upon the girls.

"I don't think uncle is crazy," said Maude in a very assured way, when he had left the room. "He has a beautiful look in his eyes; and I don't believe he has failed, either!" after which little speech she burst into tears.

Whether it was solely the excitement of the

last few days that produced the tears, or whether the peculiar alternating restraint and abandon of Hall Underwood's manner in his recent calls had anything to do with this ebullition on the part of the young lady, this deponent saith not.

CHAPTER III.

The doctor straightway became busiest of mortals. From the quiet gentleman at ease, whose most violent exercise was a walk down town with a friend, and whose greatest enjoyment, beside the society of his nieces, was to tell or hear a good story, he suddenly became an example of the most surprising activity. What this activity portended or accomplished, no one seemed to know. When little Maude made inquiries, he replied with the whimsical manner of recent date.

"Enlarging the circle of my acquaintance, my dear. Highly necessary, highly necessary for a man of my years!" and that was all the satisfaction obtained.

Mr. Hall Underwood just at this juncture came to the conclusion that it would be wise to revive some of his old acquaintance. There was one Hammond whom he had been in the habit of instinctively giving the go by. It occurred to the young gentleman that this individual might at this particular epoch be of service to him.

With this view, Mr. Underwood sauntered into an office down-town one day, with unexceptionable toilet, and with considerable more indifference manifested in his manner than felt in his heart.

"How's this, Hammond?" with assumption of the old familiarity. "You know all about Pierson's business. What's all this about Doctor Nicholson? House placarded for sale—the old family place. Sudden eccentricities; great appearance of business, and all that! What does it mean?"

Hammond took a slow survey of his interrogator, tilted his chair, placed his feet comfortably, and gazed at the young man with half-closed eyes and a shrewd expression, rather disconcerting to his caller.

"I don't understand it," supplemented the questioner, by way of breaking the prolonged silence.

"Don't you?"

The young man, under the continued scrutiny, became nettled.

"Of course I don't. I shouldn't have asked anything about it in all probability if I had."

"Just so," rejoined Hammond. "Being a friend of the doctor's, it might be as becoming for you to keep as quiet as possible under the circumstances," brushing carefully as he spoke a particle of dust from his coat-sleeve.

"What do you mean?" demanded Hall. "The old gentleman hasn't gone daft, has he?"

"As sound a head on his shoulders as on yours this minute!" and no outward sign was given that the lips twitched under the black mustache, or that inward comment was made—"Safe in saying that at all events!"

"The old Jew hasn't sunk his funds in some rash foolery, has he?"

Hammond's chin went higher into the air, and he stroked his beard.

"Well."

"Draw your own conclusions. I say nothing."

"But you know all Pierson knows!"

A slow, silent nod.

"Opinions in accordance with your last suggestion have been hazarded. I make no statements," in measured tones.

"But it can be ascertained. The facts must be made known." Underwood was fairly white.

Hammond still regarded him with the half-closed eyes and twitching lips that betrayed not the ghost of a smile beneath the heavy, silken mustache. No spirit-whisper telegraphed to Hall the mental ejaculation: "There I have you, my boy!" Hall Underwood was the last person to penetrate with anything like clairvoyant vision, and discern the same. He left the office discomfited, and Hammond came to his feet and from the window followed him with his eye.

"I can read him. Pretty Miss Maude is the question. I don't owe him the grudge on May Ellis's account for nothing. Fortune hunter! Let him think what he pleases. If I knew the doctor had lost his property, I'd like to lead him to suppose the other thing, except indeed for sacrificing the young lady. What the ladies do find so fascinating in that young jack-anapes is more than I can fathom!" and turning toward his desk again, an intercepting stool was whizzed with some emphasis of violence across the room. "Well, Fido, what is it, sir? You're a more respectable human than he is, any day! There, down with you, good fellow!"

Hall Underwood had not gone two blocks before circumstances inveigled him into a stormy debate with a creditor. Arrived at

home, two duns awaited him. That afternoon he called on Miss Marjory.

"Must keep all right in that quarter till sure of other ground," was his manly reflection, as putting on immaculate kids, he descended the marble steps, and consciously straightened his handsome figure as he reached the pavement.

His cousin Effie, visiting his sister, looked up from her canvas to watch from the window his exit, with admiring eyes.

"I always think my brothers are handsome men," she said, "till I see cousin Hall again. What a kingly fellow he is, to be sure!" and the innocent little soul followed him with approving, lingering gaze.

Such tid-bits of flattery, though silently received, were always acceptable to the mother and sisters, who, though Hall had a nominal profession, tacitly agreed with himself that much of the drudgery of money-earning would not be expected from one so suited to adorn the world of polite society as was their idol. A rich marriage had been silently accepted as the desired haven, since the young man's patrimony had been exhausted.

And so it happened that a day came speedily when Hall Underwood anathematized himself; a day when he felt he could have received decapitation at his own warrant. Circumstance had trapped him. Circumstance was always Underwood's scape-goat. He had not intended to commit himself so soon: far from it. Maude's image had continually haunted him in a mist of perplexity about the doctor. Duns and bills had been even more than usually aggravating. Late hours, which duty as a man of fashion obliged him to keep, had helped to befog his brain. Acting with divided thoughts, in accordance with his plan of keeping, Miss Marjory propitiated, he had overacted. He was unguarded in his words, and the lady interpreted generously. He was committed irretrievably. In his circumstances he saw no retreat. The marriage was celebrated at an early day. In less than a month Hall Underwood became the husband of Selina Marjory.

Little Maude looked enchanting at the wedding reception. As the bridegroom marked her delicate grace, arch sweetness, and sparkling gladness of congratulation, standing though he was beside the heiress, his bride, his thought, be it confessed, was exclusively of the little lady in rose-color, and his inward reflection was in spirit of angry, baffled vanity, and a feeling that was something deeper too: "She didn't care a rush for me then, after all."

CHAPTER IV.

It was three o'clock in the afternoon, when invitation was one day given by the doctor to a ride to the Cove with him, a distance of about four miles. A request of uncle Clement's was never disregarded, and though Lou had been out nearly all day, and was just deep in the mysteries of crochet, and Maude had at the moment addressed herself to letter-writing, there was no demur, but instant donning of warm wraps, generous furs, and graceful plumes.

"Take extra shawls, girls. I want to drive along the shore a bit. The wind will be stiff, perhaps," said the doctor.

When leaving the main road, they drove down on the smooth beach, rounding the headland, the warm blankets were indeed most necessary protection, but with swift pace gaining the windward side, sudden calm and sunlit beauty greeted them.

A rude hamlet stretched further inland, and the smoke curling gracefully from the fishermen's chimneys was the only sign of life that at first relieved the calm of the broad, glittering, snow-covered expanse of ice-bound waters, whose waves had crusted rock, and plank, and tree along the shore with glittering jewelry of spray-like delicacy. Dark pines gleamed out greenly from the mountain-side, and gaining more commanding view, the sun was gilding lofty peaks of mountain line across the frozen plain, and below their sheltering height, spires and domes shone fair in resplendent brightness.

The doctor gave order to halt, where a view of each point was most clearly defined.

Light and shade were doing their best, and the party sat and gazed in still delight.

"Here I shall build the house, girls," was the doctor's sudden announcement.

There was a chorus of voices in instant reiteration of the words—"Build the house, uncle?"

"In the spring," supplemented the doctor, and his keen eyes from beneath his fur cap, asked as well as his words—"Will you come here and live with me, girls?"

A vision of the kind of house suited to locality and the altered life their late anxieties had led them to apprehend, came vaguely, almost unacknowledged by consciousness, before the luxury-accustomed eyes of the young ladies.

Shy and sensitive Jenny was not slow to speak when assurance of such a character was demanded.

"Of course we will," said Jenny.

"What a beautiful wide out-look," uttered Maude.

"Yes; it is my choice of all the places round."

Development being thus made that the matter was indeed still one of choice, and not "inevitable," Lou offered in expostulatory tone: "Will you not be lonely so far from the city, sir?"

"Bless you, no, dean. I shall keep a gig."

Whether a gig would be a commodious means of locomotion, or, in short, any other question, did not at the moment occur to Lou. She was considering the situation. Deep stillness, which of late was becoming habitual, seemed to brood over Maude. The sunlight worked its wonders, and the impatient bays arched their necks and pawed the snow as they sat there in the calm, white, winter afternoon.

"That beach, in summer moonlight, must be fit for troops of fairies!" was all Maude said, but something stiller than the moonlight, one might guess from the look upon her face, was brooding in her heart.

"Have you the plan for the house, uncle?" Lou made inquiry, as, having turned from the brightness and beauty, they were on their way home.

"Not finished yet—it's progressing—progressing finely."

The doctor sat beside Jenny and facing Maude and Lou. His voice was almost drowned by a sudden clash of bells, as a sleigh from the opposite direction went quickly past. He saw a sudden spasm of pain on Maude's face, and she shivered. Then he recognized in the occupants of the passing vehicle Hall Underwood and his bride, and the doctor set his teeth and breathed hard. Then, with tender care, he reached and tucked the robes yet more warmly about the little figure shivering there before him. Maude made an irrelevant remark or two, and her face wore a strange, set look, the doctor noticed, on the way home. When arrived, he lifted her from the sleigh. She started to go forward, and reeled. The doctor caught her.

"It's nothing, uncle. My head, I think," and the small hand pressed the blue-veined temple as he bore her light weight up the steps.

"Poor darling," said Jenny, "she's got a chill."

"Yes," said the good doctor, "she's got a chill!" and all through the night they watched her, and through the days and nights that followed. Perhaps the doctor suffered even more

than little Maude, for she was unconscious of a portion of it, while he felt every pang that visited his darling.

It was a day full of sleet and rain, though warmth and light reigned within. Jenny had just quitted the room, having brought flowers and placed by the bedside—some sweet-breathed blossoms from Mrs. Hammond's green-house, sent with loving words. I would not attach significance to the fact that the blossoms were such as Hall Underwood had ofteneast brought in the graceful bouquets which had been his frequent offerings. Little Maude would never have spoken the fact in words to her own heart, and it seems like taking a liberty to mention it; but there, alone, as she thought herself, she gazed at them fixedly in her weakness, and their delicate perfume came around her like an atmosphere, and presently the doctor, screened by his position from her view, was startled by a low moan of such pain that it ran along his nerves like an electric shock. No physical suffering produced that cry, he well knew.

"Can't you tell old unkey, dearie?" and he stood beside her, with that cry rankling in his heart, feeling helpless as a child.

The eyes that looked up to meet his own expressed no surprise at either presence or words. Only the unguarded look of dumb pain gave answer in her weakness, and a dash of sleet came fiercely against the window in the little silence that followed.

"It will all be right when we get among the angels, Maude, little darling," in yearning tones.

"I know it, uncle." The fair face turned wearily away, and the freshness that had always been like the twitter of spring birds to the doctor, all gone out of her voice.

I cannot tell you even the little that passed between the loving guardian's heart and "Helen's little girl," as he called her now; and all the time the blossoms were uttering their flower language, and the perfume was working its subtle spell.

"She kept up too long," thought the doctor in a dazed, incoherent way. "I didn't think it went so deep. She was bright, too bright, at first—all crisp and aglow, like that cactus bloom—and then she grew so still she chilled me. Unnatural, like a bit of frozen flame. Poor lamb!" and the doctor spoke aloud. "Poor little motherless lamb!" and the kind voice quite broke up.

That word, "motherless," was the best word that could have been given the doctor to speak just then. It broke down the pride barriers,

and opened the flood-gates as no other word could have done, and the waters flowed freely.

It was with a thankful heart that the long tension was at last broken, that the doctor uttered soothing words. "There, little Maude, cry away. It'll do you good. Old uncle'll cry, too. Such a deluge'll bring a rainbow, sure!" and with kindred words and gentle tones the doctor laid her back among the pillows, and marked the innocent, grieved, child-like look on brow and lip.

The fitful dashes of sleet, and the weird, sweet chime of the flower-bells, had the silence to themselves for a time, and then after the interval the sweet eyes opened.

"One thing, dear, dear Uncle Clement, if you would be so kind," and the eyes were veiled now beneath the long lashes, while the doctor waited, and the voice was uncertain, like the flutterings of a wounded bird. "I never shall be able, Uncle Clement; it would not be fitting; but if you ever can do anything for—anything to help a friend of mine, if you know of it, dear Uncle Clement; will you do it—will you help him?"

No name had been mentioned between them; but, though the doctor set his teeth a moment, the promise was given, and, the doctor's touch resting on her pulse, a sweet, restful smile came into Maude's face, and she fell into a sleep, tranquil and refreshing.

Jenny had taken down her back hair, and was writing up her diary a week later. "How long is it that Maude has been sick?" she asked of Lou. "It was the stormy day that Mrs. Hammond sent the flowers she began to mend, I remember. Do you know what day that was, Louise?"

"What new whim had got the doctor?" quoth his friends, as inadvertently they took observations while the house-building was progressing.

Said structure was generous in dimensions. "It was after the doctor's own plan," explained the architect; "and a mighty queer plan it was. For his part, what its use was to be he could not make up his mind."

"What are you going to do with that erection?" asked a friend, driving up one day, and accosting the doctor, who was superintending operations.

"Live in it, man!" said the doctor; and the friend laughed as he drove off, thinking the answer an excellent jest.

The grounds, whose natural beauty the doctor had simply heightened, seemed to accept

the new house kindly, nevertheless. As it progressed, pleasure parties on the water began to remark how charmingly the strange house harmonized with the situation and the peculiar beauty of the Cove.

"But whatever is a man like the doctor to do with it?" was the universal expression.

Of good material throughout, seasoned timber of the best quality, well built, indeed, and of most fair relative proportions, it began to be seen, as it drew near completion, it was yet, in finish, extremely plain, while odd rooms and suites of rooms, unexpected divisions, charming nooks, and anon, uncalled for spaces, spacious halls and wide verandahs, and isolated chambers, with charming balconies, challenged curiosity.

It was partially furnished before the girls came down. Three-ply and ingrain carpets were on the floors, and on the walls were soft-hued paper hangings, which the doctor had with difficulty obtained, the merchant who had received his orders many a year contending—"Doctor Nicholson wanted no such cheap stuff as that sent down." But all looked very fresh and pleasing. Articles of the home furniture were brought down and the work of arrangement began.

"This is better than I dared hope," thought Lou, "and the carriage looks commodious for a dozen gigs. We shall keep the bays I know. That drive is prettily laid out around the house!" and she went from window to window to follow the graceful curve.

"Ah! dearie me," said Mrs. Inkerman. "You'll be wanting a more powerful head than mine to housekeep this big shell. Whatever the doctor's going to do with the room is more than I can tell."

"Come up-stairs while the light is right—all of you," called Doctor Nicholson, and following the cheery tones they ascended the broad staircase, and from the wide hall came out on the upper piazza.

It was the winter scene now, bathed in rich, autumn light, that the doctor called them to enjoy. Sunlit waters bearing burnished sails, and afar the purple hills, and glitter of domes, and spires beneath roseate clouds.

Then from room to room he led them.

"A place to catch winged thoughts that fly in from over the hills," he said, entering an airy room with lovely outlooks from each window. "A place to trap Cousin Theodore, for instance, or any other of those pale students that think they're doing the Lord's service in committing suicide in that seminary. Here's

bait!" laying a hand on some rare and costly books. "They're rare one's every one. You must arrange them, girls."

"Oh!" said Lou, taking up a volume, "here is the book Mr. Hilburt wanted so much!"

"Just so," said the doctor, "but the very people that are in love with such musty, old volumes are the ones who ignore all claims of the great book out of doors. If I catch Theo down here," and the doctor looked very fierce, "a ride into town on Prince, or a good smart row, must earn his dinner every day. Do you hear, Mrs. Inkerman? Not a mouthful till it is fairly earned!" and they entered a pleasant suite of rooms in one of which a noticeable feature was a stove, "lest the furnace heat be not enough for some wee lambkin," explained the doctor, and throwing open presently a room fitted up as a studio, the girls caught indistinct words about "the poor fellow who had to leave his studies in the Louvre," "feeble mother," "coloring," "genius," "broken ambition," and "engagement to take some views," which outline of personal history, given in a breath, might be pardoned if not quite intelligible, and, passing pleasant guest-chambers, they came to rooms where, in closet and cupboard, the doctor showed them daintiest sick-room services for meals and medicines, and easy chairs, and many things I do not know the names of. And Lou, leaning upon a bedstead, such as for luxury kings awhile ago could not have procured, asked tersely, in a breath—

"Hospital or asylum?"

"Don't," said Maude very softly.

"Neither," said the doctor quite concisely, and entering a wide and isolated pleasant room, the doctor spoke again.

"The juveniles must have vent on rainy days."

"O uncle!" cried out Maude, for here came up organ pipes at the extreme end of the room.

"What are they, uncle?" asked Louise.

And for answer the doctor led the way down a flight of stairs, and into such a school-room as would gladden a teacher's heart. Desks, globes, maps, the light, the coloring—all were perfect, and Maude, after one long, discriminating look, flew noiselessly along to the banks of ivory keys, and drew forth tones so deep, so low and sweet, the rest with one accord sat down and listened till the last sweet cadence died away, and Maude came nestling to the doctor's side.

"I'm all out of my reckoning," said Mrs.

Inkerman that night, and a bright spot burned on either cheek. "I can't have two ideas, but I get 'em mixed. When I thought you'd failed, Doctor Nicholson, I was happy as a queen, thinking of all my savings since I came into your house, and how I'd put all my things "common" as the 'postles did, and how I'd work for you and the young ladies. But come to see to day how nice you've got things, and the hospital people, or whoever they are, coming, and the children to educate—whose to housekeep such a set, I'd like to know—I'm took all of a sudden, as mad as a March hare, to think you won't be wanting my things, nor me either, with my neuralgy spells, and such a houseful as you'll be having; though I'd work my fingers to the bone for you Doctor Nicholson; you know I would!"

"To be sure you would," said Maude.

"We know you would—we all know you would, my good friend," assured the Doctor, rising and taking her hand with deference. "I can never forget, Mrs. Inkerman, that you were associated with the happiest years of my life. We appreciate your friendship, my dear madam, and I esteem it a privilege, indeed, to have you continuing with us under my roof."

Mrs. Inkerman was touched. "I know you wouldn't turn me off, Doctor Nicholson, but I'm getting on in years, and I know I couldn't see to such a family, if you're a going to have them sick folks to benevolize on and all, for as sure as my name's Delia Inkerman, I never had a thought till this blessed minute that maybe 'twas a failure after all, and it's a cure and a school you're setting up for you and the young ladies to make things meet," said the poor woman, "struck all of a heap," as she expressed it by her last reflection. "My head's confused, I do believe, Doctor Nicholson, and I can't see things rightly.

"I am sorry to have distressed you, my good friend," spoke the doctor. "It is hard perhaps for you and I to pull up stakes and change our way of life at our years, but calm yourself; it is neither cure nor school, in the sense you mean; it is—that is"—and the constrained manner they had learned to know so well came upon him. "I had a dream—that is, a difficult—only a dream, you know!" and the doctor turned and walked abruptly away.

CHAPTER V.

Time passed and the household machinery at the Cove was in running order. Aunt Cornelia Everly, who had been abroad some years

educating her children at foreign schools, arrived at home by an earlier steamer than that by which she was expected. She repaired at once to the house of Mr. John Nicholson. Mrs. Cornelia Everly and brother John, upon consultation, decided that Clement needed looking after. They had been in the habit of interesting themselves very little either in him or their orphaned neices, beyond ordinary courtesies, and permitting the doctor to extend them a helping hand in some of life's awkward or critical experiences, such as will occur sometimes to the most orderly and conventional people. Where Clement made expenditures of an unusual nature, however, or showed any symptoms that could be construed into a disposition to make way with his property—an act (I hate to write it) which would have affected the fraternal heart much as it might be supposed an act making way with himself would have done—they deemed it behooved them to inform themselves. What the present state of things in the doctor's affairs indicated they could not precisely decide.

It was a fine morning soon after her arrival, when Mrs. Everly went to call upon her brother, the doctor. As her carriage swept up to the house, the hum of children's voices came from the open windows of the school-room, over which, in her gentle, regal, loving way presided Agnes Riverton, the young lady it will be remembered to whom to pay his newly formed regards, the doctor made his exceptional call. In the prettily laid out garden Mrs. Everly noticed a woman, screened by a broad-brimmed sun-hat, cutting herbs. Had her pleasant features not been so hidden, however, the lady—never having made her acquaintance—could not have recognized Aggie's much enduring "Sister Sid," now Mrs. Inkerman's right hand and adviser.

A face from an upper window looked down at the handsome carriage and dashing grays. It was a placid but aged face, and a near observer might have seen that it was that of one to whom pain was habitual. As the visitor neared the house, a gentleman with the air of a literary or professional man came out of the door, and a wee child, frolicking with a shaggy dog, came after. The big house, standing there in the sunshine, among the whispering leaves and flowering vines, seemed redolent of and overflowing with life.

The lady looked for a familiar face, and that of Maude came radiant toward her to give her greeting, and Doctor Nicholson himself was not far behind.

The particulars of Mrs. Everly's voyage and arrival, the health of her family, and kindred subjects having been discussed, that which Doctor Nicholson had vaguely expected, came.

"I have heard strange things of you, Clement, since I came to John's."

"Indeed."

"I hear that you are practicing again; that you have many patients, and not only that, but in the lowest, most noisome part of the city; that you are endangering yourself among all sorts of people, and wearing yourself out."

"Do I look like it, Cornelia?"

There was no withstanding the argument not only of bright eye, ruddy cheek, and vigorous frame, but of the beaming look and the air of zest in life that seemed to lend a new and quickening influence to the doctor's presence.

"You deny it, then," spoke the lady.

"I believe I neither denied or affirmed," said the doctor.

The lady tapped the floor impatiently with her foot.

"I hear, too, that you have quite excluded yourself and my nieces from society—that, in short, you are making them teachers, or Sisters of Charity, or something of that sort, in an institution of your own."

Maude's cherry lips parted, but the doctor made answer—

"I don't know, now that you speak of it, as we do make as many state parties as we used to; but I don't want you to think the girls are deprived of society. I believe we have made the acquaintance of some of the choicest spirits we have ever met, since we came here, Cornelia."

"You include among them, perhaps, the two former inmates of the almshouse," said the lady, with a manner that the doctor remembered only too well—a manner calculated to revive slumbering reminiscences.

"I certainly do," and the doctor bowed low. "My roof is honored by stuttering aunt Patty; as true a gentlewoman as lives, and a saint, whom to take home the angels will visit my house some day."

"I never did understand you, Clement," and Mrs. Everly, to conceal her irritation, adjusted her ornaments and settled anew the folds of her rich attire.

"I have established no institution, as you term it. You know I have not, Cornelia. I have merely made our home a place where we can have room to live, and perhaps grow a bit; where we can have greater activity of heart and of every faculty. Upon my honor, Cornelia, we were all getting done up in conventional

cobwebs, binding half of our nature like fetters! I have gathered in my own house some dear personal friends, and have taken the liberty to provide for their enjoyment while they stay, according to their needs of various kinds. A man has a right to enjoy himself!" with a tinge of the occasional abruptness.

"You used to find enjoyment in intellectual gratification and in social life, befitting a man of your years and standing, and the prospects of my nieces, Clement," said the beautiful woman, in an injured tone.

The habit of deference to his sister, or, perhaps, of benevolence to her weakness, must have been strong upon the doctor.

"We have not forsworn sociality, Cornelia, any of us. You met Ivison as you came in, whose last book, you have noticed, has provoked so much debate across the water. He came in to make an appointment for this evening. He has been in the habit of treating our young people to familiar lectures on scientific subjects, entertaining as tales of fairy land, as you can judge from his book they would be," and the doctor proceeded, in speaking of their way of life, to incidentally give a list of names of present inmates or expected guests at the Cove, any one of whom the lady would have endured the fatigue of a Washington levee to have obtained the privilege of presentation to.

"Unkey is always finding nice people," said Maude. "They say they can drop in here any time and meet each other, and help in our work, if they have a mind, and trouble no one. Never refugees were better concealed, though, than some of them who have the misfortune to be 'celebrities.' All are safe that seek refuge in unkey's castle," laughed Maude. "You mustn't betray us, Aunt Cornelia."

"I am glad to find you are not making nuns of yourselves," approved the lady, smoothing her ruffled plumes. "But," turning to her brother, "why not give yourself up to this pleasant life? Abandon practice. If benevolence is the motive that actuates you, donate to institutions that can accomplish so much more than can individual effort. You can donate handsomely, Clement, if such is your desire!"

Again, I hate to write it, but Mrs. Cornelia Everly thought that she had cogent reasons for wishing to know if such were his desire.

"The institutions are well enough; but if you saw your intimate friend at your door, would you send an order to the next hotel to entertain him at your expense?" The doctor looked very intently at his sister.

"I do not understand," said the lady.

"No, I know you do not understand," said Doctor Nicholson in measured tones; and then, with a sudden quickening of manner, "and I'm an old fool for trying to make it plain," evidently struggling with a contending surge of feeling that it was difficult to keep down. "Why, this very humanity that we bear and share, and are part and parcel of ourselves, is coming to the door of our sympathies every hour. You mustn't mind if I'm a little abrupt sometimes, Cornelia—a little abrupt!" calming himself. "But," and the rebellious surge bore him on again, "I want the chance, madam—I must say I want the chance of using my own hands, and heart, and head a little in my poor way, to say at least a loving word, and cure the ills I may."

Maude and Jenny looked from the doctor to the beautiful woman sitting there with slightly elevated eyebrows and attentive face.

"Because I am a rich man," resumed the doctor, "because those lands rose so on my hands, must I give up my practice, and live to eat good dinners, and drink champagne, and read the newspapers, and entertain others as idle as myself? Must I tread my velvet carpets, while bleeding feet are walking paths of self-sacrifice without a helping hand? Must I screen myself from the light of day with damask curtains, while souls, actual souls, madam, are famishing for the paltry means to get the light of knowledge to grow by? Must I enjoy in simple passivity my statuettes and carvings, while pain and agony are carving human souls into dwarfed, despairing shapes, without the sympathy which would help them to repel the sharpness, and which would shape them into grace and beauty?"

Mrs. Cornelia Everly withdrew her gaze from the speaker's face, and, turning slowly toward her nieces, the expression of lip and eye said clearly—"What means my brother's ranting—can you tell?"

"I am going to say on, now that the barrier's down, Cornelia," pursued the doctor. "The blessed Lord's in glory, and He took our humanity there, too; but He is here as well!" and the unconquerable surge of feeling sounded through the doctor's voice, and throbbed along the pulses of at least two of his listeners. "The suffering Lord is here in the person of His broken-hearted, struggling creatures, maimed in spirit and full of wants of body and soul. I believe in the institutions. I contribute to them. I am glad to. But I can't give up doing the little that I may; and if I see the

nature that He wore, if I see it in struggle and pain, can't I say, where it is practicable, 'Come home, come home with me, and sup with me! If your mind is hungry, eat; and if your body's hungry, eat; and if your heart is hungry, why we'll feed that, too; and if the Christ spirit within you is trying in mortal agony to carry your own and other's burdens, we'll give you a bit of a lift on the way!' " and the doctor's voice quite broke up, and tears rained down his cheeks.

The lady sat quite mute.

"A man may do as he likes in his own house!" again resumed the doctor. "A man may use himself personally if he likes! I don't expect you to understand me, madam—I mean my dear sister Cornelia," and he offered her his hand. "I fear I am a little abrupt sometimes. I had a dream; that is—there, I dropped a tear on your velvet; I didn't mean to, Cornelia. It is a—difficult—that is, only a dream—you know."

No one but his immediate family had ever seen the self-possessed, cheerful doctor with what the girls denominated "the manner" upon him before. I think that, after this free speaking, no one ever saw him thus again, unless there were a little tinge of it perceptible on Maude's bright wedding-day.

Through busy, fruitful years, in the practice of the profession of his youth, the doctor proved "a man's right to use himself personally." Where a woman's touch or sympathy were needed, perhaps he oftenest took little Maude with him in his ministrations in dark places; but many an one of his household learned first with him the blessedness of ministering. Meantime, many a heart found a needed tonic at the Cove. Many a burdened or overworked "friend" of the doctor's received a check, enclosed with an invitation for a specified sojourn there, and the doctor was always happiest of mortals when obliged by prompt acceptance.

"Doctor Nicholson was always called a shrewd man," said Mrs. Inkerman. "Could always read a person right through; but it was wonderful for all that how every one he sent or brought seemed to exactly fit into a place waiting for them at the Cove."

The doctor kept his word to Maude; and when Hall Underwood, whose unhappy marriage proved even financially a failure, reached, through the intoxicating cup, the very verge of ruin, it was the doctor's influence and means, through his young colleague, Hugh Latimer, that held him back, and eventually, through many lapses, placed him on his feet, and in-

stilled in him the first principles of self-respecting manhood.

Louise married a man approved by the doctor. Her handsome home is in the city, not far removed from the old family place of the Nicholsons, of which her husband is thinking of becoming the purchaser. Dear Jenny could never decide that she cared enough for any of her suitors to leave her Uncle Clement during his lifetime; but our old acquaintance, Hammond, if a regular Johnsonian "hater," is also a most persistent lover, and his Sister Susie thinks his faith will not remain unrewarded.

Little Maude had no occasion to ask her heart a second question when Hugh Latimer at length began to speak of marriage. So long had they acted together as right and left hand for the doctor, and so perfect the sympathy between them even from the first, that when his full heart gave them his blessing on their wedding-day, the sacred rite seemed only a consummation of that which had been ordained long before their meeting—even from the beginning. One duty after another the doctor resigned to their charge, and great and sweet was his satisfaction to see his work passing into their hands.

And now I shrink from telling you that which they all knew when a bell pealed sharply through the house at the Cove at dead of night. You have a right to know, and I will try to tell you, however badly, for I never knew so beautiful a death. The doctor had been ailing for a week before, but no one thought of danger till the previous day, and then no real alarm was felt; but the quick, sharp peal of that midnight bell brought the truth to every heart, and, gathering around, the changed, drawn features of the man beloved confirmed the worst fears.

We will not linger on those hours when his house, indeed in order, and his "heart at leisure from itself," the loving friend sought alone to comfort others.

"I would like to stay till the morning light," he said; and the prayer was granted, and the curtains flung back wide and high, the first rosy beams of the morning came like friends and comforters.

"It will all be light—all light," said the doctor. "The day is in its dawning—humanity's day," and the words came feebly.

"He wanders," said the professional man that Hugh, unwilling to trust his own skill, had called; but they who knew the doctor's heart knew his mind was clear. He closed his eyes

and rested peacefully awhile, then light from within played over his features, and his gaze seemed fixed on that which was hidden from and beyond all other eyes, and so radiant, so youthful grew his face, that in mute amazement they waited. Then with one deep-drawn breath, the features fell into holy calm. They thought the spirit fled, but the lips moved, and Maude put down her ear and listened.

"It was not all a dream, little Maude. It was not all a dream."

"I never thought it was," said Maude; and I think he heard her, for he smiled.

Then he sank into quiet rest, and none, not even Maude, who was nearest, knew the moment that the spirit dropped the earth vesture, so quiet, painless, the translation.

"My darling," whispered Hugh at length, and he led her from the room.

God grant that when the light of the angelic world flows in upon us, we, too, may see that that which has shaped and informed our lives has not been all the baseless fabric of a dream.

"BRILLIANT" CONVERSATION.

"IT is better to give than to receive" does not hold good everywhere. In conversation, a man who can give but cannot receive, is very seldom satisfactory. Everybody has suffered from the brilliant talk of egotists who monopolized the field at social gatherings. Perhaps no one present could talk as well, but *all* could have talked much better! Social conversation should have variety; each person not a downright fool should have the innocent gratification of contributing his share. Many readers of Boswell will sympathize with the following remarks of a writer in *Appleton's Journal*, on Goldsmith's insurrections against Johnson's autocracy in conversation: "I should admit that Goldsmith's talk was silly and blundering, and claim it as a merit. Who does not sympathize with the efforts of a sociable man to break down a monopoly of talk, and still more with the desire to substitute a little wholesome nonsense for sententious epigrams and ponderous witticisms? I have, I confess, a weakness for Johnson, which rather struggles against my convictions; but I have a strong impression that Goldsmith's blundering was a pleasant relief even to the great doctor's vigorous hard-hitting, and still more decidedly that it was better than nine-tenths of the talk which generally affects to be brilliant."

MARVELS OF THE INSECT WORLD.

BY J. B. D.

SEVENTH PAPER.

A GAIN taking up the subject of the pupæ of insects, we shall, in the present paper, jot down such interesting facts as we may be able to gather, without attempting to make any particular arrangement of them.

Though, in most instances, they appear torpid, pupæ are by no means really so. A slight motion, especially in the lower parts of the body, is observable in some. Others, as we have already mentioned, differ little from the perfect insect, continuing to lead an active life, feeding and moving about as usual. The greater number, however, remain, to all appearance, without motion. That the functions of life, imperceptibly it may be, are still going on in this seemingly dead body, is proved by the fact that it possesses breathing organs similar to those of the larva and of the perfect insect. The most quiescent of pupæ must breathe. Let a chrysalis, for instance, be immersed a moment in oil, and it immediately dies. We have stopped its breath.

The mouths of the spiracles, or breathing holes of pupæ, are furnished with hairy valves, which close when the insect is plunged into water, but open again when it is taken out. It is remarkable, however, that, though the shutting of these valves prevents the entrance of water, it does not keep out oil; because, as Réaumur suggests, the helpless creature is not, in the ordinary course of nature, exposed to such an accident as immersion in oil, and, therefore no provision was made for it.

The duration of the pupa state is very variable, and seems, in most cases, to depend on temperature and the size of the insect. Réaumur, during the month of January, placed a number of chrysalids in a hot house, thus causing the perfect insects to appear months before their time. The butterflies and moths thus forced into premature life, were as healthy and active as those produced in the ordinary way. The females laid their eggs, and soon afterward died, as they always do in summer in the open fields.

Reversing this experiment, Réaumur, in January, shut up in an ice-house some pupæ, which, in the course of nature, would have hatched out in the July following. But, kept from perfecting by the coolness of the place in which they were, they remained in a quiescent

state, though still living and healthy, for more than two years.

There are, however, other causes, as yet undiscovered, influencing the duration of the pupæ stage of insect life. Placed in apparently exactly similar circumstances as regards temperature, the same species of insects remain pupæ, some of them a few months, others several years. The pupa of a large moth, which has assumed that state early in the summer, will often disclose the perfect insect in a fortnight, or even less time; while that of an ichneumon, less than a hundredth part of its size, that does not become a pupa till late in autumn, will not appear as a fly for seven or eight months. The very same insect, moreover, according as it has become a pupa at an earlier or a later period of the year, will at one time live but a few weeks, at another, several months, in that state.

Réaumur also discovered that by enclosing chrysalids in hollow glass balls, in which were small openings for the admission of air, and then placing them under a hen, they could be brought to perfect insects some ten or twelve days earlier than by the course of nature.

Chrysalids seem to be proof against extreme alternations of heat and cold. They may be frozen stiff on ice, and then, on being gradually exposed to heat, they will thaw out and finish their transformations.

The modes in which pupæ, when the period for doing so arrives, make their exit from the case in which they have been confined, are in many instances very curious, and present most wonderful instances of design.

Let us take the pupa of the gnat, or mosquito, as an example. About eight or ten days after it has entered the pupæ state, it prepares, generally toward noon, for emerging into the air, raising itself to the top of the water, so that its shoulders just appear above the surface. At once swelling the part of its body above the water, the skin between the two breathing tubes cracks, and the head of the gnat becomes visible. The shoulders instantly follow, widening the rent so that the extrication of the body is comparatively easy. Meanwhile, it is indispensable that the insect should maintain its upright position, so as not to get wetted, and thus spoil its wings and be unable to fly. This

end is secured by the wrinkled envelope the gnat is throwing off, and which now serves as a life-boat till its wings are trimmed for flight. The body of the insect answers as a mast. "When the student of nature," says Réaumur, "sees how deep the prow of this tiny boat dips into the water, he becomes anxious with regard to the fate of the little mariner, particularly if a breeze ripples the surface, for the least breath of air will waft it swiftly along, as its body is a sail as well as a mast. But as it is much larger in proportion to the little bark than the most ample sail is to a ship, it appears in great danger of upsetting; and once laid on its side, it perishes." When the gnat has withdrawn all but its tail from the pupal covering, it bends down its legs to feel for the water, "upon which it is able to walk as upon dry land, the only aquatic faculty it retains." "It leaves," says Swammerdam, "its cast skin on the water, where it insensibly decays."

In the common blow-fly, and many of the same family, the exit of the perfect insect from the pupa case is effected very differently, but no less wonderfully. "The head of the perfect fly is hard and unyielding; but, in the pupa, it is soft, and capable of great distension." Now, when the insect wishes to emerge from its covering, it blows out the soft part of its head like a bladder, pushing it forward at one time like a muzzle, and at another, swelling it out like a ball, till it succeeds in breaking the pupa case. The same mechanism is found in the pupa of some of the gall flies. In another genus of flies, the pupa uses its tail to force an opening.

The caterpillar of the clear-wing hawk-moth, an European insect, closely related to our peach-tree borer, before it becomes a pupa, gnaws away the wood of the poplar tree, where it is lodged, till it leaves only a plate of it as thin as writing paper. The head of the pupa being obtuse, it cannot, of course, cut through this wooden covering, thin as it is, but can only push against it till it bursts open.

A very ingenious contrivance for escape was observed by Bonnet in one of the leaf-rolling insects. It rolls up the leaf into a cone, and is transformed into a pupa, resembling a grain of oats. The chamber which it forms is large in proportion to the size of the insect, and so very compact that one cannot see how it is to escape. It hangs itself up inside by two threads, after the manner of a sailor's hammock. First, however, it gnaws a circular piece half through the leaf, taking care not to injure the outer membrane. In order to render this little door

easy to be found, the caterpillar, as if foreseeing that the blind pupa could not otherwise find it, fixes one of the suspensory threads near its edge. Guided by this, the insect, whose head is invariably swung up by the thread leading to the door, easily finds its way out. Similar prospective contrivances are met with in the pupæ of many insects.

Many other pupæ require assistance from the perfect insects in their final transformation. This has been noticed in the case of crane-flies; but the best ascertained case of such assistance occurs among ants. We might have been led by analogy to suppose that bees would adopt a similar method of extricating their young; but they do not, for they break through their cocoon by means of their mandibles, at the same time forcing their way through the wax that is fastened down above to the web, and bursting it into several jagged pieces, which they throw off on all sides. The other bees carry these broken pieces away.

Having thus given the reader a general, though very slight notion of the third stage in the life of an insect, we shall in our next paper, present a similar account of its *imago*, or perfect condition, hoping that our desultory and necessarily incomplete observations may lead others to undertaking a more perfect acquaintance with the subject upon which we have touched.

The pleasing illustration we give this month, is a very correct representation of the six-spot Burnet Moth, a very common European species, the great seat of which is about the Mediterranean Sea. It is found, however, in the northern parts of Europe, and is met with as far south as the Cape of Good Hope. Its head, antennæ, legs, and body, are black and somewhat hairy. Its upper wings are of a bright, bluish green, with six spots of a beautiful red on each, bordered by a little green. The caterpillar is yellow, spotted with black. Its cocoon is boat-shaped, with lengthwise furrows, and of a straw color. The group to which it belongs—the Zygenidæ—connects the night-flying with the day-flying Lepidoptera; that is to say, it forms a link between the moths and butterflies. It delights in sunshine, as will be seen from the bright and sunny appearance of our engraving.

MAN must have occupation, or be miserable. Toil is the price of sleep and appetite—of health and enjoyment. The very necessity which overcomes our natural sloth is a blessing.

MADELINE JERVIS.

IT was years ago, although I remember it as it were but yesterday. A fearful fever had been raging in the town, and my parents had both fallen asleep in one day, both been buried in one grave. They said I had it lightly. I do not remember being ill at all; I only remember praying to die. How could I live? what had I to live for? and then Lucy would try to quiet me, and Dr. Rhodes come in, draw his chair by the side of the bed, take my hand, and in his own peculiar way talk to me till I had no will to oppose him. Nothing to do but to obey. Then he would lay his hand on my forehead, and the veins that had knotted up like tangled whip-cords binding my temples would smooth out perceptibly, and sleep, quiet and refreshing, steal over me, while the doctor would tell Lucy what she must do; that as soon as I was able I must go into the country; it would never do for me to stay there.

"She will never get well, with all these mementoes of her parents constantly in her presence. She must be roused from this state, or there is no hope." And I, half asleep and half awake, but quiet as long as the doctor was talking, would firmly resolve never to go; I did not want to get well; I did not mean to. But what was my resolve to his firm, strong will? his will, that so completely mastered mine; and however much I might determine in his absence not to do, that very thing I was led to do readily, if he said so.

Therefore it was not surprising, perhaps, that one morning, after I had begun to sit up, I felt myself wrapped very carefully in numberless shawls and blankets, and then Lucy took me in her arms to the carriage, where Dr. Rhodes received me. There, nestled away among the cushions, he drew me up to him tenderly, laid my head on his shoulder, and talked me to sleep; while Lucy sat on the front seat, and tried to be very staid and dignified as she listened to the way and manner in which I must sleep, eat, and take exercise.

After a drive of about two hours we stopped at the entrance of a charming place; the great bronze gates swung open, and the carriage wound along the gravelled way, and passed on to where the syringa-bushes were loaded with their creamy blossoms; past the fountain throwing its diamond spray over the japonicas, camellias, and pearly-hued lilies; the gleaming of statuary seen through the rifts of green

leaves, while an endless variety of flowers and fruits nodded their welcome. Up to this time I had not even asked where we were going. We were going from home had been my only thought; where had not troubled me at all. Just as this question was beginning to tax my brain the carriage stopped. I had only time to see that the house was large, with gables and turrets, and pointed roof, and that it covered an immense stretch of ground, with a verandah of trellis-work covered with vines, roses, and honeysuckle.

"A beautiful place," I mentally ejaculated, as a sweet-browed woman bent over me, her good, motherly face shaded by a little lace cap, with bits of pink ribbon, and long, flowing lap-pets, while the light in her calm, blue eye went to my heart like a ray of sunshine.

"I have brought my little patient, Mrs. Moore; Lucy will take care of her, and breathing the atmosphere of your home will revive her better than any medicine of mine." And the doctor seated me on the sofa, while Mrs. Moore put her arms about me just as my own mother used to, and said quietly:

"I used to know your mother when she was a little girl, my dear; I am very glad the doctor has brought you to me." The tears were in my eyes, while hers dripped over my face, and from that moment there was a warm feeling in my heart for the gentle woman who had promised the doctor to do all in her power to make me well again.

Those were happy autumn days, lying there in the shade of the trees, and looking out on to the sea, filled as it was with great steamers, beautiful brigs, and graceful schooners; a picture-gallery, with nothing stationary, save the great, black hulls in the distance.

But if Mrs. Moore's house was large, it had no empty rooms; on account of my being an invalid, I was not introduced to the inmates all at once. Mrs. Holmes, a young widow, was the first one that I remember; beautiful she was not, but there was a look in her great, brown eyes, a tone in her voice that went to my heart at once, for it told me that she had suffered, and I felt a nearness, a sudden out-leaping of affection that joy never gives.

Mrs. Holmes was accompanied by her daughter, a little girl of ten or eleven years. Her hair, just the color of a ripe hazel-nut, was put away from a forehead not high, but full, and

with blue, branching veins in the temples: her eyes, in hue just like her hair, were beautiful, but with a dreamy look as if she were trying to fathom something too hard for her; she had a rich, creamy complexion, pale except when she spoke, then the red came in waves. The child had her governess, a good, practical woman, who, as I grew stronger, used not unfrequently to let me lean upon her arm, while Lucy supported me on the other side, and told me stories of her home, of the green, dewy hills that cradled the little village where she was born; where one could walk at their ease, hearing nothing but the soft, continuous flowing of brooks, the hum of insects, and the gentle tones of the wind through the leaves; only these and the singing of birds, and the lowing of the cows in the pasture, and the crowing of the cocks as they called to each other from the distant farm-yards.

My father had been from home, and this was, perhaps, the chief reason why I was so glad when Miss Young would talk to me in this strain. Besides these ladies, there was Miss Jervis, a niece of Mrs. Moore, and the belle of the neighborhood, a beautiful girl, with rolling waves of fair hair, splendid in azure silk that changed to silver, and a great cape of white velvet, with dropping buttons of carbuncle; a superb woman, a witty, gracious woman—a woman that turned all hearts, yet kept herself cold as ice.

How I disliked her, this woman, with all the fascination of manner, the sweetest smile, and softest speech, and still without a heart! Oh, I didn't know her then, Madeline Jervis; without a heart? she was all heart, and that was the reason why she seemed so cold and unfeeling. Her heart was pre-occupied, filled, inhabited. She could not help being beautiful, fascinating, queenly; but she could not open the door of her heart, for its owner had gone away; neither did she wish anybody to enter till he returned; she knew that sometime he would come, and this made her cheerful, happy—and still, seemingly cold. I said I disliked her, and so I did; but as I grew able to join them in their rides, walks, and moonlight excursions on the shore, a strange fascination crept over me, and I was never happier than when walking by her side, hearing her talk in that racy, piquant manner so becoming to her; the peculiar light in her large, melancholy, hazel eyes—eyes full of lustre; the soft, dark, golden skin; the faintly-impinged cheek; the scarlet lip, the whole coloring of the face—and then a

carelessness about her, the grace, the abandon of a little child.

I remember one evening, the sunset light was so low upon the sea that it left nothing there but a great, golden highway. Miss Jervis proposed a stroll by the water's edge, Lucy brought my cloak, and Miss Jervis let Mr. Weston wrap her shawl close about her, and they walked on a few steps in advance, Mr. Weston talking in a low, earnest strain, while it seemed to me Miss Jervis grew colder, more fearfully beautiful; the moonbeams that danced upon the waves leaped up, and sparkled on her dress, and in her hair, but to all his words of passionate entreaty, that I was sure from his manner he was uttering, she said nothing; his words only reached her ear, they could not touch her heart. At length she made a gesture of impatience, and came and seated herself on the wooden seat where Miss Young, Lily, and I had ensconced ourselves, while Mr. Weston went striding up and down before us, sometimes stopping and looking down upon the white hands folded in her lap; almost as much in his silence as in another man's speech. Still, she did not notice it. Her manner, full of an airy sparkle, as though she lived in some buoyant atmosphere, and still, it seemed to me an effort, as though she would have much preferred sitting there on the sands, and dreaming of something long ago. Why I thought this then I hardly know; it was long afterward that I learned the truth, and knew what gave the far-away look in those unfathomed eyes.

It was the week that I was going home. Dr. Rhodes had been there, and given his consent; besides, the winter was coming on, and I longed so much to see the old rooms. Mr. Weston had been talking of going to Paris; Miss Jervis was sitting before the piano dallying with the keys. Some measure was singing in her memory, some old, sweet tune she seemed to hear, some words once spoken resounded again.

The light was soft, and softer in the room, the air was like the suspended bloom of a plum, a wind came wandering in, heavy with the breath of flowers, and from the fairy fingers trilled out a faint, bewitching melody, that was little more than the murmuring air itself; a silver cord might shake so in the wind, a bell might prolong its vibrant undulation, tone after tone having pealed out in joy-bells or for midnight chimes; the faint waves rustle so along the shore; a honeyed, doubtful music, but a soul upbuoyed its passion; was it some chorus rising out of the sparkling water? the echo of a song sung by the nymphs who live in coral

caves? or was it but the pining of a heart for other days? Whatever it was I could not help folding my arms about the singer, and as I pressed my lips to hers I felt the tears rolling over the white face and falling on the ivory keys.

"Have I troubled you, Miss Jervis? Indeed I am very sorry; I had no thought you could be unhappy," and I drew back.

"You have not troubled me, child." She put her hands on either side my face while her kisses crowded to my lips. Then turning her dark eye full upon me, she said—"Do you believe in presentiments, Olive?"

"A something that tells us when anything unusual is to happen to us?"

"Yes, that is it; the shadowing of our joy or grief before it comes."

"From a little child I have always known when anything was coming to me sufficiently long before it came to become accustomed to it; nothing that happened has ever surprised me."

"I thought so," and she drew my arm within her own, and we walked out into the silver pathway the moon was making. Then after a little silence—"Don't you think, Olive, that God is nearer to us sometimes than at others? that you can speak to Him freely, and He answers at once? You know about my father, Olive?"

"Miss Lester told me that your father was a captain, that his vessel was shipwrecked, and the crew lost."

"Yes, that was the story; everybody believes it, but I do not. I know that my father will come back again; and there was another with him, Philip Atkinson, to whom I was to have been married. It is three years since the ship sailed, but I know they will come. I try sometimes to think otherwise, but Philip's face always looks at me so reproachfully, seeming to reprove me for my unfaithfulness; this is why I am termed so cold and hollow-hearted, Olive; but I can't help it, I know they will both come." And her eye led me up the dark, hollow sky, where shone but a handful of stars, and one great planet blazed down the purple depths, ploughing up a wake of light behind it.

Poor Miss Jervis! and she was cherishing this deep love for the absent all the time that I had thought her cold and heartless. My tears fell on the soft hand that clasped mine.

"Are you crying, Olive? Do you think this impossible?" said she.

"Possible, certainly, but I was thinking whether it was probable in this case."

"Yes, they will both come." And she went on to tell me of the many incidents in her childhood, all of which had been mirrored out to her so that she was prepared to meet them.

The moon had gone beyond a cloud, the pathway of silver was gone; we turned and entered the house.

The rooms were brilliantly lighted. Mrs. Moore and Mrs. Holmes reading the evening papers, Miss Lester and Lily having a game of chess, while the gentlemen were scattered about discussing the all-absorbing question of politics, and the probabilities of the coming election. The moonlight lay white on the water again, and the foliage of the trees looked mottled with silver, while their shadows lay underneath in great black flakes. From a long range of clouds just visible above the western horizon, flashes of lightning kept leaping out; the reading gradually passed into talking, and the political bias soon merged into the small talk most acceptable in the drawing-room.

Again the livid flash, only to be followed by the startling, crashing thunder, flash after flash, and the whole artillery of Heaven seemed to be collected into one place, while the long, deep, guttural thunder reverberated along the shore, and the lurid flashes brought into bold relief each cord, and spar, and mast rising out of the black hulls on the water.

There was a nameless fascination in the storm, and one by one the rooms were deserted, the lights were partially extinguished, and all with faces more or less white with fear collected on the sheltered side of the verandah, looking out upon the bay so lately sleeping under the silver moonbeams. Now the waters were leaping up like some maddened monster, intent on his prey. In a moment it came again, the terrific lightning, and deep, guttural thunder, and again a minute gun at sea. Eagerly they looked, straining their eyes out into the darkness, for the flashes of light blinded them, but nothing except gray mist was to be seen; the wind struck the long, low stonehouse planted out there on the reef, eddied, mounted, and rushed on; the rain rushed with it, and all the sounds of the tempest; the very light from the light-house tower that stood far out seemed to be stripped off and off in broad flakes and patches, like split fragments of chrysolite and beryl. Dimly could they descry great towering giants of billows leaping this way and that, flinging forth and falling in shooting storms or spray; white acres of foam rose over the darkness and dispelled themselves in powdered blast; huge columns were flashing up and wink-

ing; the backs of long breakers, gored and torn, plunged their angry masses of foam-flecked billows with a deafening roar.

Suddenly, all was wrapped in the blackness of death; night and annihilation shut down over the world; no ray, no glimmer, the indescribable din and echoes of the night broke all about; the great sea seemed to be rolling overhead with a weight of darkness and tumult; the light had gone out! and still more terrible through the murk the minute guns boomed on.

Once more there was a vivid flash, and then a terrific peal; a huge ship with masts and cordage brought out distinctly. Would she ever anchor? could she live through such a gale? Closer and closer drew that little group, while Miss Jervis held my hand with the grip of the dying.

Again the whole sea was lit up. Oh! the ship was still there, and two men were seen coming over the side and swinging themselves down into a small boat, and then pulling for the shore. Would they ever reach it? What daring, to think of riding the billows in such a shell! What is it Miss Jervis expects, as she strains her eyes to catch but a glimpse of the frail bark.

Again that lurid glare, followed by a tremendous crash, as though the whole artillery of Heaven had spent itself; while the little boat could just be seen, the two men still there, battling manfully to keep her from being submerged, while the wind and the driving sleet leapt up into our faces; for by this time we were down to the very edge of the water, Miss Jervis still clinging to me, all her thoughts and feelings concentrated on one object. Then a fierce, wild cry broke from her lips—"Oh! will no one save them?" and she tore away from my grasp, out into the surf where a little pleasure boat was tossing up and down.

"Let me go," as a strong arm was flung around her—"Let me go; it is my father and Philip; I knew they were coming," while the sharp flashing, and fading gleams, the gray haze, shining scud, and flying foam wreaths magnified her into something supernatural.

And then I perceived this man had a long staff, and great coils of rope, and another rope wound around his waist, and held by clusters of half-dressed hands, a shadowy throng that seemed suddenly to have come out of the darkness. Then another man, still larger, taller, caught up Miss Jervis and gave her into the care of a murky group, while strange cries came now upon the wind, sad, wild sounds, and

in a lull, when the listening storm also held its breath, I seemed to hear the cries of drowning men.

What followed I hardly know; all my thoughts, will, heart, swung there in the blackness, as I saw these two men plunge into the sea, the rope payed out by these black, shadowy hands. Twice, thrice had I seen them plunged among the waves, that tossed them lightly back in cruel play, then again they were lost, an instant—but what eternities do some instants compress!

The great lantern swung round its swift, shifting glare, and ghastly in the green lustre of the ray a face gleamed up on the sands; a ghastly, pale face, the water dripping from the hair; then another; while the stalwart swimmers staggered along, and were caught by those on shore; and the breakers dashed and hissed as they sucked down sand and weed, roaring, and still climbing up the bank as though maddened at the loss of their prey.

The next I knew we were in the boat-house, and Dr. Rhodes and Madeline Jervis were bending over me.

"Was it real? was it? Did they come?" it was all I could say; while the joy in her face, the light in her eye burned down into my soul, and I knew that Captain Jervis and Philip Atkinson were both there.

I WILL BE TRUE TO THEE.

BY FAUSTINE.

THOUGH severed far by cruel fate,
By leagues of land and sea,
Yet to thee through Love's golden gate
My spirit still shall flee.

Though every rivulet of thought
Should ever hidden be,
Its current still with music fraught
Shall wend its course to thee.

Though passing winds may sadly sweep
The May-bloom from the tree,
And autumn rains in sorrow weep
Above the shrouded lea,

Though winter snows may softly drift
Where laughed the flowers in glee,
Till Nature grants her last sweet gift,
I will be true to thee.

Until I reach the pearly gate
Beyond Death's purple sea,
Then on the shining sands I'll wait
To greet and welcome thee.

JACQUELINE.

BY VIRGINIA F. TOWNSEND.

CHAPTER XIX.

PHILIP DRAPER went down the old factory road that night with a sweet sense of freedom tingling in every drop of his blood. He fancied a man might feel as he did who walked out suddenly from some dungeon where he had been immured for months, into the wide, blessed air and sunlight.

As soon as supper was over he went up to his room, and, with the excitement which was stinging his very fingers' ends, set about packing his trunks. He worked with a diligence that was quite amusing for the next half hour. Then he stopped suddenly, with a little smile, half contemptuous, at his own haste, and speaking out loud to himself—"What is the use of all this desperate hurry? I am not to slink out of Hedgerows like a criminal. When I go it will be as a man that is not ashamed or afraid to look any other man in the face."

So Philip Draper left the rest of the packing for to-morrow, and went out to take one of his last walks around Hedgerows.

The sun had set not long before, but there were heaps of clouds in the west, with an unutterable glory of color upon them. The warm, brown air was full of silence and sweetness. "After all, it's a good kind of a world to live in," said Philip Draper, drawing two or three breaths and plunging into his old walks like a swimmer dashing with strong joy into the waves.

He went on for miles, I suppose, and the indescribable glory dulled in the west into a pile of blank looking clouds; and, after the long, hot day, the breeze took head and tried its voice in drowsy, fitful murmurs among the leaves. It grew darker and darker in the lonely woodside where Philip Draper walked. Above the low, gray flats of clouds the stars gathered their immortal beauty, and when the man looked again the young moon hung in the blue, still arches of the sky.

He was going away from all the familiar places—this odd Philip Draper—but the thought smote his heart with a sudden gladness that the old splendor of the moon and stars would still be about him, and that he could look up to them on the swells of vast, level plains, and fancy them shining over the sweet town, and it might be, upon the very face

of the woman that he loved—of the woman for whom, for that very love's sake, he was fleeing away—fancying that he was doing a brave thing—the one thing which it was manly and best to do.

Perhaps it was, at that time; but knowing Philip Draper as I afterward came to know him, I have always believed that no matter if he had gone to the antipodes, the immortal affinities between himself and Jacqueline Thayne, nay, more than all that, the courage and manliness that lay at the bottom of him, despite some almost morbid self-depreciation, would have brought him back to Hedgerows to tell his story to the heart, and take his verdict from the lips, of the woman that he loved.

In the solemn stillness of the night, with the faint shaking out of winds among the leaves, a quieter mood gained slowly on the strong excitement which had possessed Philip Draper. Here and there some fibre of habit and association had wound itself about the old town that slept between its hills and its river, and each began to stir with life now at the tearing them away; but soon all other regrets were lost in the stronger one of leaving Squire Thayne.

I think Philip Draper had never realized until this moment how tenderly he loved the man, old enough to be his father, and yet, on account of that perennial youth which was a part of the nature of Algernon Thayne, Philip Draper's affection for him was much like that of a younger brother toward an elder.

He cannot leave him—his hero—this man who seemed to the younger to embody in firmness and gentleness in heart, and soul, and intellect, the ideal of his youth; who had given to Philip Draper new loftiness and clearness of purpose for himself, new tenderness for humanity, and new faith in his kind. Once in a while, too, there came over everything else almost, it seemed, like a cold wind of death blowing in upon his soul, the thought of leaving Jacqueline. "How would she feel," he wondered, "when she learned that he was really to leave Hedgerows? Would his absence drop the faintest shadow into that life she carried so fair, and sweet, and womanly across the years? How kind she had always been to him, making

him always welcome with the sweetness of her smile and the clear softness of her greeting! But then it was a part of her nature to be kind to anything, and that absurd notion of gratitude no doubt had emphasized the cordiality of her manner toward him. He wished it was all over—the explanations and the one heart-wrench parting. How he did love her—that woman whose cheek he had never touched with the thrilling tenderness of a lover's kiss; the cool touch of whose soft fingers he had hardly returned with the lightest pressure; yet he knew every line of her face—the varied fine meanings, half asleep and half awake in it, which others had never dreamed of finding there.

The Thaynes would be certain to be home by to-morrow or next day, Philip Draper thought, and he would lose no time in going over and telling the truth about this factory business. That they must learn from his own lips. No doubt, after he was gone, there would be all sorts of scandals and rumors rife. Well, the tongues might do what they chose with him. They could not touch his soul, and for the things they blamed him for—for those at least—he would not be ashamed before God.

He had strolled on for miles absorbed in his own thoughts, while overhead the stars multiplied and filled all the blank gulfs of the night with solemn gladness, and the young moon flashed the silver radiance of her face among them, and at last Philip Draper, pausing suddenly, found himself on the steep edge of a bank above Blue river. He knew the place well, and he had come here out of mere habit.

He found himself less than three miles from the town, and was conscious at once that some time before he must have instinctively faced around for home, for he had traversed a much greater distance from Hedgerows than the point at which he now found himself.

A little way behind him was a dark stretch of woods, and the road between this and the fields was a gray strip of sand, with a hot, dreary glitter in the summer noons. The trees, however—oaks and maples—made the coolness of a grove on the steep bank that plunged down sheer and straight to the river a good many feet below, with great, wide, cool depths of leisure and stillness here, although these were forced and tormented into a furious mill-race far below.

Philip Draper stood here. In the river beneath him the man saw the sky again, transported with the glory of moon and stars. Overhead among the leaves the winds, as though remem-

bering some old grief amid their dreaming, stirred and moaned plaintively in their sleep.

Philip Draper stood still a few moments looking at the river, and thinking to himself that on the banks of this very river Jacqueline Thayne had sported away her childhood and grown up into the divine marvel of her womanhood. Suddenly, as he stood there in the night by the river bank, Philip Draper became aware, in some instinctive way, that he was not alone. Something approaching him with slow, stealthy movements was close at hand. It was not friendly, either. He felt in every startled nerve an evil, menacing presence. At first he fancied a wild animal must have tracked him here, and was about to spring on him, but the absurdity of this notion flashed the next instant across Philip Draper. Whatever the thing was, it was coming upon him in human shape. He was a brave man, but the place was solitary in broad noon even, and the river was cold and dark below. His pulse must have gone faster as he thought of that, but the thought which followed sharp on the first one was that of a brave man—"Whatever this is I must face it."

He had partially turned, when a blow came upon him. Had he not been upon his guard it must have felled him to the earth. As it was, he swayed aside, staggered, and only received half its force. The next moment he had drawn himself up, every drop of blood stung to hot frenzy by the blow. He had time for one deep breath, and then his enemy sprang on him and the two closed in a desperate encounter.

Philip Draper was lithe and elastic; moreover, he made his muscular training a part of his Christianity, but he had no easy foe to deal with this time. The man was taller and a great deal heavier than himself, and had the advantage of Philip Draper in making the onset. The ruffian was desperate, too, and the other had all he could do for a while to act on the defensive.

The superintendent supposed, at first, that his assailant was unarmed, but at last his strained ears caught the click of a pistol. Neither of the men had yet seen each other's face, for the moon had almost gone down by this time and the trees were thick where the two men stood.

But the sound of that pistol seemed to infuse the might of ten men into Philip Draper's muscles. I suppose it was only the awakening of the swift, blind instinct of life now, but in a very frenzy of strength he half wrenched him-

self from the deadly hug of his foe, tore away, swift as light, the pistol out of his grasp, tossed it over the bank into the river, and heard the sudden hiss of the waters as the weapon smote them; then he turned and closed once more with his enemy.

This time the struggle was short but terrible. Again Philip Draper received two or three blows that well nigh knocked the breath out of him, and that must certainly have stunned him, if swift and lithe he had not parried their full force.

But of a sudden the younger and smaller man gained the advantage. He heard two or three low, fierce oaths and heavy breathings, as he forced his adversary nearer the edge of the bank.

They had not spoken yet; but in a breath a conviction flashed upon Philip Draper, which no proof could have rendered stronger, that his assailant was no other than the wool-sorter.

The latter evidently had, while mentally measuring the superintendent's "wind," been deceived with regard to the real physical power of the man. There may have been something, too, in moral forces, on one side, which Reynolds would certainly not take into account.

At any rate, he found himself beaten at his own game. Do his best he was losing ground, his breath was failing him, and he felt that he was drawing nearer and nearer to the dreaded edge of the bank.

At last the man cowered and begged for mercy; but it was not until a single step lay betwixt him and the deep, cold river which waited below, and which held for him, hurled from that height, a swift, black death!

Philip Draper was wrought up to a livid rage at that moment.

His arms held his victim's now tightly pinioned. "Do you think I don't know you, Reynolds? Do you think me fool enough not to serve you as you intended to serve me?" his voice hard and hoarse with passion.

"I didn't mean to kill you," whined the wretched man. All his courage, if one dare apply that word to such as he, oozed out of him as he hung, bruised and breathless, in the power of the man whose vengeance he had brought down on his own head. "I only meant to throttle and rob you."

One effort more and Reynolds would have been over the bank. Philip Draper was about to hurl the shivering, shuddering figure down, when across the desperate frenzy, which the fight had wrought in him, came a thought of

Jacqueline, and in another flash, swift as lightning, a thought of God.

The murder of this man was in the heart—his blood would be on the head of Philip Draper. The thought came upon his burning wrath like a cold wind—it was all over in far less time than it takes me now to write it. The desperate hold relaxed a little; but Reynolds, if he had the strength, was too cowed now to attempt any further resistance. "What could Philip Draper do with this man?"

If there had been any chance for it, the superintendent would certainly have given the villain into custody; but they were three miles from Hedgerows, and Philip Draper could not drag the man into town. There was no way but to let him go; the gods would grind out his justice in their slow mills, sooner or later.

At that moment, startled and appalled by the sudden revelation of the deed into which his blind wrath was unconsciously hurrying him, Philip Draper felt himself nearer a level with the wretched creature who grovelled before him than at any previous time he would have conceived possible.

This made him merciful with the criminal and his crime. In the faint starlight the two men looked at each other. "Reynolds, I am not going to murder you," said Philip Draper in a low, calm voice, strangely at variance with the hoarse wrath of a few moments before.

The man burst forth into sobs and thanks. Probably both were more or less genuine, for he had looked death in the face a moment ago, and that was, at least, enough to take out all swagger and bluster from him.

"I suppose there is nothing to do but to let you go, Reynolds. I am cheating the State's prison, I know."

The wool-sorter muttered something about being an honest man in future.

At that moment, however, Philip Draper had no strong faith in the other's repentance.

"Well, Reynolds, I have given you the chance."

With some more profuse thanks the wool-sorter dragged himself up and shuffled off. It was painful work evidently. No danger of his returning to try his strength the second time against Philip Draper; but I will do the man so much justice as this: I do not believe he would have attempted another assault had breath and muscles been as fresh and strong as they were when he dealt Philip Draper that first blow.

The latter was left alone again, with the stars overhead and little shreds of cloud scat-

tered among them, and in the leaves the winds made faint, plaintive murmurs, and then went to sleep again. All that had passed in the last few minutes seemed a dream. Philip Draper knelt down in the darkness and thanked God that the man's blood was not on his head. Afterward, when he rose up, he remembered the pistol which he had tossed into the river. He wondered why he had done that, for the possession of the weapon must have placed Reynolds at his mercy. Philip Draper was not certain, but he always fancied some blind instinct had made him dash the weapon from him lest he should use it to take the life of his foe.

While this encounter, which had just escaped being a deadly one, was going on in the solemn stillness of the woods, Squire Thayne and his niece, sitting in the library, talked over the late riot at the works of Stephen Weymouth & Co.

Jacqueline's face was flushed with strong excitement and indignation. "There must be some great wrong somewhere, Uncle Alger," she said.

"Such things never happen without there is great wrong somewhere, my dear."

"But it cannot lie at Philip Draper's door." She called him this for the first time in her life. "Nothing could ever shake my faith in him."

"No; nor mine," said the girl's uncle, very quietly, but away down deep in his eyes there was a look of sincere pleasure. "But how has the news got out here?" he asked.

Jacqueline went over the factory boy's story in a rapid way, but one that left nothing out. When it was over, the girl's uncle sat still, his thoughts going busily enough. Jacqueline drew a little closer to him. "Now, Uncle Alger, it is your turn," she said.

Squire Thayne had met with a little odd sort of adventure that night—only odd sort of things were always happening to him. Jacqueline said he had some original affinity for them. Some business had taken him over into what was called South Plains, a couple of miles or more outside the town, and just in the twilight, as horse and chaise struck the turnpike, he came upon a young girl in a brown straw hat, blue-eyed and rosy-cheeked, and pretty enough, to use his own words, "to have sat, three hundred years ago, for the portrait of one of Shakspeare's English lasses."

The girl looked at him out of her startled blue eyes with a glance of recognition.

The Squire drew up and touched his hat. "I have a fancy that you know me, Miss," he

said, and that smile I have told you about came with the words.

"Oh, yes, sir," the sweet, blue eyes at their widest—"you are Squire Thayne."

"I suppose there is no harm in an old man with such a grizzled head as mine asking a pretty young girl to ride with him, especially when she knows his name; so won't you do me the favor to jump in, Miss, without any further ceremonies, and let me take you back to town?"

A good deal pleased and a good deal flattered, the girl climbed into the chaise. The two soon got into a brisk talk. Squire Thayne learned the girl's name was Ruth Benson, and that she worked at the factory. That soon brought out the story of the recent riot, which, of course, greatly startled the gentleman, and brought out on his side a good many questions, to which his pretty companion made very intelligent replies.

It was evident enough that her sympathies were warmly on the side of the superintendent, whom she designated as the best and noblest gentleman in the world.

"But how in the world does it happen that so good a man should have such a strong party of virulent enemies?" asked the Squire.

"Ah, sir, there are some very bad people at the mill—very bad," shaking her head and looking sober.

"You know some of them, perhaps?"

"Yes, sir, I think I do." She spoke in a low, troubled tone, and then the girl looked up to her companion with some doubt and bewilderment in her face.

The Squire fancied something lay on her mind, which a question or two on his part would have brought out, but the man was in a great hurry now. They drew up where the road forked, less than a quarter of a mile from the factory girl's boarding place. The Squire set her down here, telling her he hoped it would not be their last ride together, and drove off.

After he had related this to his niece, the girl sat still for awhile. Her uncle saw there was some trouble in her face. She was thinking about Sydney Weymouth, and what the old housekeeper had said; but it seemed disloyal to her friend and playfellow—her lover that would have been—to repeat the words even to her uncle.

He was thinking, too: thoughts which he did not tell his niece. There were wheels here within wheels. Some meaning must lie behind the words the factory-boy had blurted out about being on the superintendent's side, instead of young Weymouth's. Had Jacqueline's refusal of his suit anything to do with it?

The Squire almost chided his thoughts for springing to this question so rapidly, and because he found he had so little faith in the son of his old neighbor, the boy whose bright, promising youth he had watched with such hearty interest and high hopes.

CHAPTER XX.

Philip Draper found it hard work to get up the next day. Yet he did, and by sheer force of will dragged himself down to the factories, spite of the stiffness and bruises which made every movement cost him a twinge of pain.

As the superintendent expected, the wool-sorter was not at his work. During the course of the day Philip Draper learned the man had left town. It was a relief to know this, and to be spared any duty of denouncing Reynolds to the authorities. Draper's first feeling when he awoke that morning and the events of the past night flashed upon him was one of unutterable thankfulness that the death of the wool-sorter did not lie at his door.

In the course of the morning Squire Thayne drove up. Despite the welcome which shone in the young man's eyes, the elder could not help seeing at the first glance how white and worn he looked.

There was reason enough, however, for this in the recent exciting events through which young Draper had passed. He broke the ice after a preliminary—"I hardly looked for you back so soon, Squire."

"Put it in a nutshell: Two days of business and two of visiting," was the reply.

"You have learned the main facts already, I presume," and Philip Draper pointed to the broken windows.

"Yes; and when I learned the bad business, I said to myself—'My young friend has the stuff in him which all heroes have. He will come out a little wiser and a little tougher for all these hard knocks.'"

Philip Draper's face shone with sudden pleasure. "My dear, sir, I never for once doubted that you would have faith in me," he said.

"Faith in you!" answered the Squire; and if I could only put his tone into the words, you would understand what they meant to Philip Draper. "But man alive, you ought to go home and stay there for a week!"

"Why?"

"Because it is evident enough this outrage has worn on your nerves. I should fancy you had been ill for a fortnight."

"Do I look like that?" with a smile, yet a little startled, as he remembered that everybody would lay his looks where his friend did—at the door of the riot.

"Come," said the Squire, "I want to have a talk with you. Throw business to the dogs for the next hour and take a drive with me."

Philip Draper sprang up with alacrity, but a stitch caught him in the side, and his right arm gave a terrible twinge, and he made rather limping work of it to the door, and he thought to himself, with that prompt readiness to see the comic side of things that inhered in his nature, that "there could not be great fun in being an old man, if one's bones must perpetually feel like such rusty, old hinges."

When they were fairly started on their drive he turned and looked at the Squire and met his friendly eyes reading his face with some trouble in them.

"Then I look terribly used up, Squire, do I?"

"Frankly, you do. I've no doubt you've shown moral bravery enough, but you've done it, I'm sorry to see, at a terrible cost of physical power."

"But you are wide of the mark this time, Squire. I give you my word the riot hasn't cost me the loss of a single meal or a night's sleep."

It was out before he was really aware. No doubt his pride was touched a little, that the Squire should attribute his wretched looks to the cause he did; and then the young man's soul was lonely and hungered for some human sympathy more than he was himself aware.

"My dear fellow, I have no doubt you think you tell the truth, but your face is about the color of Hamlet's ghost."

"That is because I came very near being murdered last night!"

Squire Thayne looked actually horrified as his companion spoke these words.

The latter went on. "But that is not the worst of it. I came quite as close to being a murderer myself."

The Squire sat very still. He was waiting for Philip Draper to go on, which the latter did in a few moments, not pausing until he had related the whole story of his encounter with Reynolds in the darkness, on the bank of Blue river; not sparing himself, nor that one awful moment when he was about to dash the man into the death that waited for him in the peaceful river below.

"It was a frenzy, a madness of blood and brain. There was murder in my soul! You can't understand it, Squire Thayne."

"Yes, I can," said the elder.

"But I came to myself before it was too late, and I have shuddered so frequently, remembering how near I came to sending the man into eternity, with all his sins on his head, that I've hardly thought of the crime he was bent on committing."

The Squire sat still a few moments after listening to this dreadful story, rejoicing that the end had been what it was; that the life of his young friend had been spared, and that he had not, in the dreadful encounter, hurried another soul into eternity, knowing well what a terrible regret in that case would have shadowed all Philip Draper's after life, no matter how entirely the world had acquitted him.

"Well, my dear fellow," said the Squire, "I thank God that after last night's dreadful work I have you, safe and sound, by my side again this pleasant autumn morning. No wonder you look a little worse for your tussle of last night. We must get you over to our house and try the effect of a few days' nursing. There's Jacqueline—the girl has a wonderful genius in a sick room."

"I don't doubt Miss Thayne's genius in that line, but with many thanks for your kindness, there are rougher remedies must mend my case," and the speaker smothered a groan.

"What are they, if a man may be so bold as to ask?"

"I am going away from Hedgerows in a few days, Squire."

"What?" turning sharply round upon his companion, while the big bottle-green fly his whip had been carefully in search of quietly sucked a meal out of the neck of his horse.

"I've made up my mind that I must cut loose from Hedgerows at once," speaking very rapidly and decidedly. "The life down there at the factories doesn't suit me, soul or body. It cramps me. Maybe there's a drop of wild Indian blood somewhere at the bottom of this longing to cut civilization for a year or two."

"But you quite take the breath out of me, Draper," said the Squire. "I am an old fogey in blood and habits by this time. For what goal do you set your face after you have shaken the dust of Hedgerows off your feet?"

"For the West. For plain and prairie, and a very revel of freedom. I shall vary my life with hunting, and geologizing, and prospecting. A tent and a rubber blanket will be my greatest luxuries for a year to come."

"What do you think, my very practical friend, the chief of the staff of the factories will say to all this romancing? I happen to know what kind of value he sets upon your services."

"However that may be, he consented yesterday to give me my letters of dismissal, without any great reluctance either, on his part, so far as I could see. I am off, for a dead certainty, Squire Thayne," turning his eyes, filled with eager, exultant light on the elder man, and then another thought quenching all that. "I do not forget I am to leave you, my dear sir. A man cannot say much when he feels most. The going away from you will be the one pang in leaving Hedgerows: a pang only less sharp than that I felt when I saw them lay away the face of my mother under the grass, and thought it would never smile on me again."

"My dear fellow," said the Squire, and for a while both the men were silent. Squire Thayne's thoughts were very busy at this time. They jumped swiftly to a conclusion as to the real motive which was driving Philip Draper away from Hedgerows. After all, it was natural enough if he believed his love was hopeless. Squire Thayne remembered Evangeline, and thought he should, in his friend's case, probably been fool enough to do precisely what he was doing.

Yet, after all, was the man a fool? Would not Jacqueline's answer to young Draper's suit be precisely what it had been to Sydney Weymouth's. If the knight and the hero crossed her path, he came with no clash of trumpets or neighing of steeds or floating of plumes, and in his common-place garb the girl did not recognize him.

Yet God, by original, immortal affinities, had made those two for each other. But his little girl could not open her blind eyes and see, and now she was driving the man by the very force of his love away from her.

Squire Thayne turned and looked at his friend. How little Philip Draper could imagine all which lay under that look! If at that moment the Squire was half tempted to say, "Go, and put all at stake, man, and compel the heart of the lady of your love," the great uncertainty of the Squire's own mind regarding his niece's real feeling toward the anperintendent held back the words from his lips.

"Here's a pretty coil, as Shakespeare would call it; driving this magnificent fellow across half a continent and making him turn Arab," went the Squire's thoughts. "What business has the girl not to love him now?" Then he thought that perhaps Jacqueline's devotion to himself stood in the way of her love for any man—for this one—and he felt almost as though he were robbing Philip Draper of his right. Something of this thought must have

been in his eyes when he turned and looked at his friend. The eyes of the two met.

"Draper," said the Squire solemnly, "I cannot tell whether if you were my own son I should feel worse at letting you go off from me, but without that relation it is hard enough for my old heart to part with you."

The young man tried to speak and could not.

"There's Jacqueline," making a thrust at a venture, "my little girl, will be very sorry when she comes to learn of this decision of yours."

"Will she, indeed? It is very good of her to take so much interest in my affairs. I shall come out and say good-by to her before I leave."

"Suppose you let me drive you on home to lunch with us?"

"No, thank you, sir. Please excuse me to-day."

And something in the tones made the Squire refrain from pressing the matter.

After he had set down Philip Draper at his boarding place, the Squire drove around to see his old friend, Stephen Weymouth. The gentleman had just finished a letter to his son, where he had dilated considerably on the bold stroke by which he was well rid of his superintendent. The old gentleman tried to take a good deal of credit to himself for the promptness, energy, and resolution with which he had acted in this business, notwithstanding which it was evident enough that the writer was provoked with his son, provoked with himself, and greatly puzzled by the conduct of his superintendent.

After some general conversation the Squire ventured upon the subject which, in reality, formed the object of his errand.

"I am sorry to learn that you have had this bad business down at the factories, Weymouth."

"Yes; bad enough! bad enough! Involved us in all kinds of trouble," speaking sharply and angrily.

"I'm sorry to learn, too, that your superintendent is to leave."

"How did you learn that, Squire?" looking up curiously.

"He told me so himself this very morning."

"What did he say was taking him off?"

"A sudden thirst for freedom, and a wild, grand life out there on the plains. Such things get into the blood of young men, and the prospect always looks attractive. I fancy there's a smack of the savage in us all, Weymouth."

"Likely enough! Likely enough! But old bones and steady brains don't relish that sort of thing," said the elder man a little gloomily.

"I was quite breathless," continued the Squire, "when young Draper confided his plans to me. I hardly supposed you would be prevailed on to letting him go on any terms."

"When people in my service make up their minds to leave, it has never been my habit to insist on their remaining," was the evasive reply.

"I suppose so; yet here is a man, on your own showing, whose place you can hardly expect to supply."

"As a superintendent I certainly have no fault to find with young Draper." As he said these words the elder Weymouth looked at his old friend with a sudden impulse to tell him the whole of that miserable story of Reynolds's. But the thought of Sydney, and an instinct that his son would strongly disapprove of this confidence, held the old man silent.

The Squire in his turn was on the very point of relating to Mr. Weymouth the assault of Reynolds on Philip Draper the night before; but he was not quite certain that this was not the superintendent's secret. The two talked over the riot, on which topic the senior proprietor was excited and voluble. He did not blame Philip Draper. Indeed he seemed careful to avoid doing that, while all the time Squire Thayne could not help feeling that the proprietor held the superintendent mainly responsible for the disaffection among the men.

The Squire rode away at last more perplexed than ever. "There is something wrong here," he said to himself, as his chaise bowled along the road. "That is evident enough. And all the while I can't help feeling—I wish I could—that you are at the bottom of it, Sydney Weymouth."

(To be continued.)

WHEN W. J. C. was quite a child, his father one warm day sent him to the pump to draw a pitcher of cool water. Boy-like he loitered on the road to play and broke the bottom from the pitcher. Fearing a reprimand, he came back with the following plausible(?) story, that "in pumping the water he pumped up a big stone, which fell in the pitcher and caused the bottom to drop out."

THERE is no joy so great as that which springs from a kind act or a pleasant deed, and you may feel it at night when you rest, and in the morning when you rise, and through the day when about your daily business.

WHITHER FLIETH THE SUMMER.

BY KATHERINE KINGSTON FILER.

OH, locust-trees! waving your tasseled stems of odorous blossoms, whose fragrance floats over the hazy valley. Oh, elm-tree! bending in your graceful beauty, lovingly locking and interlacing your lithe limbs in an ecstasy of delight, as you revel in the sultry air and the sunshine. Oh, columbine! hanging your scarlet trumpets on bending branches, and rustling languidly your dark-hued leaves, can you tell me where summer—your summer and mine—went to at the coming of September days, crowned with ripeness and mellowness of falling fruit?

The roses loved fair summer, and at her coming disclosed bright, blushing faces to greet her; the daisies, and the blue-eyed pansies, the pale narcissus, and the star of Bethlehem, sprung in her footpath, and kissed her white feet in homage, while the woodlands far and near re-echoed with the musical welcomes of happy-hearted choristers. "Welcome to thee—Oh, summer!" warbled the linnet. "May thy pathway be filled with sunlight, and thy eyes, unlike April's, never be clouded with misty tears," thrilled the mavis.

Lightly upon her brow lay the crown of royalty, and the warmth of her eyes of liquid blue melted the frost of the spring-time from the land and illumined glad earth with refugent rays.

"The last day of summer is come."

Ah! who can realize the swiftness of Time's current flashing on to eternity. "The last day of summer is come," repeated a human voice at my side, while around me the August laughed.

Fleecy clouds slept on the sky, and white-sailed pleasure-yachts flitted dreamily over the broad blue waters of the bay; tiny wavelets gurgled across the pebbles of the beach to recede again; a sailor's song drifted drowsily landward and sunk into silence; and the mist afar in the cradling waves pillowed upon its lap the sunlight.

Yet, on my soul their weighed a heaviness of grief that the laughter of the gleesome wind and the tranquil beauty could not dispel—the grief of parting with summer, who had crowned the year with completest glories.

At the time when the dew fell over the grasses, and when the katy-dids and whip-poor-wills called and answered in the gloaming; when the frogs in the reed-roots held carnival in their obstreperous, ancient way, and the crickets chirped beneath the harvest-moon, which the long afternoon had drifted through the heavens like a rudderless shallop of silver

over the undercurrent of a tranquil sea; when the sun hung low down behind the hills, and the shadows crept over moonlit spaces, summer passed away in the loneliness and gloom, and was with us no more. When the September morning came the air was heavy with tears. Out on the day I gazed, but the day looked in through my window and wept, for it was forsaken by the summer sunshine, and it was heavy-hearted.

Ah, halcyon summer! with your living heart in my heart, had I roamed the meadows, waded in the grain, whose golden waves did rock and ripple in my wake, tossed the yellow wheat in my hands, and, singing, roused the meadow-lark from her nest at the shining foot. Soul in soul had we lived through all the days of hazy glory, and my mortal life had silently expanded, growing nobler, purer, sweeter, in sympathy with your own noble, pure, sweet life.

The year waned through still September into mellow October, the present month.

This day of bright autumnal quiet has a strain of delicious, noiseless music stealing through its silence, and one could almost imagine the air was filled with invisible gauze-winged fairies floating on the transparent atmospheric waves.

Like the half-defined shades of dreamland seem the people slowly winding along the yellow road to disappear among the timber. The grass nestles in the sunlight, and the flowers nestle in the grass, and the autumn leaves tremble noiselessly down when the air is stillest, loitering on the pebbled drive, and glowing on browning mosses.

October, in whose still days I rest, on shaded mound, with closed eyes, letting the crimson leaves drop over and around me, fancying that the rustling of the gorgeously appareled branches is the whirl of thine own white wings above me, tell me, where is summer gone?—and will she ever come again?

And the south wind sighs her answer. "Like a book read and laid aside is the past; like a river flown to the ocean never to return to its source. Other summers shall glow and wane, and in them shall be haunting memories of olden times, but this having dropped from life, no more returns.

"Take thou the present while 'tis thine, and cease vain repining. Work, as the seasons work, and bring forth good. Let thy life be a haunting memory of good in souls in future time, that with thy lessons they may attain to sweeter, nobler, purer lives."

MOTHERS' DEPARTMENT.

WHAT CAME OF IT.

BY MRS. M. O. JOHNSON.

THE "*Mothers' Journal*" recounts an instance of permanent and incurable deafness, caused solely by boxing a child's ears. The mother was as kind as the average; proud of her beautiful child, but hasty in temper, rather over-nice, and in the habit of visiting acts of childish carelessness, such as breaking a vase, or spilling milk on the table-cloth, with a scolding and a cuff. At the time the writer mentions, while visiting the mother, the little girl was about four years old, a bright, active, healthy child.

Fifteen years later retribution came. She had grown up, as beautiful a woman as she had been a child; but absolutely, totally deaf. Her mother took her to one of the most skillful physicians of the day, and what was his verdict?

"Incurable—impossible to help her. The difficulty has been caused by a blow, or succession of blows, on the head. Madam, did not your daughter, in her childhood, frequently have her ears boxed?"

This is only one of many dangers that wait upon the absurd practice. They are physical and mental, and the moral danger, though hidden, is no less. It tends to enfeeble intellect, injure the brain, and lessen its action; and where there is a family tendency to insanity—lurking, perhaps, unseen and unsuspected—it is the very thing calculated most surely to call it forth, like a wild beast from its lair.

Looking at the subject from a moral stand-point, the objections are manifold and serious. If there is one thing that, more than any other, excites in a child angry and even revengeful feelings, increases wilfulness, and *degrades* him, it is this. And when you degrade a child, whether by ridicule, reproach, want of appreciation, or injudicious punishment, you injure him more than you suspect; you slacken your hold on his affections and lessen by far your influence over him.

This mode injures, too, by all the weight of *example*. Are children's ears boxed with calmness, deliberation, an eye single to their good? You laugh at the supposition. You know the blow is the outburst of an angry, unreasoning impulse. And the child knows it is so and meets it with the feelings that are really its due.

The case is very similar in really all its aspects; with shaking, pinching, or pulling ears, and every such practice.

It is not a serious offence that is punished in this way; and a child's ideas of moral right and wrong are not made clearer, or in any wise benefited by the contrast. A blow on the ears or head really causes intense pain—far more than almost any

mother would inflict in a better moment. If a child tells a falsehood, abuses a playmate, or is wilfully and persistently disobedient, the mother who has any sense of duty, and any desire to do it, meets this with dispassionate, sorrowful firmness; and whatever punishment her judgment may dictate, it differs widely from that.

For my own part, I am radical enough to disbelieve totally in whipping, whether children or animals. It is preferable, no doubt, to non-government and anarchy in the family; but frequently exists *with these*—and, *there is a better way!*

Even if it be a fact that some children cannot be made obedient, truthful, and kind without it (I have heard of such, but never happened to find them either my own or my neighbors), still, in Heaven's name, let the casket of the brain, the very temple of the human spirit, be sacred!

A terrible instance occurred about twenty years ago, at Alexandria, Va. I had the account not only from the newspaper, but an old lady whom I knew very well, and who spent her winters in Alexandria, and was a personal acquaintance of the family (one of the F. F. V.'s). *A mother struck her child dead!*

The blow, though not intended to be very severe, happened to reach that one little spot on the temple which could not bear it.

Whether the dreadful result was "a dispensation of Providence"—a Providence "dark, mysterious, inscrutable," or what not—or simply and solely her own fault, judge ye.

HOW A WOMAN GOT ALONG.

A FRIEND told us an incident relating to a woman in the suburbs of the city which illustrates how much tact some people have in getting along, compared with others. The poor woman had seven children. She got out of money, out of bread, out of anything to eat; and the question was how she was to get along. She had one thing left. She had some hens. These laid eight eggs a day, and she hit upon a plan. To eat these eggs wouldn't support the family, and to sell them wouldn't do it. There was a little grocery near by, and she went there, and every day exchanged half a dozen eggs for half a peck of beans. This was enough for the family, and she got along till she could do something. Now, there was not merely a tact in knowing that it was better to exchange than to sell her eggs; but there was a tact in knowing that beans are more nutritious than any other vegetable, and that consequently she could do better with them than with flour.

EVENINGS WITH THE POETS.

THE SOULS OF THE CHILDREN.

BY CHARLES MACKAY.

"WHO bids for the little children—
Body, and soul, and brain?
Who bids for the little children—
Young, and without a stain?
Will no one bid?" said England,
"For their souls, so pure and white,
And fit for all good and evil,
The world on their page may write?"

"We bid," said Pest and Famine,
"We bid for life and limb;
Fever, and pain, and squalor,
Their bright young eyes shall dim.
When the children grow too many,
We'll nurse them as our own,
And hide them in secret places,
Where none may hear their moan."

"I bid" said Beggary, howling,
"I bid for them one and all!
I'll teach them a thousand lessons,
To lie, to skulk, to crawl!
They shall sleep in my hair like maggots,
They shall rot in the fair sunshine,
And if they serve my purpose,
I hope they'll answer thine."

"And I'll bid higher and higher,"
Said Crime, with a wolfish grin,
"For I love to lead the children
Through the pleasant paths of sin.
They shall swarm in the streets to pilfer,
They shall plague the broad highway,
Till they grow too old for pity,
And ripe for the law to slay."

"Prison, and hulk, and gallows,
Are many in the land;
'Twere folly not to use them,
So proudly as they stand.
Give me the little children—
I'll take them as they're born,
And feed their evil passions
With misery and scorn."

"Give me the little children,
Ye rich, ye good, ye wise,
And let the busy world spin round,
While ye shut your idle eyes;
And your judges shall have work,
And your lawyers wag the tongue,
And the jailers and policemen
Shall be fathers to the young."

"Oh! shame," said true Religion,
"Oh! shame, that this should be!
I'll take the little children—
Oh! give them ALL to me!
I'll raise them up in kindness,
From the mire in which they've trod;
I'll teach them words of blessing,
And lead them up to God!"

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FARM-YARD SONG.

BY J. T. TROWBRIDGE.

OVER the hill the farm-boy goes,
His shadow lengthens along the land,
A giant staff in a giant hand;
In the poplar tree, above the spring,
The katydid begins to sing;

The early dews are falling;
Into the stone-heap darts the mink;
The swallows skim the river's brink;
And home to the woodland fly the crows,
When over the hill the farm-boy goes,
Cheerily calling:

"Co', boss! co', boss! co'! co'!"
Farther, farther, over the hill,
Faintly calling, calling still:
"Co', boss! co', boss! co'! co'!"

Into the yard the farmer goes,
With grateful heart at the close of day:
Harness and chain are hung away;
In the wagon-shed stand yoke and plough;
The straw's in the stack, the hay in the mow,
The cooling dews are falling;

The friendly sheep his welcome bleat,
The pigs come grunting to his feet,
The winnying mare her master knows,
When into the yard the farmer goes,

His cattle calling:
"Co', boss! co', boss! co'! co'! co'!"
While still the cow-boy, far away,
Goes seeking those that have gone astray,
"Co', boss! co', boss! co'! co'!"

Now to her task the milkmaid goes,
The cattle come crowding through the gate,
Lowing, pushing, little and great;
About the trough, by the farm-yard pump,
The frolicsome yearlings frisk and jump,

While the pleasant dews are falling;
The new-milch heifer is quick and shy,
But the old cow waits with tranquil eye;
And the white stream into the bright pail flows,
When to her task the milkmaid goes,

Soothingly calling:
"So, boss! so, boss! so! so! so!"
The cheerful milkmaid takes her stool,
And sits and milks in the twilight cool,
Saying: "So! so, boss! so! so!"

To supper at last the farmer goes,
The apples are pared, the paper read,
The stories are told, then all in bed.
Without, the crickets' ceaseless song,
Makes shrill the silence all night long;

The heavy dews are falling.
The housewife's hand hath turned the lock;
Drowsily ticks the kitchen clock;
The household sinks to deep repose;
But still in sleep the farm-boy goes,

Singing, calling:
"Co', boss! co', boss! co'! co'! co'!"
And oft the milkmaid, in her dreams,
Drums in the pail with the flashing streams,
Murmuring: "So, boss! so!"

—Atlantic Almanac for 1870.

IN THE CHRISTMAS TWILIGHT.

BY ISABELLA GRANT MEREDITH.

LOOP back the curtains, my darling,
 Let the starlight drift and glow
 Athwart the bright carpet mosses,
 Like wreaths of silver snow.
 Leave Maud her cross to finish,
 Of cedar and laurel and pine;
 Leave Mabel her thorny chaplet
 With lilies to intertwine.

In the fire light's crimson comfort
 I will tell you a tale I know,
 As I heard it in the twilight
 Of a Christmas, long ago.
 'Tis the Legend of a Princess,
 A foolish virgin, I fear,
 Who grasping at pleasant shadows,
 Found bitter realities, dear!

This Princess was tired of her spinning—
 Her work that was never done!
 She envied the birds, the flowers, the leaves,
 All idle things out in the sun!
 And carelessly strayed her fingers,
 With such foolish thoughts in her head,
 Till bent was her golden distaff,
 A-tangle her silver thread.

Then she stole from her father's palace,
 Not dreaming a step to go
 Beyond the king's pleasure-gardens;
 She thought 'twas no harm, you know,
 To "just peep" through the little wicket;
 And she "never meant" to stray!
 But the buttercups and the daisies
 Woo'd her, step by step, away!

She gathered the honey-clover
 To be idly tossed aside,
 For just beyond in stately grace
 Waved the dainty meadow-pride;
 And here, every golden king-cup
 Held treasure of diamond dew;
 And there, in a fragrant tangle,
 The sweet wild-roses grew.

Then butterflies, to enchant her,
 Did their gorgeous wings unfold—
 Tiny marvels of blue and white
 Flecked with scarlet, black, and gold,
 That floating adown a sunbeam,
 Or swinging on flowery spray,
 Ever beguiled her little feet
 Farther and farther away,

Till the long elant shadows deepened,
 And sunlight began to fade;
 Then she sat down by the wayside,
 A-hungered, athirst, afraid.
 "Oh! had I but staid at my spinning—
 The task that was mine to do—
 I had not strayed from home," she wept,
 "Nor grieved my Father, too!"

Aren't you sad for my little Princess,
 With hunger and sorrow spent,
 Her innocent lips all stained, dear,
 Her robes all sullied and rent?
 Don't you wish she could have been wiser,
 And, learning to work and wait,
 Smiled content in her Father's arms
 Instead of weeping, "Too Late!"

Suddenly shone from the darkness
 An angel clad all in light;
 A star gleamed above his forehead
 Whose radiance, softly bright,
 With a tender glory crowned him;
 His accents were sweet and mild;
 "Why weepst thou, my little one?"
 "Dear Lord, I am lost!" wept the child.

He bade her follow wherever
 His star glimmered through the gloom,
 So, by patient faithful seeking,
 She should find her Father's home.
 Wounded, and wayworn, and weary,
 Bleeding from bramble and thorn,
 Home to the palace portals
 She came on a Christmas morn.

By strains of sweet angel-music
 The silent dawn was riven,
 Glad voices sung, "The lost is found,
 And there is joy in Heaven!"
 My Princess heard, and was comforted,
 But she learned at bitter cost
 That ever, a duty neglected,
 Is truest happiness lost.

Christian Union.

PINKIE.

BY A. H. FOR.

I WAS riding down a mountain way
 About the closing of the day,
 When a tiny child
 Peeped out and smiled,
 Like a flower from among the grasses;
 Her eyes were blue,
 With a sapphire hue,
 Her cheeks like the petals of a rose;
 And I caught the glimpse of her pearly toes,
 While she passed as a sunbeam passes.

I reached my hand as she fluttered by,
 "What is your name, little one?" asked I;
 "Pinkie," she said,
 And drooped her head,
 And pinker she grew with blushes;
 "Kiss me, my pet,"
 I remember yet,

How she raised her sweet little finger lips,
 And I felt the touch of her strawberry lips,
 Ere she hid away in the rushes.

I have thought of Pinkie a thousand times,
 As I've wandered o'er foreign seas and climes,
 For 'tis years a score,
 Perhaps, or more,
 Since that sunset eve when I met her;
 Though I never have heard
 Of her, a word,
 And she must be now a woman grown,
 With very likely a pink of her own,
 Yet, how can I forget her?

I often feel with a tender bliss,
 The sweetness of her tremulous kiss,
 And I see her again,
 As I saw her then,
 In the light of the sunset even;
 I will not grieve,
 But I will believe
 She lives a being of purest worth,
 Somewhere on God's beautiful earth;
 Or else, in His beautiful Heaven.

THE HOME CIRCLE.

EDITED BY A LADY.

THE MANAGEMENT OF GIRLS.

EDITOR OF THE HOME CIRCLE—I am a young mother, and I wish to bring up my daughters to be not only good and useful women, but to be real ladies also in manner, speech, and behavior. Now they show strong propensities to be "Tom-boys," and are never so happy as when joining in rough, boyish sports. What am I to do? Must I repress these inclinations, curb their boisterous spirits, and, confining them to the house, permit them to indulge only in recognized feminine amusements?

I have frequently read that girls take naturally to the nursing of dolls, and boys to drums, swords, and guns. Now, will you believe it, my three little girls are this moment busy making themselves a kite, and in half an hour they will be flying it with as much actual enjoyment as though they were every one of them born boys!—unless I put a summary stop to the proceedings by telling them it is not lady-like. And it is no uncommon sight to see the three girls in procession, with their little brother bringing up the rear, "playing soldier," with childish substitutes for uniforms, flag, drum, trumpet, guns, and swords, and making nearly as much din as the same number of boys could do.

I never knew one of them to nurse a doll for a "baby" in all their lives, though they all have their dolls, and play with them in their own way, too. But then, in the face of all that is written to the contrary, my little boy wanted a doll, too, and was only persuaded out of having one by his grandmother (who has the old-fashioned notions about such matters) telling him he wouldn't be a man if he played with dolls.

Have I on my hands three incipient, "strong-minded women," who are destined at some future day to become discontented with their "sphere" when its outline shall be more distinctly drawn around them, to complain of its duties, privileges, and deprivations, and to attempt to overturn society that they may obtain their "rights?"

Now, kind editor, please tell me, are my children anomalies, and must I repress all tokens of boyishness on the part of my girls, and shame all girlishness out of my boy? Or are the theories all wrong concerning boys and girls? Yours truly,

A READER OF THE HOME.

Some of the most quiet, sensible, lady-like women we have ever known were, in their juvenile days, the most inveterate "Tom-boys," concerning whom everybody was ready to prophesy all manner of evil; for how, thought they, could girls, who were

more boys than girls in habits and tastes, ever come to any good?

We believe that, in this matter of the training of girls, nature knows better than we what they are and what they should do. Mothers should be like careful and skilled gardeners, judiciously pruning here and there, but never forcing the plants out of their unnatural growth. For we may be sure that if too much is lopped off, the whole plant will be stunted and never reach its fullest development; or, as it is repressed in one direction, it will spread the farther in the opposite.

Thus, if we restrain our daughters in the fear that they may become too boyish, there may be an irrepressible outgrowth of vanity and other feminine vices.

Our sons and our daughters each need the other in their play, and in their work. There is no better restraint to a young man just entering the world than the society and influence of sensible and loving sisters. But if they have been divided in all their interests from early childhood, the young man will fancy that in attaining his manhood he has outgrown his sisters. No power can draw them together again; and where there should be strong influence for good, there will be none at all.

Do not "shame the girlishness out of" your boy. He is not old enough to discriminate, and he soon gets to feel, in consequence, that boyhood is something infinitely superior to girlhood. This feeling, if he does not outgrow it, will make him that most detestable of individuals, whether boy or man, a priggish, vain, overbearing person, who bases his superiority not on his personal or mental attainments, but on his sex alone.

Teach your sons and daughters equally to be generous and just, kind and considerate. Check in one as much as in the other all rudeness, ungentleness, and untruth; all impropriety of speech or behavior. And as for the rest, let them join in each other's plays as much as they will. Your boys will be all the more surely gentlemen for this companionship with their sisters, and your girls will, we trust, prove none the less ladies, because you have given them a chance to be women with strong nerves, healthy bodies, and whole souls. Do not think that nature has done her work so bunglingly that it requires any efforts on our part to keep either sex from merging in the other. It is barely possible that we have been mistaken in regard to the proper attributes of womanhood, and that refinement and lady-like behavior are not incompatible with physical health, strength, and courage.

As to the doll question, it has not been so many

years since we emerged from girlhood. Our acquaintance at that period with others of our years and sex was somewhat extensive, and with the acquaintance of each little girl was included that of a doll or family of dolls. Now when we read, as we often do, about the maternal instincts of little girls, which they gratify by clasping their doll in their arms and calling it a babe, we can only smile, and wonder of what weight can be arguments based on premises so fallacious as these. The little girl's doll, after the child has reached an age in which the imagination begins to be developed, may be a lay figure upon which to display her efforts in millinery; it may be a keeper of a diminutive house, and a mother with a husband and family of its own; it may take walks and rides; may go to church, to picnics, to parties, and balls; it may be the heroine of the last story the child has read, or the puppet to enact an imaginary story; it may live a connected life from day to day, or begin a new one every hour, according to its mistress' fancy; but it is seldom a babe to be nursed, rocked, and sung to.

The instinct for noise and dirt, which leads them to boish plays, is just as strong in most little girls as this "maternal instinct" we hear so much about. Let all masculine writers take heed, and remember what we say; let all feminine ones recall their own young days.

OUR HELP.

I HAVE read with much interest an article in your April number on the servant question, and feel hearty sympathy for the girl whose letter is given. I am glad she did not "go into the bar-room to warm herself." I do not doubt but she will one day be the honorable head of a home of her own. Then may the memory of her own experience make her ever kind to those in her employ.

I have long felt that the great obstacle in the way of our American girls going into the kitchen was the want of consideration on the part of their employers. They can't forget that they have souls as well as bodies, but the ladies entirely ignore this fact. They will not believe a domestic is anything more than a mere machine.

Now, one of the first requisites for being well served is to attach a domestic to you personally. I know that many will resent this idea. They "don't want a servant's affection." But my dear lady, the love of a dog may do you a good turn some day.

I have had a dozen years' experience in house-keeping, and as is the lot with most of us, many changes of administrations have taken place in the kitchen. I have always made it a point to treat girls with kindness from the moment they crossed my threshold. I have felt for them as away from their home and friends, and without any undue familiarity, have made them feel that I was their

friend. As I look back over the long line of Annes, Elizas, and Marys, I can say that as a rule I have been *well served*. My girls have shown me attentions which many rich friends have never been able to buy with their gold. Scattered far and wide in homes of their own, they often send messages of grateful affection to me, and when near, come to me with their sorrows and perplexities for advice and direction. Even a dishonest servant, whom I was compelled to discharge, left me with bitter tears and sobs rather than in anger. Though conversing freely with a girl of her own affairs and interests, taking good care of her comfort in household arrangements, I have never been treated with the disrespect I see in many showy households where the mistress carries herself haughtily toward her domestics. My girls try to please me, and I feel confident any mistress may secure this most desirable result who will treat her help with kindness, as she would wish others to do by her if God had placed her in the same position.

EXPERIENCE.

SOMEBODY LOVES ME.

TWO or three years ago the superintendent of the Little Wanderers' Home, in —, received one morning a request from the judge that he would come up to the court-house. He complied directly, and found there a group of seven little girls, dirty, ragged, and forlorn beyond what even he was accustomed to see. The judge, pointing to them—utterly friendless and homeless—said:

"Mr. T., can you take any of them?"

"Certainly, I can take them all," was the prompt reply.

"Ah! What in the world can you do with them?"

"I'll make women of them."

The judge singled out one, even worse in appearance than the rest, and asked again:

"What can you do with that one?"

"I'll make a woman of her," Mr. T. replied firmly and hopefully.

They were washed and supplied with good suppers and beds. The next morning they went into the school-room with the children. Mary was the little girl whose chance for better things the judge thought small. During the forenoon the teacher said to Mr. T. in reference to her—

"I never saw a child like that. I have tried for an hour to get a smile, but failed."

Mr. T. said afterward himself, that her face was the saddest he had ever seen—sorrowful beyond expression—yet she was a very little girl, only five or six years old.

After school he called her into his office, and said pleasantly—

"Mary, I've lost my little pet. I used to have a little girl that would wait on me, and would sit on my knee, and I loved her much. A kind gentle-

man and lady have adopted her, and I would like for you to take her place and be my pet now. Will you?"

A gleam of light flittered over the poor child's face as she began to understand him. He gave her a penny, and told her she might go to a shop and get some candy. While she was out he took two or three newspapers, tore them into pieces, and scattered them about the room. When she returned, in a few minutes, he said to her—

"Mary, will you clear up my office a little for me; pick up those papers, and make it look nice?"

She went to work with a will. A little more of this sort of management—in fact, treating her as a kind father would—wrought the desired result. She went into the school-room after dinner with so changed a look and bearing that the teacher was astonished. The child's face was absolutely radiant; and half fearful of mental wandering, he went to her and said—"Mary, what is it? What makes you look so happy?"

"Oh! I have got some one to love me! some-

body to love me!" the child answered earnestly, as if it were Heaven come down to earth.

That was all the secret. For want of love that little one's life had been so cold and desolate, that she had lost childhood's beautiful faith and hope. She could not at first believe in the reality of kindness or joy for her. It was the certainty that some one loved her and desired her affection that lighted the child's soul and glorified her face.

Mary has since been adopted by wealthy people, and now lives in a beautiful home; but more than all its beauty and comfort, running like golden thread through it all, she still finds the love of her adopted father and mother.

Shall we, who have many to love, and who love us, refuse to be comforted, to see any value and use in life, any work for our hands to do, because one of our treasures may be removed from our sight—from our home and care to a better?

And O! shall we let any of these little ones go hungering for affection—go neglected and uncared for to the judgment of the great day before they find one to love them?

GARDENING FOR LADIES.

BY MRS. E. B. DUFFEY.

WORK FOR OCTOBER.

NOW is renewed for a brief space the real work of gardening.

PEONIES are best removed this month, and the old roots divided.

PERENNIALS, if they have been in place three or four years, should be divided and reset.

DAHLIAS.—After the foliage is killed, dig the roots on a warm sunny day, using care, as they are very easily broken. When dry, label, and store in a dry cellar.

Most of the annuals will be out of bloom, and these must be pulled up. The beds must receive a good coating of manure, which must be spaded in as far as practicable without injuring the perennials and the flowers still in bloom.

SOWING SEED.—Many of the hardy annuals, including phlox, candy-tuft, larkspur, mignonette, portulaca, poppy, verbena, and others, together with all the perennials not yet sown, will do better if sown in September or October than in the spring.

Our own garden presented a beautiful bloom of phloxes, candy-tuft, and poppies in May and June of this year; from seed sown in the fall; while the seed sown in the spring was just breaking ground. By sowing seeds of hardy annuals in the fall, and then again in the spring, a succession of bloom may be obtained.

SPRING-BLOOMING BULBS must now be set out. These include hyacinth, tulip, crocus, snowdrop,

jonquil, narcissus, iris, and fritillaria. These bulbs prefer a rich, sandy soil. They are planted in the open ground during this month. Plant hyacinths nine inches apart; tulips, narcissus, and jonquils at six inches crocuses and snowdrops at three inches. They show to the best advantage grouped in beds, each sort by itself. It is a good plan to scatter seeds of pansies, nemophilas, and other annuals over the beds, so that when the bulbs are removed in the spring the beds will still be occupied. Or, verbenas, or other bedding plants may be transplanted into the beds late in the spring.

Those wishing to procure either seeds or bulbs will find it to their interest to send to Mr. James Vick, of Rochester, N. Y. His seed is always good, and he is very generous to his customers.

PROTECTION.—Collect materials for covering half-hardy shrubs and plants. Where red cedar is abundant, it will be found one of the best materials. A layer of leaves over the flower beds will protect them from the severest cold of winter; but it is a mistake to put on any covering too early. Not only tender plants, but hardy perennials, come out all the better in spring for a protecting covering.

HOUSE-PLANTS.—The hardiest of the house-plants must now be certainly brought within doors. See that no insects are brought into the house with the plants.

BULBS FOR THE HOUSE.—Bulbs may now be prepared in pots and glasses for winter flowering, following the directions given in the January number of the HOME MAGAZINE.

MOSS BASKETS AND PLATES.—A very pretty ornament for table or stand can be made by filling a deep plate with rich dirt and covering the top with bright green moss. A variety of moss adds to its beauty, and irregularity of surface is no drawback to its appearance. Some very beautiful mosses, half moss and half lichen, with little scarlet cups, may be found at this season of the year. Acorns, pebbles, and shells, scattered over the top, give a pleasing contrast to the green; and minute plants, displaying a variety of color and foliage, serve to make a miniature thicket. Or in the centre of this moss may be planted a pansy, a nemophila, or almost any small flowering plant. The moss must be kept well moistened, and although there is no arrangement for drainage, it is our experience that the plants thrive none the less.

In such miniature winter gardens, square and circular, we have had mosses of all descriptions, winter-green, laurel, cinque-foil, pipsissewa, miniature oaks, and chestnuts of two or three leaves each, and a half dozen other flowers, plants, and grasses flourishing at once, and retaining their life during the entire winter, without seeming to be the least embarrassed by the moisture which frequent watering allowed to accumulate at the bottom, while the entire soil would not be over two inches in depth.

Those who have not the time to devote to the care of house-plants, and yet have an artist's love for the beautiful, and long during the winter for something green to rest their eyes upon, will find this simple little garden a real pleasure and no trouble whatever.

AUTUMN WOODS.

BY W. C. BRYANT.

ERE in the northern gale,
The summer tresses of the trees are gone,
The woods of autumn, all around our vale,
Have put their glory on.

The mountains that enfold,
In their wide sweep, the colored landscape round,
Seem groups of giant kings in purple and gold,
That guard the enchanted ground.

I roam the woods that crown
The upland, where the mingled splendors glow,
Where the gay company of trees look down
On the green fields below.

My steps are not alone
In these bright walks; the sweet southwest, at play,
Flies, nestling, where the painted leaves are strewn
Along the winding way.

And far in Heaven, the while,
The sun, that sends the gale to wander here,
Pours out on the fair earth his quiet smile—
The sweetest of the year.

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Where now the solemn shade—
Verdure and bloom, where many branches meet—
So grateful, when the noon of summer made
The valleys sick with heat?

Let in through all the trees
Come the strange rays; the forest depths are bright;
Their sunny-colored foliage, in the breeze,
Twinkles like beams of light.

The rivulet, late unseen,
Where, bickering through the shrubs its waters run,
Shines with the image of its golden screen,
And glimmerings of the sun.

But 'neath yon crimson tree,
Lover to listening maid might breathe his flame,
Nor mark, within its roscate canopy,
Her blush of maiden shame.

O Autumn! why so soon
Depart the hues that make thy forests glad;
Thy gentle wind and thy fair sunny noon,
And leave thee wild and sad?

Ah! 'twere a lot too blest
Forever in thy colored shades to stray;
Amid the kisses of the soft southwest
To roam and dream for aye!

And leave the vain, low strife
That makes men mad—the tug for wealth and power,
The passion and the cares that wither life,
And waste its little hour.

AUTUMN IN THE COUNTRY.

WINTER, spring, and summer have each their special charms, but in autumn the year seems to hold a carnival of light, shade, and color. In the beautiful October days the air is mild, yet crisp and bracing; and there is a gorgeous glow to the landscape that surpasses the beauties of all other months. Crimson, scarlet, and green oaks, russet chestnuts, yellow hickory, and orange sassafras, mingle with the cool, bright tints of the still green magnolia, and the deeper shades of the ever-green holly, pine, and cedar. The chestnuts, hickory nuts, and acorns fall with a patter and a rustle among the leaves; while the chrysanthemums, the year's youngest darlings, open their blossoms in the garden. The roadside fences are all festooned with long green and crimson sprays of blackberry brambles. Under foot is a soft carpet of the greenest, brightest moss, embroidered in bewildering patterns of scarlet and orange cinque-foil, and other delicate little leaves and tendrils.

Spring and summer present their garlands of wild and cultivated flowers, but the treasury of autumn is, to our thinking, richer still. We go out in the mild, bracing days, and only return when we are so laden with treasures we can carry no more. Oak leaves, green and scarlet; crimson sumach—

"I lift this sumach bough with crimson flare,
And touched with subtle pangs of dreamy pain,
Through this dark wood a torch I seem to bear
In autumn's funeral train!"

sings J. J. Piatt, a Western poet—green magnolia, holly, and black alder, and their scarlet berries; laurel, all mottled with red, and brown, and orange; the long, graceful, fluffy plumes of the golden rod, whose yellow blossoms have given place to downy white seeds; and most valued of all, the trailing, clustering vines of the bearberry, with its heart-shaped, many-colored leaves, and clusters of purple berries—the most beautiful of all autumn's adornments—a vine which, in the region where we live, runs along the ground and climbs everywhere, hangs pendant from trees, and clusters lovingly over old stumps and rail fences, turning ugliness into the most exquisite beauty.

We cannot bear to pass one of these by; but though we come home loaded, and festoon our cottage with the long, trailing vines, until the loveliness without the window seems appropriately framed, and the beauty attempted on the canvas within is eclipsed by its garlanding rival of nature's handiwork, there are still bearberry vines everywhere, swaying from tree, and bush, and fence—the torment of the farmer, but, oh! the delight of the artist and the lover of nature.

Then there are treasures under foot. Pearly snail shells, little patches of surpassingly green moss—sometimes moss spotted with little, red, lichen-like cups—whole pocketsful of lichens, one knows not what to do with, but carries home, nevertheless; a miniature maple or oak tree, developing four scarlet leaves; and tiny plants, too attractive in form and color to be left behind. Winter green,

hiding its scarlet berries under its green and bronze leaves; white-striped pipsissewa; and half concealed beneath the russet carpet of the woods, the delicate, trailing partridge-berry, with its wax-like fruit; and the clustering leaves of the arbutus, giving promise of beauty and perfume in the coming April.

It is all too beautiful to last. One feels this with a pain that tempers the exquisite pleasure of its enjoyment. It is a brief, but, while it lasts, voluptuous festival of color, a lavish and luxurious feast for the eye, which the most dainty epicure need not scorn.

IN OCTOBER.

BY JOHN JAMES PIATT.

A FLUSHED cathedral, grand with loneliness,
Gloomy with light, and bright with shadow,
Secur

Thy catholic air, October. Holiest gleams
Alight like angels in each dim recess
Through the stained oriel of the east and west;
Thy floors float radiant with flutterings
Of moving shadows, ghosts of glorious wings;
Some organ's soul arises in the breast
Of him who walks thy aisles in reverent bound:
The steps of silence tremble into sound.
Lo, Nature brings her dead for burial rite!
Upon thy solemn altars, dressed for Death,
She lies her beautiful; the mother's brow
Is bow'd, while for her darling ones she grieves,
And o'er their burial breathes her tenderest breath,
As o'er their baptism in the April light;
And autumn, gorgeous preacher, murmurs now
Sermons of dying flowers and falling leaves.

OUR NEW COOK-BOOK.

CHAPTER X. CLEANLINESS.

CLEANLINESS is the principal requisite in the culinary department. It secures comfort and promotes health.

Each utensil employed in the preparation of food should be carefully examined and wiped before being used. Certain articles of diet require particular and distinct utensils; for instance—the fish-kettle, pan, or griddle should not be used for the cooking of beef steak, &c., for, however carefully cleaned, it will acquire—from frequent use—a degree of taint which cannot be removed; likewise, a preserving kettle should only be used for that purpose.

Avoid, as much as possible, the use of such articles as are lined with metal, which accumulates verdigris; see that your tin vessels are in good re-

pair; also, that the glazing of earthen pots is not peeling off.

Supposing, then, that cleanliness is duly appreciated and maintained in this prime department of your household, let us consider what utensils and management are needful for its completeness.

As domestics are our fellow-beings, and we who stand in the relation of mistresses and directors to them are bound, both as Christians and by the duties of humanity, to care for their well being, improvement, and comfort, it is not simply necessary that we furnish them with substantial bed-clothing and comfortable sleeping apartments, but it is equally incumbent on us, as, indeed, it will but conduce to our own happiness, to furnish our kitchens in so convenient and liberal a manner that no mistake may arise from want of proper appliances; so that no derelictions of duty may find

plausible excuses in the want of necessaries which should have been provided by the forethought and supervision of the lady; and, also, that a faithful cook may not be hindered by being obliged to substitute unsuitable and inconvenient utensils. We do not mean to advocate extravagance in kitchen furnishing, but simply to recommend as complete a supply of *necessaries* as can be obtained.

The kitchen should be furnished with a nicely contrived and ample dresser; the upper part, when opened, disclosing well-arranged dishes of various sorts and sizes. The drawers should contain dish-cloths and towels, mops, hand-towels, kitchen-table-cloths, dusters, kettle and iron-holders, scrubbing and scouring cloths. Elsewhere should be found skewers, stands for irons, pot-hooks, muffin-rings, small sieves, scissors, meat-knives, and saws, twine, &c., &c. The lower closets should be devoted to the safe-keeping of all kinds of iron pots, kettles, irons, gridirons, pails, &c., with scouring-sand, stove-blackening, and other materials for cleanliness.

If the ironing-table has a large drawer it may hold the various appurtenances for ironing. Upon some convenient side of the wall should be placed a couple of rows of wooden pins, upon which may be hung the brightly-scoured tins, in which a neat cook so much delights. If it be at all possible, there should also be a closet for the keeping of salt, flour, spice, sugar, and coffee-boxes, in constant use; also, for dredging-box, slaw-cutter, large grater, sieves, and other articles.

CAKES.

HOW TO MAKE CAKE.—When making cake, beat the butter to a cream, and then add the sugar, mixing the two articles well together. Then add in the eggs, which must be well beaten, and finish by mixing in the flour. When milk is used, stir the flour and milk in together among the other ingredients.

CHOCOLATE PUFFS.—Beat and sift half a pound of double-refined sugar, and grate into it one ounce of chocolate; then beat the whites of two eggs to a high froth and mix it in with your sugar and chocolate. Beat all together until the mixture becomes as stiff as paste, then sugar your papers and drop the puffs on the papers about the size of a sixpence, and bake them in a slow oven.

POUND CAKE.—One pound of butter, one pound of flour, ten eggs, and one nutmeg; mix the butter and sugar together until they become light, and then, by degrees, add in the other ingredients. The eggs should be beaten light before they are used.

CREAM CAKE.—Two cupfuls of flour, three cupfuls of sugar, one cupful of cream, five eggs, and one teaspoonful of pearlash. Rub the butter and sugar together, and then add in the other articles.

SHREWSBURY CAKE.—One pound of flour, three quarters of a pound of sugar, three quarters of a pound of butter, four eggs, and one nutmeg.

MACAROONS (IMITATION).—One pound of sugar, one pound of flour, a teaspoonful of ammonia. Roll out the dough, sprinkle sugar over it, and cut out the cakes.

DOVER CAKE.—One pound of sugar, one pound of flour, six eggs, and half a pound of butter. Add in spice to your liking. Beat the dough light and bake in a dish for about an hour.

BLACK CAKE.—Two pounds of currants and two pounds of raisins, which must be dredged with flour in order to prevent them from sinking in the cake. Mix together a large tablespoonful of cinnamon, one tablespoonful of mace, four tablespoonfuls of nutmeg, and one wineglassful of rose-water. Cut one pound of citron into slips; sift one pound of flour into one pan and one pound of powdered sugar into another pan; cut up among the sugar one pound of the best fresh butter, and stir them to a cream. Beat twelve eggs perfectly thick and smooth and stir them gradually into the butter and sugar alternately with the flour. Then add in by degrees the fruit and spice, and stir the whole very hard at the last. Put it immediately into a moderate oven and bake it at least four hours. When done, let it remain in the oven to grow cold—all night is best. Ice it in the morning, first dredging the outside with flour, and then wiping it with a towel. This will make the icing adhere better.

BRUNSWICK JELLY CAKE.—Stir together half a pound of fresh butter and half a pound of powdered white sugar until they become perfectly light. Sift three quarters of a pound of flour and add to it the yolks of three eggs, beaten very smooth and light, adding in the butter and sugar a teaspoonful of mixed spice, nutmeg, mace, and cinnamon, and half a wineglassful of rose-water. Stir the whole very well and lay it on your dough-board, which must be first sprinkled with flour. It will be a soft dough, but if unmanagable you can add a little more flour. Spread the dough into a sheet half an inch thick, and cut it into round cakes with the edge of a tumbler. Bake them in buttered pans for about five or six minutes. When cold, spread on the surface of each cake a layer of fruit jelly or marmelade. Beat the whites of three eggs until they stand alone, and add enough white sugar to make it as thick as icing. Flavor it with a few drops of essence of lemon, and heap it with a spoon upon each cake, making it higher in the centre. Put the cakes in a cool oven, and when the tops are of a brown color they are sufficiently done.

MAGGIE CAKE.—One cupful of sugar, one cupful of milk, one cupful of butter, one tin cupful of flour, and three eggs; also, one teaspoonful of soda and one of cream of tartar.

LADY CAKE.—Mix to a cream three-quarters of a cupful of butter and two cupfuls of white, refined sugar, the whites of eight eggs—beaten light—and one cupful of cream, in which dissolve one tea-

spoonful of saleratus; add three cupfuls of flour, in which put two teaspoonfuls of cream of tartar, one and a half ounces of bitter almonds; after blanching them, grate them on a fine grater into the flour, mixing the cream of tartar, almonds and flour—dry—together, and putting them lastly into the other ingredients. Bake an hour in a moderate oven.

EXCELLENT BLACK CAKE.—The ingredients are: twelve eggs, one pound of butter, one pound of sugar, three pounds of currants, two pounds of raisins, twenty cloves, and a quarter of a pound of citron, with sufficient flour. Put the fruit in last, and when it is beaten light, add a wineglassful of rose-water.

COFFEE CAKE.—The ingredients are: one cupful of coffee (left cold from breakfast), one cupful of butter, one cupful and a half of sugar, one cupful of molasses, five cupfuls of flour, one teaspoonful of soda, some raisins, and whatever spices you prefer.

LADY CAKE.—The ingredients are: the whites of sixteen eggs, one pound of sugar, one pound of butter, flour to make a batter, and two tablespoonfuls of the extract of almonds. Bake for two hours in a slow oven.

FRENCH BUNS.—Cream half a pound of butter and add to it one pound of sugar, eight eggs (separate the yolks and whites and beat them well), one teaspoonful of soda dissolved in a cupful of sour cream, and one pound of flour. Flavor to your liking.

SCOTCH CAKE.—One pound of flour, one pound of sugar, three-quarters of a pound of butter, three eggs (separate the whites and yolks and beat separately), a tablespoonful of cinnamon, one nutmeg, half a pound of almonds. Rub the butter into the flour with a knife; blanch the almonds (divide them), and after the cakes are rolled out spread the almonds on the tops of them. Bake in a quick oven.

NICE CAKE.—Three eggs, one pint of cream, and one quarter of a pound of sugar, with flour to make a dough. Mix thoroughly together, roll and cut them out, and bake in lard.

LIGHT GINGERBREAD.—One quart of molasses, one quarter of a pound of butter, one ounce of potash, half a pint of sour cream or milk, and one tablespoonful of ginger. Soak the potash in the milk for one hour, then mix all the ingredients together and warm them. Afterward beat them well together and let the dough raise over night; then add as much flour and milk as will make it as stiff as pound cake.

GINGER NUTS.—One quart of molasses, half a pound of sugar, three-quarters of a pound of butter, two and a half ounces of ginger, and half an ounce of cinnamon. Work the dough very stiff and bake the nuts in a quick oven.

BEST CAKE IN THE WORLD.—One pound of sugar, six eggs, one cupful of butter, one cupful of sour milk, one tablespoonful of soda, cream tartar, and four cupfuls of flour.

SPONGE CAKE.—One cupful of flour, one cupful of sugar, three eggs, one teaspoonful of cream tartar. Stir well together. Dissolve a quarter of a teaspoonful of soda in a tablespoonful of hot water. Add it to the cake, stir briskly, and bake half an hour.

SODA CAKE.—One pound of flour, one pound of sugar, a quarter of a pound of butter, four eggs, one and a half teacupfuls of sweet milk, one teaspoonful of soda, and two teaspoonfuls of cream tartar. Stir the soda and cream tartar in milk and add them in last.

SOFT GINGERBREAD.—Three cupfuls of butter, two cupfuls of molasses, one cupful of sugar, one cupful of sour cream, six eggs, one tablespoonful of ginger, one teaspoonful of saleratus, dissolved in the milk and put in last, and not to be beaten afterward. Flour enough to form a thin batter.

ROTATION CAKE.—The articles needed are one cupful of butter, two cupfuls of sugar, three cupfuls of flour, four eggs, one teaspoonful of saleratus, and one cupful of sour cream.

YORK CAKE.—One pound of sugar, four eggs, two teacupfuls of lard, one pint of molasses, two teaspoonfuls of saleratus, one tincupful of new milk, one teacupful of ginger, and spice to your liking. Three tincupfuls of flour and a little salt.

MACAROONS.—To the whites of two eggs, one pound of almonds—blanched and mashed—one pound and a quarter of sugar, and four tablespoonfuls of flour, or grated crackers, or corn-starch.

CUP CAKE.—Two cupfuls of sour cream, two teaspoonfuls of saleratus—beaten together—three cupfuls of sugar, four eggs—well beaten—four cupfuls of flour. Beat the ingredients together—flavor to your liking.

MADISON CAKE.—Five cupfuls of flour, three cupfuls of sugar, two cupfuls of butter, one cupful of sour cream, one teaspoonful of saleratus, three eggs, and one nutmeg. Beat all together and bake in a buttered pan.

HARD CRACKERS.—Mix together one pint of molasses, one cupful of sugar, and one teaspoonful of ginger, and boil the whole fifteen minutes. Then pour it into a dish, and allow it to cool sufficiently for you to put your hand into it. Work your meal in as stiff as you can possibly get it, and bake the crackers on tins.

DROP CAKE.—Beat well together half a pound of butter and half a pound of sugar; to a pint of cream add half a pound of flour, three eggs, and a wineglassful of rosewater. Mix the ingredients well together and add a little mace. Drop the cakes on tins, but not very near each other.

NEW PUBLICATIONS.

Robert Falconer is the title of George Macdonald's latest novel. Viewed from the usual standpoint from which we regard works of fiction, we cannot say much of it as a novel, for it is not sensational, and the story often drags, or pauses entirely, to give place to other matters. But as a book dealing with the common questions of theology and practical Christianity, it is certainly remarkable, and one that will startle the reader, awaken thought, elicit admiration, and, no doubt, provoke criticism.

Among other matters, the author gives incidentally his opinion of corporate charitable societies, and puts in the mouth of his hero the words: "It is better to endow one man, who will work as the Father works, than a hundred charities."

His hero, Robert Falconer, a gentleman of independent means, spends his time among the poor of London, ministering to their bodily and spiritual needs. We cannot do better, in attempting to give the reader an idea of Mr. Macdonald's peculiar views, as expressed in this book, than to copy a page or two from the book.

Robert Falconer, and the author of the book, who is known in its pages as Mr. Gordon, set out for a walk through the streets of London. On their way they came across two children—mere babes—whose mother has killed herself in a fit of frenzy, produced by drink:

"I think we may appropriate this treasure-trove," said Falconer, turning at last to me; and, as he spoke, he took the eldest in his arms. Then, turning to the woman, he gave her a card, saying, 'If any inquiry is made about them, there is my address—will you take the other, Mr. Gordon?'

"I obeyed. The children cried no more. After traversing a few streets, we found a cab and drove to a house in Queen Square, Bloomsbury.

"Falconer got out at the door of a large house, and rung the bell; then took the children out and dismissed the cab. There we stood, in the middle of the night, in a silent, empty square, each with a child in his arms. In a few minutes we heard the bolts being withdrawn. The door opened, and a tall, graceful form, wrapped in a dressing-gown, appeared.

"I have brought you two babies, Miss St. John," said Falconer. "Can you take them?"

"To be sure I can," she answered, and turned to lead the way. "Bring them in."

"We followed her into a little back room. She put down her candle, and went straight to the cupboard, whence she brought a sponge cake, from which she cut a large piece for each of the children.

"What a mercy they are, Robert—those little gates in the face! Red Lane leads direct to the heart," she said, smiling, as if she rejoiced in the idea of taming the little wild angels. "Don't you stop. You are tired enough, I am sure. I will wake my maid, and we'll get them washed and put to bed at once."

• • • • •

"We took our leave without more ado.

"What a lady-like woman to be the matron of an asylum!" I said.

"Falconer gave a little laugh.

"That is no asylum. It is a private house."

"And the lady?"

"Is a lady of private means," he answered, "who prefers Bloomsbury to Belgravia, because it is easier to do noble work in it. Her heaven is on the confines of hell."

"What will she do with those children?"

"Kiss them and wash them, and put them to bed."

"And after that?"

"Give them bread and milk in the morning."

"And after that?"

"Oh! there's time enough. We'll see. There's only one thing she won't do."

"What is that?"

"Turn them out again."

A pause followed, I cogitating.

"Are you a society, then?" I asked at length.

"No. At least we don't use the word. And certainly no other society would acknowledge us."

"What are you, then?"

"Why should we be anything, so long as we do our work?"

"Don't you think there is some affectation in refusing a name?"

"Yes, if the name belongs to you. Not otherwise."

"Do you lay claim to no epithet of any sort?"

"We are a church, if you like. There!"

"Who is your clergyman?"

"Nobody."

"Where do you meet?"

"Nowhere."

"What are your rules, then?"

"We have none."

"What makes you a church?"

"Divine service."

"What do you mean by that?"

"The sort of thing you have seen to-night."

"What is your creed?"

"Christ Jesus."

"But what do you believe about Him?"

"What we can. We count any belief in Him—the smallest—better than any belief about Him—the greatest—or about anything else besides. But we exclude no one."

"How do you manage without?"

"By admitting no one."

"I cannot understand you."

"Well, then, we are an undefined company of people, who have grown into human relations with each other naturally, through one attractive force—love for human beings, regarding them as human beings only in virtue of the divine in them."

"But you must have some rules," I insisted.

"None whatever. They would cause us only trouble. We have nothing to take us from our work. Those that are most in earnest draw most together: those that are on the outskirts have only to do nothing, and they are free of us. But we do sometimes ask people to help us—not with money."

"But who are the *we*?"

"Why, *you*, if you will do anything, and I, and Miss St. John, and twenty others—and a great

many more I don't know, for every one is a centre to others. It is one work that binds us together.'

"Then when that stops you drop to pieces."

"Yes, thank God. We shall then die. There will be no corporate body—which means a bodied body, or an unsouled body—left behind to simulate life, and corrupt, and work no end of disease. We go to ashes at once, and leave no corpse for a ghoul to inhabit and make a vampire of. When one spirit is dead, one body is vanished."

"Then you won't last long."

"Then we oughtn't to last long."

"But the work of the world could not go on so."

"We are not the life of the world. God is. And when we fail, He can and will send out more and better laborers into His harvest-field. It is a divine accident by which we are thus associated."

"But surely the church must be otherwise constituted."

"My dear sir, you forget. I said we were a church, not *the* church."

"Will you take me for a member?"

"No."

"Will you not if—"

"You may make yourself one if you will. I will not speak a word to gain you. I have shown you work. Do something, and you are of Christ's church."

In another part of the story, Falconer says—

"The nearer any friendly act is associated with the individual heart, without intervention of class or creed, the more the humanity, which is the divinity of it, will appear."

This book is published by Loring of Boston, and is for sale by Turner Bros. & Co. of Philadelphia.

EDITORS' DEPARTMENT.

THE HOME MAGAZINE FOR 1871!

WE give our Prospectus for next year a month earlier than usual, because we want the old staunch friends of the "HOME MAGAZINE" to know, in good time, our programme for 1871. It will be found in this number.

You see that we are going to make the "HOME," which is *acknowledged to be the best reading magazine of its class*, the most attractive of them all. This year it has been *superior to most of them*, and behind none. Next year we intend leading the van, and yet keep to the old range of low prices.

Our new premium picture is passing through the hands of the same engraver who gave us the "ANGEL OF PEACE" and "BED-TIME," and will be ready in a few weeks. The cost of this engraving largely exceeds that of our previous picture. Its title is "THE WREATH OF IMMORTELLS," and it represents two beautiful children, one of them bearing a wreath of Immortelles, on their way to the village churchyard, to lay their offering upon a mother's grave. It is one of the loveliest of pictures, tender, sweet, and fascinating, and exquisite as a work of art.

Every getter up of a club for 1871 will receive a copy of this picture, and every subscriber for 1871 will be entitled to order a copy

for \$1. It cannot be bought at any print sellers' for less than \$5.

And now, friends of the HOME MAGAZINE, old and new, begin early to get names for your clubs. The earlier you commence the easier will be the work; for reaping is always easier than gleaning—to say nothing of the more abundant returns. If you wait for a few weeks other magazines will be ordered by many who would rather have taken the "HOME," if an opportunity for joining a club had been given, and the privilege of getting our lovely premium picture for \$1 been known.

Start early then, and give us for 1871 the largest list of any for "The Queen of the Ladies' Magazines."

THE RESPONSIBILITIES OF PUBLISHERS.

Every editor is responsible to a certain extent for all that may appear in the pages of his paper or magazine. There are certain papers the standard of which is professedly low, and we take them for what they are worth. And there are others so lost to decency and honor that money will purchase in them the space for anything. But the public knows them and rates them as they deserve.

How is it that the same rule is not applied to publishers? How is it that the imprint of a publishing firm is not a guarantee of excellence of a certain degree, according to the acknowledged standard of the firm? There are some publishers whose imprint promises us a certain kind of weak,

sensational literature, and this promise is generally fulfilled. We always know what to look for, and are seldom disappointed. But there are other houses whose names are in a measure vouchers for the excellence of their publications. When we take up a book whose title-page bears their imprint we expect something which will stand criticism, both intellectually and morally, and have we not a right to feel that we are unfairly dealt by, if occasionally a book does not meet our expectations—if we find it the crude effort of an amateur writer, which the "reader" ought to have rejected after reading half a page, and which, after his rejection, ought never to have been the subject of negotiation in the counting-room? What, further, can we think if we find that a firm of professed and acknowledged respectability is following instead of attempting to lead public sentiment, and stimulating a depraved appetite by feeding it with literary aliment of an injurious character?

If a book is not worth publishing, no pecuniary consideration—no assurance against loss—should ever tempt a publisher to issue it under his name. If a writer is so really desirous of appearing in print that he is willing to risk all losses, there is, perhaps, no actual sin in gratifying him. But a publisher should be too jealous of his reputation to issue it otherwise than anonymously.

But with works of questionable morality it is another matter. The law recognizes as indictable the publication of obscene books and papers. But it does not, and perhaps cannot, touch a class of publications whose impurities, glossed over with a thin varnish of sentiment, are no less impure and ten times more hurtful.

We might mention by name, but we will not, a brilliant English authoress who has found a ready publisher in this country, and has met with exceeding favor from a certain portion of the reading public. All will know who we mean when we say that she is incapable of a conception of womanly purity and virtue. Her heroines are either heartless wantons, or weak fools. And when she attempts to draw a good female character it is about as correct and life-like as the cheap lithographs of saints which one sees abounding in shop windows. Nor has she any better conceptions of masculine excellence. Her heroes and saints are men whom a rightly constituted society would cast out as moral lepers. And her entire productions—brilliant, sparkling, fascinating, redundant with a certain encyclopedical knowledge though they be—reek with the polluted atmosphere of the demi-monde.

Have any publishers a moral right to flood our country with such literature? Have they a right to further corrupt the public by ministering to the depraved taste that demands these books? Would it not be for their own best interests in everything, save, perhaps, in a pecuniary point of view, if they were never to issue them?

There is just now a sudden influx of French and German novels into our literature. Some few of

these are good. A large measure are indifferent in quality, and, we might add, so hopelessly dull that there is little fear of their doing much harm. Of the balance, the tendency is evil and only evil.

The Christian Union, speaking on the subject of French novels in America, makes some very pertinent remarks. It says:

"There is a class of French novels the purport of which is supposed to be reformatory. They are directed against certain abuses of society in the old world, and they may have answered some purpose there. Such are the novels of Eugene Sue, of the younger Dumas, of Victor Hugo, of De Balzac, and of Madame Georges Sand. In all of these novels there is more or less of a groaning and a sighing of the authors' souls toward a better state of things. They expose many evils; they have here and there fragments of aspiration toward what is good.

"But because they are reformatory to a certain degree in the old corrupt stages of society in other lands, does it follow that they are reformatory to be introduced and patronized here in America, where none of the abuses exist?

"For De Balzac and Madame Georges Sand to be introduced into America as reformers, is like sending physicians out of a small-pox and cholera hospital, all reeking with miasm, to practice in some wholesome country town. They may be very useful where they were, and yet only spread the plague among us here.

"Our American girls are not married by contract, without love; and therefore novels which show circumstantially how married women who do make such marriages are led into adultery afterward, are neither necessary nor edifying. Moreover, all these French writers are morally diseased persons as compared with people who have been formed by the strong, pure Puritan society in America or England.

"All of them have lived lives that would have at once cast them out of society here, and marked them as dangerous persons to be associated with. There is not one of them whose moral sense is not more or less paralyzed by the admitted corruptions of the society they spring from.

"Some of the novels of Madame Georges Sand, and some of De Balzac's, remind us of nothing so much as the efforts of a strong constitution to throw out poison upon the surface, and they have been wonderfully successful in getting out a great deal.

"Madame Georges Sand, as is well known, lived such a life in Paris as made it impossible for women who meant to keep standing in society to associate with her. But she held a court of men, and all the artists and literary men of France were in her train. The moral state of Paris is an exact reproduction of old Greece. There were in Athens distinguished courtesans, like Aspasia and Diotima, whom even Socrates quoted as an authority. So is it now in France.

"The attempt is now apparently being made gradually to introduce her to American readers, first by her more innocent writings, and then, as our moral senses become confused, to add others, until we can accept and apologize for the whole.

"There are persons who ought to read the current literature of the day, and explore the bad as well as the good—just as there are health-officers who ought to take their lives in their hands and visit infected regions. But such should be held to their responsibility to give warning where the at-

mosphere is not pure. They ought to act as health officers and report where there is malaria."

But unfortunately the result is too likely to be different from that in case of malaria. Instead of hurrying away from, the public will rush into the danger, and the conscientious and well-meaning critic is dismayed to find his warning signals employed as beacon lights to lead into the very heart of the evil. Silence seems to be the only course. And our only hope is that the better portion of the thinking, reading, and writing people will unite in stigmatizing this corruption of our literature as it deserves, and will attempt to make publishers feel the responsibilities which rest upon them.

THE WOMEN OF DICKENS.

It has been said of Charles Dickens that he did not know how to delineate a true woman. In answer to this, Mrs. Sangster, in *The New York Independent*, says:

"When we begin to think how many and various are the types of women to whom he has introduced us, how few of them are exaggerated, how many are flesh and blood, and of those who walk the streets and jostle us every day, we are amazed that any one should call them caricatures. Susan Nipper, except that she is coal black, exactly like her English antetype, lives with my opposite neighbor. Dora Copperfields are never far to seek. One, a loving little incapable, came, with her dog in her arms, to the hospital at — to nurse her soldier husband, after the battle of Antietam! Can I ever forget her? Is not Mrs. Wilfer, with her stateliness and her waving hands, a memory of my childhood? Do I not now recall the very tone with which she said to me (come to her house as a visitor to her daughter): 'You see before you, my dear, an outcast!' Miss Flite, with her bag and her papers and her tripping step, is an inhabitant of this town. And a few months ago, on Broadway, whom should I meet but Jenny Wren, complete, from the poor, misshapen figure, with something wrong about its back and its legs, to the bower of golden hair in which it could sit and dream of 'him' who was sure to come, or shake its menacing mite of a hand at the troublesome children. Pleasant Riderhoods are forever 'doing up their back hair' at the tenement windows which you pass on your way to mission-school, or at the doors of the shanties which skirt the railroad that takes you to your suburban home. We thought for a long time that the poor crazed bride in 'Great Expectations' was a myth, with her yellow wedding-dress and her cobwebbed wedding-feast. But one day we found her counterpart in the story of an aged lady, miserly and unlovely, who died in Poughkeepsie. Her poor cobwebbed cake, and her faded old love-letters, and her yellow brocade, were all found after her death, together with the wealth in the midst of which her poor body had starved, as well as her famished soul. So now we believe in Miss Havisham.

"At least two women has Dickens given to literature who are representative and true to nature. One is Esther Summerson.

"A creature not too bright or good
For human nature's daily food,"

she is yet so sweet, so saintly, so full of generous impulses, so serene in her utter unselfishness, that

we follow her fortunes with breathless interest. We are more than glad when, at last, her patient love meets its proper reward, and her guardian, 'a west wind blowing,' puts her faithful hand into Allan Woodcourt's, and makes two thoroughly good young people as happy as they deserve to be.

"But fairer, sweeter, more heroic than Esther, is Lizzie Hexam. Whether rowing with her wretched father on the sluggish tide of the Thames, with the ghosts of his evil deeds hovering over them both; whether growing and blooming a stainless lily out of the black, black soil of the streets where she was nurtured; whether loving and bearing with her insolent prig of a brother; whether keeping her garments unspotted amid temptation, or coming like a spirit of light to poor worn-out Betty Higden's side, and lifting the tired head 'as high as heaven,' Lizzie Hexam is true woman and true lady. In the supreme scene of all, where she saves her almost murdered lover, and carries him with strength 'like the strength of ten, because her heart is pure,' she is one of the grandest figures ever set on any page. Faithful as Jeanie Deans, modest as Enid, beautiful as that face which looks from your favorite wall on the beckoning Future, Lizzie Hexam is among the peerless women of fiction.

"He will never write any more, never again create an atmosphere of jubilant mirth in our working world, never charm us with another artistic spell. The prince of story-tellers is dead. Somehow, vaguely, we had thought he might live—if not forever, yet as long as we did. He has dowered us royally, and we must be content. We are better for his having lived! We are glad to have lived at the same time, and we would fain be among those mourning ones who fling the freshness of their flowers upon his new-made grave."

ENCOURAGEMENT TO LADY ARTISTS

Mr. Prang, of Chromo-Lithograph fame, writes the following letter to the editress of *The Revolution*:

"Boston, Mass., July 8th, 1870.

"Dear Editress: Why should we leave to kings and queens the privilege of tempting female art genius by extra reward? If it pleases you to lend your aid, by appointing a committee of ladies, able and willing to take charge of the practical part of the enterprise, then I will set out a sum of \$500 for premiums on works of art by female artists. I think this sum might be divided in \$100 for the best illuminated motto or poetical sentiment; \$150 for the best flower composition in water color, and \$250 for the best child picture in oil.

"All I ask for myself would be the privilege of buying, for the purpose of publication, any of the premium pictures at the artist's usual price. May I hear from you on this subject? Your friend,
"L. PRANG."

This is truly generous of Mr. Prang, and we hope his offer will be accepted. We have only one fault to find, and that is with his suggestions in regard to the kind of pictures to be offered in competition. There are only a small portion of our lady artists who would really receive any encouragement if the premiums are offered as Mr. Prang proposes. There are lady artists who excel in still life pictures in oil, who cannot, perhaps, paint in water colors at all. There are others who paint landscapes well;

still others who paint animals, birds, genre pictures, etc. Why should not this offered \$500 be divided into five premiums of \$100 each, three of them distributed as Mr. Prang proposes, the fourth to be offered for the best still life picture in oil, and the fifth either be open for general competition, or be offered for any specified kind of picture that the committee think best to designate?

Will Mr. Prang and the editress of *The Revolution* consider this matter in the interest of lady artists generally?

THE RECORD OF CHRISTIAN WORK.

A number of *The Record of Christian Work* is before us. It is an excellent paper, published at Philadelphia, devoted to the recording of the doings of home missions, asylums, retreats, young men's Christian associations, etc. The June number contains a highly interesting history of the Bethany Mission, located at Shippen and Twenty-second streets, in this city. This mission first opened early in the year 1838, with an attendance of twenty-seven scholars and two teachers. Its scholars now number over a thousand, while a large and substantial building is erected for its accommodation.

MISS VIRGINIA F. TOWNSEND AS A LECTURER.

We would call the attention of managers of lyceums throughout the country to the fact that Miss Virginia F. Townsend proposes to enter the lecturing field during the ensuing winter. Lyceum committees desirous of engaging her can either address her personally at this office, from whence letters will be forwarded to her, or can make their applications through the Boston or Brooklyn Lyceum Bureaus.

The subject of her lecture is "Catharine de Medici and her Times," and those who were fortunate enough to be present at its first delivery in Brooklyn, under the auspices of the Brooklyn Woman's Club, when her audience represented the best elements of Brooklyn society, speak in the highest terms both of its matter and manner.

Our readers will pardon us if we quote again from Celia Burleigh, who says of this first appearance of Miss Townsend—"Taking for her subject Catharine de Medici and her Times, she gave a series of pen portraits that illuminated the dark background of history, and elaborated the whole into a picture at once vivid, life-like, and satisfying in its completeness. To accurate knowledge of the history of the period, Miss Townsend adds a nice discrimination of character and a happy facility in seizing upon the salient points of her subject, and presenting them in a manner that is not merely attractive, but impressive and satisfying. As for her manner, there was little about it that suggested the novice. She was self-possessed, her elocution free from staginess, and at times very impressive." She adds—"It would seem safe to predict for this

hard-working and noble woman a brilliant and successful career in the new field which she has chosen." With the same writer we can say we "heartily rejoice in every successful effort of a woman to widen the sphere of her influence and to increase her means of self-support, for she thus becomes not only an example but a stimulus to her sex," and we feel personally interested in Miss Townsend's successes, and wish our readers to remember that now an opportunity is offered them to hear and see a lady whose writings have so long been a source of pleasure and profit to them.

LADIES IN THE LECTURING FIELD.

We have received a copy of "The Lyceum," published by Redpath & Fall, of Boston. This publication gives a list of lecturers for the season of 1870-71. We find this list contains the names of over one hundred persons, embracing many men of celebrity as authors, poets, clergymen, politicians, etc., while the subjects of their lectures are varied and interesting. Among these lecturers we find twelve ladies, some of whom have before appeared in public, while others will make their first lecturing tour the ensuing winter. These twelve ladies are Miss Anna E. Dickinson, Olive Logan, Grace Greenwood, Mrs. Mary A. Livermore, Miss Virginia F. Townsend, Mrs. Alice E. Dutton, Miss Fanny R. Edmunds, Susan B. Anthony, Mrs. E. E. Rockwood, Mrs. Maria A. Stetson, Mrs. George Vandenhoff, and Mrs. Cora L. V. Tappan. The lectures of these ladies relate to temperance, the woman question, and other matters of general, historical, and literary interest. We do not see Miss Kate Field's name upon the list. Mrs. Lander will appear as a reader for the first time the coming season.

A BLESSING TO HOUSEKEEPERS.

A new soap has just been introduced in this city and a few other places that will wash in cold water, hard or soft, without the use of rubbing-boards or machines, and do the work perfectly with half the labor and trouble. It is called "WARFIELD'S COLD-WATER, SELF-WASHING SOAP," and its manufacture is covered by a patent dated in March of this year. There is nothing in the soap that can injure the most delicate fabrics, and yet its cleansing property is so great that it easily washes out grease, paint, or any kind of dirt or stains (except acids), in a few minutes, in cold water, leaving the fabric white and clean. Very little hard-rubbing is required, as the soap by its own action dissolves the grease and liberates the dirt, thus quickly accomplishing what is usually done by long boiling and hard labor.

All this that we state we know to be true, for we have not only seen the "Cold Water Soap" used over and over again, and always with a magic-like result, but we know many families who are using it, and who would not now do without it if the cost were doubled.

The patentee of this soap is now engaged in selling state and county rights for its manufacture. Much valuable territory is yet in his hands. For active business men, we know of no enterprise that promises to yield such quick and large returns. Any populous county or city of twenty or thirty thousand inhabitants will give ample field for a good paying business. If any reader of this should desire to secure territory, we will, if he writes to us, take pleasure in putting him in communication with the patentee. When it is once introduced into a neighborhood, and people come to know its value, no other soap will be used in ordinary house work.

This soap is now manufactured and sold, as we learn, at the following, among other places :

By E. Packer, 448 York Avenue, Philadelphia.

Alfred Matthias, 1035 Penn Street, Pittsburg, Pennsylvania.

Schrack & Ebert, Trappe, Montgomery Co., Pa.
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RICE'S LARGE AND FINE STEEL PORTRAIT OF T. S. ARTHUR.

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JENNY DENNISON.



VISITING TOILET AND DINNER DRÉSS.—(FROM MME. DEMOREST.)

wed to remain in the basin while the
in. When the dye is thoroughly mixed
put the feathers in and stir them about
on or stick in each hand, that the color
set equally. When the feathers are of
wish, take them out of the water with
element, and hang them to dry. No. 1
ment for the hair, and looks extremely
e, ribbon bows, or flowers. For the
a piece of rather thin Bristol board,
of an inch in depth and one inch and
width; slope the outer corners toward
ving one-quarter of an inch in the mid-
ly, which must be sloped and rounded
ities, and slightly fold the cardboard
depthways, on each side of this. This
support of the wings (it is better to be
on the underside), and to it the feathers
em must be fixed with strong gum
these, feathers having a larger and
than those forming the trimmings
ribbed must be selected, those form the
es cut to about an inch and three-quar-
and for the lower ones an inch and a
last must overlap the former, part of
feather being cut away that they may
uch. The feathers for the upper wings
aped with the scissors, and sloped to
er ones, and both sets notched at the
looks well for the upper wings, and
color for the lower ones (but these can
y way); white spots may be painted on
h body or oil color, and black on the
black, with which also the notches may
e breast feathers of pheasants are very
centre, arranged something in the
in No. 1, their natural markings com-
dvantage. The very small neck feathers
too, may be advantageously used for
ose. Having arranged the wings to
on proceed to cut the shape of the
y in the Bristol board, about an inch
ters in length, rather pointed at one
rounded at the other for the head;
erside black and cover the upper with
mmed on; but before doing so put be-
former piece of cardboard two of the
ents of a peacock's feather (or, if not
nt them narrower), about one inch and
in length, for the antennæ; these, being
re the best things for the purpose, as
the air, and give a more natural ap-
insert into the centre of the under
board a short length of fine wire (such
rtificial flowers) twisted around a knif-
id make a small loop at the disengaged
mains now to gum on the body in its
nd the butterfly is complete. A hair-
n the loop in the wire fastens it to the
quired position. Nos. 2 and 3 are well
ads to loop up the tunic of a white tar-
ball dress. A foundation must be made
uble piece of the same material as the
arrower than the feathers will cover,
No. 2, are to be fixed a row of five
adth, of any light or bright color pre-
not quite straight across, but in the
in the illustration. There are to be
same feathers also in height, as dis-
the illustration, and then by way of
of a large dark-green and black cock's
eacocks eye, which would have the
ght, with a very small feather of the
ne rest on each side of it to make up
ere are two ways of fastening on the
e people fix them with very strong gum
ill end of each; but the most secure
ver every feather twice on each side
d. The peacock's feather and the
d ones are to be repeated in the
in the illustration till you have the
h. No. 3, which is intended for the

No. 1.—ORNAMENT



No. 3.—BAND

FEATHER TRIMMINGS for a mourning dress, is composed en-
the newest and most feathers, arranged in the form there
present season are coted with very light narrow ones. Some
a variety of ways, eitnighit be intermixed in any way pre-
separate shapes, or ien this trimming; and, in order to
border of any desired shape, all and any of the
are particularly usefue cut with sharp scissors to give them
dyes" they may be ma and make them fit in where required,
to match or contrast v trimming for the edge of the tunic,
magenta dye a beautif with the looping up, and, in the choice
nt of the colors, must be made to
ra.



ETTA OVERSKIRT.

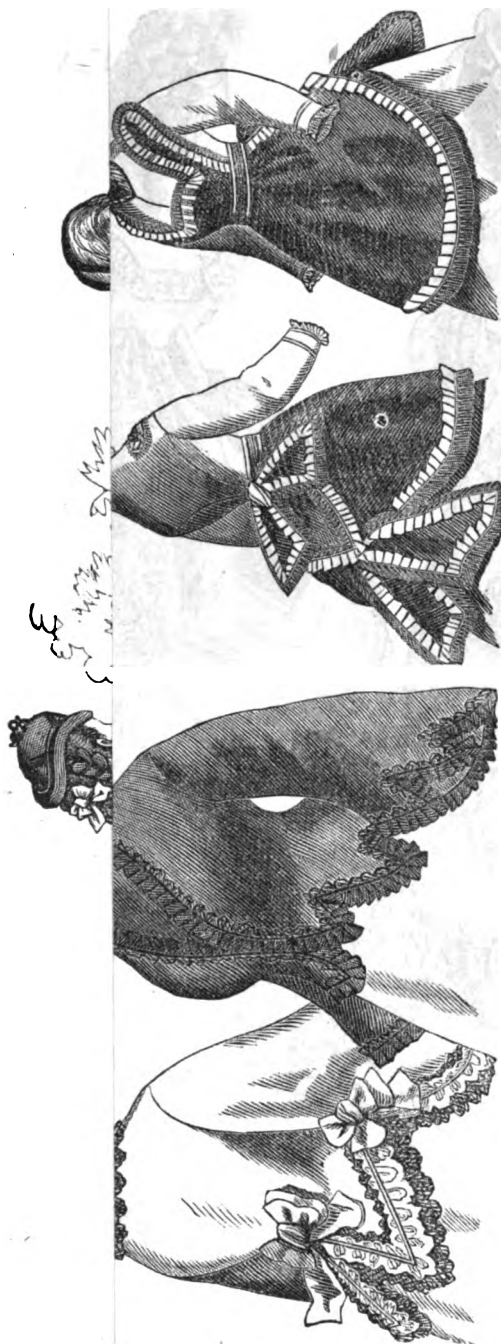
This jaunty little overskirt can very appropriately
be made in any of the fall or winter goods to complete
a suit. It would also be very pretty made in black
silk or alpaca, to be worn with any dress.



LITTLE BOY'S SUIT.

Rosalie

FASHIONS FROM MME. DEMOREST.



No. 1.

HOUSE JACKETS.

No. 1.—The "Usa," which partakes of the Zouave style in the front and is slightly fitted in the back, is made in white cashmere or serge, trimmed with white and black guipure—the white placed over the black and finished where the rows join by a rouleau of black grosgrain. Bows of black grosgrain ribbon.

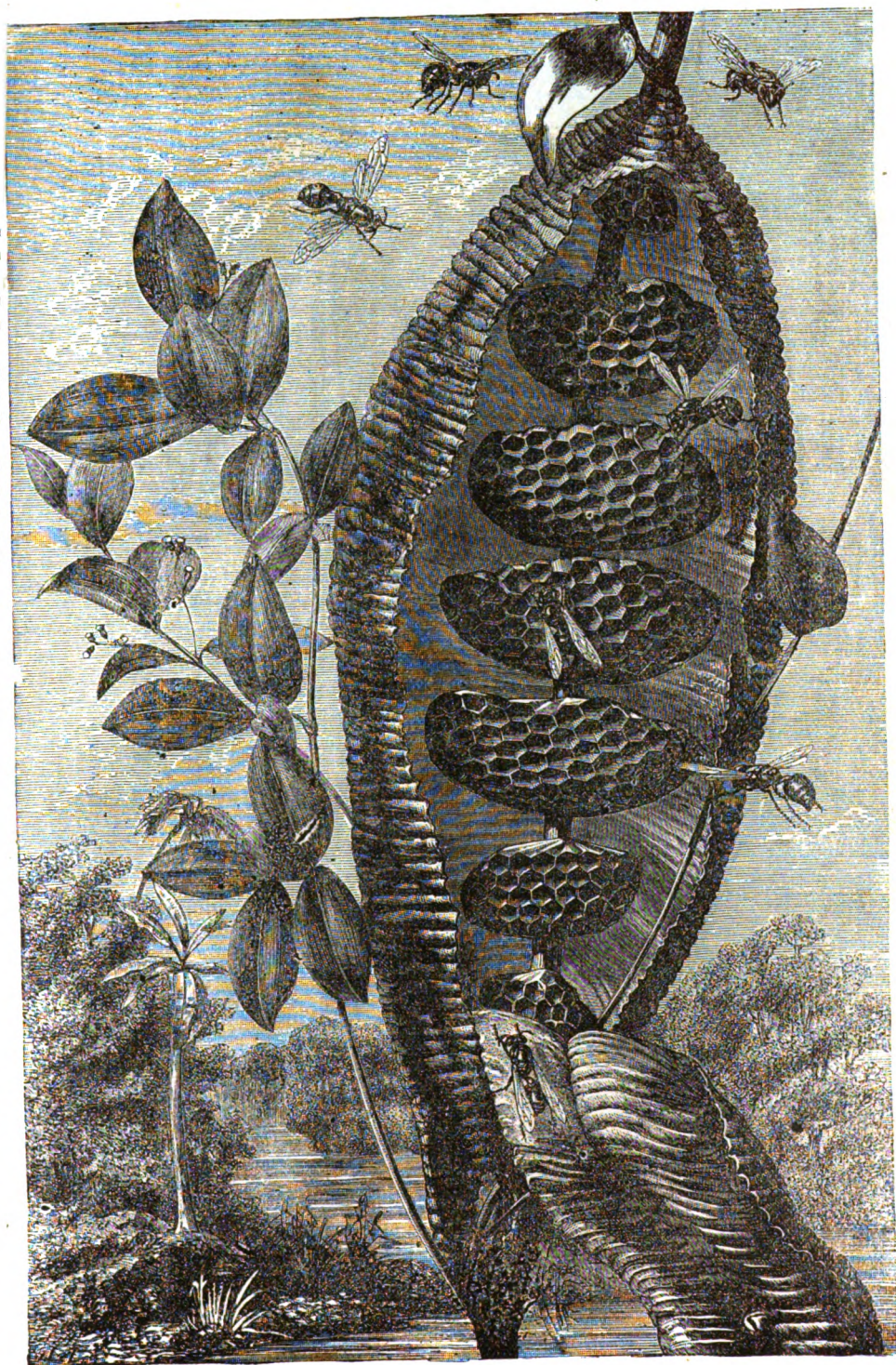
No. 2.—The "Ira," made in crimson cashmere, trimmed with white guipure of black silk, separated from a standing row of narrow guipure by a row of narrow velvet. It is closely fitted in the back the edge of the basque left plain, with the fronts cut in a design shown in the illustration.

No. 2.

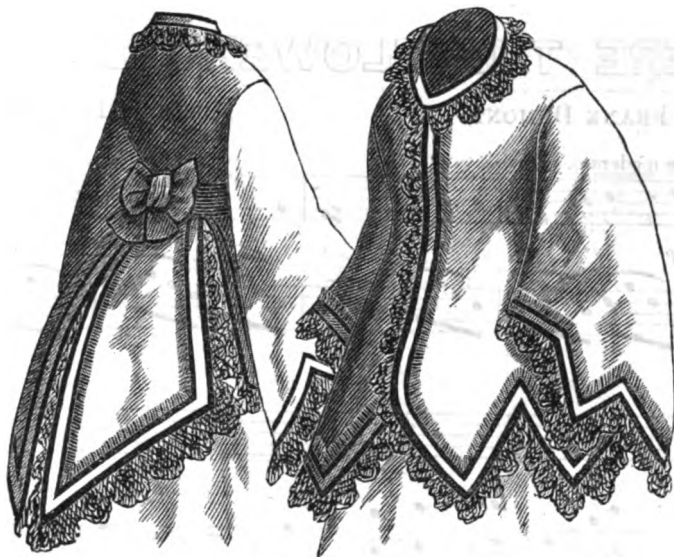
THE APRON OVERSKIRT.

(Front and back view.)

This simple and graceful overskirt can be very appropriately made in black silk or alpaca, and trimmed with velvet and fringe, or platings of silk. It will be found very convenient to be used with any dress, serving the double purpose of apron and overskirt.



TATOU WASP (*Tatua morio*).



URSULA CASAQUE.

This casaque is made in heavy black gros-grain, trimmed with rich Chantilly lace, headed with folds of gros-grain edged with satin.



BODICE OF MAUVE SILK, very open in front, and round
basque trimmed with a band and pleating of satin the
same shade. Chemisette of muslin, arranged in large
pleats with fluting and band of satin at the top.
Medici collarette surrounds the low, square bodice.



Low BODICE with waistcoat fronts of white poult-de-soi and revers of blue silk, edged with black lace. Full pleated basque of blue, with large revers on each side, also trimmed with lace.

Music selected by J. A. GETZE.

WHERE THE FLOWERS BLOOM.

WORDS BY FRANK DUMONT.

MUSIC BY FRANK STANLEY.

Andante moderato.



Be-
The



neath the oak tree in the dell, Where the Robin builds her nest, The
nights are sad and lone to me, When sleep comes to mine eyes, I



flowers are bloom - ing o'er the spot Where my Lottie's laid to
see the loved one gone be - fore an happy dreams a -
col voce.

[Entered according to Act of Congress, A. D. 1870, by LEE & WALKER, in the Clerk's Office of the Librarian of Congress at Washington.]

rest;
rise; My But dream of life and love has pass'd, But
 But ev - er dear - est to my heart, Though a-

mem' - ry back doth bring, When side by side, through
gain I'll nev - er see My Lot - tie, whom the

vale and glen, We wan - dered in the spring. When
an - gels claimed, She's all on earth to me. My

side by side, through vale and glen, We wan - dered in the spring.
Lot - tie whom the an - gels claimed, She's all the world to me.

rall. poco rall.

rit. col voce.



Walking-suit of black alpaca, made with two skirts; the lower one trimmed with three folds of the material, headed by a narrow braid; the upper skirt is trimmed with braid and fringe; the sash with braid alone. The sacque is open in the back, with revers turned back, and trimmed to correspond; open sleeves. Black bonnet, trimmed with scarlet feather and flowers.

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ARTHUR'S HOME MAGAZINE.

NOVEMBER, 1870.

GATHERING UP THE FRAGMENTS.

BY S. M. H.

"I MUST say, Alice, I cannot see how you find so much time for reading," said Mrs. Crawford, as her cousin, Mrs. Gray, entered her sitting-room with a book from the circulating library. "You have about the same work to do that I have, yet so far as I can see, you neglect nothing and still find time to read and improve."

"Well, cousin, I do not see how it is," answered Mrs. Gray pleasantly. "You do not seem to be idle; I always find you busy whenever I call."

"I am always busy; that is, my work is never done. I am behind in everything. I have been owing calls for six months, and as for reading, I can never have an hour for that. I cannot tell when I have taken up a book with the intention of reading it through or enjoying it."

"I find time for very little compared to what I should like to," said Mrs. Gray. "For I cannot afford but one servant, and must keep the greater part of my sewing at home. Still I manage to keep up and read at least a book every month."

"Besides the newspapers?" cried Mrs. Crawford in astonishment.

"Besides the newspapers. I must keep myself posted in the news above all other things. I want to know the very day I become a citizen," said Mrs. Gray. "But I must hurry home," she continued. "I do wish, Mary, that you would find time to read this," showing her the book. "I hear it praised very highly."

"Oh! I know I cannot, so it is of no use to speak of it."

"Well, I do not see how it is," soliloquized Mrs. Gray as she walked homeward. "Mary used to be a famous reader in our girlhood days. I am afraid she has not the faculty of econo-

mizing time. I wish I could see into the working of her household machinery."

It was not a very long time after this that Mrs. Gray had her desire gratified. It so happened that both the ladies' husbands were called away from home on business at the same time. As they were to be gone a few weeks, Mrs. Crawford invited her cousin to spend the time at her house, which invitation was accepted, and Mrs. Gray was domiciled under her cousin's roof.

"Now," thought she, "I am going to watch Cousin Mary and see what becomes of her time."

The next morning after her arrival, she was quite surprised upon entering the dining-room to find no one there, although she had lain later than usual herself. "Where is your mistress?" she inquired of the servant, who was busy in the kitchen preparing breakfast.

"She's not up yet, plaze," was the answer.

Mrs. Gray said nothing, but upon looking at her watch found it was nearly eight o'clock. She crossed the hall and stepped into the parlor. A neat little room it was when kept so; but now it looked pretty much as any parlor will look after an evening's occupation by the family, perhaps a little more topsy-turvy. The centre-table was littered up with newspapers, books, crochet work, the sewing basket, and even Mrs. Crawford's best back hair formed a part of the miscellaneous pile. There was a fire in the grate which had been made by the servant, but the hearth was strewn with ashes and cinders. On the sofa were Mrs. Crawford's furs and cloak which she had worn the previous day, and had tossed them there instead of carrying them up-stairs. It did not take Mrs. Gray very long to see all this; she just smiled to herself, as she began the almost hopeless task of restoring the table to something like

order. She folded up the papers, placed the books in order, put the sewing into the tiny work-basket, and had just swept the hearth when the breakfast-bell rang.

"You are an early riser, I presume," said Mrs. Crawford as Mrs. Gray entered the dining-room.

"Yes, rather, compared with you. Is this your usual time for breakfast?"

"I can hardly say that we have any usual time for breakfast," laughed Mrs. Crawford. "I generally have breakfast by this time," looking at the clock—it was almost nine. "When Frank is at home he usually breakfasts at half past seven, but I seldom do. I enjoy a morning's nap so much."

The two ladies sat down to breakfast. Mrs. Crawford's appetite was poor; she never did "relish her breakfast," she said.

"I do," said her cousin, "and my appetite is prodigious this morning, for I am accustomed to rising and eating early."

"Are you?" said Mrs. Crawford languidly. "I do not see the use of getting up so early when one is not obliged to."

"I have a little writing to do this morning," said Mrs. Gray, as they arose from the breakfast-table. "So I must ask to be excused from the parlor this morning."

"Oh! certainly, but be sure you are through by dinner. We dine at one, and I have planned an expedition for this afternoon."

Mrs. Gray started to her room, and Mrs. Crawford, after a stretch or two, and many times saying, "well, I must get to work," went into the parlor. She saw at a glance that some person had already been there, and as that was no part of the servant's work she rightly guessed who it was. It never occurred to her, however, that some person had done this while she was dozing the morning hours away. A bit of ribbon lying on the table attracted her attention; she picked it up and began fashioning it into a bow. At least twenty minutes were spent in the attempt before it suited her fancy; then tossing it into the work-basket she picked up her furs and started up-stairs to her bedroom. Here the first thing which attracted her attention was her bonnet. Somehow it looked stale, she thought, and taking it up began to wonder if she could not manage to give it a new appearance.

An hour afterward Mrs. Gray entered her cousin's room, and found her sitting on the bed surrounded by flowers, old ribbons, and her bonnet in her hand.

"Why, Mary," exclaimed Mrs. Gray. "You

are not contemplating the millinery business, are you?"

"Yes, at least part of it. I was just looking amongst these to see if I had not something to put on my bonnet in place of this japonica; I am tired of it. How do you think this would look?" holding up a beautiful cluster of moss roses.

"I do not think it would improve it at all. I think that japonica exquisite."

"I think so, too; but I have worn it some time and am tired of it."

"Then I would buy something new. To my eye nothing here is half so beautiful."

Mrs. Crawford held up the bonnet and looked at it from all points, unable to decide what to do with it.

"Is that eleven o'clock?" she asked in a startled tone, as she heard the tiny clock chime out the hour. "It is, as sure as I live. I must hurry to tell Ann what to have for dinner." She fairly flew to the kitchen.

"Shure, ma'am, it's meself as can't be gettin' soup made at this time for dinner to-day."

"What can we get, Ann? Do help me think."

"There's the turkey left from yesterday—I could be after fixin' that up for yees."

"That will have to do—and get some of the canned vegetables and fruit, and fix it up nice. I had no idea it was so late," she added to herself, as she left the kitchen. "Time flies so fast and I do not get a thing done." Mrs. Crawford had told herself that every day for years. On her way back to the chamber she had left in such haste, she remembered there was something in the parlor that she wanted. She stepped in. The piano was open, and a new piece of music, which Mrs. Gray had brought, lay before it. She just went up to look at it. The temptation was too great; she could not resist the desire to play it through just once. Mrs. Gray, in the room above, heard the music and looked at her watch, mentally resolved to look at it again when the music should cease. She had just thirty minutes to wait.

When Mrs. Crawford re-entered the chamber, Mrs. Gray saw that the bonnet, which, with all the etceteras had been left on the bed, was likely to be taken up again, quietly said—"Mary, I would have cleaned up your room for you, only I did not know what to do with all these—" pointing to the bed and its litter.

"No, consin. If you had I should have been ashamed of myself. I will soon clear this up, and I must hurry, too. Bless me! here's the

half of the day gone and I have not done anything. Do you get your work done up before noon always?"

"Always when I am able to do it at all," was the answer.

"Well, I cannot see how you do it," sighed Mrs. Crawford. Mrs. Gray said nothing, but she thought she could tell her if she chose.

Like all idle persons, when once started, Mrs. Crawford could work with a will, and at it she went with an alacrity that quite astonished Mrs. Gray, who was glad to beat a retreat. She shook up the bed, hurried on with the sheets and blankets, and went at the sweeping with a vengeance. She was vainly trying to catch up with time. She had often heard that "an hour in the morning is worth two through the day," but had never verified the truth of the proverb in her own practice.

Neither lady saw the other until the bell rang for dinner. Mrs. Gray was first in the dining-room, but in a few moments Mrs. Crawford came in. Her hair was dressed, but she still clung to her morning wrapper.

"I declare, I have not had time to dress for dinner," she said, half apologetically.

"I guess we shall enjoy it quite as well," answered her cousin.

"If your appetite is as good as mine I am sure we shall," returned the other.

"What is your programme for this afternoon?" inquired Mrs. Gray.

"I never have any programme," answered Mrs. Crawford, "but I had intended a stroll for this afternoon."

"Do you never lay out your work?" inquired Mrs. Gray cautiously.

"Not very often. I have tried that plan several times. It may work for a day or so, but I invariably fall behind my calculations. Something always interferes, and I have sometimes doubted if there is ever anything gained by it. Do you think there is?"

"Most certainly I do," answered her cousin, "but if we are going out this afternoon we must not sit here longer," and both ladies left the dining-room to prepare for a walk, from which they did not return until dark.

As no visitors came in, they spent the evening quietly talking of girlhood days. Thus ended the first day of Mrs. Gray's visit to her cousin.

With the next morning came the same late breakfast, and the whole day passed in the same manner as the other had; Mrs. Crawford always finding something to do which might have been left undone, and leaving undone the

things which required her immediate attention. And thus a week slipped by, and during that time Mrs. Crawford had repeatedly declared she never had a moment's time for reading or improvement.

"You see just how it goes all the time, Alice," she said, as her cousin had urged her to read a new work by a popular author; "I should like to know how I am to find the time. If you can tell me some way to economize that article, I shall be forever obliged to you."

"I think, Mary, that I have discovered the secret source of your peculiar trouble," answered Mrs. Gray, "you do not gather up the fragments."

"Fragments of what?"

"Of time."

"I do not think I understand you," said Mrs. Crawford, looking a little nettled as she met the calm gaze of the other.

"I mean that you constantly allow trifles to steal away your time. If you will allow me, I will just give you the result of my observations since I have been here."

"Then you have been taking notes," said the lady, good humoredly.

I confess I have, but not to satisfy any curiosity on my part, but for your own benefit," said Mrs. Gray.

"Well, let me hear them. I promise you my undivided attention," and Mrs. Crawford leaned back in her chair, assuming a comical expression of injured innocence.

"And your good humor, too?"

"Yes, if I have any."

"You will not interrupt me?"

"No. Begin at once."

"In the first place, you have lost in four mornings just six hours by lying a-bed until past eight o'clock."

Mrs. Crawford threw up both hands, drew a long breath, and exclaimed—"Then you want me to get up before day!"

"No, I do not. But remember, you are not to interrupt me. One morning you lost just twenty minutes making a ribbon bow, which you threw into your work-basket, where it has lain ever since. Next you thought to fix a bonnet which needed no repairing. You spent just forty minutes at that. Another morning you spent just thirty minutes looking out of your chamber window at nothing, as I could see. Let us sum this up and see what it amounts to. One hour and a half in bed, twenty minutes making a useless bow, forty minutes looking at your bonnet—for that is all it amounted to; that makes two hours and a

half; and thirty minutes looking out of the window makes just three hours. Just think of the pages you could read in that time!"

"Pretty good for one day," said Mrs. Crawford, a little nettled. "But does every day show a like record?"

"Very much the same as regards the waste of time. But you promised to retain your good humor."

"Go on. I will try to keep cool."

"I have not much more to say. I think these facts will convince you that much of your time might be gathered up and made of some more value to you," said Mrs. Gray.

"But you would not have me never to take up any music, never indulge in making those trifles my fancy may desire; always keep at humor, would you?"

"By no means," answered the other.

"But what you lack is order—system. You take up something and half finish it, perhaps; then leave it for something else, and so go from one half-finished work to another, and the consequence is, nothing is ever completed at the time it should be. The way that you practice your music does you no good. Instead of having a stated time for it, you see something perhaps when you are dusting the parlor that you would like to practice. You sit down, run through it once or twice maybe, then suddenly think of something you should have done an hour before, and off you go. Your time is lost, for such practice does you no good."

There was a silence of some moments, then Mrs. Crawford said—"I believe you are right, cousin. I was a little inclined at first to rebel against your lecture, but it is all too true. We can economize in time as well as in anything else. But I must say that I always did detest the arrangement that makes everything be done at the precise time and exactly the same way every day, let come what will. I have a neighbor of this sort, and even the clothes on the line on washing-day hang in the same place every week. I wonder sometimes if they do not know their places and jump right into them."

"I do not know as there is anything gained by such precision as that," said Mrs. Gray, laughing, "but I am not speaking so much of the manner of doing things as of the time to do it."

"Well, cousin," said Mrs. Crawford, after a long pause, "I will try to practice your preaching. I will make an effort to gather up these fragments of time. Let me see, I must be up by seven in the morning in order to have breakfast at half past."

The next morning Mrs. Crawford was called at seven o'clock.

"Remember your promise," said Mrs. Gray, as she knocked at the door.

But it was so hard to get up so early. That morning's nap seemed the sweetest of all sleep to her, but she resolutely determined to break off the habit, so she arose forthwith.

"I am on trial to-day, you know," she said to her cousin. "You must act as prompter. I dare say I shall need one, I find it so hard to get off the old road."

"I have no doubt you do," responded Mrs. Gray, "but you will find the by-paths so new and fresh that you will wonder you never entered them before."

INFLUENCE OF FEMALE SOCIETY.—It is better for you, says Thackeray, to pass an evening once or twice in a lady's drawing-room, even though the conversation is slow, and you know the girl's song by heart, than in a club, tavern, or the pit of a theatre. All amusements of youth to which virtuous women are not admitted, rely on it, are deleterious to their nature. All men who avoid female society have dull perceptions, and are stupid, or have gross tastes, and revolt against what is pure. Your club swaggers, who are sucking the butts of billiard cues all night, call female society insipid. Poetry is insipid to a yokel; beauty has no charms for a blind man; music does not please a poor beast who does not know one tune from another; and as a true epicure is hardly ever tired of water-soupy and brown bread and butter, I protest I can sit for a whole night talking to a well-regulated, kindly woman, about her girl coming out, or her boy at Eton, and liking the evening's entertainment. One of the great benefits a man may derive from women's society is, that he is bound to be respectful to them. The habit is of great good to your moral man, depend upon it. Our education makes us the most eminently selfish men in the world. We fight for ourselves, we push for ourselves, we yawn for ourselves, we light our pipes, and say we won't go out; we prefer ourselves and our ease; and the greatest good that comes to a man from a woman's society is, that he has to think of somebody besides himself, somebody to whom he is bound to be constantly attentive and respectful.

MAN must have occupation or be miserable. Toil is the price of sleep and appetite—of health and enjoyment. The very necessity which overcomes our natural sloth is a blessing.

A DAISY'S MISSION.

BY CHARLES BRUCE.

"NOW, this is what I call pleasant and comfortable," said a daisy, one early summer morning, as the wind carried a leaf down from an elm tree, and covered, without touching it. "This is what I call delightful: I have quenched my thirst by drinking all the dew which fell on me during the night, and am quite refreshed, and now that this friendly leaf has been kind enough to shield me from the burning sun, I have a cool and shady bower where I can sit and think all day long, watch my neighbors, and, when so disposed, converse with them. The sun is very cheerful the first thing in the morning, when its warm beams kiss me slantwise, but at mid-day, when it pours down all its fire on my unprotected head, I find it too much, more indeed than a wee, tiny flower like myself can endure; but, thanks to this good leaf, I am safe for the day."

Having thus given expression to her feelings, the daisy settled herself to her own satisfaction on her couch of green grass, and looked forward to a day of quiet contemplation, varied, if so inclined, by social intercourse.

This was a modest, sensitive daisy; when the sun saluted her on first rising, she blushed a beautiful bright crimson, which appeared so becoming that mother Nature determined it should always remain.

But, alas! for the daisy's day of anticipated enjoyment; she reckoned without once thinking of two very wise sayings flowers whisper among themselves: first, "That we do not grow solely for our own pleasure," and second, "Be not sure of repose, a little hand may pluck you, a rude foot may crush you, and a big mouth eat you."

On the other side of the hedge, outside of the meadow where the daisy bloomed, stood a farmhouse, the owner of which, and his family, were so uncultivated as to rise with the sun, and go to bed with the same; they were not sufficiently refined to turn the night into day, and the day into night, like unto the dwellers in great cities; they were so vulgar as to think the day was meant for work and the night for sleep. They were evidently behind the age.

On this particular morning, the farmer having set his men to work, seen the cows milked, and the horses and pigs fed, walked across the field to see how his crops were progressing,

thinking they would be all the better for a little rain, and not quite so much sun—for, as a rule, farmers are never satisfied with the weather, it is either too dry or too wet, too much sun or not enough, never quite the thing—having done all this, the farmer thought he had earned his breakfast, or if he did not think so, he went home to get it, which amounts to the same thing. As he seated himself at the table, and cut a thick slice of fat boiled bacon and a delicious piece of home-made bread, he said to his wife—"Well, dame, this be a fine day, what say you to a drive to see brother Jem at the jail? He promised to take us over if we choose to go, and I have a fancy to see what the inside of a prison is like, something different to a meadow I take it: art agreeable?"

"Yes, John," replied the wife, "I'm willing, and we'll take our Annie; she seems a bit low, and the ride will do her good."

"Then, wife," said the honest farmer, "do you pack up a basket of victuals; and you may as well pick a few flowers, they'll look cheerful like inside such a place."

Now, the farmer's youngest daughter, Annie, hearing she was to ride with her father and mother, to visit her uncle and the poor men shut up in prison, thought she would gather some flowers likewise; so scrambling down from her high chair, she toddled out of the room into the garden, and creeping through a hole in the hedge, she made her way into the meadow close to where the daisy was seated under her leaf awning; who, at the moment Annie made her appearance, was indulging in a wise chat with her next-door neighbor, who had overheard her soliloquy regarding the manner in which she intended spending the day.

"You know, friend," said this neighbor, "we are not sent into this world to make ourselves comfortable, but to be of some use."

"I can't say I exactly see the force of your observation," replied the first daisy; "will you oblige by making it a little clearer, and explain how I am to make myself useful, when I find it impossible to move myself from this place?"

"We are all intended for some wise purpose," replied the second daisy sententiously; "and will that wise purpose be fulfilled in you, if you are dissatisfied with your lot, and not with yourself? I overheard you murmur at being

exposed to the fierce rays of the sun; doubtless, it is a fiery trial we have to endure, but fiery trials bring out hidden virtues, and those burning beams of which you complain help to make us as beautiful as we are; you will lose all your loveliness if you remain under your bower."

"But I see no use why I should wish for beauty," said the first daisy.

"Apart from the pleasure the fact of your being beautiful would convey to yourself, you have to consider how it will please others, what delight it will impart to those creatures, so superior to ourselves, called men; I have even heard that our quiet unobtrusive beauty has been sung by poets, who have written poems and songs in our praise. I heard one once beginning with—

"Wee modest crimson-tipped flower."

"Yes, that's all very well," replied the first daisy, "but I see no use in living as you say I should, if at least I am to be eaten by a cow or a sheep."

"Provided we live well, and think, and act rightly," said the second daisy, "it does not much matter what death we die; it is not so much how we die, as how we live; but who knows, your lot may be more fortunate than to go to help make food for man; your mission may be higher."

Just as the wise daisy uttered these last words, the farmer's little daughter stooped down and plucked them both, adding them to a whole heap she held in her hand, mingled with buttercups. Children prefer these simple wild flowers to the rarest of those that grow in gardens and conservatories.

The farmer and his wife were soon seated in their light cart, the one holding the reins and whip, while the other carried a huge nosegay and a basket, from which peeped the neck of a stone bottle. Little Annie was packed in behind, her fat dimpled hand still tightly clasping her buttercups and daisies.

"Dear me," gasped our friend the first daisy, as she rode along, "dear me, I shall be stifled to death if this continues much longer; I really cannot bear it."

"It is foolish and weak to say you cannot bear what it is your fate to bear; learn the lesson of endurance, my friend," said the second daisy calmly. The other made no reply, and in due time they left the cart, and were transported, in a railway carriage, to a large city, through the streets of which they went wondering whether the people they met ever saw a wild-flower before.

"Sad, sad," murmured the second daisy, "no country ever comes here, what wretchedness! How impure the air!"

Presently they arrived at the iron gates of the grim stone prison, and trembled with fear as they saw them open, and heard them clash to behind them.

"Worse than ever," said the first daisy; "who ever can draw breath in such a fearful place?"

The honest farmer and his wife, and Annie, were kindly welcomed by their relative, who was one of the warders of the prison; after a little friendly chat and mutual inquiries concerning friends, the warder took them round the men's portion of the jail; and much the farmer stared, and his wife, and little Annie, as they peeped into the various cells, and saw the prisoners. "I should like," said the farmer, "to give them all a run in my fields, like I do the pigs. How can they bear living here? Why, wife, I should die!"

"Aye, John, so should I; I can't sniff a green field here."

After being shown the dark cells, and the different modes of punishment for refractory prisoners, they were handed over to a female warder, who took them round to examine the women's department.

"This is more sad still, John," said the farmer's wife; "what must their mothers think!—poor dears! they were all like our Annie here," and the good creature wiped a tear from her cheek, while her husband blew his nose loudly, but said not a word, only drew Annie a little closer to him as though he would shield her from all future harm.

"This cell," said their conductress, leading them into one, "is occupied by as pretty a young woman as you could wish to see, but she's a regular bad'un, her heart's as hard as stone; she is that wicked that nothing will ever do her good. The chaplain visits her every day, but she only makes fun of him. See here! this is the fourth Testament he has left for her, but she tears them all up, and swears like as I never heard anybody before, and I've heard a good many I reckon; and yet she is only nineteen years of age. She is undergoing punishment now, but will be here again to-night."

"John," said the farmer's wife, "I must be off; I can't bear any more of this, I'm sure I shall cry; and my heart aches as it never did when our Susan died; come, Annie dear," and taking her little daughter up in her arms, the good woman strode out of the cell, her husband following.

They bade their brother farewell, and left the prison, and hastened home, thinking that if they lived a hundred years they should never wish to see the inside of a jail again.

When the farmer's wife lifted little Annie into her arms, the child dropped one of her daisies, which fell on the stone floor of the cell, and was left behind, the very identical one whose anticipated day of enjoyment had been so speedily brought to a close.

"Dear, dear, how this fall has hurt me. I tremble all over; how hard the floor is, and how cold. I'm sure I shall die, and with no kind friend to hear my last words. What a hard fate is mine! I wonder what my wise neighbor would think if she were in such a plight. If we are made perfect through suffering I'm sure I ought to be perfect, for never surely has any fellow-daisy suffered as I have; yet, I don't think I should mind if it was for some good purpose." Muttering thus, the daisy lie quite still, waiting for the end.

As the day was drawing to a close and the light was growing dim in the silent cell, a young woman was ushered in by the matron of the prison. She wore the coarse plain prison dress, and her hair was cut short, but it must have been very beautiful, for what little there was left shone like bright gold; her eyes were large and very blue, and her face would have been lovely but for its fierce and hardened expression, which told the story of so much sin and crime which had never been repented, and had only assisted in making the heart harder and more averse to good. The good chaplain despaired of ever being able to touch it; all his prayers, his exhortations, and grief, appeared of no avail. "Nothing can do her any good," he muttered, as he last left her cell with her mocking laugh ringing in his ear. But what is man's extremity is God's opportunity.

See her now, how restlessly she paces up and down her narrow place of confinement, more like a wild, untamed creature of the forest than a human being. But what is that which suddenly arrests her footsteps, making her gaze with surprise on one spot of the stone floor? "How came that here?" she murmurs, as stooping down she picked up the daisy which had fallen from little Annie's chubby hand.

Watch how carefully she handles it, and how gently she lays it on the palm of her left hand. How softly she kisses it. What is it that simple flower is whispering in her ear? See! she is kneeling at the side of her rough bed, her face works convulsively, and tears are gushing from her eyes. Oh! mystery of mys-

teries, that a tiny flower, a little daisy, should have the power to find the one crevice in that heart, so hardened by sin and crime, penetrating to the fountain of repentance and tears, and making the guilty creature feel the depth of the degradation to which she has fallen.

As the hot drops fell upon the dying daisy she looked up to the sorrow-stricken face; and did the daisy speak, or was it some other voice that whispered in the forlorn woman's heart? "I bloomed in such a field as you played in when you were a child, and before your soul was stained with sin, when your mother loved you, and you had not broken her heart and hurried her into her grave by your conduct. Ah! how much you have to answer for! Weep on, weep on; tears of repentance soften the heart and help to wash away its dark stains." When the chaplain paid his customary visit he found her still kneeling and weeping. She motioned him to read, and he read the touching and hopeful history of the woman who washed the good Saviour's feet with her tears and wiped them with her hair. He then knelt beside the repentant woman, and poured out his heart in prayer on her behalf, to the good God who is willing to receive all repentant prodigals. As the chaplain left the cell, he murmured, "A little daisy! Truly, 'My thoughts are not as your thoughts, nor your ways as my ways, saith the Lord.'"

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MAKE THE BEST OF YOUR OPPORTUNITIES—
 You are away on the farm or in the woods or workshops, and exclaim, "It is impossible for me to get an education!" You greatly mistake. The cream of the world's heroes and helpers were more hopelessly situated than are you. The open Virgil and grammar and dictionary fastened to the old-fashioned loom drew out David Livingston, while he drew out the threads. And while he weaved the webs he weaved that character which, to-day, is the envy and admiration of the world, and has well earned an immortal stand in the loftiest niche in the temple of renown. Perhaps had he been a pampered college boy he had not earned his name among those "who were not born to die"—perhaps had never been heard of.

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 It is the type of an eternal truth that the soul's armor is never well set to the heart unless a woman's hand has braced it, and it is only when she braces it loosely that the honor of manhood fails.—*Ruskin*.

MURIEL'S ARTFULNESS.

THERE never was anything like it, her sisters said; and we know what cruelly true things sisters can and do say of each other.

It had happened three months ago, but neither Miss Serle, nor Miss Maud, the second eldest, nor Miss Charlotte, the second youngest, nor Miss Helena, the youngest, the pet and beauty of the Serles, had done talking of "Muriel's artfulness." They went over it continually, angrily, scornfully. "Such hypocrisy," "deceit," "slyness"—they exhausted the vocabulary of terms expressive of double-dealing. And yet the poor little girl, who was obliged to array herself in all the outgrown or faded dresses of the family—with her small, pale face, large, mournful, hazel eyes, and timid little rosy mouth, did not seem as if Machiavelli was at all in her way.

"Still waters run deep," Miss Serle declared bitterly. "To think that no one ever dreamed of such a thing!—it was shameful!"

So it was, fair Julia. Shameful for her to have plotted her escape, and achieved it, from the dull bondage in which she had lived; in which so many girls do live, and die.

She was not the eldest of the family, to be respected and thought first of in invitations. She was not Maud, who was a *bas-bleu* of the most cerulean tint, and who had an unenviable notoriety on that account. She was not Charlotte, who had become alarmingly High Church lately, and taken to attending matins, and reading the Rubric, wearing crosses, and working gold-and-colors embroidery for the new rector; she was not Helena, golden-haired, sleepy-eyed, waxen-like, selfish, lazy, and impertinent; she was "only" Muriel, the third eldest, the patient little scape-goat, the untiring messenger for trifling commissions; the one to be snubbed when any one's temper was sour; the one to sit with her back to the horses in a carriage, to put on her sisters' cloaks if there were not eligible cavaliers by; to help them to dress for parties, even if she were late herself; the last to get a new pair of gloves, or a fresh wreath; the one to be made to walk out when any of the young ladies wanted a companion, for appearance sake; the one to be made to stay at home when there was any job for her to finish; the one to get most of the salt, and little of the sugar of life; never to know what it was to have her own way, save when it coincided with the ways of others;

never to be petted, never to be sought as a confidante, for Muriel was "stupid;" never to be noticed or complimented; never admired, for Muriel was studiously kept in the background; in fact the fair quartette rather lamented that her age necessitated her appearance in public, at least occasionally. She was too old for the school-room by some years, for the next youngest, Charlotte, was twenty. "But it is only wasting money giving Muriel expensive dresses, or getting her taught fashionable accomplishments, at least until some of us are settled, for she has no 'style,' awkward little thing, without a word to say for herself!" So said her two elder sisters; so said her two younger sisters; and yet to think, now——!

But my readers may be impatient to learn in what Muriel's amazing artfulness consisted: then, briefly—Muriel's mother was dead. She died at Helena's birth; and, uncared for, and almost unloved, Muriel had grown up amongst her wilful, high-spirited sisters, just as you sometimes see a pale lily in a border of flaunting dahlias or hollyhocks, whither its root has been transplanted by mistake. They had grown up around it, and hid the fair flower from sight; and now that a loving, wary hand had gently drawn away the slighted lily, and planted it in luxury and sunshine, their amazement and mortification knew no bounds.

Strange to say, sisters have been known to cherish "envy, hatred, malice, and all uncharitableness" toward each other.

An elderly maiden lady, a third cousin, had frequently asked one or other of the sisters to visit her for a week or two at her little cottage, ten miles out in the country, but they had invariably an immense number of reasons to allege, setting forth the impossibility of their paying any visits at the particular time of her invitation. There were new dresses to be bought, with all the attendant business of dressmakers; Helena had a music master for a quarter, and could not leave his valuable instructions; Charlotte had to practice some grand chant for the Reverend Isaac Scapular; and Maud was attending a course of lectures on different subjects, including everything from the habits of beetles to the formation of the mountains of the moon.

The real reason dawned at last on Miss Susan Clyde: she was neither rich, young, gay, nor fashionable, and her fair relatives were ex-

tre mely desirous to "pass by on the other side" as far as she was concerned.

At length, one sultry evening in Autumn, as Miss Clyde was about returning home, after spending a few hours with her cousins, she noticed pale Muriel in her shabby dress.

"Muriel, will you come back with me for a couple of days?" she asked.

Muriel flushed, but smiled.

"Thank you, cousin; but"—and she glanced timidly at Miss Serle.

"Nonsense!" said Miss Clyde, so sharply that Helena turned around to stare at her. "Don't bother about clothes or anything. Come along; you can help me to make some damson jam, Muriel," she added; for unless there was some work for her to do, it would seem so absurd to her sisters that Muriel should go anywhere simply to enjoy herself.

Muriel colored again, and Miss Clyde, seeing a sparkle of pleased surprise in the timid, hazel eyes, caught her by the arm.

"Come up stairs, dear, and put a dress and a couple of handkerchiefs and stockings into my bag," she said; "you can all do without her, girls, and I want her to help me about the jam," she repeated, but making a grimace aside to Muriel.

"Well, I suppose she can go; but, really——" said Miss Serle, slowly, and looking annoyed.

"Really what, Julia?" said Miss Clyde, stopping at the door and looking sternly at her.

"Oh, she can go, of course," returned her eldest sister, turning away; "there is an immense deal of sewing on hand though; we do our own plain work, it is so very expensive, and there are two white skirts and three——"

"Well, they can wait until she comes back, Julia; she does not look well, either," said Miss Clyde, pulling Muriel out of the room, while Maud and Helena exchanged scornful glances at the notion of Muriel not looking well.

So Muriel went off with Cousin Clyde, as they called her—went off with a strong sense of elation and pleasing expectation, like a child going to some promised entertainment; and her sisters, watching the old-fashioned phaeton rattling away, made excessively merry over the delightful visit which Muriel would have.

"She will be ten times more mopish than ever, after Cousin Clyde's wretched little ivied cottage, and all the week-day prayer-meetings she must attend," said Miss Serle.

"I wouldn't spend a week with Cousin Clyde for a hundred pounds!" said Helena, arranging her *repentir* curls at the mirror.

"I would then, or for five pounds either," replied her sister, shortly, glancing at a bill in her work-box.

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"Is that your best dress, dear," said Miss Clyde to Muriel, as she unfolded a brown *barège* with faded trimming.

"Yes, cousin," she answered, bending her head over it and speaking low.

"Humph! and Helena wears fawn-colored corded silk!" continued Miss Clyde.

"Well, you know Helena is so pretty, and she shows off dress, and she must have it cousin," said Muriel, putting away the poor, cheap, little dress.

"I'm quite certain that if you had it on, you would look ten times better in it than Miss Helena," said Miss Clyde, angrily. "Come down to breakfast, child, and then we'll go up to Leighton Hall to the gardener about the damsons. Mr. Leighton gave directions I was to have whatever I required; so kind, my dear, when they are three shillings a gallon, and three and sixpence too, I believe, from that nasty Stokes, the market-gardener."

So the good lady chattered while she marshaled her timid little guest into the pretty little sitting-room, where everything struck you as being a combination of comfort, and brightness, pink and blue.

The sofa was blue and white, and so was the carpet, and there were pink roses peeping in through the window, and pink cups and saucers on the table. And there were fresh biscuits, and cream and new-laid eggs, blushing at their own bare prettiness, and delicious tea, and a soft arm-chair to sit in; and no wonder if poor Muriel had a kind of feeling that Cousin Clyde must be mistaking her for some one else. She to be petted, and coaxed to eat, and helped first, and have nothing to do but sit and enjoy herself! And after breakfast it was so strange and pleasant to go up leisurely to get ready for a walk: so donning a little alpaca jacket and white hat with a bit of blue ribbon on it, she set forth with her cousin.

"Who is Mr. Leighton, cousin?" asked Muriel, as they entered the shaded, winding avenue.

"The owner of all this place, Muriel—a gentleman of considerable property, I believe," replied Miss Clyde.

"Oh what a delightful place!" exclaimed Muriel. "And this lovely morning, and the flowers! O look at the wild hyacinths, cousin!" she almost screamed in delight. "Is he an old man, cousin?"

"Old! my dear. Mr. Leighton is only in the prime of life," said Miss Clyde, rather shocked.

"Well, he ought to be happy," cried Muriel, as they came in sight of the handsome, solid-looking gray stone house, with a background of dark green foliage, and a foreground of closely-mown velvety turf and brilliant flower-beds, on which the cool morning shadows were resting. "Such a delightful place!" repeated Muriel. "Oh cousin! I'd work from morning till night to be let live in such a beautiful, lovely——"

She was at an end for adjectives, and stood poising her slender little figure on tip-toe, while her brown eyes sparkled with admiration and excitement, as they roamed over the calm beauty of the scene sleeping in the early sunlight. Miss Clyde looked at Muriel and smiled.

"You may have some nice place of your own one day, Muriel, without working from morning till night for it," she said.

"How?" said Muriel, glancing at her for a moment, and then eagerly trying to smell a cluster of roses above her head.

"How?" said Miss Clyde; "why, the way other girls do, I suppose."

"Oh," said Muriel, and her face fell, and her smile died away. "I mustn't think about such things as that, cousin," she added, shaking her little head with wise resignation.

"Why, pray?" asked the elder lady, sharply, "because you've been told you're not handsome or clever, I suppose?"

"Yes—well, I don't know," said Muriel, confusedly. "I am afraid—I mean, I am sure I should be happier to stay as I am. You see, cousin, I am a very quiet sort of girl; and oh, it would be dreadful to be married to any one that was unkind to me!"

There was a pathos in her words that told its own story, and Miss Clyde's hard face softened.

"You haven't had a very pleasant life, Muriel child," said she, tenderly; "but I hope I'll live to see you married to some one you love, and that loves you," she added (and her voice quivered), "and see if you won't be a happy little woman then."

Muriel laughed, and followed her cousin to a side entrance leading to the high-walled fruit gardens.

"Is Mr. Leighton at home, Winston?" Miss Clyde asked of the gardener, after making her request about the fruit.

"Yes ma'am, he is; he came from London yesterday, ma'am. Dear, dear, them birds! Netting and all don't keep 'em. I believe he's—yes, he's reading in the double walk, Miss

Clyde," replied the gardener, watching several voracious small birds that were darting at the luscious wall-fruit.

"In the double walk?" said Miss Clyde, reddening and looking uncomfortable. "Muriel, Mr. Leighton was in the double walk just inside the avenue. He could hear every word we said. Did we say anything of him, for goodness sake, dear?" she whispered, nervously.

"Nothing but what was good," replied Muriel. "Oh, look at those peaches and greengages!"

"But, Muriel——"

"No, you didn't, cousin. Oh, look at the plums! Let me go!" and Muriel rushed off after the gardener, wild with pleasure.

"I declare she's just like a child," muttered Miss Clyde, half vexed and yet pleased. She had hardly come to where the girl was standing watching the gardener gathering the fruit, when she spied a gentleman, in a loose, gray, morning suit, advancing in an opposite direction.

Miss Clyde was forty-nine, and a very sensible woman into the bargain; but she could no more resist the impulse toward a rapid, twitching adjustment of dress, experienced by all feminines in the presence of a masculine, than she could fly; besides, Mr. Leighton was only thirty-eight, and really——

"Good morning, Miss Clyde. I am glad to see you took me at my word."

Muriel, who had not noticed any one's approach, crushed one of her feet into a box-edging as she sprang round, astonished, to confront a tall gentleman, who was shaking hands with her cousin.

"This is a cousin of mine—Miss Muriel Serle, Mr. Leighton," said Miss Clyde, motioning toward her.

Mr. Leighton bowed gravely, though he looked both surprised and inquisitive. After exchanging a few words with the elder lady, he turned and looked at Muriel again.

"Do you like fruit, Miss Serle?" said he, smiling at the longing glances she was casting at the tempting, bloomy fruit peering out from between green leaves in all directions.

"Oh, yes—I delight in it!" she answered, with child-like *naïveté* and eagerness. "It looks so delicious growing on the trees," she added, half ashamed of her outburst.

He smiled again, but looked at her more curiously than before.

"If you will do me the favor to try some of those greengage plums, I think you will find

them very good," said he, gathering a few of the best.

"How nice to be able to gather fruit oneself! I think it is a thousand times better than any you could buy from shops," said Muriel, losing her shyness in the presence of the fruit.

"I think so, too," replied the gentleman. "What do you say to helping me to gather some? Miss Clyde will hold the basket, and we'll go and eat them somewhere out of this hot sun."

"Oh! yes, I will," cried Muriel, laughing from pleasure, and skipping over beside him.

He wasn't minding her, she thought. If she had met him in a drawing-room anywhere, she would have been afraid to speak to him; but here she could talk about the delicious peaches and greengages, and there was no sarcastic, imperious sister near—and he was quite a gentleman, and such a nice man, and he had such a kind smile. Here she peeped at him under a branch, and he looked up and saw her.

"Are you finding many treasures there?" he inquired.

"Yes, such lots! They are actually hitting me!" she said, with another merry laugh.

"Not very hard, I hope," returned Mr. Leighton; "but you have got your face stained with juice, at all events—there, on your cheek. You don't know the place—here," said he, and his fingers lightly touched her soft flushed cheek.

Miss Clyde said afterward that she thought he had gone out of his senses.

"There, I'll rub it off," said Muriel; and she ran down the path, using her handkerchief unmercifully.

Mr. Leighton laughed again as he put the fruit into Miss Clyde's basket.

"Merry little girl!" said he, glancing after Muriel and then at Miss Clyde.

"She is an amiable girl," said the lady a little stiffly.

"I am sure of that—she looks so. She is very young?" said he questioningly.

"Yes, quite a girl," said Miss Clyde, looking at him in her turn.

"Ah!" said he carelessly, "now will you allow me to lead you to some shade? The sun is distressingly hot for you, Miss Clyde."

He then led the way by sultry paths and scorching south walls, where the air was heavy with fruity perfume, to the door of a large conservatory, with wide open glasses. Brushing through ranks of fuchsias, roses, and pelargoniums, he installed Miss Clyde in the shaded drawing room beyond, and said with a bow,

that he should go to look for her cousin, Miss Serle.

Miss Clyde did not consider herself quite within the boundary of strict propriety in thus visiting a bachelor gentleman. To tell the truth, she was in a most uncomfortable state of mind and body, but the garden was broiling and the drawing-room was cool, and Miss Clyde made a virtue of necessity, and fanned herself on an amber-colored lounge, while her host was searching for Muriel.

He found her standing under a cherry-tree, looking warm and distressed, her little hat off, and her brown hair pushed off her forehead.

She was a nice little girl, Mr. Leighton thought again. It was a long time since he saw a simple muslin morning dress in his garden. His stately married sisters never ran about with little white hats and gray alpaca jackets, and his nieces, who were nearly as old as this girl, were very fashionable young ladies indeed. Innocent, and good, and sensible—yes, that was all in her face: quite an attractive face, too. Somehow, though, it was small and pale. This all passed through the gentleman's mind as he escorted Muriel through the gardens into the drawing-room.

Miss Clyde, who had grown cool, now grew hot, as Mr. Leighton insisted on their staying to lunch. It was highly improper, but the dreadful sun, and as an alternative, sherry and iced lemonade, peaches and cream; nobody would know, she hoped, and for the second time Miss Clyde was indiscreet enough to say yes, or at least to say no, which, of course, means the same thing with a lady.

Muriel thought she must be in fairyland; everything so pretty, so inviting, so delicious, and every one so kind, and polite, and merry. She did not know herself; she made remarks, and carried on the conversation, and was even a little witty, just as if she were cleyer Maud.

"You are enjoying yourself, Muriel," her cousin could not help saying.

Muriel crimsoned, and became silent. Mr. Leighton looked at them both, astonished.

"I hope she is enjoying herself, Miss Clyde," said he a little sharply.

"Of course! Good gracious!" said she hastily; "but Muriel does not often enjoy herself."

"How is that?" he asked gravely.

"I declare he is inquisitive to-day," thought Miss Clyde.

"Well," said Miss Clyde, "she cannot often leave home, and——"

Miss Clyde was at such a loss what to say

next, that she coughed violently, while Muriel forced a smile and looked unconcerned. Mr. Leighton perfectly understood what was meant, and changed the subject, though he looked oftener than ever at Muriel.

After luncheon, when they had refused the offer of a phaeton to drive them home, their host escorted them to the avenue gates.

"Isn't he an extremely nice man, Muriel?" said her cousin, as they slowly walked along.

"Oh! very, very; so kind and pleasant!" echoed Muriel, involuntarily sighing.

Days passed on in the pretty little cottage with the blue and white parlor. As swiftly as pleasantly they flew, and Muriel counted the hours. She was almost sorry she came. It would seem doubly hard to leave this peaceful, happy life, and go back to genteel drudgery, slights, unkindness, and neglect. She tried continually to show her gratitude and love to the kind relative who had given her so much pleasure. She made preserves and custards as well as Miss Clyde herself; she braided pretty cuffs and collars for her, and trimmed her summer bonnet over again; she read for her, and walked with her to the week-day prayer-meetings, until her cousin said one day, "Muriel, my dear, I think I'll keep you altogether for myself. I want you worse than Julia or the girls do."

It touched the sore spot. Muriel colored, the tears came into her eyes with agitation, and she finally burst out into a fit of crying.

"My dear child!" said Miss Clyde.

"O cousin! I can't help it," sobbed Muriel. "I am so sorry to leave you; and I've been a fortnight here now, and I must go; and I am so sorry—I've been so happy!"

"My darling, you sha'n't stir a step until you like. Julia's not your mother, to make you come and go as she pleases—bother her!" ejaculated Miss Clyde.

"Oh! I must go," said Muriel. "She would be angry; and what good would it——"

"Muriel, child, here's Mr. Leighton. Run and bathe your eyes, for pity's sake!" interrupted Miss Clyde, giving herself the usual preliminary twitch, and hurrying Muriel out of the room.

This was not the first time they had met Mr. Leighton since the day they were at his house. He had saluted both ladies several times in the course of their walks, and had walked part of the way home from church with them two days before.

"Have you seen the *Illustrated London News* this week, Miss Clyde? It is particularly

good; and as I was passing I thought you would like to look at it," said the gentleman, as the maid ushered him into the sitting-room. He was Miss Clyde's landlord; but he had never visited her as yet, and she felt both honored and embarrassed.

"It wasn't correct at all; but what can one do?" she thought. "You are extremely kind, indeed, Mr. Leighton," she added aloud.

"Are you alone, Miss Clyde?" he asked, before he even accepted a seat, and glancing hastily around.

"Yes—oh! yes," replied the lady, staring at him.

"Is your cousin gone home?" he asked.

The strong tone of disappointment in his voice made Miss Clyde stare more wildly, if possible, than before, for a moment; then a sudden intelligence made her face flush and her eyes sparkle; she could hardly control a quiver in her voice as she answered him.

"Muriel gone home?" she said. "Oh! dear, no. I thought you meant was I alone in the room."

The sudden brightening of his face completed Miss Clyde's enlightenment on one subject, but completely prevented her from understanding a word of his conversation on any other.

Just then Muriel entered, very pale, and slightly pink about her eyes. Miss Clyde saw Mr. Leighton's gaze fixed on her face, as he got up and shook hands with her in silence.

"He'll think I have been making her cry. Now, what shall I do?" thought Miss Clyde distressfully. "I'll go out of the room," concluded Miss Clyde, who was as wise as a serpent and as harmless as a dove; and out she trotted, begging to be excused for a moment.

"I was afraid that you had gone home, Miss Serle," said Mr. Leighton, drawing his chair near her, "and I want you and Miss Clyde to be present at the annual dinner to the tenantry. There will be dancing by lamplight under the trees, and a great deal of fun. I think you would enjoy it. Will you come?"

"Oh! I should like it very much, indeed," replied Muriel. "But I am afraid I—— When will it be?" she said, her eyes filling again.

"In four days," he replied. "Surely there is no hurry for you to return, Miss Serle," he added very gently. "There is no one sick. Are you well yourself?"

"I am; but I have been crying," said Muriel, with an hysterical little laugh. "I am so sorry to leave my cousin, and we were just talking about it as you came in."

"Oh, we can't spare you for a while yet," said Mr. Leighton, smiling. "Miss Clyde is lonely here, and I am lonely at the Hall, and you brighten us up a little. See, here is Longfellow in my pocket. You said you wanted to read *Evangeline*," he added. And the scarlet and gold volume was laid in Muriel's lap.

A perfectly new book she saw, with the edges clinging together with the heavy, unsullied gilding. She thanked him artlessly and heartily; but as Miss Clyde caught sight of the book on entering the room, her face spoke volumes. He repeated his invitation to her, and she consented, saying—"If the Lawlesses go, they will call for us, and will serve as an escort."

"Ah, it would not be quite proper otherwise, I suppose," said Mr. Leighton, with a dry smile, as he rose to go. "Well, we'll see."

"Now Muriel, my pet, you must get a new dress," cried Miss Clyde, as soon as the door closed after him.

"I didn't bring—" began Muriel.

"I know you didn't, child," interrupted Miss Clyde; "but never mind. I suppose I have a few shillings to spare, my dear; and you shall have one pretty dress in your life, as well as Helena—wax doll!"

It was quite surprising, the excitement of Miss Clyde's face, and to see how she pushed her neat bands of hair all awry.

"We'll get out the phaeton and go over to Marlfield and buy it," she continued. "I think you'd look well in pink."

It was vain for Muriel to say she would rather not, that her old black silk skirt would do, with a new *fichu* of white lace and muslin, which she could make herself, and which would cost but a few shillings.

Miss Clyde would not listen to her, and hurried Muriel into the phaeton, when she gathered up the reins and laid the whip over the pony in a manner that astonished him.

Muriel was harassed on the score of the relative merits of pink or blue, but she declared herself in favor of white. So the dress was bought of plain tarletane, and without a shred of ornament or color except a broad sash of pale, rose-colored silk.

"I'll make it myself, consin. I am well used to making evening dresses," said Muriel, laughing.

"We never bought anything to wear in your hair!" gasped Miss Clyde, as they were within half a mile of home.

"A very good thing to remember," said Muriel, merrily; "but what are those roses grow-

ing over your windows for, cousin, but for me to gather? You shall see what a wreath I shall have!"

During the process of dressmaking, Miss Clyde's anxiety knew no bounds; Muriel could not understand it. It was—"Muriel, child, be sure you have a handsome skirt. My dear, I am sorry that lace is not deeper. Muriel, child, I am afraid you will look bare. What a pity I have no pretty bracelets to lend you!" every hour in the day.

"Don't fret, cousin, I shall look well enough," returned Muriel, continually.

When the evening at length arrived, and Miss Clyde emerged from her apartment—where she had been locked in for three hours at least—stiff and splendid in violet silk and white lace, and confronted her fair young guest, she did look "well enough" of a surety.

The simple virginal dress of snowy white, the slight waist—in easy proportion with her slender figure, please remember—circled with a rose-colored zone, whose floating sash gleamed amid the folds of her dress; the creamy shoulders, just peering above a small snowdrift of tulle, with a bouquet of blush-roses in the centre; the small, pale, intellectual face, with large, thoughtful eyes; the waxen brow, with the light-brown hair looped softly back to the chignon, where soft, large curls seemed to clasp roses, and roses to hold curls, in the most exquisite tangle, composed altogether so lovely and lovable an object, that Miss Clyde drew in her breath hard for a moment.

"You are bent on conquest, Muriel," said she, with a knowing smile, and a face of intense delight and satisfaction.

"Yes, cousin, '*veni, vidi, vici*' is my motto, you know," said the girl, sarcastically.

"It's an extremely appropriate one," cried Miss Clyde, with such suppressed mirth in her face that a sudden suspicion shot through Muriel's mind.

"Cousin," said she, uneasily, while her pale face colored, "why do you say that?"

"Never mind, dear, here are the Lawlesses!" said Miss Clyde, rushing back to her room to wrap up, foreseeing some close questioning.

Leighton Hall was more than ever like a fairy place that night. Lights were glittering in every window, and lamps gleaming softly in every tree on the lawn. Music was ringing through the open windows of the drawing-room, and the county band was drumming and fifing splendidly beneath the trees outside.

Mr. Leighton met them at the hall door. He welcomed all cordially, but they did not notice

that Muriel's welcome was warmer than any one else's. No one noticed it but Miss Clyde. That worthy lady's cup of gratification was so full that another drop would make it flow over. Nevertheless, Mr. Leighton went on adding drops.

Miss Clyde was sought out and attended to by people who before that night had scarcely noticed her. Muriel had more partners than she knew what to do with; and at length Mr. Leighton, offering her his arm, conducted her through the open French windows out on the lawn. Miss Clyde followed close behind. He led Muriel into the tents, and amongst the people, asking her approval, and listening to her sentiments with such marked attention that Muriel grew a little frightened, though very happy.

"He is extremely polite to you, Muriel," said her cousin, coughing.

"Yes, and so kind," replied Muriel.

"Well, such innocence or stupidity I never saw," muttered Miss Clyde.

Mr. Leighton had gone away for a moment, but now returned.

"Your old friend, Mrs. Dalton, is here, Miss Clyde," said he, "and she is most anxious to see you. I will take charge of Miss Serle for a while."

"There is no doubt but you will," thought the lady to herself, as she hurried away.

Mr. Leighton took Muriel back to the house again, but not into the ball-room.

"Do you care for dancing, Miss Serle?" he asked. "Because, if you do not, I have some curiosities and pictures in the library, which I should like to show you."

"Oh, I would much rather go and look at them. The ball-room is so hot—and so many people," said Muriel, eagerly.

He smiled, and looked earnestly at the ingenuous, fair young face beside him. He led her into the library and closed the door; but instead of opening the bookcases or the mahogany caskets and cabinets which were on the tables, he drew back the window-curtains and looked out on the animated scene.

"Is it not pretty?" said he, pointing to the white tents, and the moonlit sward, the lamp-lit trees, and the gay dresses.

"Very," said Muriel, softly. She was not one to express her emotions in loud exclamations.

"You are not happy at home with your sisters, Miss Serle?" said he, taking her hand.

"No," said Muriel, alarmed beyond everything at his strange manner.

"Do you like Leighton Hall?" he continued, his dark eyes watching her.

"Yes," was all she could utter, while she looked despairingly at the height of the window from the lawn below.

"But it wants one thing," he went on, still holding her hand and looking at her. Muriel stared and trembled. "Are you cold, Muriel, darling?" he asked tenderly.

Muriel trembled worse than ever, and was going to sit down on the floor, only Mr. Leighton drew a chair near her.

"Muriel Serle, come here," said he, and he drew her forward into the lamp-light; "if ever there was truth in a woman's face it is in yours. I have known you but three weeks; I have spoken to you but five or six times, but I never saw a woman or girl yet into whose keeping I would give my honor and happiness more gladly. I am older than you by many years. You seem almost a child to me; but—Muriel, I want you to be my wife, if you think you could be happy with me."

His voice sank into an agitated whisper; this strong man, in the prime of life, before the slender lily-like girl, with the roses in her hair, and her little white hands convulsively clasping each other as she listened to him.

As "the truth, the whole truth, and nothing but the truth," broke over Muriel's comprehension, she lifted her head, and with a mechanical glance at the moon-lit scene outside, and all the evidences of wealth and position which surrounded her, she looked at him—her hazel eyes large with amazement, and said, "Is it I?"

He never forgot the innocent, unbounded surprise with which the question was asked, nor the unconscious emphasis on the last pronoun.

"You—you!" he cried, clasping her hand again. "I am lonely, Muriel. I have no one that loves me for myself alone. I am rich; but that would never tempt you—guileless, pure little girl. Will you come and cheer my loneliness and make me happy, Muriel?"

His arms were around her; but he suddenly released her as he discovered the tears rolling down her face.

"Muriel," said he, "are you angry?"

"No—oh no," sobbed Muriel.

"Am I too old for you, Muriel?" he went on, pleadingly; "or is there any one you would like better than me?"

"No—no one," cried Muriel.

"Then why are you weeping, my darling?"

Mr. Leighton was such a thorough man that he did not comprehend the luxury of a good cry.

"Because—because it is so sudden," Muriel articulated.

"Is that all?" he laughed. "But, Muriel, tell me, dear, do you think you could like me?" he resumed. "I will try my best to make you happy."

"But I don't know anything. I am young, and ignorant, and stupid."

Muriel brought the last adjective out with difficulty, as a climax to her mortifying confession.

"You are wiser than any woman I know of, to be able to speak so of yourself; for you evidently quite believe it," said Mr. Leighton. "Muriel, you are all I wish for, just as you are; and no man could wish for a fairer or better wife," he added. And his proud, fond gaze dwelt on her face and figure.

A discreet tapping at the door made Muriel start.

"Come in," said Mr. Leighton, rather sharply.

Miss Clyde's violet silk made its appearance, and then Miss Clyde herself.

"Muriel, dear, I have been looking for you everywhere," said she. Her voice sounded sharp and displeased, and her face looked stern enough.

"My dear Miss Clyde, permit me to introduce this lady to you," said Mr. Leighton.

Miss Clyde saw his eyes sparkling, saw Muriel sitting at the table, with downcast eyes, and her head resting on her hand; and disbelieving the evidence of her senses, she held fast by a chair.

"Miss Clyde," he continued, "this is the future Mrs. Leighton."

Miss Clyde grew as white as the Honiton lace around her throat, and she staggered into the chair she had fortunately held; while Mr. Leighton raised Muriel and drew her within his arm, and they both confronted Miss Clyde, who looked helplessly from one to the other in dead silence.

"Are you going to be Mr. Leighton's wife, Muriel?" she said, at last.

Muriel looked at her and then at him. "Yes, cousin," she whispered.

"Then may Heaven bless you, my dear girl!" Miss Clyde was going to shed tears, but thought better of it, as she was always a wise woman. "Mr. Leighton, I know you to be good and kind to every one; you will be good to little Muriel. And now, my darling," she cried, bursting into a mixture of laughing and crying, "hasn't my wish come true?—and won't you be a happy little woman? Only, I

never thought to see my poor little Muriel the mistress of Leighton Hall!"

"I heard you that day, Miss Clyde," said Mr. Leighton; "it was a shame to listen, but having once caught sight of Muriel's face, I could not help it."

"And now, cousin, let us go home," whispered Muriel.

"One word," said Mr. Leighton, as she came into the library, shawled and hooded. "Muriel, you are true. Look in my face and tell me, is there a shade of regret in your heart? You do not love me, I know; but tell me that you can be my wife with a free heart or not. I will wait for you, Muriel, if you wish."

He sighed as he thought of the wide span of years that lay between them; but Muriel put her hand timidly near him.

"I like you very much," she said, while her fair face crimsoned; "there is no one else—but I am afraid you will be greatly disappointed if—"

She was here interrupted. For the first time in her life, a man's kiss, passionate, tender and true, was pressed on her lips, and Muriel rushed out of the room, nearly knocking down Miss Clyde, who was entering.

* * * * *

There was a very quiet wedding, as Muriel wished, at Leighton Hall. Helena and Charlotte Serle were bridesmaids. Ungracious ones they were, too; for no amount of sal-volatile could restore their nerves after the shock of the discovery that Muriel—stupid, awkward little creature, without a word to say for herself—had won a prize that any one of the four amiable sisters would have given her little finger to win—a rich, good-tempered husband, an aristocratic name, and a splendid house.

Of course, they bitterly ridiculed the idea of Muriel's having married him from feelings of esteem and affection. And yet if they loved her they might have seen how really happy she was, with quiet, heart-happiness. She honored and loved, more than words can tell, the tender husband who gave her such happiness, and Muriel Leighton is one of those women in whom the heart of a husband can safely trust.

But from the envious tongues of the sisters, who could only partake of the hospitality so freely offered them in her wealthy home, the only reason why she had been raised from the forlorn state they good-naturedly assigned to her, to her present position, rich, admired, and loved, was, from beginning to end, the success of a deep-laid scheme—"MURIEL'S ARTFULNESS."

ZENA.

WHAT FIVE DOLLARS PAID.

MR. HERRIOT was sitting in his office one day, when a lad entered and handed him a small slip of paper. It was a bill for five dollars, due to his shoemaker, a poor man who lived in the next square.

"Tell Mr. Grant that I will settle this soon. It isn't just convenient to-day."

The boy retired.

Now, Mr. Herriot had a five dollar bill in his pocket; but, he felt as if he couldn't part with it. He didn't like to be entirely out of money. So, acting from this impulse, he had sent the boy away. Very still sat Mr. Herriot for the next five minutes; yet his thoughts were busy. He was not altogether satisfied with himself. The shoemaker was a poor man, and needed his money as soon as earned—he was not unadvised of this fact.

"I almost wish I had sent him the five dollars," said Mr. Herriot at length, half audibly. "He wants it worse than I do."

He mused still farther.

"The fact is," he at length exclaimed, starting up, "It's Grant's money, and not mine; and what is more, he shall have it."

So saying, Herriot took up his hat and left his office.

"Did you get the money, Charles?" said Grant, as his boy entered the shop. There was a good deal of earnestness in the shoemaker's tones.

"No, sir," replied the lad.

"Didn't get the money?"

"No, sir."

"Wasn't Mr. Herriot in?"

"Yes, sir; but he said it wasn't convenient to-day."

"Oh! dear, I'm sorry!" came from the shoemaker, in a depressed voice.

A woman was sitting in Grant's shop when the boy came in; she had now risen, and was leaning on the counter; a look of disappointment was in her face.

"It can't be helped, Mrs. Lee," said Grant. "I was sure of getting the money from him. He never disappointed me before. Call in to-morrow, and I will try and have it for you."

The woman looked troubled as well as disappointed. Slowly she turned away and left the shop. A few minutes after her departure Herriot came in, and, after some words of apology, paid the bill.

"Run and get this bill changed," said the shoemaker to his boy the moment his customer had departed.

"Now," said he, as soon as the change was placed in his hands, "take two dollars to Mrs. Lee, and three to Mr. Weaver across the street. Tell Mr. Weaver that I am obliged to him for having loaned it to me this morning, and sorry that I hadn't as much in the house when he sent for it an hour ago."

"I wish I had it, Mrs. Elden. But, I assure you that I have not," said Mr. Weaver, the tailor. "I paid out the last dollar just before you came in. But call in to-morrow and you shall have the money, to a certainty."

"But what am I to do to-day? I haven't a cent to bless myself with; and I owe so much at the grocer's, where I deal, that he won't trust me for anything more."

The tailor looked troubled, and the woman lingered. Just at this moment the shoemaker's boy entered.

"Here are the three dollars Mr. Grant borrowed of you this morning," said the lad. "He says he's sorry he hadn't the money when you sent for it awhile ago."

How the faces of the tailor and his needlewoman brightened instantly, as if a gleam of sunshine had penetrated the room.

"Here is just the money I owe you," said the former, in a cheerful voice, and he handed the woman the three dollars he had received. A moment after and he was alone, but with the glad face of the poor woman, whose need he had been able to supply, distinct before him.

Of the three dollars received by the needlewoman, two went to the grocer, on account of her debt to him, half a dollar was paid to an old and needy colored woman who had earned it by scrubbing, and who was waiting for Mrs. Weaver's return from the tailor's to get her due, and thus be able to provide an evening and a morning's meal for herself and children. The other half dollar was paid to the baker when he called toward evening to leave the accustomed loaf. Thus, the poor needlewoman had been able to discharge four debts, and, at the same time re-establish her credit with the grocer and baker, from whom came the largest portion of the food consumed in her little family.

And now let us follow Mrs. Lee. On her arrival at home, empty handed, from her visit to the shoemaker, who owed her two dollars for work, she found a young girl, in whose pale face were many marks of suffering and care, awaiting her return.

The girl's countenance brightened as she came in; but, there was no answering brightness in the countenance of Mrs. Lee, who immediately said—"I am very sorry, Harriet, but Mr. Grant put me off until to-morrow. He said he hadn't a dollar in the house."

The girl's disappointment was very great, for the smile she had forced into life instantly faded, and was succeeded by a look of deep distress.

"Do you want the money very badly?" asked Mrs. Lee, in a low, half choked voice, for the sudden change in the girl's manner had affected her.

"Oh! yes, ma'am, very badly. I left Mary wrapped up in my thick shawl, and a blanket wound all around her feet to keep them warm; but she was coughing dreadfully from the cold air of the room."

"Hav'n't you a fire?" asked Mrs. Lee, in a quick, surprised tone.

"We have no coal. It was to buy coal that I wanted the money."

Mrs. Lee struck her hands together, and an expression of pain was about passing her lips, when the door of the room opened, and the shoemaker's boy came in.

"Here are two dollars. Mr. Grant sent them."

"God bless Mr. Grant!" The exclamation from Mrs. Lee was involuntary.

On the part of Harriet, to whom one dollar was due, a gush of silent tears marked the effect this timely supply of money produced. She received her portion, and, without trusting her voice with words, hurried away to supply the pressing want at home.

A few doors from the residence of Mrs. Lee lived a man who, some few months before, had become involved in trouble with an evil disposed person, and been forced to defend himself by means of the law. He had employed Mr. Herriot to do what was requisite in the case, for which service the charge was five dollars. The bill had been rendered a few days before, and the man, who was poor, felt very anxious to pay it. He had the money all made up to within a dollar. That dollar Mrs. Lee owed him, and she had promised to give it to him during this day. For hours he had waited, expecting her to come in; but now had nearly given her up. There was another little bill of three dollars which had been sent in to him, and he had just concluded to go and pay that, when Mrs. Lee called with the balance of the money, one dollar, which she had received from the shoemaker, Grant.

Half an hour later, and the pocket-book of Mr. Herriot was no longer empty. His client had called and paid his bill. The five dollars had come back to him.

T. S. A.

FOR YOU.

A FLOWER AND A STORY.

BY PARSONS.

YOU bade me wear this heliotrope,
That blossomed at our feet,
And loaded all the evening air
With odor rare and sweet;
For when you told your love, and begged
One tender word of hope,
I broke and gave you silently
A sprig of heliotrope.
And so, altho' the roses glow
With clustering white and red,
Though jasmine tempts with golden bells
Drooping above my head,
I think of you, and turn away
To where the perfumed air
Betrays these tiny purple flowers,
And place them in my hair;
For what care I for dainty dress,
Or jewels, sparkling light?
'Tis only to be fair to you
I would be fair to-night;
That when your lingering look shall bring
Me flattery more sweet
Than all the world's, your heliotrope
The searching gaze shall meet;
Then you will whisper to your heart—
"She loves me! she is true!"
And so the sweetest flower I wear
For you, my love, for you.

You bade me write and sing for you
A tender little song,
That you might murmur to your heart
When we were parted long,
To tell you that my life is yours,
That only for your praise
I write my tenderest poetry,
And sing my sweetest lays.
To you its incense and its gold
My faithful heart will bring;
For you my gleeful carols and
The softer notes I sing;
But this refrain steals through them all,
It haunts me all the time,
And floats through every passing thought
Its simply ringing rhyme.
This is the foolish little song—
"Where'er my love may be,
My heart and his are one, for I
Love him and he loves me!"
So I will wear the sweetest flower
To tell you I am true,
And sing my happiest, tenderest song,
For you, my love, for you.

THE MORTGAGE.

IT was New-Year's eve. Henry Bonfield sat looking into the fire, while his wife was busy washing up the supper dishes and putting the room in order. He was unusually silent, and his wife, as she glanced toward him now and then, began to fear that something troubled him. After she had finished up her work, she came and sat down by his side, and as she laid one hand on his shoulder, said—

"You are looking dull to-night, Henry. Don't you feel well?"

"I am a little dull," he replied. "The fact is, Jenny, I don't feel comfortable, as things are. I hoped by this time to have our home nearly paid for; but instead, I've only reduced the debt a hundred and fifty dollars in the last year. At this rate, the entire mortgage will not be paid off for six or seven years."

"Is that all!" exclaimed Mrs. Bonfield, in a cheery tone of voice. "Now, I call that taking trouble for nothing. What's the great difference whether it takes three years or six to pay off the mortgage, so it's paid off at last, and we have a comfortable home all the while? Maybe it will be better for us to save and pinch for seven years than for three. Economy will become a habit by that time, and there is no better habit for a safe passage through the world, as my father used to say."

"All very well, Jenny, if life were certain," answered the husband. "If I live, everything may come out right. But if I should die before the house is paid for?"

"Don't talk of dying," said Mrs. Bonfield, quickly, a troubled expression coming into her face.

Her husband dropped his eyes to the floor and sat in thought for a good while.

"Jenny," he said, looking up at length, "there's one way to make things safe. I've been turning it over in my mind for several days, but didn't just care to speak of it. I could get a life insurance for one or two thousand dollars."

He saw his wife's cheeks grow instantly pale.

"Oh! no," she exclaimed quickly, "I wouldn't do that. The very thought sends a cold shiver all over me."

"Thousands of people get their lives insured," said Mr. Bonfield.

But Mrs. Bonfield shook her head. "I wouldn't have you do it for the world. It's just like looking death in the face."

It was all in vain that her husband tried to reason with her.

"It's of no use, Henry," she answered. "I wouldn't have a moment's peace from the day

your life was insured. It seems to me a kind of flying in the face of Providence. There's something so cold and calculating in the whole thing—putting up so much money, as it were, against a life—valuing a human life at one, or two, or ten thousand dollars! Oh! no, Henry. I don't want you to do it."

"I'm sorry you feel so," replied her husband. "It would set my mind at ease in regard to the mortgage."

"Don't trouble yourself about that," said Mrs. Bonfield, trying to speak cheerily; "it will be right in a few years."

But the young man could not feel at ease. They had two children, and his wife's health was not very good. If he should die, what was to become of them? This thought was perpetually haunting him and taking away the pleasure of life.

When New-Year's eve came round again Bonfield's circumstances were not much improved. Only one hundred dollars had been paid on the mortgage during the whole year. There had been sickness, loss of time, large doctor's bills, and one or two bad debts. Another baby had come, with the added care and expense.

Bonfield was less cheerful than on the previous New-Year's eve. A shadow seemed to rest over him.

"I wish you could look at things more hopefully," said his wife. "He who feedeth the ravens has us in his keeping as well. Why should we lose the blessings given us to-day in fear of some evil to-morrow? We have our pleasant home and our darling children—good gifts and precious. Let us be happy in them."

Good gifts and precious they were to Bonfield. Few men loved wife and children with a tenderer and more unselfish love. It was in the very depths of this love that anxiety was born. Fear lest he should be taken from them haunted him night and day. What was to become of them if he should die?

Alas for the next New-Year's eve! It found the death-angel in Bonfield's house. A sudden illness baffled all the physician's skill, and the life on which so much depended went out, and left sorrow, and darkness, and desolation of spirit behind.

"What is to become of his poor wife and children?" was the anxious question that passed from lip to lip among friends and neighbors. They had not a relative in the place—no one on whom they had any natural claim for help or support. It was this that had made

the husband and father so anxious about them, and so earnest to get his home paid for. In the year which had just closed, only a hundred dollars of the mortgage had been cancelled, and there still remained eight hundred dollars due. This mortgage was in the hands of a man who would not scruple to rob the widow and orphans by taking any advantage within his reach. While Bonfield lived, he knew that nothing could be gained by an attempt to foreclose the mortgage, for another could easily have been obtained. But now that he was dead, and his widow left without the means of meeting even the interest, much less paying off the mortgage, an opportunity to force a sale and get the property at a sacrifice had come, which he was not the man to let pass.

Three days after the funeral, Mrs. Bonfield was roused from the helpless lethargy of her grief by the reception of a legal paper, giving notice that the balance of money due on the house must be paid by a certain date or it would be sold in satisfaction of the mortgage. To whom could she go in this sad extremity? Alas! there was no one. In losing her husband she had lost her only human friend, supporter, and protector. She was alone in the world.

The extremity of her situation quickened into life all the energy of Mrs. Bonfield's nature. She looked at her three fatherless children, then at her small, weak hands, by which alone their bread was to be wrested from the world, and then upward to God for guidance and help. For a whole day after receiving the legal notice, she cast about helplessly in her mind for a means of escape from the threatened danger. Not a single neighbor came in during the time to help or counsel her. If the house had been paid for, and a home thus secured, Mrs. Bonfield would have seen the way clear. Before her marriage she had learned the trade of a milliner, and being a woman of considerable taste, she felt sure that she could turn her skill to good account in the support of her children. But if her home was taken from her, what would she do?

In her painful suspense and anxiety she went to the man who held the mortgage, and telling him her plans, besought him to let the debt lie for one year, and sell then if she could not pay the interest and a part of the debt. But he would listen to nothing. The chance had come to make gain of oppression, and he would not let it pass.

The poor widow went back in despair to her children, and sat down among them, weeping and wringing her hands. Her oldest child, a

girl six years of age, tried to tell her something, but her ears were deaf.

"Mother!" said the child, with the eagerness of one who seemed to forget everything for herself.

"Not now, dear!" and Mrs. Bonfield tried to push her away.

"But the man told me to give it to you as soon as you came in. Here it is," urged the child.

"Give me what?" and Mrs. Bonfield roused herself a little.

"This letter," and the child pushed a letter into her mother's hand.

A letter! When she comprehended that, Mrs. Bonfield's interest awakened. She took it from her child's hand, and opening it, read a few lines, and then let it fall to the floor. But quickly and eagerly catching it up, she held it in wild excitement close to her eyes; then let it fall again, and burying her face in her hands, sat very still, while tears fell in large drops through her fingers down upon the carpet.

"DEAR MADAM" (so the letter read): "Two years ago your husband had his life insured in our office for the sum of fifteen hundred dollars. The amount will be paid to you on demand."

It was from the secretary of a life insurance company, the office of which was in a neighboring town.

Sinking upon her knees among her children, the widow lifted her heart in thankfulness to God. Light broke in upon the darkness of her life. The tender love of her husband, that was ever concerned for her good, seemed reaching over from the other side to succor and to comfort her. Death had suddenly taken him away to what seemed an infinite distance. An impassable gulf was between them. But now it seemed as if he were in the very room with her, and that his hands were holding her up and leading her in safety.

"Dear husband!" she murmured, "my heart blesses you for this love and care! It will be well with your little ones now. I will stand to them in your stead—toil for them, care for them, make their lives blessed as you would have done."

All her way was plain now. She paid off the mortgage, and so had her home secure. A part of the money that remained she put out at interest, and with the rest fitted up her little parlor as a place of business, bought a few useful and fancy articles, and set up as a milliner. Her taste, her skill, and her industry soon brought her plenty of work, and in a few years she had the largest custom in her line that the town afforded.—*The Workingman*.

JACQUELINE.

BY VIRGINIA F. TOWNSEND.

CHAPTER XXL

"BY JOVE!" said Sydney Weymouth, "the old man's put affairs through this time with a vengeance."

He sat in the chamber of his hotel in New York. It was just after his late breakfast, and he had been enjoying his cigar in a luxurious fashion, and thinking the world was a pretty comfortable place, if a fellow had plenty of money, and was philosopher enough to take it easily.

Then he had taken up a photograph which his betrothed had sent him, with one of her dainty epistles, the night before.

He had contemplated this for some time, with a kind of critical look on his face, which could hardly have gratified the original of the picture.

"Women never did look well in photographs—the hard lines always spoiled their faces," the young man thought to himself. Yet most men would have exclaimed, on seeing the *carte de visite*—"What a handsome woman!"

But a face with a pale, clear outline, and shining eyes, seemed to hover with tantalizing sweetness about this picture which he held in his hand. What business had the hovering phantom there? Yet Sydney Weymouth knew well enough whose form and likeness it had taken, and in his heart the man hated it. His meditations were suddenly broken by the waiter who brought the morning mail. There was a letter from his father. The son read it hastily, and then broke out in his ejaculation.

He was too excited to sit still now. He rose up, tossing his half consumed cigar on the table, and walked about the room, looking pale and excited.

He had not counted on his father's pushing affairs to such sudden conclusions.

Would this headlong precipitation on the old man's part cheat the son out of that sweet morsel of vengeance for which he had been waiting and working so long?

How often he had lived it over in imagination: the hour when Jacqueline Thayne should come, to learn that the man to whom she had given her heart—the man for whose sake she had refused the love of Sydney Weymouth—was a coward and a villain.

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Young Weymouth had come to entertain no doubt that Philip Draper was all which had stood between Jacqueline and himself in that hour which made him sometimes grind his teeth together when he thought of it.

From all the rest of the world, Sydney Weymouth was certain that his secret was safe enough; but the husband of Jacqueline Thayne would be certain to know that he owned the hand which Sydney Weymouth had sought in vain to win.

What an enormous thing this man's self-love must have been, that it could be so galled and stung by such a thought; that it could transform the good-natured—and, on a certain level, generous—Sydney Weymouth into the deadly foe of his rival!

While I write this, I am thinking, too, how many a man there is who owes a woman an eternal debt of gratitude because she saved him from a life of misery, by refusing the love he offered her in his undeveloped manhood; how many a woman looks back with a half shuddering sense of deliverance to that time when some boyish lover wore the roseate hues of her girlish fancy, thinking "If he had asked me then, I might be his wife to-day."

Perhaps Sydney Weymouth could have been more generous toward Jacqueline Thayne, if she had been merely some common-place girl, whose prettiness or brightness had attracted his early fancy; but he had a feeling that there was something eternal in Jacqueline's refusal of himself; that the highest and the most precious thing he had ever coveted had denied itself to him; and his soul within him longed to prove to her—to himself, perhaps—the mistake she had made; to bring down into the mire the man she had set in the sacred temple of her soul, as noble and lofty above all other men, and say, "Behold, this is he whom your soul revered."

Over the thought of that triumph the soul of Sidney Weymouth gloated with savage exultation.

Sydney Weymouth, too, had counted wisely on the nature with which he had to deal. He knew, once prove to Jacqueline Thayne that this lover of hers—the man's instinct always took it for granted young Draper was that—had dealt falsely by the factory girl—had, in

short, flirted with her and won her heart, if it had gone no further than that—merely to gratify his vanity or test his power over another soul, or to infuse a certain zest and interest into the dull weeks at Hedgerows—the squire's niece would shrink from her lover as something false and defiled. Other women in her case might look lightly on such conduct; at least, try to palliate or hunt flimsy excuses for it, but Jacqueline Thayne would regard a wrong done to the lowliest of her sex as though it were done to herself: the most charitable and pitiful of women where her sex are usually deemed severest, prompt and generous to overlook all those faults which find some palliation in organization and temperament, the girl shrank with horror from cruelty, meanness, or cowardice. Her heart—that very womanly instinct of worship which was a part of her nature—could never pardon to its love, falsehood or baseness.

Sydney Weymouth had given the darkest possible construction to the superintendent's relations with Ruth Benson. Prejudiced as the young man was, however, he could not fail to discern that here there were some links wanting in his chain of evidence. Whether, however, the worst could be proved or not, it would be sufficient for Weymouth's purpose to convince Jacqueline that Reynolds had told the truth.

"Ah, my fine lady, it will be a dreadful blow to you," he said to himself, gloating over the thought of all Jacqueline must suffer when she came to know the truth, and something evil came into the man's eyes. I believe Sydney Weymouth was growing bad these days.

The contents of his father's letter could not fail to move him keenly. He had hardly suspected it would be so easy getting rid of the superintendent, and in his heart the son could at first have cursed the old man for his haste.

But as he grew calmer and took in the whole situation of affairs, he began to feel that this might after all turn out for the best.

He must trim his sails to this new wind. Philip Draper's absence, too, might prove the best thing possible at this juncture.

Sydney Weymouth, however, found fresh food for his suspicions in this readiness of the superintendent to leave Hedgerows.

"He was in a fat berth down there at the factories, and my soul on it he wouldn't be willing to throw it up if he wasn't afraid something was likely to come to light greatly to his disadvantage. Ah, my man, I've got my grip on you, and I don't intend to let it go until I've

dashed the mask off you, and shown you up, hideous and hypocrite as you are, to the eyes of one woman!" and Sydney Weymouth clinched his hand and then snapped his fingers and laughed. It was a light laugh, but I believe the devil was glad to hear it.

Sydney Weymouth finally concluded he could afford to stay a couple of days longer in New York. There seemed no especial reason to hurry home, and there was a new opera to be brought out and he wanted hugely to see it.

The truth was, Sydney Weymouth did not want to look Philip Draper in the eyes again. The letter had said he would be off in a day or two.

At the very time the son was reading his father's letter in the chamber of his hotel, the old gentleman was reading another at home. When it was through he laid it down and swore a loud oath.

"My goodness, father," exclaimed Mrs. Weymouth—who, at the other end of the room, was feeding her canaries—shocked and amazed at the words. Profanity was not the habit of her husband.

Mr. Weymouth took off his glasses. His hand shook as though a sudden palsy had struck it. His wife came over affrighted to his side.

"Is anything the matter, Stephen?"

"Read that," and he pointed to the letter he had laid down.

She took it up and ran over the contents. It was a letter from a police officer, inquiring whether a man by the name of Stark Reynolds was in the employ of the Hedgerows woollen mills. He might be known here by some other name, but this was certainly one of his *aliases*, of which he had at least a dozen. He was an old hand at crime, and had broken State's prison six months ago. He had served out a year of his last term. Then followed a description of Reynolds. The police had been on his track for awhile and had suspicions that the man was lurking about Hedgerows.

Mrs. Weymouth laid down the letter, and the husband and wife looked at each other.

"You are sure it is the man?" she asked. She had never seen the wool-sorter.

"There's not the ghost of a doubt about that. That description would nail the villain anywhere. Curse him!"

Mrs. Weymouth could not find a word to say.

As for her husband, she had never seen him so excited in his life. He called himself a fool,

and he called Sydney another. As for Reynolds, he affirmed anybody might have seen, though he were blind as a bat, that that man carried villainy written in his face.

"O Stephen! do try and be calm. It will kill you to go on at this rate," pleaded Mrs. Weymouth, almost as much agitated as her husband.

But she might as well have talked to the winds. In fact Mrs. Weymouth received a look from her husband at that time which actually scared her.

"What are you going to do," she faltered.

"I'm going, for the first thing, to get that fellow back into the cell that he so richly deserves, and as for Draper—" he drew himself up by the mantel and drew two or three hard breaths, his eyes strained at her as though he could not see her, and his face grew deadly pale. "Mury," he said, in a changed voice, "I feel cold—what is the matter?"

The wife went up to him with a new alarm in her face. His hand groped for her as though he were a helpless infant, and when she led him to a seat he leaned against her heavily as though otherwise he must have fallen.

That day Sydney Weymouth received a telegram from home. His father had had a slight stroke of paralysis.

Jacqueline Thayne had gone out of doors late in the afternoon. Such magnificent days as had burst out in this week—the last in September. A very divine wonder and glory, each had arisen in the East and gone its appointed length over the earth, filling sky and atmosphere, and earth with such splendor of color, such lavish joy, and ripeness, and perfection of life, that merely to live seemed blessedness enough. There were no days like these to Jacqueline. Not even those wonderful ones when the fiery heart of the year was throbbing with the intoxication of youth, and every June day burst out in a very mad riot of greenness and bloom, were to this girl quite so dear as the still splendor of September.

"I hope I shall die in the midst of such days," she said to her uncle, her eyes so deep and lustrous that the man could not keep his own away from them. "But I can't imagine that I should want Heaven any better than this, only that will last, you know."

This afternoon Jacqueline went out with no definite plan for her walk; only the wide outdoors called to her and made the very blood tingle in her veins.

She went slowly up the lane, through the

wide, warm, sunny stillness, not meeting a soul, and at last reached the great hill pastures. She crept through the bars and wandered along to a great wild-cherry tree in the middle of the field, and sat down here, still as a statue, at the foot of the great gnarled trunk.

How beautiful it was—almost more to her than she could bear. The tears came into her eyes. Those were God's hills afar off in the still, purple atmosphere, and the skies overhead, with their depths of blue, and the dear, old, green earth all about her. How near He always seemed these days—how tender and loving. She never doubted Him at such times. All those dreadful problems of human life that worried and tormented her soul, and came with chill and darkness between her and her Father in Heaven, ceased to trouble her now. His heart was her eternal home, and its immortal love would take in and harmonize there all it had created.

So the girl's thoughts went, sitting under the old cherry-tree in the hill-pasture, on that late September afternoon. Her seat commanded a view of one side of her home. Looking down she saw suddenly a young girl standing at the side gate, looking at the house, with something timid and irresolute in her air.

Jacqueline watched the girl's movements with a good deal of interest. She seemed to take heart at last and go up rapidly to the door, although her figure was soon lost among the windings of the shrubbery.

"I wonder what she can want?" thought Jacqueline, and then she forgot all about the girl and somehow fell to thinking of Philip Draper.

She had thought a great deal about him. Ever since she had learned of the riot at the mills she had felt a constant solicitude and sympathy at her heart. She had wondered too that he did not come out to Blue River, and she had been a good deal disappointed as the evenings went by without bringing him.

She did not even know that he was about to leave Hedgerows. It was very singular that her uncle had not told her, but Squire Thayne was a good deal like a woman in this. He largely obeyed his instincts, and whenever he was tempted to inform his niece of the superintendent's plans, something seemed to warn him to wait.

It all seemed very absurd when he set the matter before himself in a common-sense light, but, after all, Squire Thayne kept silent.

In a few moments Jacqueline saw the young girl come in sight again. The former remem-

bered now that her uncle had been absent all the afternoon. She would have called to the stranger had she been sure of making herself heard.

The young girl walked slowly up the road until she came to its juncture with the lane. She paused here and looked up curiously. The walk was steep but pleasant, and the "hill-road" wound circuitously down on the other side of the pastures, and, by gradual descents, reached the town.

The whole distance was not more than two miles, and had its own attractions for the whole way.

After debating the matter with herself at the corner of the lane a few moments, the girl turned about and came up the hill. Jacqueline watched as the former drew near. She was dressed very simply, but such a pretty flushed face as looked out from the jaunty brown hat!

It struck Jacqueline at once that this must be the very girl—"pretty enough for one of Shakespeare's English ladies"—whom her uncle had come across the other day.

The girl had some errand with him doubtless. Perhaps Jacqueline could serve as well as the squire. She rose up and went toward the bars.

The pretty face flushed with surprise as she saw the lady standing there, but Jacqueline smiled, and said, in her own way: "I've been watching you for some time. I saw you go up to the house just now and come away a little later. I fancied you wished to see my uncle, Squire Thayne."

"Yes, I did," said the girl, and there was a little flutter of embarrassment in her voice.

"He has gone away, and will not return until late this evening. I am sorry."

"Thank you. It's no great matter," answered the girl.

"Well, then, perhaps I can serve in his place. Is there anything I can do for you?"

The girl drew her breath. The swift color came into her face, and for a moment the sweet blue eyes had the scared look of a little child. Then she turned and looked at the lady with a doubtful, inquisitive glance, which also had something childish in it, and as she gazed, the fright went out of her eyes.

"It was something he said to me that day I had the ride. I've been thinking ever since, perhaps he ought to know, only I hadn't quite the courage to tell him."

Her voice sank and hurried across the words as though she were half afraid of it herself.

It was evident the girl had something upon her mind which it would relieve her to unburden. She was such a pretty, innocent thing that Jacqueline's interest was warmly aroused; yet she did not like to press anybody's confidence.

"Suppose we go and sit under the cherry tree a few minutes," she said at last. "It's a pleasanter place than this for a talk, and really I want to get a little better acquainted with you—I have, indeed, ever since my uncle took that ride with you."

"Did he tell you?" asked the girl, surprised and pleased enough, and she followed the lady.

"Oh, yes; he always tells me everything."

The two sat down under the cherry-tree, and Jacqueline talked on awhile about the scenery and the weather in a way most likely to set her companion at ease. The former had a singular personal magnetism which operated strongly on those brought within the sphere of its influence.

The shyness which hung about the girl's face and manner disappeared slowly, and a pleased confidence took its place.

At last there came a silence between the two, and when Jacqueline next met the girl's eyes, something in them told her it was time now to speak.

"I see you have something to tell me, and that you will not go away quite at ease unless it is said. Now, if I can help you—if for any reason you think it best—try me."

The girl drew a long, long breath. Flushes and shadows of thought came and went on the pretty face. She drew nearer Jacqueline. "It's a secret," she said. "It's about the superintendent and another man."

"Mr. Draper, you mean?"

"Yes! he has been such a kind friend to me—kinder than anybody would believe."

"He has been a very kind friend to me also," said Jacqueline.

"Then it will be easier to tell you," looking pleased. "I could only tell it to his friend, and I knew your uncle was that when he talked of him."

"You are quite right there."

"But it seems to me he has some great enemies, and that I know who they are. I can't help him, you see, but your uncle might."

"If any man could, I am sure it would be my uncle."

By this time Ruth Benson was pretty much at her ease, and afterward she had the talking to herself. She commenced with her acquaintance "with that wicked Reynolds," as she called

him, and then she related her interview with the superintendent in the factory road.

She told it just as it happened, repeating the young man's very words, although she grew greatly agitated as she went over the exciting scene, and the sobs strained her voice, as the tears did her eyes.

Jacqueline, too, must have been more or less overcome, for she put up her hand to her face and listened without a word.

Ruth Benson went on: After the interview with Philip Draper, she affirmed that she had carefully avoided Reynolds, although the man had been very persistent in his attentions and invitations, and annoyed and sometimes alarmed the factory girl.

At last, wearied out by her continual coldness, the man had ceased to trouble her, and for some time she had not met him.

One day, about a month ago, she had come upon him suddenly. It was in the evening, just after dark, and Ruth was hurrying home from a call on one of her factory friends.

She came upon the wool-sorter almost precisely on the spot in Factory Road where she had had her interview with Philip Draper.

She recognized him at once, and was hurrying past, when he planted himself directly in her way, and with a loud laugh and a volley of oaths burst out: "Ah, my pretty bird, you've been playing a nice game of hide and seek with me, of late, but I've got hold of you now." And he put his arm around her, and his breath, hot with whiskey, came up in her face. The poor girl, half dead with terror, tried to wrench herself out of the ruffian's grasp. He was "dreadfully drunk," she said.

He held her fast, talking all the time, and interlarding his speech with frightful oaths. It was strange how, in the frozen terror of that time, Reynolds's talk had entered into Ruth's brain and remained there. He cursed her and he cursed Philip Draper, and called Ruth names which made her blood curdle with horror.

Then the man burst out into a ferocious laugh, and declared that miserable hypocrite would find himself laid flat in the game he was playing, for young Weymouth knew all about it, and had an old grudge of his own to settle. Reynolds was sure of his man there, for he had told his own story, and the young fellow had swallowed it all like a lump of sugar. There'll be hot work at the factories before long—she'd see that; and see, too, what that young scoundrel who kept the books got by fishing in another man's river.

Suddenly voices came down the road. At

the sound, Ruth Benson, in a sudden access of strength, wrenched herself out of the drunkard's grasp.

A few minutes later she reached her home, and was sick all the next day from the fright she had undergone, but she never breathed it to a human soul; and from that day to this Ruth Benson had not exchanged a word with Reynolds, avoiding him as she would the plague.

This was the story which Ruth Benson told to Jacqueline Thayne, in the old pasture, under the cherry-tree, that afternoon. It was impossible not to believe every word that the girl said. Indeed, looking on her face, it never once entered Jacqueline's thought to doubt it.

"I knew your uncle was a good man and a wise one," continued the girl. "After that man had called me those terrible names I could not go to Mr. Draper—" Her face flushed and her voice broke right down here.

"I see, dear, I see," said Jacqueline, and she laid her hand softly on Ruth Benson's.

"Yet it seemed to me somebody ought to know. I've laid awake a good many nights, thinking it over, and when the riot came, I was sure that Reynolds had done all he could to bring it on. He would do anything to harm our superintendent."

"He must be a monster. I can't understand, though, how he can have any influence over Mr. Weymouth," continued Jacqueline, half to herself.

"He seemed very sure of it, though, that time," answered the factory girl.

"But he was drunk, you remember, and probably did not know what he was saying," continued the lady.

"Ye-es, ma'am, I know," speaking in a slow, doubtful way. "But there are two parties at the factories, and nobody who likes Mr. Weymouth is a friend of Mr. Draper's."

Jacqueline was silent a little while. At last she spoke: "You said the truth; my uncle is a wise and a good man. You have done just right in coming to him. I shall tell him all you have said, and he will wonder, as I do, that you have acted so wisely and nobly as you have done in all this matter."

Jacqueline was amply repaid for the last clause by the look on the factory girl's face.

There was some more talk between the two so singularly brought into each other's confidence, and then the afternoon was almost gone, and Ruth Benson went away, carrying a light heart, and sure that she had found a new friend in the lady she had left sitting alone in the pas-

ture, with her sweet, thoughtful face looking toward the sunset, while flecks of wind seemed to come together and beat softly in the old cherry-tree over her head.

Jacqueline sat there a long time, thinking over what she had heard, and it seemed to her that this Philip Draper came out to her all the time with some new strength and nobleness, something to which her inmost soul must ever do honor; while some shadow dropped over Sydney Weymouth, and he shrivelled away and was not the old friend of her girlhood—the friend she had trusted and loved.

But the thought gave her a great pang, and she tried to put it away, chiding herself for being just like a woman, always jumping at swift conclusions.

Uncle Alger would return that night and the whole thing would be laid open in the light of his clear, calm judgment.

At last, when the splendor of the sunset was passed, and the dews began to fall, Jacqueline rose up and went home.

A telegram met her there from her uncle. He had been detained and would not be home until the next day.

She passed the evening by herself, trying first one volume and then another; but each failed to interest her, and at last she fell back on the newspapers, but these proved also a futile resource—that story of the factory girl's still keeping itself uppermost in her mind.

She pondered it a long time before she went up stairs, where the very last thing she did was to look out on the night. Overhead, the sky was in its fullest splendor of stars. There they waited, and shone, and watched for the coming of the morning. Over that divine glory of the night it did not seem that a cloud could ever gather. Over the face, too, of the watching girl, uplifted to them, the stars saw gathering a solemn joy.

"What a good world it was to live in!" was Jacqueline's last thoughts as she closed the blinds.

CHAPTER XXII.

The next morning, when Jacqueline Thayne awoke, something seemed struggling against the windows. She started up and listened. It was raining furiously. Among the trees the winds drove and tore with loud cries. The autumn gales had come at last, coming up suddenly and bursting in conquering wrath upon all the splendor of the days and nights. To think of those stars under which she had sank to rest, and of the tempest in which she had waked!

Yet Jacqueline did not dislike such days. She enjoyed the wild, awful strength of the winds. Her soul seemed to mount exultantly on the mighty wings of the tempest. She seemed conscious of some new, half-savage strength in herself, which claimed immortal affinities with the spirit of the storm. This half-involuntarily disclosed itself in her reply to Deborah, when her young mistress went down to breakfast that morning, and the old serving woman's salutation was—"Oh, Miss Jackey, we've got an awful storm!"

"I suppose it is, Deborah; but, after all, it's magnificent."

All that day the storm strengthened. The flood-gates seemed opened. Vast sheets of water broke all day against the windows. Overhead the masses of cloud swelled heavier and darker. The winds raged and trumpeted through all. Blue River rose higher and higher, and would soon be over the banks. Deborah went with her scared face from one window to another, saying to herself, or to Jacqueline, if the latter happened to be within hearing—"If this goes on there long there'll be trouble to pay."

Jacqueline was not naturally timid, and she had felt all day in the library before the fire very much as she fancied some bird might seem in its warm, soft nest, while the storm rocked and raged among the branches. Still, as the night gathered, she began to fear, in a vague way, that if the storm continued long at this rate there would be the usual story of freshets, barns flooded, and bridges swept away.

It was growing dark when a carriage dashed up to the front door, and there was plenty of noise in the front hall.

Jacqueline rushed out to hear Squire Thayne's voice. "Why, Uncle Alger, is that really you—in this terrible storm, too?"

"Yes, it's I, of a dead certainty, but wet as a colony of drowned rats. There, don't come near me, child, until I've got off some of these soaked wrappings—whew! not a dry thread on me."

The two women bestirred themselves. Jacqueline coaxed the fire into a fresh blaze, thinking how pleasant it was to hear her uncle's voice again, and what an evening they were going to have together, while Deborah brought a steaming cup of coffee and made the squire drink it before she would let him off to his room. The old woman was an autocrat in her line. In a little while the squire entered the library, having exchanged his dripping garments for dry ones.

"Ah, my darling," he exclaimed, on catching sight of the blaze and the lady who sat by it, "I honestly believe this is the best place this side of Heaven."

Jacqueline came to meet him, and he took her in his arms and kissed her again and again with more than his usual fondness. "I've missed you immensely all day, with only the storm out there to talk to me. But I never once dared to hope you would come home to-night. What brought you?"

"I don't know, unless it was a great longing to see my little girl. Some how that got hold of me and wouldn't let me stay. Nothing has happened to you, my dove?"

"Oh, no, nothing in the world."

Then Squire Thayne went on to talk about the storm which he had faced for twenty miles. He had never encountered such a one. The furies were all abroad, he averred. The hills sheltered Hedgerows somewhat from the worst of the tempest, but on the wide lowlands it was just awful. The river was rising at an unheard of rate; indeed, the squire had to take to the hill road, for the lower one was overflowed. There had been a long drought, and now all the mountain streams were rising at an awful rate, and there would be terrible mischief to the mills and the river farms if the storm did not speedily abate.

Squire Thayne looked sober as he talked. Jacqueline had not suspected the peril was so imminent, and felt anxious for a few minutes; but she was so thoroughly content, now her uncle had come back, that she nearly forgot all about the storm.

They had the coequest of suppers together, in the course of which the squire declared himself alarmed lest he should never reach the limit of his capacity for Deborah's fresh biscuit, supplemented with various other dainties, and then they returned to the library, and Jacqueline said, "There will be no mail up to-night in this storm."

"No," replied the squire, "I can dispense with my newspaper every night."

Perhaps some unusual tenderness or solicitude in his manner toward her to-night struck Jacqueline. At any rate, she turned suddenly and looked at her uncle a moment, and put her fingers in his beard and pulled it a little, just as she used to do, when there was not a solitary white flake in the brown mass, and then she asked, "Was I really worth so much, after all?"

"Worth how much?"

"Why, that you should have taken such a

ride through all these roaring winds and drenching rains to pass the evening with me."

He put his arms right around her. He drew her close to him. "Oh, yes, my darling," he said, in a tone that left no doubt of his feelings, "thank God, you are worth just so much." Afterward, they drew up to the fire and Squire Thayne told his niece how, in the forenoon of that day, an unaccountable desire and yearning after her had taken possession of him. He had, immediately after breakfast, made up his mind that he should not start for home until the storm abated; but this feeling overcame his hesitation and he gave orders to harness up at once.

"It was a little curious feeling, uncle, and I so safe and snug here in the library all day," she said, when he paused.

"I can't account for it, precisely," said her uncle; "but then there are a good many things one cannot account for—better not even try to."

He was silent awhile and so was she, and the storm grew fiercer without, and at last the squire turned to his niece, saying very earnestly, "Jacqueline, do you ever think that sometime one of us must die and leave the other?"

"Oh, Uncle Alger!" she started and winced, and the light went out of her face; "don't talk of that."

"Oh, but, my dear, we must think of it sometimes. You may go first, with all the youth on your side; there's no telling. I'm hale and hearty, and there's no signs of breaking up about me that I can perceive; still, I'm slipping smoothly down the current of my sixties."

"Uncle Alger," exclaimed Jacqueline with a good deal of impatience, "what is the use of holding up your years like spectres before me? You are just like a young man; you seem just like one to me, and I wish you would not take pains to remind me of the precise number of years you have been in the world."

The man laughed amusedly. "Is my age such a terrible bugbear to you?" he said; and he continued: "But it's a cowardly way to live, after all, isn't it? with this 'hide-bound' love of life, as that grand Macdonald calls it. As though we should go away from God because we are going out of this one world of His!"

"I know it's all true what you say," replied the girl, "but, after all, it's such a dreadful leap, and there's the dreadful darkness and silence, and here's the warmth, and light, and love."

"I know all that side, dear, and what's better, God knows it, too;" and after that he

went on to talk of death so simply, so beautifully—for all the world—for himself—for her—that Jacqueline listened a long time without any vague feeling of dread, even when he came to speak, as he did, of several little matters he should like to have adjusted in case he went first.

After her uncle had talked thus a long time—Jacqueline never knew how long, although afterward she tried many times to remember—the girl started of a sudden out of the mild, softened mood which the conversation had brought with it.

"Uncle Alger," she said, "what makes us talk in this way? You don't really think you or I are going to die soon, do you?"

"Oh, no; but then we must, some time; and, after all, what does 'soon' mean?"

"I couldn't live without you, and shouldn't want to," she said, with her native impetuosity, and she put her head down on his knee.

His hand fell into the shining curls of her hair. "Whenever God wants us, He can find a way to keep us," said Algernon Thayne.

There was no more said, at least that Jacqueline can remember, and circumstances happened afterward to impress every syllable of this evening's talk on her memory.

The talk with Ruth Benson, the day before, probably flashed suddenly across her, and dissipated everything else, for, on the instant, she lifted her head, and said, "Oh, uncle! to think you've been home all this time, and I haven't told you yet."

"Told me what?"

"Why, about what happened yesterday, and my interview with the pretty little factory girl, whom you took to ride."

Squire Thayne aroused himself now, with an air of great attention. Jacqueline's story was hardly interrupted by a remark or question on his part; but when she concluded, he knew all she had learned the day before, sitting in the sunshine, under the cherry-tree, in the old pasture lot.

He was still awhile, putting all the facts that he knew together, settling all in their places, and seeing how each threw light on the other. The factory girl's story made evident enough the fact which the squire had long ago vaguely suspected: the personal enmity of young Weymouth toward his father's superintendent, and the squire had no doubt of the secret cause of this feeling.

Into his musings Jacqueline's voice came abruptly: "Uncle Alger, what do you think of all this?"

"I cannot tell you in a few words; only I believe that miserable villain, Reynolds, told the truth for once in his life—told it drunk, as he certainly would not if he had been sober."

Jacqueline looked troubled enough.

"But there was Sydney Weymouth. That part of the story could have had no better foundation than the whiskey and the malice in the brain of that wretch."

Her uncle did not say one word.

"Uncle Alger," said Jacqueline, almost angrily, "why do you keep silent?"

"Because I had rather you would excuse me, now, from saying one word on that topic."

When he spoke in that tone, his niece knew him too well to press the matter farther.

She sat still a good while, with a puzzled, troubled face, which her uncle did not like to see.

He spoke at last: "I wish you had asked me, instead, what I think of Philip Draper's conduct toward that poor, little, helpless, factory girl, and how many men there are in the world who, under the same circumstances, would have acted as he did?"

Her face brightened. It was a noble action. "Ah, uncle, it touched me to the quick."

"It was like him, after all. There is nothing true, or worthy, or noble, which one who comes to know Philip Draper thoroughly, may not expect of him."

This was very high praise. Jacqueline was not prepared for it; her uncle, for obvious reasons, having always been a little reticent of his real estimation of the superintendent.

"I did not know, that much as I knew you liked him, Philip Draper stood so high as this in your favor."

"No; I left my little girl to find out the man for herself. I have not usually found her perceptions slow."

"But you think I have been this time, I see. After he had saved my life, too," speaking half remorsefully.

"Child, do have done with that everlasting notion of gratitude. A man might have done all that, and not be in any wise Philip Draper."

The talk was getting on dangerous ground. The squire realized it, but he would not draw back now, so he continued before Jacqueline had time to reply:

"Perhaps I should not to-night have expressed my sentiments so warmly, if I had not felt that the conspiracy, or whatever one may call it—the bad feeling, in high and low places, against Philip Draper—had succeeded."

"What do you mean?" said Jacqueline, eagerly.

"I mean that he will soon be rid of Hedgerows."

The girl's look of consternation encouraged her uncle to proceed, and he related the entire conversation which had transpired betwixt him and Philip Draper in their last ride together.

Jacqueline listened with a white horror to the account of the deadly struggle on the bank of the river, between Philip Draper and Reynolds, but when it came to the superintendent's fixed resolution to leave Hedgerows, Jacqueline burst in with—"Uncle, you must not let him go. It is cruel—it is outrageous. I know you have great influence with him;" her emotion shaking out her half-coherent sentences.

"It is useless to attempt to move him. I find his resolution is fixed. In his case I should probably do precisely as he is doing, yet I wish they had left my young friend to me," added the squire.

"Uncle," said Jacqueline, impetuously, "I must speak whether you allow me or not. I see you have a conviction that Sydney Weymouth has done some wrong to Philip Draper. Now what possible reason have you for supposing this. I beseech you to tell me."

Thus abjured, her uncle could not choose but answer. "Jacqueline," he said, significantly, "it takes a very generous man to forgive the one whom he regards as his rival."

"His rival! Philip Draper Sydney Weymouth's rival," murmured Jacqueline, and then she started suddenly, as an idea struck her, and stared up in her uncle's face. Her eyes were wide, her cheeks flushed. At that moment the winds, like a sudden tempest of artillery, shook the house to its foundation. While they had been talking the storm had been growing in strength, the rains sweeping down in drowning masses.

Jacqueline drew closer to her uncle and shivered with something like fear. "What a terrible storm it is," she said.

"Terrible, indeed. To-morrow will bring an awful chapter of disasters. And these have gone on while we have been sitting snugly unconscious by the fire. And do you see it is past midnight. How troubled and tired you look, my child. You must go right to bed. Think of nothing in the world but that God is in the storm and that you have only to go to sleep." He would not allow her time for another word. It was a long while though before, excited and troubled, she fell asleep. She lay awake listening to the awful battle of the

storm, and thinking of what her uncle had said. Was it true? Did Sydney Weymouth really believe that Philip Draper was his rival in her regards? and because of this was he trying to take subtle vengeance on the superintendent?

It all seemed too absurd—too dreadful to be true. Yet her uncle evidently believed it, and he was a man not likely to be mistaken.

What an awful mistake, too, Sydney Weymouth had made if he fancied the superintendent cared for her. There, in the dim light of the taper, her face smothered away in the pillows, the beats came and went in her cheeks with the rush of her rapid thoughts.

The storm raged outside, but she forgot all about it, and at last sleep came down and folded her away in its cloud and softness.

(To be continued.)

WASHED ASHORE.

BY LIZZIE CLARK.

I.

Washed ashore by the rippling tide,
Somebody's darling, somebody's pride,
Lift him up tenderly, bear him away,
Out of the dash of the foaming white spray.
Close the cold eyelashes, fold the cold hands,
Wipe from the still face the sea-weed and sands,
Brush the bright ringlets away from his brow,
Somebody's darling sleeps quietly now.

II.

Somebody's darling, with golden brown hair,
Each shining cluster was somebody's pride,
Somebody's hand rested lovingly there,
Somebody wept when he went from their side.
Somebody's head nestled close to his breast,
Some one was clasped in a loving embrace,
Somebody's lips to his own have been pressed,
Somebody's kisses lay sweet on his face.

III.

Somebody brushed the bright rings from his brow,
Somebody murmured a prayer soft and low,
Somebody watches and waits for him now,
Somebody loved him so fondly you know.
Somebody loved him, but God knoweth best,
Who are the loving ones?—where they may be,
Little they dream that he lieth at rest
Washed upon shore by the dash of the sea.

IV.

Sever one ringlet for somebody's sake,
Press one warm kiss on the fair youthful brow,
Somebody's heart would be ready to break
Could they but see him as you see him now.
Tearfully, tenderly, make him a grave,
Just out of reach of the dash of the wave,
Only these words let his epitaph be,
Somebody's darling washed up from the sea.

WOMAN'S WORK AND WOMAN'S WAGES.

BY AN AMERICAN WOMAN.

SHOULD MARRIED WOMEN GIVE ALL THEIR TIME TO HOUSEKEEPING.

NOW comes the consideration of the most difficult subject which I have yet had to deal with. This matter is so bounded by traditional customs and prejudices, that one knows scarcely how to give it unbiased thought, and scarcely dares to express the result of that thought.

The writer of this has studied long and earnestly upon the subject, and has frequently found herself involved in a maze of difficulties, no matter whether considering the question *pro* or *con*. Even now she must preface her article by the declaration that she does not see her way clearly through it. She must, as it were, feel her way blindly through a labyrinth of doubts and difficulties, following, as her only certain clue, the belief that God created us all purposely exactly as we are, and that whatever talents He has given us, we are accountable to Him for their use or abuse.

The family is the institution of nature and of revelation. This family consists necessarily of husband and wife, and eventually of children. In this family it is the portion of the husband to work—"Thou shalt earn thy bread by the sweat of thy brow"—and of the woman to become the mother of children. In the earliest days, when this decree was made, there was not included in the housekeeping and family raising any complicated housekeeping matters. The making, mending, washing, scrubbing, baking, sweeping, and all the multitudinous cares of a modern home have come by degrees, and have accumulated as the world has become more civilized. Thus the mistress of a family finds her duties multiplied ten-fold. She must be cook, laundress, chambermaid, seamstress, nurse, and general housekeeper—doing all those things in her own proper person, or by deputy, with all the responsibility resting upon her. This arrangement was made thousands of years ago, and though a somewhat arbitrary one, it is still accepted on all hands as the very best that can be made, and the world has actually come to believe the arrangement to be of the same divine institution as that of marriage.

A very large number of people believe that there is in the marriage service an implied promise, on the part of the wife, to cook her husband's dinner, and sew on his buttons, and that if she fails to do these properly, she is untrue to her marriage vows.

I find no fault with this arrangement. I can

suggest nothing better in its general working. I am only, with many others, looking anxiously and wearily forward to the time when still further advanced civilization shall somewhat lighten these burdens upon women's shoulders. Meantime, the right positions of the sexes are those of provider and dispenser—homemaker and homekeeper.

With this arrangement, it follows that every husband owes his wife a living—as good a living and as tender care as his means will justify. The wife owes the husband nothing but the care of his family. A man must ever be a debtor to the mother of his children—never a creditor in a pecuniary point. If a woman chooses, by her labor and industry, to add to the common stock, that is a matter for personal consideration, but something which the law should never meddle with.

First, then, let us stick a pin here. The wife owes to her husband the care of her family, and as an advanced civilization includes in this the cares of housekeeping, we must declare as our first deliberate answer to the question—all married women should be practical housekeepers.

But there are exceptions to all cases and to all rules. First, there are many wives whose husbands cannot, or will not, fulfil their marital obligations. Ill-health may prevent—evil habits may indispose them to do so. Then the woman must take upon herself the man's burden in addition to her own.

But are women in no other cases justified in stepping out of their home spheres?

Suppose one young girl, whom we introduced to the reader early in these essays, has found herself unfitted for sewing and teaching, and has strong antipathies to being a servant. She may some day marry, either because she wishes to secure an easy and assured living for herself, or from that absurd and old-fashioned notion that she really loves somebody sufficiently well to unite her destiny with his (that is the poetical way of saying it; there is no question of buttons, frying-pans and wash-tubs in the days of courting, and it is barely possible that they have not entered the thoughts of either). But after the honeymoon she awakes to the fact that she is expected to do all, and more than the duties of a hired servant, and any hesitation or reluctance on her part in accepting her vocation is regarded as highly improper. She may in her single days have learned a trade or profession, and, while not wishing to forego the happiness of married life, may still regard with regret the thought of laying that trade or pro-

session aside. What must she do? I for one see no reason why she should not carry on any business of her own independent of her household cares if it pleases her. If she has learned a trade which suits her tastes and capabilities, and which proves profitable, why should she not continue it, and with the proceeds of her labor hire the help she needs at home? Will her home be less happy? Will her husband be defrauded by this arrangement? Does it matter, if there be care, and loving kindness and watchfulness, and consideration, and comfort, and pleasant words and bright smiles, and a happy gathering of the family at evening around a cheerful fireside in an attractive room, whose hands and whose strength have attended to and provided for material wants, so that these wants are properly attended to? If so, how many culpable women there are who pass their responsibilities to servants that they themselves may enjoy an elegant leisure. But if the husbands of these women can afford them this leisure, it is not for me to cavil at it; and if other women can provide themselves this leisure, to be employed usefully and profitably, I see no just reason why any one should object.

I am violating none of my duties as wife and mother when I leave Bridget at home doing the family washing, Mary to cook the family dinner, and Kate to make the beds and look after the family mending, while I take a pleasure excursion, or go out shopping, or sit comfortably in my parlor, entertaining callers, or glancing through the last new novel. Are the facts of the case altered if I go to my own office instead of my neighbor's store, or if I retire to a sanctum fitted up beneath my own roof, which is designated library, studio, or shop, according to the use I put it to?

But we have been told, and we will be told over and over again, a woman cannot do this without neglecting her children—that, in fact, the whole thing is impossible to a woman with a family of small children.

The thing is not impossible, because it has been done over and over again, when necessity compelled it. And the woman who is freed from the constant and wearing care and presence of her children during a few hours of the day, is far better fitted to be their companion, guide and instructor during the remaining hours. She does not become so utterly exhausted; she does not become fretted, and nervous, and irritable; she will not be half so liable to scold them and punish them unjustly. Her temper is not so easily ruffled, her patience, from not being overtaken, holds out the better,

and her judgment is more clear-seeing and just. It will be found in the end a gain for both mother and children.

We have just referred to cases where a woman's tastes and inclinations lead her to engage in other than domestic pursuits. There are other cases where it seems a woman's duty to do this. There are women of rare business talents, women of genius, women of uncommon literary endowments, whom to confine to the narrow limits of the kitchen, nursery and parlor, would be a positive loss to the world. Imagine Mrs. Stowe being forbidden to write in her early married days, because in so doing she stole time which belonged to her family—time in which she ought to have been rocking the cradle or making her husband's shirts! Think of Mrs. Lily Martin Spencer being desired by her husband and a carping public to close her studio and lay aside her brushes for good and all, because she has a home and children who claim her undivided care! Consider the reasonableness of expecting our scores of successful lady physicians, who are in the receipt of liberal incomes derived from their practice, to take down their signs and devote their whole minds and intellects to the compounding of puddings and the proper dusting of furniture!

We are told of the late Mrs. Emma Willard—who all will admit was a noble and representative woman—that “once a week, usually just before tea on Saturday, she visited every part of her house, looked into closets, cupboards and drawers, inspected linen and silver, and demonstrated her claim to the title of a good house-keeper.” Surely every woman, no matter what her outside occupation, could spare time to give that much attention to her house.

I wish it were possible to convince women more generally that it would be an advantage to delegate the minutiae of housekeeping into other hands, and give a portion of their time and thoughts to other matters. A woman is not necessarily neglectful of home duties, even though she does not perform all the trifling details herself; and there is really no greater impropriety in sending her washing and ironing away from home to be done, or entrusting the sweeping, dusting and cooking to other hands, than there is in buying bread at the baker's, getting her butter in market ready churned and printed, putting out the family sewing, or sending her children to school to be educated. And if doing these things, or rather not doing them, leaves her at leisure to pursue more congenial employment, to widen her mental horizon, add to her stock of knowledge and experience,

and perhaps at the same time add to the finances of the family, who shall say it is wrong?

There is nothing in itself noble or elevating in the drudgery of the kitchen; there is nothing improving to the morals or strengthening to the affections in a basket of mending; and I for one would rather earn a pair of stockings than darn a pair—I think I could do it quicker and easier. A woman whose only and constant companions are young children, whose unremitting employment is to provide for their wants, will, in course of time, become incapacitated to be the companion of an intelligent man, and as her children grow up they too will outgrow her. Her range of vision, bounded by the walls of her own home, unknowing or forgetful of interests outside domestic ones, she naturally becomes narrow and selfish in her views of life, unfit to be the adviser of her husband and the educator of her children.

It is so comparatively new a thing for married women to seek occupation away from their domestic hearths, that it is difficult yet to tell the result. But I venture to predict that, upon investigation, their homes will be found as happy and as well ordered, while their sons and daughters will compare favorably with those of other mothers.

A wife's duties may end in the faithful performance of domestic affairs, but there her privileges begin. Supposing that she has no business or profession of her own to take up her spare moments, her greatest pleasure should be to acquaint herself with all the particulars of her husband's occupation, and prepare herself to render him any assistance he may need. If

he is a business man, she is the most faithful and trustworthy confidential clerk he can have. If he be a literary man, a woman of ordinary intelligence can soon learn to sit gracefully in the editorial chair, and use pen and scissors as readily as he. If he is a farmer, of all the ramifications of his business, there are none beyond her comprehension, and a great deal of it is of such a nature as to afford her the greatest pleasure. Though she cannot hold the plough, or swing the scythe, she can learn enough of these matters to take up the reins of government when sickness or death causes her husband to lay them down, and intelligently guide and direct others.

A few years ago the papers were full of the heroism of a captain's wife, who, on the occasion of the sickness of her husband at sea, took his place and brought the vessel safely to port.

There is no pleasanter sight than to see a husband and wife working in unison—his profession her profession, his interests her interests. It is a partnership in which neither need have fears concerning the honor or honesty of the other. I wish women could be convinced of this, and, while still exercising a supervision over all their home affairs, delegate the drudgery to less intellectual but stronger and quite as capable parties, give more time and attention to their husbands and their interests, and, by their wisdom and faithfulness, and the exercise of that Heaven-bestowed feminine intuition which is their peculiar gift, prove that, in all cases, the wisest, kindest, most devoted aid, counselor, and friend a man can have is his wife.

MARVELS OF THE INSECT WORLD.

BY J. B. D.

EIGHTH PAPER.

IN this, the last paper of the present series of articles, it is proposed to collate a few interesting and curious facts with regard to insects in the perfect and final stage of their existence. It cannot, of course, be expected that this collation will present more than the barest and briefest outline of a few of the marvels which cluster around a subject so wide in extent and so varied in character.

Who, says Figuiet—speaking of the butterflies in their perfect form—is not filled with admiration at the wonderful brilliance, the sprightliness, the rich variety of hues of

these resplendent inhabitants of the air? Some amateurs have spent large sums of money in the purchase of certain butterflies. Diamonds—says Réaumur—possess beauties no more real it may be, than those of the wings of a butterfly; and these after all are but seeming dust. For the brilliant colors which adorn a butterfly's wings are composed of innumerable fine scales which adhere to the fingers when we seize one of these beautiful creatures, in the shape of an almost impalpable powder or dust.

For a long time—continues Figuiet—this dust was thought to be composed of very mi-

nute feathers. Réaumur, however, showed that it was made up of fine scales, disposed over the delicate membrane of the insects wings, just like the scales on a fish. Their shape varies considerably. They are composed of three membranes or plates laid one upon the other. The first of these is covered with very minute rounded grains, which give to the scales their brilliant and varied hues. The second plate is covered with silk, sometimes very curiously figured. The third, or undermost plate, has the peculiar property of reflecting the brightest and most varied colors, though the surface of the scales visible to the eye is often dull and colorless.

If a painter, says Bernard Deschamps—a naturalist who has made the wings of butterflies a special study—were possessed of colors rich enough to represent on canvas, with all their brilliancy, gold, silver, the opal, the ruby, the sapphire, the emerald, and the other gems produced by the Orient, and with these colors were to form all the tints to be produced by their combination, it could yet be affirmed, without the chance of contradiction, that he would have no color or shade of color which could not be discovered by the microscope on a part of the scales of a butterfly's wing, which nature has been pleased to conceal from our gaze.

The membranous frame which supports the colored scales of butterflies and moths is well worth a moment's consideration. It consists of two membranes closely united by their inner surfaces, and divided into many distinct parts by hollow, horny threads, or nervures, more or less branched. Each one of these nervures contains an air-tube, which originates in the windpipe, and which being filled with air serves to render the insect more buoyant. A similar mechanism is well known to exist in birds.

The butterfly can fly for a long time, but not regularly, nor in a straight line. When the insect has to go some distance, it moves by an "infinity of zig-zags, going up and down, and from right to left." This irregularity saves the little insect from falling a prey to birds. "I was pleased," says Réaumur, "to see, one day, a sparrow chase a butterfly in the air for nearly ten minutes without being able to catch it. The flight of the bird was yet much more rapid than that of the butterfly; but the latter was always higher or lower than the place to which the bird flew, and where it thought it would catch the butterfly."

One of the most remarkable facts in regard to the perfect insect, is the expansion of its body and wings on its emerging from the pupa case.

A very striking example of this occurs in the transformation of the ant-lion. When it is about to change into a pupa it forms a cocoon of sand, lined with a beautiful tapestry of silk, the whole being less than half an inch in diameter, the pupa, itself, when rolled up, filling only about half the space, emerging in due season from this cocoon; the insect has but to expand its body and wings to complete its transformation; and here we have a marvelous exhibition. Though on its emergence not more than half an inch in length, in an instant it stretches out to an inch and a quarter, while its wings, which did not exceed the sixth of an inch, acquire an immediate expansion of nearly three inches!

It is very seldom that we can surprise insects at the precise moment of their final transformation. The following detailed account of the process, as exemplified in the silkworm, has been gathered from Malpighi, the celebrated Italian anatomist, and from the Swedish naturalist, Swammerdam:

Within four days of its final change, says Malpighi, the heart (dorsal vessel) of the silkworm continues moving slowly, and the body growing bigger; having thrown off the outward skin like a slough, the pupa appears a new creature. The throwing off the old and assuming this new form, is completed in the space of one minute and ten seconds; and it is thus done, as I chanced to see it. The motion of the heart (dorsal vessel) is very quick at first, and the whole frame of the body appears convulsed; so that the several circular folds of the segments emerge, and by the transverse contraction of the sides, the external skin is separated from the inner; hence, upon making an effort, and thrusting the body, which now appears particularly thick towards the head, the skin is driven backward and downward; and the portions of the windpipe being separated from their external proper orifices, are thrown away with the skin which is then cast off. By this motion, a cleft or opening is made in the back near the head, and through the aperture the body makes its way, the skin being by degrees drawn back toward the tail. This process is assisted greatly by a yellow kind of ichor which exudes from the cavities of the skull; and the pupa appears then free and disengaged.

While the insect is making its passage out, the antennæ are separated from the body of the pupa, and are torn, as it were, out of two cavities of the skull; and their length, as they become unfolded, occupies the same place which the two muscles of the mandibles formerly oc-

cupied. The wings, also, and the legs appear to be circumscribed in their limits; the wings being drawn from their situation near the fore-legs, and the legs from the lateral parts of the back. But as these unfolded parts are yet mucous, they easily stick to each other, and, insensibly growing dry, they become so closely united that the pupa appears like one entire garment. Now as these parts are peculiar to the moths, and are destined for their use, the nature of the moths seems to be to emerge sooner from the state of the caterpillar than is commonly believed, and also to be earlier implanted in it; for evidently, in the silk-worm, the beginnings of the wings may be seen under the second and third ring of the body, before the texture of the web. The antennæ are likewise delineated on the skull, and the web being finished, they have their own termination; nor will it be improper to suppose that the new kind of life in the pupa is only a mask or veil of the moth, which is already perfect within, the intent of which is, that it should not be struck or destroyed by external injuries, but might grow strong and ripen.

While the little creature remains in this condition, there is produced, as Swammerdam tells us, a violent agitation in its fluids, so that they are driven from the internal vessels through the tubes in the wings, which are likewise supplied with air from the windpipe. The insect, besides, labors violently with its legs, and all these motions concurring with the growth of the wings, it is impossible that the tender skin which covers it should not at length give way, which it does by bursting in four distinct and regular pieces. When the legs become disengaged they much assist in freeing the body and other parts that are yet bound up; at the same time, the skin on the back flies open and uncovers the wings and shoulders. The insect, after this, remains for some time in a state of rest, with its wings drooping down like wet paper, and its legs fixed in the skin which it has just cast off, together with the lining of the windpipe and breathing spiracles. This latter circumstance enables the insect to take more air into its body, and thereby renders it the better able to fly, and perform the other functions dependant on a good supply of air. In consequence of this the wings expand so rapidly, that it is by no means easy to trace their unfolding; for in the space of a few minutes, they increase in dimensions about five-fold. Their spots and colors at the same time, previously so small as to be scarcely discernible, become proportionally extended, so that what but a few

minutes before appeared as a number of confused and indistinct points, acquires many varied beauties of color and form. From the wings extending themselves so suddenly, their soft, wrinkled appearance is, in less than half an hour, no longer visible, and the insect becomes fitted for flight.

All these changes, according to Swammerdam, are perfected by the force of the circulating fluids and the air, impelled by respiration, a fact of which later observers seem to have little doubt.

The fact of the expansion of the wings by the impulsion of air and fluids into their nervures, can be shown by the accidents to which chrysalides are sometimes subject. The thread by which a chrysalis is suspended may chance to snap asunder. When this happens, and the chrysalis is allowed to remain, it will not usually produce an insect complete in all its parts; for the side upon which it lies being pressed against an unyielding substance, instead of hanging lightly by a silken cord, is prevented from expanding freely, and when the insect emerges from the pupa case it is found to be deformed.

Our illustration this month represents the Tatou Wasp (*Tatou Morio*) and nest. This little insect is found most abundantly in Guiana. It is entirely black. It is the type of a genus remarkable for the fact of the head being larger than the thorax.

The nest of the Tatou Wasp is said to be one of the most astonishing marvels of insect architecture. In our engraving a very fine specimen is shown, with a portion of the outer wall torn down, to exhibit the interior of the structure. It is a little less than the natural size.

In beginning their nest, the Tatou Wasps make choice of a nearly vertical, almost twigless, branch of a tree. This branch becomes the axis and support of the nest. To it are fixed a number of platforms containing cells. In the nest we have figured, there were ten of these cell-platforms. But what is particularly remarkable about this insect structure, is the wall which surrounds and envelopes it. It is made of a ligneous paper, of wafer-like thinness, and the fibres of which are arranged with wonderful evenness and regularity. In shape, it resembles a spindle. It is varied with longitudinal bands, alternately of a reddish brown and of a lighter hue, like that of the wood of the oak. At the bottom is a little circular opening, the sole mode of entrance and exit for the lively insects who have made this light and airy structure their home.

THE HOME CIRCLE.

EDITED BY A LADY.

OUR HOUSEKEEPING.

BY MARTHA D. HARDIE.

[We make room for this interesting sketch in our Home Circle because it is so full of excellent suggestions to those of limited means concerning the furnishing and adornment of homes.

One word farther. The author speaks of her *passé-partout* frames costing her fifteen cents each. If she had made these frames herself she might have reduced their cost at least two-thirds. This is a small matter, to be sure, but when it is desirable to reach the minimum in expenditure, it is something to be considered. Take a piece of glass the required size, then cut out a piece of white paper in the shape of an oval, or any required form, for a "mat;" lay this next the glass. The inner edge of this mat may be bound with a narrow strip of gilt paper if desired, but it is not actually necessary. Or the mat may be omitted entirely if the picture (leaving a broad white margin) fits the glass. Then lay on the picture, and on the back of all lay a piece of paper or thin pasteboard the size of the glass. Run a line in your bundles and boxes for strips of old black silk or black cambric. Cut or tear these in strips an inch wide; cover over one side with paste, and fold them over down the middle. This is for the purpose of giving a smooth, true edge, without any unseemly jags or ravelings. Then paste these again and lay them over the edges of the glass, letting them cover the front about one-twelfth or one-sixteenth of an inch, bringing the surplus of the binding over to the back, and paste down securely. Cut a piece of tape, and paste on the top to hang up by, pasting the ends of the tape near the two sides and allowing barely enough looseness to receive a nail head. Let the *passé-partout* lay until it is perfectly dry, and it is ready to hang up. As large pictures can be framed this way as the pasted tape will hold. To have less strain upon the tape, a couple of small tacks may be nailed in the wall beneath the picture to support it.—ED. HOME CIRCLE.]

WE were teachers, Margaret and I, in the public schools of Chicago, and having age, experience and friends in our favor, felt tolerably secure in the places we had already held three years. I was an orphan and had been for ten years a teacher; Margaret, younger than I, had home and friends, but preferred independence. Thrown together by teaching in adjoining rooms, a friendship had sprung up between us, cemented the last year by boarding at the same place and rooming together.

We thought our home pleasant, but sighed sometimes over the expense. We had so little left when

we had paid dry-goods' and shoe and dress makers' bills, bought a few books, and paid for a magazine. Yet it was not economy so much as comfort that made us set up housekeeping. One may eat hash, sour bread, or poor coffee with composure in the sunshine; but when, one rainy Monday morning, we found all three at once on the table our spirits fell. As we walked through the rain to school, struggling under the weight of an umbrella the wind seemed determined to turn, we agreed that Mrs. Brown was getting careless. We must find a new boarding place, and that, to me, who had stayed two years at Mrs. Brown's, and hated changes, was a sorry prospect.

"It will be hard to find a place so near the school," Margaret said, "and so cheap. I wish—I know of course it is impossible—but I wish we could keep house."

"Why not?" The idea struck me forcibly and favorably. "Rent a room, get second-hand furniture—haven't I china and silver and bedding that mother left me, safe at sister's?—and we could live to suit ourselves."

Not to make a long story of it, we did it. We rented a room eight by eleven, took thirty-five dollars of our joint savings, and bought therewith bedstead, wash-stand, table with drawer, a tiny stool, and two chairs—all, of course, second-hand, but all nearly new. Matting for the floor completed our purchases. My sister, in forwarding the things for which I asked, sent us butter enough for the season, and my little niece added a handsome tidy.

"That makes three tidies that we have," Margaret said; "four pincushions, a bracket, and two hanging baskets. Really, this looks like living."

The room was just large enough to get all our things in and have standing place for us. One trunk, indeed, had to be put under the bed, and the other offered a convenient seat in case a friend happened in. But when we had put our basket in the window, that the good things it contained might make summer for us through the long winter, hung my only picture, and put our books on corner shelves of stained pine, we felt that our room looked cheery and comfortable. And it was home; that meant so much to us.

So, through the winter we lived, ate what we pleased, grew healthier and happier for the change, and rather liked the little work the getting of our meals made. We lived simply, but well; and we found, when the winter was over, that, despite the expense of our outfit, we had saved money. We had paid for board six dollars, which extras increased to seven in winter. Our board now, including everything, was but three dollars and a half. So in the spring we decided that we might

enlarge our borders, and Margaret went house-hunting. A hard time she had of it, I am afraid, but she came to me at last in triumph, that faded a little when I asked for particulars.

"It's a mile from the school-house, that's the worst point. It's an old house, and the room needs repair. Our landlord will furnish paper if we will put it on. The room is large and has capabilities."

The last word decided me. I knew it meant that she had plans. It is to tell you of this home that I write. There may be others placed like us who would be glad to follow in our steps.

The room was eight by twelve, with a bed-recess and a little closet that served us as clothes-press, store-room, and pantry. The house was of brick, and our one window was large and deep, facing the south. We chose paper of a soft, delicate buff, that produced on the wall just the bright, sunshiny effect we wished; crimson border and a strip of the same round the board on the top of the window that held our plain muslin curtains. The same carpenter who made us this, made also a rough box which served as a wood and rubbish box and a screen for the bed. The latter was a somewhat elaborate affair, the length and height of the bed, and wide enough to allow on the inner side a row of shelves, where our numberless boxes might rest. The outer side we papered like our room, and placed before the bed, so our one room became two. Matting, crimson and white, on the floor, with a strip of bright carpet before the fire, and a crimson cover on our plain table, and our room began to look cheery and comfortable.

Then the upholstering fever seized us. Our wood-box three-fourths of a yard of brocatello glorified into an ottoman, and as it had castors it seldom stood in its proper place by the stove. Our trunks, which fortunately were nearly the same size, we placed together, cushioned like the ottoman, and behold a lounge. I purchased next a rocking-chair, but Margaret, more economical, cushioned her common chair till it was nearly as easy as mine. More than one Saturday we spent before our room was finally arranged, but the work was pleasant and the result satisfying.

The house had no blinds—a serious trouble we thought at first; but Margaret soon found a remedy. Outside, just below the window ledge, we fastened a narrow box, just the length of the window, made with lath and twine a trellice, and planted in it morning-glories. In a month they had climbed half over the window—in two they were inside, dropping their many-colored bells everywhere in the morning sunlight, and making abundant shade. With greenhouse plants neither of us had ever had much success. Our ivies refused to wander round our room, drape pictures and brackets, or do any of the pretty things it was advertised to do. Pine cones sprinkled with grass seed and put in moss baskets did not become things of beauty, and neither acorns or potatoes would sprout when suspended over water. We did succeed in making a lovely hanging

basket from a carrot, but that was all. One thing, however, we could and did do: we fastened in our wide window a shallow box and planted therein common flowers—mignonette, portulacca, phlox, verbena, geranium, and heliotrope. Over it hung three baskets—in the centre, vivid nasturtium, on each side wild morning glory. "Nothing but a weed," you say; but there are few vines prettier than this, few that will grow more readily everywhere. How it grew in our baskets, doing gradually all the pretty things our ivies had declined, twining round pictures, sending long tendrils of delicate green, starred with white bells, up on our curtains, forming, finally, a cornice round the room. All through the winter it thrived, while our other plants died in our close, warm air.

Then for pictures. It had always been one of our troubles that we could afford so few pictures; but encouraged by our success with cheap and common flowers, we tried the experiment of cheap pictures. First we subscribed for the "HOME," and hung the "Angel of Peace" opposite our bed, to breathe benediction with every glance. From another magazine we took two or three pretty steel plates, and these we framed ourselves in *pass-partout*, at an expense of fifteen cents per picture. From another, an illustrated almanac, we took colored lithographs of spring and autumn, framed them in pretty rustio frames, and they brightened our walls quite to our satisfaction till we had saved enough to purchase a few chromos.

That was not long, for we saved money slowly but surely on our board, and we had a home, felt ourselves for the first time in years thoroughly at home, and found that the pleasure of the sensation did not wear off with its novelty. For our little room we planned and saved. To it we came after our day's work was over, knowing that rest was waiting for us and a quiet supper, far more to our taste than the noise and bustle of a great boarding-house table.

And when winter shut us in, and of evenings our bright little fire glittered in our tiny stove, and our pearl-shaded lamp threw soft light on our bright walls, our little pictures, and brackets, and hanging book-shelves; on the warm furniture, and our glowing window, there were, I think, few rooms prettier or more homelike, and our housekeeping was a success.

THE HAIR.—There is quite a panic among ladies in regard to their hair—a majority are losing the little they possess so rapidly that, at the same rate, it will take only a very short time to reduce them to the condition of the bald-headed prophet, whom the wicked children mocked. Many are flying to the hair-dressers, eagerly demanding something in the way of a preservative or restorative, and hair nostrums of all kinds flourish.

Really, however, the only remedy is to cut off the hair and wear it short—washing, drying, and brushing thoroughly every day. If that treatment does not restore the hair, nothing else will.

GARDENING FOR LADIES.

BY MRS. E. B. DUFFEY.

WORK FOR NOVEMBER.

ARRANGEMENTS must now be made in earnest for winter decoration. Hanging-baskets are the most graceful ornaments that can be used in making a window flower garden. They can be suspended from the chandelier, either one depending singly from the middle, or one from each separate burner. They may be hung in the windows and in corners. Brackets on the walls may support pots containing the same kind of pendant foliage, and ivy may be trained over mantels and around windows and picture frames.

A common sweet potato placed in a hyacinth glass, and treated the same as a hyacinth bulb, will send out long, delicate roots until the glass is filled, while at the same time a beautiful and graceful vine will shoot from the top, and may be trained in a variety of ways.

The flower stand containing the roses, verbenas, geraniums, and all the other plants suited for winter blooming, must be drawn near the window where they can obtain both light and air. They must be watered once or twice a week and the leaves carefully sponged when dusty.

Now is the time to get out the pressed ferns and dried grasses gathered in July, and arrange them into bouquets. A person with taste and skill can make a perfect bower of these dried ferns, either over the mantel at one end of the room or in a corner. They can be fastened on strips of paper and tacked to the wall, the tops of each successive row of ferns hiding the paper and the fastening of these immediately above.

Now is the time to obtain those magnificent bouquets of autumn leaves which rival flowers in the brilliancy of their coloring. If these bouquets are renewed once a week during the season, they will always be fresh and brilliant. These bouquets are seen to the best advantage if placed on a stand before a window, or in some manner where the light will shine through their leaves and bring out the colors in all their brilliancy. A dull russet thus seen becomes a red, and a brown an orange.

It is well to press some of the finest specimens of these autumn leaves, and by means of wires, to take the place of stems, prepare them for permanent winter bouquets. We believe varnishing is resorted to to cause them to retain their brilliant colors, but we cannot speak from experience. The common American vine, which grows so plentifully in the Eastern States, is a beautiful subject for parlor decoration. Its leaves present the most brilliant tints, and its clusters of purple-black berries are very graceful. Branches of black alder, with its scarlet berries, are effective mingled with this. These vines may be retained with little loss of beauty until Christmas.

Sprays of crimson and green leaved blackberry bushes, fastened to hoops, the ends in vases of water, will retain their beauty for several days, and are very pretty for arches.

Oak leaves will retain their color and form longer

than anything else, and their red, green, and bronze foliage can be arranged in a variety of ornamental forms over the tops of cabinets, book-cases, and picture frames.

FERN BASKET.

WE find the following description of a basket for floral decoration in "The American Woman's Home," an excellent manual of domestic science, written by Miss Beecher and Mrs. Stowe—

"Take a flat piece of board, sawed out something like a shield, with a hole at the top for hanging it up. Upon the board nail a wire pocket made of an ex-muzzle flattened on one side; or make something of the kind with stiff wire. Line this with a sheet of close moss, which appears green behind the wire net-work. Then fill it with loose, spongy moss, such as you find in swamps, and plant therein great plumes of fern and various swamp grasses; they will continue to grow there and hang gracefully over. When watering, set a pail under for it to drip into. It needs only to keep this moss always damp, and to sprinkle these ferns occasionally with a whisk broom, to have a most lovely ornament for your room or hall."

NOVEMBER.

THE older we grow, and the more in love with nature we become, the better we appreciate Bryant, America's own best poet. How often have we stood at the window of a November day, and repeated, not merely as an act of memory, but as words which the scene seemed to call forth, and which, if Bryant had not written them, we certainly should—

"All in the hollows of the grove
The withered leaves lie dead;
They rustle to the eddying gust,
And to the rabbit's tread."

Bryant begins—

"The dull November days have come,
The saddest of the year."

Yet November has beauties all its own. There is the hazy mildness of Indian summer, and then still linger fragments of the gorgeous robe which the woods put on in honor of October. Then there are effects of light and shade—of cloud and sun—which one may look in vain for at any other period of the year.

One evening we sat at our chamber window at the close of a dull November day. The sky was leaden, and the ground wet and oozy from the rain that had fallen at intervals since morning. Even the lingering glory of the autumn woods was half-effaced in the universal wretchedness.

We sat looking out through the russet oak leaves, which were brown and sombre enough in the general gloom, when suddenly the tree burst into flame. Every leaf was crimson, scarlet, or gold. Not this tree alone, but every object upon which light

could strike. The very air shimmered with warm color, and the clouds reflected it back like a thin crimson glazing over their leaden hue. The effect was like that of the red lights introduced into a spectacular play, only here the stage was of magnificent proportions. In the West, unveiled at the last moment, and just ready to dip below the horizon, was the sun, without light or brilliancy, only a ball of blood.

FALLEN LEAVES.

BY JOHN JAMES PLATT.

I love to steal my way
Through the bright woods, when autumn's work is
done,

And through the tree-tops all the dream-like day
Breathe the soft golden sun;

When all is hush'd and still,
Only a few last leaves fluttering slow
Down the warm air with ne'er a breeze's will—
A ghost of sound below;

When naught of song is heard,
Save the jay laughing while all nature grieves,
Or the lone chirp of some forgotten bird
Among the fallen leaves.

Around me everywhere
Lie leaves that trembled green the summer long,
Holding the rainbow's tears in sunny air,
And roof'd the summer's song.

Why shun my steps to tread
These silent hosts that everywhere are strewn,
As if my feet were walking 'mong the dead,
And I alive alone?

Has not bright trees, O Past!
Through whose bare boughs, once green, the sun-
shine grieves?
No hopes that fluttered in the autumnal blast,
No memories—Fallen Leaves?

OUR NEW COOK-BOOK.

CHAPTER XI.

DINNER PARTIES.

AS dinner parties are, perhaps, greater tests of the capabilities of a hostess than any other entertainment, we select this subject for our concluding remarks upon household duties and phases of married life.

The interval elapsing between the issuing of cards of invitation and the dinner party, together with various other relative matters, must be regulated by the custom of the particular period at which the party is given—for the mode of procedure varies with the course of time and what is according to etiquette, and what may be quite proper at present may be totally the contrary a few months hence. Particular attention should be paid to the selection of guests, as an ill-assorted company would render a party dull and uninteresting, not to be relieved by the elegance of the arrangements or affability of the host and hostess. A remark has somewhere been made that a dinner-party should never be less in number than the graces, nor more than the muses; but certainly more than ten or twelve in number is not desirable. Otherwise, the length of the table would prevent general conversation and the wit and agreeableness of the company be lost.

The preparations of the table require skill and nice judgment, and must be regulated, of course, by the circumstances of the givers of the entertainment. Substantial and well-prepared food should be intermingled with dishes of an ornamental and light character, usually termed side-dishes. The table should be plentifully supplied with the necessary plates, knives, forks, napkins, and various kinds of glasses, and upon the buffet should be placed a plentiful supply of extra utensils, so that any number of changes may take place during the course of the dinner without delay or awkwardness. The various dishes should be served hot, and in proper season. The appearance

of a dinner or supper table is greatly enhanced by the brightness of the plate and the neatness of the various articles in use.

The plainest set of white French china, whose fair surface is unsullied by any kind of soil, together with the purity of the damask tablecloths and napkins, is far more preferable than the most elegant and elaborate display of untidy porcelain and illy-cleaned though highly-chased silver.

Everything relating to the dinner should be attended to in proper season, so that the mistress of the house may be unembarrassed by tardy questions and neglected orders. By training servants to a proper observance of order in the daily preparations of the dinner table, much confusion and anxiety may be avoided on extraordinary occasions. We should always remember that it is ill-breeding for a lady to absent herself from her guests on any occasion in order to supply neglected wants, or give forgotten orders. After the arrival of guests, neither the host nor hostess should leave the drawing-room until ushered in to dinner.

When seated at the table, host and hostess should be alive to the wants of their guests, but not be so absorbed as to be unable to enter into the conversation, or add to the enjoyment by well-timed remarks.

In connection with dinner-parties arises a subject which ought not to be lightly passed by—we mean the introduction of liquor and wines on such occasions, and the use of them in other entertainments. We have been shocked at some parties pretending to elegance, to see arrangements made in halls and ante-rooms, to smooth the path of heedless youth toward madness, and lead them gradually but surely into the evils which spring from inebriation. If women would but use aright the powers which God has endowed them with, and, by a beautiful example and gentle acts, restrain the constant tendency to vice, now so prevalent, how many sons, husbands, and brothers would ultimately rise up and call them "blessed."

Alas! too often women become tempters instead of guardian angels. Have you never read of men, young and promising men, too, who, feeling a craving for the sparkling poison, have determined to avoid it, but—by the tantalizing jest or winning smile of some fair one, have been tempted to taste it but *once again*—and that *one sip* being taken, they have plunged headlong into ruin? The annals of life would, doubtless, disclose many true histories of a like nature.

Let a woman, then, be true to herself and to those linked to her by the nearest ties, and resist this growing evil steadily, firmly, and gently.

JELLIES AND PRESERVES.

ORANGE MARMALADE.—Quarter twelve oranges, throw the skins into salt-water and let them remain there from twelve to fourteen hours. Wash them well afterward in cold water; then boil them until they become soft and tender; after this cut them into strips. Seed and skin the pulp, that is, the inside white skin. Add to each pound of fruit a pound of loaf sugar. Put the marmalade on the fire and boil it for 25 minutes.

CURRENT JELLY.—1. To each pint of currant-juice add one pound of loaf sugar and melt the sugar in the juice. After placing it over the fire do not stir it. Cook the currants slightly before straining them.

TO MAKE JELLY WITHOUT BOILING.—To one package of Cox's sparkling gelatine put a pint of cold water, the juice and rinds (pared very fine) of three lemons; let it stand one hour, then add three pints of boiling water and one pound of crushed sugar. When the sugar is dissolved strain the mixture and set it away to cool.

PRESERVED CITRON.—Cover a pound of citron with water, adding to it a piece of alum the size of a shell-bark, and boil it until it becomes green. Then pour off the water, put fresh water to it, and boil it for about five minutes. Again pour off the water, put fresh water into your kettle, and a pound of sugar, and when it begins to boil, skim it, and add the citron, ginger, what you think will be the proper quantity for seasoning, and two lemons, cut into slices, and boil until the citron is tender.

CURRENT JAM.—Mash slightly one pound of currants, add three-quarters of a pound of sugar to them, and boil for half an hour, stirring frequently.

PRESERVED STRAWBERRIES.—Weigh your strawberries, and to each pound of fruit allow a pound of loaf sugar. Strew half the sugar over the berries and let them stand in a cool place for two or three hours; then

pour them into a preserving-kettle, place them over a slow fire, and by degrees add the remainder of the sugar. Boil from fifteen to twenty minutes, and skim them well.

GRAPE JELLY.—Stew your grapes in a small portion of water and keep them closely covered. Then strain them and to one pint of juice add one pound of sugar. Boil it until it is thick.

CURRENT JELLY.—To one pint of currant-juice add one pound of sugar. Boil and skim it till it jellies, and just before taking it off the fire add the white of an egg beaten up with a little water. Strain through a jelly-bag.

FOX-GRAPE JELLY.—Split the grapes and take out the seeds. Weigh them and use the same quantity of sugar dissolved in some water. Boil the sugar and water well and skim it, after which add the grapes and boil until they become green, then, if the syrup jellies, the grapes are cooked enough.

BLACKBERRY JELLY.—Procure your blackberries before they are quite ripe—when turned red. Pick them, put them into a pot of water and let them stand on the fire until reduced to a pulp. Strain them, and to a pint of juice put one pound of powdered sugar. Boil till it jellies.

RASPBERRY JAM.—Mash and boil three pounds of raspberries for ten minutes, and add to them one pint of red currant juice. After they have been coddled in the same manner as for jelly, add three-fourths of a pound of double-refined sugar to each pound of raspberry and currant juice. Boil it half an hour longer, till you think it will jelly, and then put it into jars.

CALF'S-FOOT JELLY.—Boil a set of calf's feet in a gallon of water until reduced one-half. Then pour the liquor into a bowl and let it remain until it is cooled. Then skim off all the fat, put the liquor into a bell-metal kettle and let it stand over the fire till it is dissolved. Sweeten it to your taste. Add the juice of three lemons and a little mace, and some cinnamon with a few cloves. Beat the whites of three eggs together with the shells. These must all be put into a kettle together. Give them a boil up, take the kettle off the fire, run the mixture through a flannel bag two or three times till it becomes clear, and then pour it into glasses. Pigs' feet may be used instead of calves' feet, and are just as nice.

PEACH MARMALADE.—To five pounds of peaches take three pounds of sugar and a pint of water. Clarify your sugar with the white of an egg. Strain it and then put in the peaches. Stir it occasionally.

NEW PUBLICATIONS.

Already, since the death of Dickens, quite a number of volumes, of more or less merit, containing outline sketches of the life of the great novelist, have made their appearance. Of these necessarily somewhat hastily prepared biographies, the fullest, completest, and most satisfactory that we have yet seen, is "*The Life of Charles Dickens*," just published by T. B. Peterson & Brothers, of Philadelphia. The author, Dr. R. Shelton Mackenzie, the industrious literary editor of the "Philadelphia Press," is well known as a genial critic, and as a careful and cultivated writer. "I have

attempted," says Dr. Mackenzie, "to give a sketch of his (Dickens's) literary and personal history—stating plain facts, introducing some of his correspondence never before printed, adding such anecdotes and traits of character as illustrate his double position of Man of Letters and Man of the People, and stating such particulars as have reached me concerning the originals from whom he is known, or supposed, to have drawn many of the characters in his tales."

"*What to Wear and How to Make it*," is the title of a small book of instructions on dress and dressmaking,

in which dressmakers and ladies generally will find much useful information. It is issued semi-annually by Madame Demorest, 838 Broadway, New York, who will send it to any address, free of postage, on the receipt of 15 cents.

Considered simply as a work of fiction, depending for success on the highly wrought interest of its plot and incidents, Wilkie Collins's latest novel—*Man and Wife*—deserves to rank among the very best of its author's productions. But it is really something better than one of the most powerfully written of sensational novels. It is, in fact, a story with a moral, or, at least, with a higher end in view than the mere amusement of the reader. It is an earnest protest against the prevailing tendency to an undue development of man's physical nature at the expense of his intellectual. It also throws a great deal of light on the absurd, and at the same time almost iniquitous, character and workings of the various laws regulating marriage in England, Ireland, and Scotland; and forcibly illustrates what injustice may be inflicted upon married women, where their persons and property are concerned, under cover of the sanction of the common law. In directing public attention to these evils, Mr. Collins has done a good work, and at once places himself in the ranks of that class of modern reformers of whom Dickens and Reade are the most brilliant examples.

W. W. Whitney, of the "Palace of Music," 173 Summit street, Toledo, Ohio, has favored us with a collection of very pleasant sheet music, embraced in which we find the following pretty songs, to the title of each one of which we annex the price for which it will be sent to any address, post paid:—"Loved Allie Bell," 40 cents; "Beautiful Visions of Childhood," 40 cents; "Minnie Moyne, 30 cents; "I hear a Wee Bird," 30 cents; "Flower Girl," 30 cents; "Mirabel Ray," 30 cents; "Little White Cot in the Lane," 40 cents; "Mother Will Pray for You," 40 cents; "Bloom Upon the Cherry Tree," 30 cents, and "Are You Coming, Love, To-night," 40 cents.

Lee & Shepard, of Boston, have sent us, through Claxton, Remsen & Haffelfinger, of Philadelphia, a handsome volume called *The Princes of Art: Painters, Sculptors, and Engravers*. It is translated from the French by Mrs. S. R. Urbino, and gives a brief yet comprehensive history of art and of the most famous of the "old masters." We have also received from the same source, "*The Hard Scrabble of Elm Island*," By Elijah Kellogg. This is the sixth and last of the series of the "Elm Island Stories." "*Bear and Forebear; or, The Young Skipper of Lake Ucauga*," by Oliver Optic, is another volume from the same publishers, and is the sixth and last of the "Lake Shore Series."

Charles Scribner & Co., of New York, have issued another volume of their "Illustrated Library of Wonders." Its title is *Lighthouses and Light-ships: A Descriptive and Historical Account of their Mode of Construction and Organization*. By W. H. Davenport Adams, author of "Buried Cities of Campania," etc. It is a book of useful and interesting reading. For sale by Claxton, Remsen & Haffelfinger, Philadelphia.

We have received from Turner & Bros. a copy of Dickens's last work, "*The Mystery of Edwin Drood*." The volume is from the press of Fields, Osgood & Co., Boston. Every admirer of Dickens will be desirous to read this story, even though it is in an unfinished state.

Tourists' Descriptive Guide to all the stations on the Boston and Maine Railroad to the White and Franconia Mountains, Lake Winnepesaukee, and the celebrated summer resorts in New England reached by this railroad and its connections, for the year 1870.

CATALOGUES RECEIVED.

Vick's Illustrated Catalogue of Hardy Bulbs, and Floral Guide. James Vick, Rochester, N. Y.

Autumn Catalogue of Hyacinths, Tulips, Crocus, Narcissus, Lilacs, and other Bulbs for Fall Planting. C. L. Allen & Co., No. 74 Fulton street, Brooklyn, N. Y.

Our readers may not all sympathize with us, but really we have spent many delightful hours in reading and examining florists' catalogues. The two catalogues above named we have found will both "repay perusal." And if the reader is not persuaded, before he finishes them, to send for seeds or bulbs, then he is proof against all temptations of this kind:

Mr. Vick's catalogue is finely illustrated, and we know his bulbs are reliable. The *Lilium Auratum*, the hyacinths, and tulips which we received from him last fall were perfect without exception, and made a magnificent bloom. Mr. Vick is a thorough going business man, and he knows it is for his own interest to send his customers the best quality of seeds and bulbs.

Messrs. Allen & Co. offer exceedingly desirable collections of bulbs at prices ranging from \$2 to \$20; the \$2 collection containing 23 different bulbs, and the \$20 collection over 300 bulbs, including all the finest varieties. We cannot speak personally of the dealings of these gentlemen, or of the quality of their stock, but presume they will give satisfaction to their customers.

Both of these catalogues are sent free to all applicants.

EDITORS' DEPARTMENT.

The Home Magazine FOR 1871.

We would again call attention to the prospectus of THE LADY'S HOME MAGAZINE for the year 1871, which will be found in this number.

It is our intention to make the "HOME," which is now admitted to be the best reading

magazine of its class, the superior of all its competitors in every respect. At the same time our old low rates of subscription will be adhered to, thus making THE HOME MAGAZINE not only the most refined and attractive, but also the cheapest periodical for ladies published in this or any other country.

Our new premium picture—"THE WREATH OF IMMORTELS"—is now almost ready for

the printer. As a work of art, this exquisite picture is beyond criticism, while the tender interest which attaches to its subject is such as will win for it a place in every feeling heart. It represents two beautiful children, one of them carrying a wreath of immortelles, or everlasting flowers, on their way to the village church-yard, to lay their tribute of loving remembrance upon the grave of their mother. Neither of our previous engravings cost us as much as this, and it will, we think, attain a popularity far greater even than that of either *THE ANGEL OF PEACE*, or *BED-TIME*.

To every person getting up a club for 1871, we will forward a copy of this beautiful picture, and every subscriber for 1871 will be entitled to order a copy for one dollar. Recollect: *one dollar* for an engraving that cannot be bought at any print-seller's for less than five times that amount.

And now, let us again suggest to the old friends of the "HOME," that it is none too soon to begin the work of getting up clubs for the coming year. We give, in this number, our full premium list, so that all may know what they may obtain by a little exertion in canvassing among their neighbors. Begin at once, then, you who wish to procure valuable premiums, and you may rely upon success. We anticipate a large addition to our list this year, and intend to make our magazine deserving of it.

OUR PREMIUM PICTURE FOR 1871.

Our new Premium Picture, "*THE WREATH OF IMMORTELLS*," will, we think, prove quite as agreeable a surprise to our friends as did either of its pleasing and popular predecessors. It is now nearly ready to leave the hands of the engraver, who has conscientiously endeavored to put his best work upon it. It is from the burin of the same artist who executed our two previous premium engravings, and as a work of art is quite equal, if not superior, to them—representing two children bearing a wreath of immortelles to place it upon the grave of their mother. The picture is full of sweet and tender interest, and will win its way to every heart. The original is one of the

most charming pictures of the season, and has delighted all who have seen it.

OUR SERIES OF PREMIUM ENGRAVINGS.

A rare opportunity is presented, in our series of premium engravings, to those who desire good pictures, to obtain them at less than one-fourth the price at which the foreign copies are sold.

For 1871, all who make up clubs will have the choice of four premium plates, viz:

THE WREATH OF IMMORTELLS,
THE ANGEL OF PEACE,
BED-TIME,

RICE'S LARGE AND FINE STEEL PORTRAIT OF T. S. ARTHUR.

These pictures have all been engraved expressly for us, at a large cost, and as works of art cannot be excelled. Any one of them, as may be desired, will be sent to the getter-up of each club, and every subscriber to "*THE LADY'S HOME MAGAZINE*" will be entitled to order one or more of them at a dollar each; or the four pictures for three dollars.

OUR PREMIUM LIST FOR 1871.



Our readers will see that we offer extra inducements this year to subscribers, not only in the way of new attractions in our magazines, but by a large and varied list of premiums, including, besides those heretofore offered, several new and valuable ones. The most prominent of these are two beautiful bronze mantel clocks, manufactured by the American Clock Company. We give an illustration of the one day mantel clock.

Our readers will see in our premium lists the terms upon which these may be obtained.

JENNY DENNISON.

WE give this month an engraving, copied from the "*Waverly Gallery*," of Jenny Dennison, the pretty coquettish *Alte-de-chambre* in Sir Walter Scott's novel of "Old Mortality." We copy, to refresh our readers' memories, the portion of the chapter which the engraving illustrates:

While Lady Margaret held, with the high-descended sergeant of dragoons, the conference which we have detailed in the preceding pages, her granddaughter, partaking in a less degree her ladyship's enthusiasm for all who were sprung of the blood royal, did not honor Sergeant Bothwell with more attention than a single glance, which showed her a tall, powerful person, and a set of hardy, weather-beaten features, to which pride and dissipation had given an air where discontent mingled with the reckless gaiety of desperation. The other soldiers offered still less to detach her consideration; but from the prisoner, muffled and disguised as he was, she found it impossible to withdraw her eyes. Yet she blamed herself for indulging a curiosity which seemed obviously to give pain to him who was its object.

"I wish," she said to Jenny Dennison, who was the immediate attendant on her person—"I wish we knew who that poor fellow is."

"I was just thinking sae myself, Miss Edith," said the waiting woman, "but it canna be Cuddie Headrigg, because he's taller and no sae stout."

"Yet," continued Miss Bellenden, "it may be some poor neighbor, for whom we might have cause to interest ourselves."

"I can sune learn wha he is," said the enterprising Jenny; "if the gingers were aens settled and at leisure, for I ken ane o' them very weel—the best-looking and the youngest o' them."

"I think you know all the idle young fellows about the country," answered her mistress.

"Na, Miss Edith, I am no sae free o' my acquaintance as that," answered the *Alte-de-chambre*. "To be sure, folk canna help kenning the folk by headmark that they see aye glowing and looking at them at kirk and market; but I ken few lads to speak to unless it be them o' the family, and the three Steinsons, Tam Rand, and the young Miller, and the five Howisons in Netherlands, and lang Tam Gilry, and—"

"Pray cut short a list of exceptions which threatens to be a long one, and tell me how you come to know this young soldier," said Miss Bellenden.

"Lord, Miss Edith, it's Tam Halliday, Trooper Tam as they ca' him, that was wounded by the hill-folk at the conventicle at Outerside Muir, and lay here while he was under cure. I can ask him anything, and Tam will no refuse to answer me, I'll be caution for him."

"Try, then," said Miss Edith, "if you can find an opportunity to ask him the name of his prisoner, and come to my room and tell me what he says."

Jenny Dennison proceeded on her errand, but soon returned with such a face of surprise and dismay as evinced a deep interest in the fate of the prisoner.

"What is the matter?" said Edith anxiously; "does it prove to be Cuddie, after all, poor fellow?"

"Cuddie, Miss Edith? Na! na! it's nae Cuddie," blubbered out the faithful *Alte-de-chambre*, sensible of the pain which her news was about to inflict on her young mistress. "O dear! Miss Edith, it's young Milnwood himself!"

"Young Milnwood?" exclaimed Edith, aghast in her turn; "it is impossible—totally impossible! His uncle attends the clergyman indulged by law, and has no connection whatever with the refractory people; and he himself has never interfered in this unhappy discussion; he must be totally innocent, unless he has been standing up for some invaded right."

"Oh! my dear Miss Edith," said her attendant, "these are not days to ask what's right or what's wrang; if he were as innocent as the new-born infant, they would find some way of making him guilty, if they liked; but Tam Halliday says it will touch his life, for he has been resetting ane o' the Fife gentlemen that killed that auld Carle of an Archbishop."

"His life!" exclaimed Edith, starting hastily up, and speaking with a hurried and tremulous accent—"they cannot—they shall not—I will speak for him—they shall not hurt him!"

"Oh! my dear young leddy, think on your grand-

mother; think on the danger and the difficulty," added Jenny; "for he's kept under close confinement till Claverhouse comes up in the morning, and if he doesna gie him full satisfaction, Tam Halliday says there will be brief work wi' him. Kneel down—mak' ready—present—fire—just as they did wi' auld deaf John Macbriar, that never understood a single question they pat till him, and sae lost his life for lack o' hearing."

"Jenny," said the young lady, "if he should die, I will die with him; there is no time to talk of danger or difficulty. I will put on a plaid and slip down with you to the place where they have kept him. I will throw myself at the feet of the sentinel, and entreat him, as he has a soul to be saved."

"Eh! guide us," interrupted the maid, "our young leddy at the feet o' Trooper Tam, and speaking to him about his soul, when the puir chiel hardly kens whether he has ane or no, unless that he whiles swears by it—that will never do; but what maun be maun he, and I'll never desert a true love cause. And sae, if ye maun see young Milnwood, though I ken no gude it will do, but to make baith your hearts the sairer, I'll e'en tak the risk o' it, and try to manage Tam Halliday; but ye maun let me hae my ain gate and no speak sae word—he's keeping guard o'er Milnwood in the easter round of the tower."

"Go, go, fetch me a plaid," said Edith. "Let me but see him, and I will find some remedy for his danger. Haste ye, Jenny, as ever ye hope to have gude at my hands."

Jenny hastened, and soon returned with a plaid, in which Edith muffled herself so as in part to disguise her person. Her face and figure thus concealed Edith, holding by her attendant's arm, hastened with trembling steps to the place of Morton's confinement.

This was a small study or closet, in one of the turrets, opening upon a gallery in which the sentinel was pacing to and fro; for Sergeant Bothwell, scrupulous in observing his word, and perhaps touched with some compassion for the prisoner's youth and genteel demeanor, had waived the indignity of putting his guard into the same apartment with him. Halliday, therefore, with his carbine on his arm, walked up and down the gallery, occasionally solacing himself with a draught of ale, and at other times humming the lively Scottish air:

"Between Saint Johnstone and Bonny Dundee,
I'll gar ye be fain to follow me."

Jenny Dennison cautioned her mistress once more to let her take her own way.

"I can manage the trooper weel enough," she said, "but ye maunna say a single word."

She accordingly opened the door of the gallery just as the sentinel had turned his back from it, and taking up the tune which he hummed, she sung in a coquettish tone of rustic rillery:

"If I were to follow a poor sodger lad,

My friends would be angry, my Minnie be mad;
A laird, or a lord, they were fited for me,
Sae I'll never be fain to follow thee."

"A fair challenge, by Jove!" cried the sentinel turning round, "and from two at once; but it's not easy to bang the soldier with his bandoleers;" then taking up the song where the damsel had stopped:

"To follow me ye weel may be glad,

A share of my supper, a share of my bed,
To the sound of the drum to range fearless and free,
I'll gar ye be fain to follow me."

"Come, my pretty lass, and kiss me for my song."

"I should not have thought of that, Mr. Halliday," answered Jenny, with a look and tone expressing just the necessary degree of contempt at the proposal, "and I sae assure ye, ye'll hne but little o' my company unless ye show gentile havings. It wasna to hear that sort o' nonsense that brought me here wi' my friend, and ye should think shame o' yourself, 'at should ye."

"Umph! and what sort of nonsense did bring you here, then, Mrs. Dennison?"

"My kinswoman has some particular business with your prisoner, young Mr. Harry Morton, and I aene come wi' her to speak till him."

"The devil you are!" answered the sentinel; "and

pray. Mrs. Dennison, how do your kinswoman and you propose to get in? You are rather too plump to whisk through a key-hole, and opening the door is a thing not to be spoken of."

"It's no a thing to be spoken o', but a thing to be done," replied the persevering damsel.

"We'll see about that, my bonny Jenny;" and the soldier resumed his march, humming, as he walked to and fro along the gallery:

"Keek into the draw-well,
Janet, Janet.
Then ye'll see your bonny sell,
My Joe Janet."

"So ye're no thinking to let us in, Mr. Halliday? Weel, weel; gude e'en to you—ye hae seen the last o' me, and o' this bonnie die too," said Jenny, holding between her finger and thumb a splendid silver dollar.

"Give him gold, give him gold," whispered the agitated young lady.

"Silver's e'en ower gude for the like o' him," replied Jenny, "that disna care for the blink o' a bonny lassie's ee—and what's waur, he wad think there was something mair in't than a kinswoman o' mine. My certy! siller's no sae plenty wi' us, let alane gowd." Having addressed this advice to her mistress, she raised her voice, and said—"My cousin winna stay any langer, Mr. Halliday; sae, if ye please, gude e'en t'ye."

"Halt, a bit, halt, a bit," said the trooper; "rein up and parley, Jenny. If I let your kinswoman in to speak to my prisoner, you may stay here and keep me company till she come out again, and then we'll all be we'll pleased you know."

"The friend be in my feet then," said Jenny; "d'ye think my kinswoman and me are gaun to lose our gude name wi' crackin' clavers wi' the likes o' you or your prisoner either, without somebody by to see fair play? Heigh, heigh, sirs, to see sic a difference between folk's promises and performances! ye were aye willing to slight puir Cuddie; but an I had asked him to oblige me in a thing, though it had been to cost his hanging, he wadna hae stude twice about it."

"Hang Cuddie!" retorted the dragoon, "he'll be hanged in good earnest, I hope. I saw him to-day at Minnwood with his old Puritanical mother, and if I had thought I was to have had him cast in my dish, I would have brought him up at my horse's tail—we had law enough to bear us out."

"Very weel, very weel. See if Cuddie winna hae a lang shot at you ane o' thae days, if ye gae him to tak the muir wi' sae many honest folk. He can hit a mark browly; he was third at the popinjay; and he's as true of his promise as of ee and hand, though he disna mak sic a phrase about it as some acquaintance o' yours. But it's a' ane to me. Come, coussie, we'll awa'."

"Stay, Jenny;—me, if I hang fire more than another when I have said a thing," said the soldier, in a hesitating tone. "Where is the sergeant?"

"Drinking and driving ower," quoth Jenny, "wi the steward and John Gudyvill."

"So, so—he's safe enough—and where are my comrades?" asked Halliday.

"Birling the brown bowl wi' the fowler and the falconer, and some o' the serving folk."

"Have they plenty of ale?"

"Sax gallons, as gude as e'er was masked," said the maid.

"Well, then, my putty Janny," said the relenting sentinel, "they are fast till the hour of relieving guard, and perhaps something later; and so, if you will promise to come alone the next time."

"Maybe I will, and maybe I winna," said Jenny; "but if ye get the dollar, ye'll like that just as weel."

"And if I were trusting to you, you little jilting devil, I should lose both pains and powder; whereas this fellow," looking at the piece, "will be good as far as he goes. So, come, there is the door open for you; do not stay groaning and praying with the young whig now, but be ready, when I call at the door, to start, as if they were sounding 'Horse and away!'"

So speaking Halliday unlocked the door of the closet, admitted Jenny and her pretended kinswoman, looked it behind them, and hastily reassumed the indifferent measured step and time-killing whistle of a sentinel upon his regular duty.

FACTS FOR THE LADIES.

I have used one of Wheeler & Wilson's Sewing Machines (No. 2,762) nearly fourteen years, making cloaks for the last eleven years, and doing all other kinds of sewing down to book-muslin. It is now in perfect order, has never had any repairs, and I have not broken a needle since I can remember. I appreciate my machine more and more every day, and would not exchange it for any machine that I know.

M. BUDLONG.

Utica, N. Y.

MISS TOWNSEND'S LECTURE.

It gratifies us to read in an exchange that "Miss Virginia F. Townsend has, by request, delivered her lecture on 'Catharine de Medicis and her Times' in several towns in New Hampshire during the last month; and, unlike most historical lectures, hers has met with the most complete success."

SCIENTIFIC EDUCATION OF WOMEN.

Few have yet realized the enormous gain that will accrue to society from the scientific education of our women. If, as we are constantly being told, the "sphere of woman" is at home, what duty can be more clearly incumbent upon us than that of giving her the opportunity of acquiring a knowledge of the laws which ought to guide her in the rule of her house? Every woman on whom the management of a household devolves may profit by such knowledge. If the laws of health were better known, how much illness and sorrow might be averted! What insight would a knowledge of chemistry afford into the wholesomeness or unwholesomeness of different articles of food! What added zest would be given to a country walk with the children, or a month by the sea-side, if the mother were able to teach the little ones intelligently to observe and revere the laws of Nature! Above all, what untold sufferings, what wasted lives, are the penalty we have paid for the prudish ignorance of the physiology of their bodily frame in which we have kept our daughters!

REPROVE mildly and sweetly, in the calmest manner, in the gentlest terms; not in a haughty or imperious way; not hastily or fiercely, nor with sour looks, or in bitter language; for these ways do beget all the evil, and hinder the best effects of reproof. They do certainly inflame and disturb the person reprov'd.

CLUBBING.

We offer the following clubbing lists, including 'ARTHUR'S LADIES' HOME MAGAZINE,' 'GODEY'S LADY'S BOOK,' 'THE CHILDREN'S HOUR,' 'THE WORKINGMAN,' and 'THE BRIGHT SIDE,' a weekly paper for children that we can fully endorse. By taking two or more of these publications, they can be obtained at a large discount from the regular subscription prices.

	ONE YEAR.
ARTHUR'S HOME MAGAZINE and CHILDREN'S HOUR,	\$2.50
Do do and GODEY'S LADY'S BOOK,	4.00
Do do and THE WORKINGMAN,	2.25
Do do and THE BRIGHT SIDE,	2.50
CHILDREN'S HOUR and BRIGHT SIDE,	1.75
Do and GODEY'S LADY'S BOOK,	3.50
Do and WORKINGMAN,	1.50
WORKINGMAN and GODEY'S LADY'S BOOK,	3.25
Do and BRIGHT SIDE,	1.25
HOME MAG., CH. HOUR and LADY'S BOOK,	5.00
Do do do and WORKINGMAN,	5.25

Address, T. S. ARTHUR & SONS,
Philadelphia, Pa.

85



WAITING AT THE WINDOW.





THE WINDING



DESIGNED BY ALFRED D. WILSON

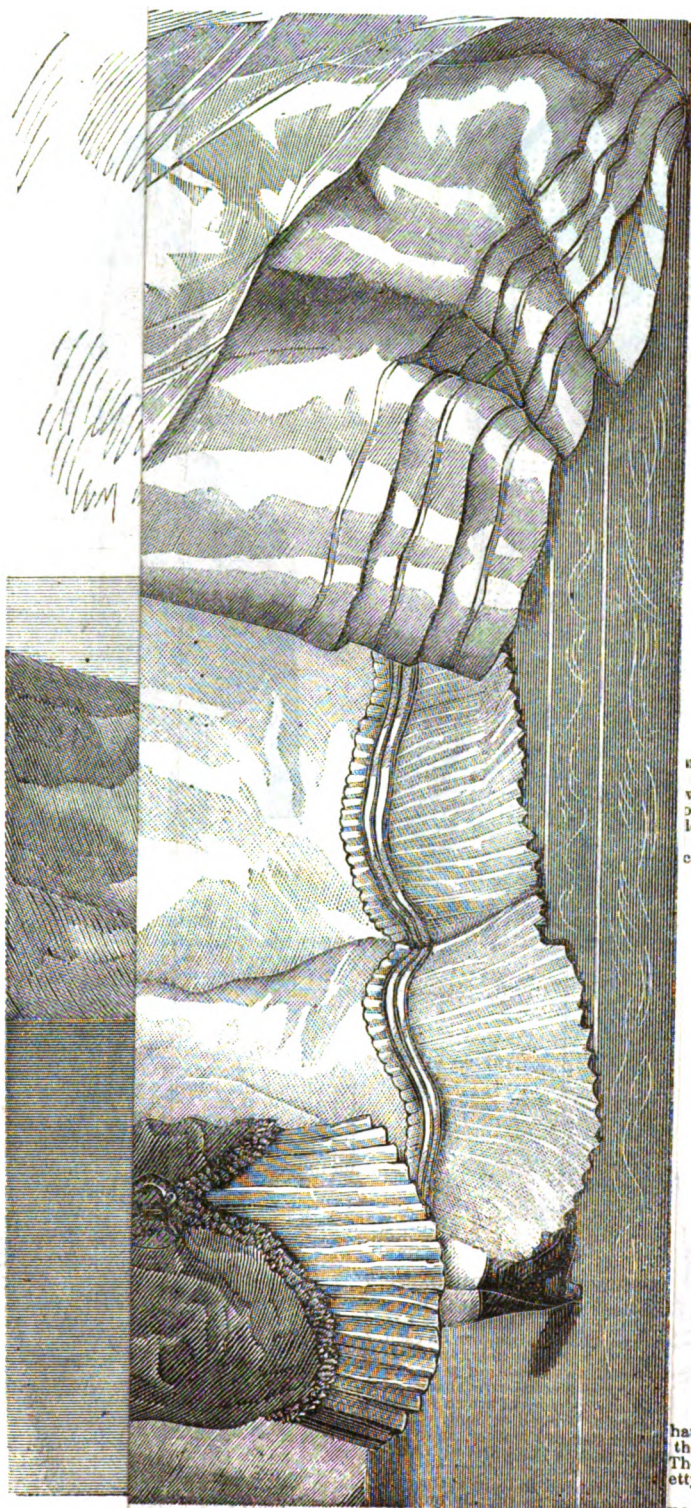
FASHIONS FOR DECEMBER.

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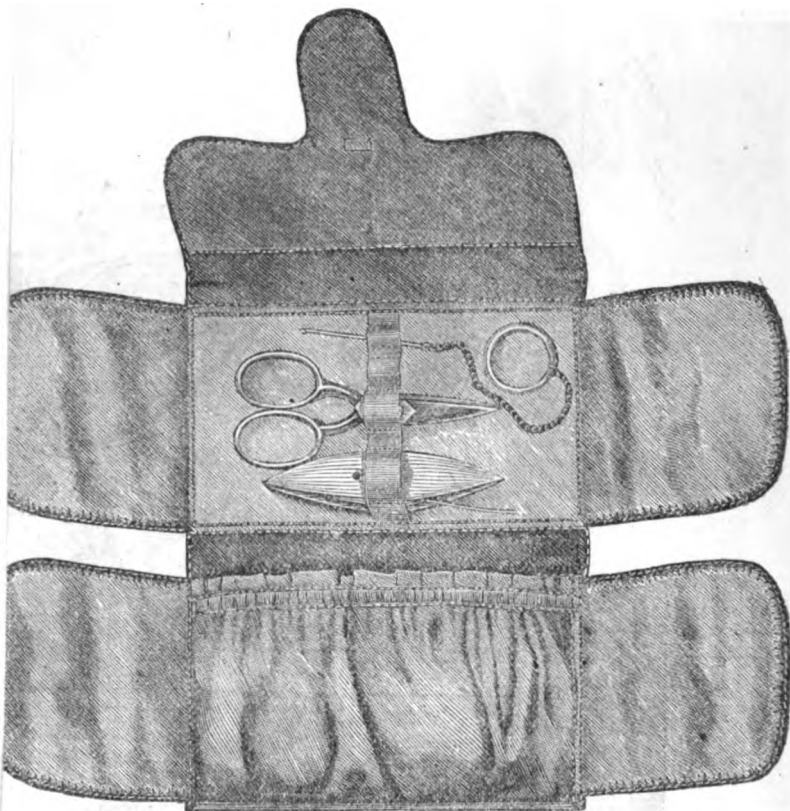
WELCOME HOME.

ALBION

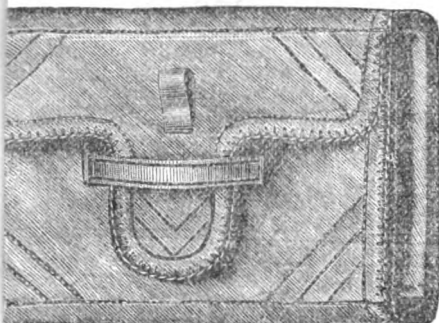


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TATTING OR FANCY WORK CASE (Open).



TATTING OR FANCY WORK CASE (Closed).

The case is made of cardboard; it is covered on the outside with reddish-brown silk, and inside with green silk. Cut four similar pieces of cardboard from illustrations, and cover the silk parts with calico and cover the cardboard with the brown silk previously quilted; the silk is sewn on plain on the wrong side. The four parts are joined together at the edges with button-hole stitches of brown silk. Then cut the lappets and cover them in the same manner, edging them with button-hole stitch; the lappets are then sewn on to the case; the sewing on of the lappets is done on the inside of the case by a piece of green silk. Fasten on the outside of the case a small silk cord and a cross band; inside several cross strips of silk; on the other part fasten a green silk cord through the top of which an elastic is drawn.

EMBROIDERED SCISSORS SHEATH.



Materials: Gray kid, gold thread, gold lace, cardboard, white kid, gray sewing silk. This scissors case can be made of gray kid, cloth, watered silk, or velvet of any color preferred. Instead of embroidering with gold thread, purple silk of different colors may be chosen. The embroidery is worked in raised satin stitch and overcast. The case is made of white cardboard, which is covered outside with the embroidered material, and inside with white kid; the different parts are sewn together with overcast stitch. On the outlines of the case sew on a gold lace, a silk cord, or some chenille.



RUDOLPH SUIT.

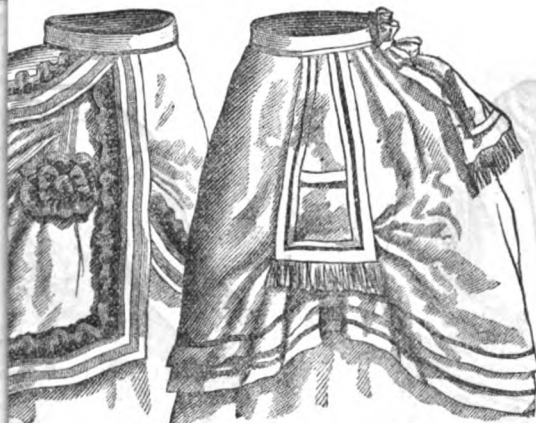
No. 2.—WARREN SUIT.

boys from six to ten years of age, consisting of Knickerbocker pants, vest, and gray cloth, trimmed with narrow, black braid and lasting buttons. To be made in navy-blue cloth, or serge, trimmed with narrow black velvet. Consists of short, tight pants, and a belted-in blouse, rather longer than those worn completed by Russian boots, scarlet stockings, and a sailor-shaped hat of enamelled

No. 1.—Made encircled with placed on the back, slightly fringe, and coat

No. 2.—Made set on diagonally will be noticed bands across the as bretelles in

These suits can be obtained of Mme. Demorest. Plain patterns, 40c.; trimmed, 75c.



LATEST STYLES OF OVERSKIRTS.

ready a favorite, and is likely to remain so. The round apron, rather wider than es, which are long and square. Instead of looping the back to form a panier, the er at the top, and gathered into the side seams, as seen in the illustration. The much to the general stylish appearance, and the round postillion is a very pretty No. 1.—The according to fa by a plaited pos walking costur No. 2.—The pper illustrated. The short, square sashes at the sides, used to retain the and ornaments which will be found very convenient.

TABLET AND WORK-TABLE.

FASHIONS FOR DECEMBER.

Effect of the downfall of the French Empire and the troublous times in Europe, that might have been, and that we are heartily glad to chronicle. The seat of the empire of fashion is about to be looking to Europe for the modes of the day, we shall henceforth make our own fashions, and look to us.

European fashion magazines already copy our American styles; while one distinguished has applied to Madame Demorest of New York to furnish it colored plates which it has in Paris. It is of Madame Demorest that we obtain many of our fashion designs and de-

could venture one word to the incoming queens of fashion—the makers and the wearers. It always had to be modified to suit American ideas of modesty and propriety. Now that we all our own way, it will be well to inaugurate our reign by an exhibition of taste, sense, and moderation, no longer regulated by fancy, subjecting health, convenience, and beauty to the whim, or the desire for extravagance. But let our American fashions be such that European approve of and adopt them. The fashions of to-day are in many respects superior to any before. To be sure it is possible to render them absurd in the hands of persons of incorrect taste and time our present costumes are picturesque, artistic, and classic, and their advantages or disadvantages. Neither modesty nor propriety demand that we should dress like our even as we ourselves did ten or fifteen years ago. Health and convenience demand short out shoes and, in winter, thick wraps. So let American women stand by their short skirts, and, no matter who predicts that long street dresses are coming in favor; and they will carry

ward dress for either street or house wear is the tunic or overdress. It may be made of almost any material. The color of the underskirt is usually black, though any plain, quiet color may be worn. A skirt of striped goods.

Design for a tunic has a front cut all in one piece and a postillion basque at the back, beneath which is cut separate, is united to the waist; the looping up and trimming hide the seam at the waist.

Designs which consist of postillion basque and upperskirt, wholly separate from each other, the basque can be worn without the skirt, and vice versa.

Antiques are of the Metternich cut, and are generally made in cashmere, black or white, lined, and trimmed with knotted fringe. A very new style is the *mantana jardinière*—a vestment of black colored border of silk embroidery and a fringe of colors assorted. A great many opera cloaks are worn, with a deep border of goats' hair fringe.

Especially new in cloaks, coats or basques. Velvet and velveteen, and heavy cloths are general wear, except when the costume is of one material and color.

There are so numerous and full this month that our readers will be able to judge from them, we can describe to them, the various styles worn at this season of the year.

We illustrate, this month, a new feature: a waterproof suit intended as a business costume for a lady. There are at present. They are generally engaged in business, that it has really become a necessity to invent a style of dress skirt, and the rest for the day. The ordinary fashionable costume made with ruffles and plaits, with puffed overskirt, is made of plaid ladies' cloth, to complete the costume. The costume we give is at once neat, plain, and comfortable to their use. They must wear a dress of a color and material that will withstand the

No. 1 is arranged with skirt of brown satin de Chine, more to their taste than to that of other ladies. The costume we give is at once neat, plain, and comfortable to their use. They must wear a dress of a color and material that will withstand the

No. 2 is made in Sutherland black silk skirt. The overdress, durable, and warm. The two shawl costumes may also be used as business

DESCRIPTION OF STEEL FASHION PLATE.

g-suit of green silk poplin, made with two skirts; the lower one made with a deep flounce, stiff, the puff bordered on each side with a bias satin fold of a deeper shade of green than a narrow plaited edge above the upper satin fold, and a fringe below the lower satin fold. The upper skirt is bordered by a scarf of green silk of the tint of the satin folds. It is up at the sides and fastened with a bow with long, pendant ends edged with fringe. The lower skirt with a fold of bias satin with a quilling above and a fringe beneath; the same trimming as the upper skirt. Hat trimmed with green ribbon.

Dress of white silk made with a train, a wide flounce around the front of the skirt, and a long train to simulate a court train. Deep basque trimmed with wide lace. Corsage plain and high. Sleeves with fluting and lace at the wrist. Orange-blossoms in the hair, at the throat, at the back of the head, and on the skirt.

Dress of crimson cashmere, made with two skirts. The under-skirt plain, the over skirt trimmed with black lace and bows of black lace at the sides. Sleeves made with a wide black lace. Corsage plain, cut down the front in the same style as the over-skirt with narrow black lace to match the sleeves. Open at the throat, showing a plain plaited narrow collar.

DESCRIPTION OF DOUBLE PAGE FASHION PLATE.

Design for a little girl from five to seven years old. The underskirt is of white alpaca, trimmed with a deep pleated flounce of the same material. The upper, looped-up skirt, and the lower skirt of blue Mozambique, trimmed all round with pinked-out ruffles of blue-silk, as seen in illustration, and bows, with which the skirt is looped up, are of blue-silk, as well as the waistband. The skirt is trimmed with black-velvet ribbon and blue cornflowers.

toilet. Dress of white poul-de-soie, with plain skirt and bodice, open in front, edged round with a wide black lace. Chemisette of pleated tulle in the shape of a fichu. Coat-sleeves with deep flutings on long veil of silk tulle, and myrtle wreath. Bouquet of myrtle blossoms and white ribbon on the bodice.

toilet. Dress of white muslin, with the bodice open in the shape of a square in front. It is trimmed with a basque, long behind, short and pointed in front, trimmed with muslin flutings, and bows of white silk. The skirt is trimmed round the bottom with a very deep fluting, put on a silk rouleau. Sash of white ribbon. Long tulle veil. Diadem wreath of myrtle and orange blossoms of the same on the right side of the bosom in front.

toilet. Dress of white satin, with a jacket bodice, trimmed with deep Valenciennes lace, and with satin sash. Half-wide sleeve, trimmed like the bodice. Train-shaped skirt, with a hem of black headed with a narrow cross-strip. Long tulle veil. Wreath of myrtle and orange blossoms of the same on the right side of the bosom in front.

This is a very pretty light back, about four in each headed with a narrow cross-strip. Long tulle veil. Wreath of myrtle and orange

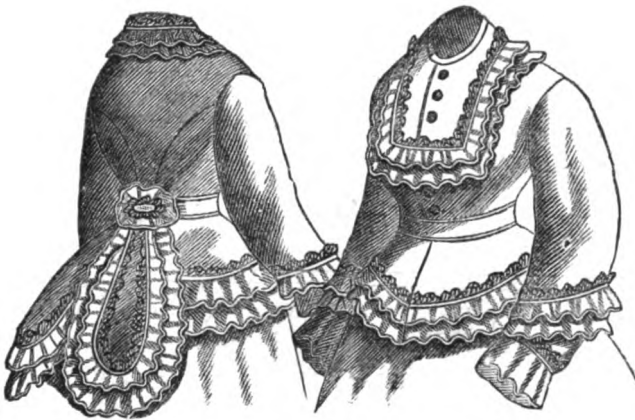


WATERPROOF SUITS.

Waterproof cloth will be much used in suits this season, especially for those intended for business.

No. 1 is a suit of English waterproof, mixed green and black, arranged with a skirt, short basque with coat-sleeves, and a Metternich cape, trimmed with wide black Hercules braid.

No. 2.—A suit of gray waterproof Tweed, trimmed with bias bands of black silk, stitched on by machine, and large flat silk buttons. The suit consists of a skirt, a little shorter than those used for ordinary walking costumes, a loose sack which forms an overskirt and is slightly looped at the sides, and a cape, belted in the Metternich style in the back, the same belt confining the sack. This cape can be reserved for very inclement weather, if desired, as the costume is stylish and complete without it.



ALBERTA BASQUE.

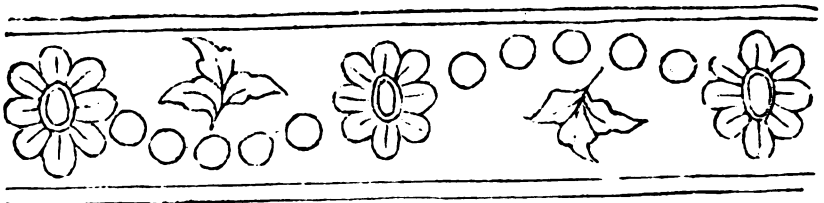
This jaunty basque may be used with equal propriety for either house or street wear. The one from which our illustration is taken is intended to complete a costume in purple French poplin, garnished with ruchings of the material, edged with velvet of the same color, and headed with a band of velvet surmounted by narrow guipure lace. The lozenge-shaped sashes in the back add very much to the general stylish appearance.



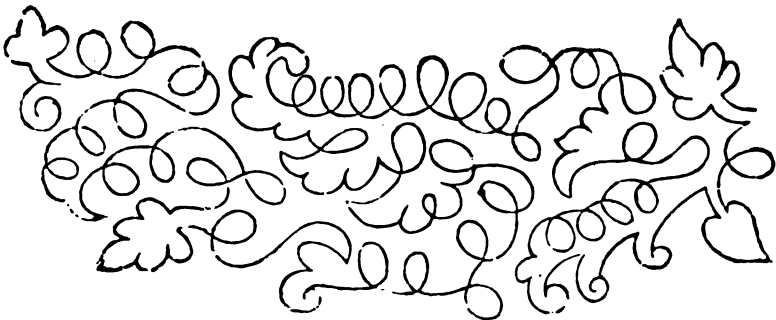
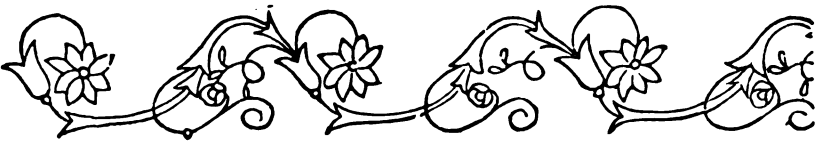
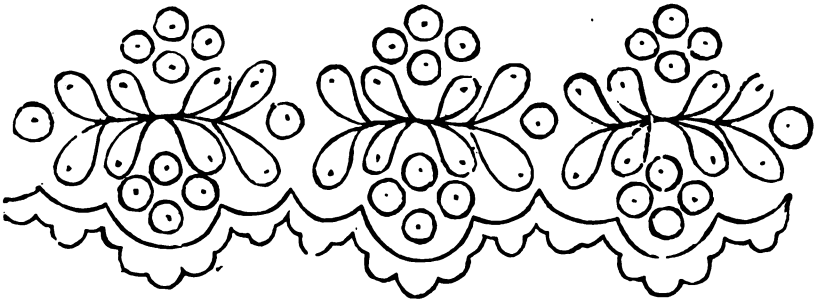
TIDY IN NETTING AND DARNING.

The materials required for this tidy are Evans & Co.'s crochet cotton No. 10 for netting the centre, No. 6 for the long loops introduced into the border, and No. 10 again for the last four rows. The darning is done with the same maker's knitting cotton.

Sometimes a tidy is stretched on a cushion with a colored lining underneath. This produces an excellent effect, and shows the pattern to very great advantage. After the square of netting is completed, the worker should keep the darning all the same way, not crossing the thread, and be careful to use the proper cottons.



PATTERN FOR INSERTION.



Music selected by J. A. GETZE.

"BUTTERFLY MAZURKA."

BY HELLER.

BRILLIANT. *mf*

The musical score is written for piano and consists of five systems of two staves each. The first system is marked "BRILLIANT." and "mf". The time signature is 3/4. The key signature has one sharp (F#). The melody is in the right hand, and the accompaniment is in the left hand. The piece concludes with a "Fine." marking and a final chord.

[Entered according to Act of Congress, A. D. 1868, by LEE & WALKER, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court of the United States for the Eastern District of Pennsylvania.]

"BUTTERFLY MAZURKA."

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The musical score for "Butterfly Mazurka" is written for piano and bass. It begins in G major (one sharp) and 3/4 time. The first system shows the piano part with a trill on the first note and a slur over the next two. The bass part consists of chords. The second system continues the melodic development in the piano part, with dynamics *p*, *fz*, *f*, and *p* marked. The third system features a *f* dynamic in the piano part. The fourth system starts with a *mf* dynamic. The fifth system includes a *p* dynamic. The sixth system concludes the piece with a double bar line and the initials "D. C."



BLACK SILK WALKING DRESS,

Made with two skirts, the lower one trimmed with narrow velvet, the upper one with fringe and white lace. Basque waist trimmed to correspond. Black felt hat, trimmed with black velvet and white feathers.

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ARTHUR'S HOME MAGAZINE.

DECEMBER, 1870.

THE REASON.

BY ADA M. KENNICOTT.

THIS is such a beautiful world; so full of loveliness, so rich in glory, so suggestive, everywhere, of the greater beauty of the world to come! As I lie here this sweet August afternoon, the wind comes softly from its long journey over still groves, and bright streams, and banks of flowers, softly through the evergreens, lifting the light curtains, and with gentle fingers cools my hot forehead and murmurs to me dreamily. There is the rush of far cascades, the shimmer of distant rivers, yea, even the thought of the solemn sea in its voice; there is the sigh of the lotus, asleep on the slumbrous Nile; the rustle of oleander thickets from Syrian brooks; the surge of desert sands—I can almost fancy it brings the echo of booming cannon from Europe's battle-fields, so many strange stories has it, this wandering wind.

Looking in, you might think me sick and alone; but save your pity—I have plenty of pleasant company. As I look through the wind-rocked green of the trees, with the still, blue sky behind it, so thankful for my quiet portion, I am reminded of a girl I once knew (it makes no difference with my story when or where), who, on such an afternoon as this, years ago, sat at the teacher's desk of a country school-room. The breeze, coming in at the windows, did not whisper to her of far countries—only of the rare pleasure of being quiet and alone. How pleasant to be away from her tiresome perplexities, and, with an interesting book, pass the afternoon hours, that would be so hot and dreary in the school-room, in the shade of the great trees that seemed stretching toward her their green arms, full of tempting shade and coolness. True, she loved her work, but just now she felt tired and heart-sore. Why on this particular day must she be bound to it? Any other would do as well for the children to learn

their lessons. Carriages rolled down the shady road, filled with ladies at ease, looking so fresh and happy in their fluttering muslins and ribbons. They were from the one grand house near by, and she wished—thinking of all they enjoyed—that, for this single afternoon, she might change places with one of them. So much was said about the great mission of the teacher that she had thought she should be perfectly contented when she reached it, yet she could not see that she had ever done any good. The sower's hands were getting very weary and there seemed not the slightest prospect of a harvest. Perhaps this reflection was bitterest of all, for stronger with her than the love of ease or pleasure, even than that of beauty and knowledge, was the desire to do something in the Master's service, but the hope was growing faint. Be patient, young heart, not yet is the harvest, and few signs of it are we allowed to see so early in the season.

It was anything but a cheerful face that came back to its task of watching the restless children. Perhaps they, too, had their little visions of games under the oaks suddenly interrupted by the recess-bell, always unwelcome, however long delayed. At any rate, they did not settle steadily to their tasks, and the sunlight seemed longer than usual in slipping off the stone door-sill and beyond the play-ground, leaving the shadows behind it.

When the time came for Maggie's reading-lesson, it proved a simple little story, just childish and sweet enough to bring to the teacher's mind an undefinable sense of comfort and rest; but the small gleam was soon to go out under an accusation against Lydia Pryne, so grave that Miss Walsh was deeply troubled.

"The Prynes" were the butt of the neighborhood. It had long since voted them an

"idle, dirty, vicious set," and it came to be the fashion among teachers to neglect and punish their children. Miss Walsh had only this one, a child of ten years, to deal with, and faithfully she had striven to improve her, though few would have undertaken so repulsive and apparently hopeless a task. Poor Lydia had no prettiness of face to win one: the eyes were blue, with long, black lashes; the complexion gray, from uncleanness, and the black hair harsh and thin from recent illness and neglect. Of late, the teacher had fancied that something like expression was growing into the vacant face, and that she perceived a slight moral improvement, and it seemed especially cruel, now, to have her small hope destroyed.

She was angry and discouraged, and it was well that she was obliged to defer her reproof till after the close of the session. Better thoughts came meantime; humble, tearful ones of "Him who endured such contradiction of sinners against Himself;" of His patience and her haste, and when the last little barefoot had passed over the threshold, with a silent prayer for help, she could address herself calmly to the girl who sat pouting in the corner, fully expecting her well-merited punishment. Miss Walsh was too sad and disheartened for many words—only how sorry she was that any of her pupils should act wickedly, especially one for whom she had begun to hope so much; then a story of a little girl who tried to do right and succeeded, because she never ceased trying and asking God to help her, and a hope that Lydia would ask and try too.

There was only one interruption: "Was she a poor girl just like me, and did the rest laugh at her and not play with her, as they used to me before you came?"

When they left the school-house the sun was nearly down, and the shadows were bringing coolness in their dusky hands. The child, silent at first, soon began to chatter about various things, and when Jessie bade her good-night at the gate of her miserable home, she feared the hour had been thrown away. So little do we know of God's ways. Too often do we say to ourselves that His purposes seem to ripen slowly and to be long in their unfolding.

The next day, and the next, Lydia was missing from her seat; the third brought a dirty, touse-headed boy for her books. "She was not coming to school any more." Could Jessie be blamed if her sigh was one rather of relief than otherwise, especially since this settled for her a long vexed question. What it was will

be apparent from Mrs. Leek's greeting, as "the teacher" came up the walk to that lady's domicile, between the corn and potatoes that grew on either side, "as the golden sun was setting."

"You're goin' to be deprived of the privilege, sposin' ye consider it sech, of boardin' at the Prynes, Miss Walsh," said the dame, with a smile intended to mean—"Of course, you would never have thought of such a thing."

Jessie *had*, though. "Boarding at the Prynes" was the standing joke of the district, a thing which every teacher was continually recommended, but never expected to do, though an unprejudiced observer might have decided that there were other equally unpleasant boarding-places. But, in the country, every neighborhood usually fixes upon one family as a mark for ridicule, thereby exemplifying the gentle charity usually supposed by *non-residents* to prevail in rural regions. With a different charity, Jessie had thought if by going among those people she could do them the smallest good, make them feel a little less like outlaws, it must be her duty to do so.

But we must not keep the dame waiting longer for her answer, which was only the question: "How so?"

"Well, they're gone off, bag and baggage, the whole troop on 'em, and I, for one, am precious glad on't."

With which satisfied expression she went to set the tea-table, leaving Jessie to reflections not altogether pleasant. When a duty, that we have delayed, and puzzled over, and dreaded, is thus put out of our power to perform, there is apt to mingle with the relief a shadowy regret that the opportunity is gone. When the burden was offered us we thought it too heavy—when it is withdrawn, we begin to think of Him for whom nothing was too hard, and knowing how that all-seeing eye has beheld our shrinking, almost fear the Judge's voice may say—"Thou art verily guilty concerning thy brother."

"The years they come, and the years they go,
And the sunshine follows the rain."

Mrs. Hampton, whom we knew as Jessie Walsh, was thinking of these lines as she sat by her small parlor window one day, and feeling thankful that the rest of the stanza was true also:

"But yesterday's smile and yesterday's frown
Can never come over again."

For she had known much of the frown and struggle of life; now she was learning of its sunnier places, and had no wish to go over the hard ones again. Presently she noticed that

the roses that swung their bright clusters above the portico were taking upon themselves to clamber about in an improper, brambleish manner, and armed with hammer, cord, and nails, went out to tie them up. She was too busy and content with her work to think what a pretty picture she made, or notice that a young lady had stopped her handsome pony-carriage at the neat, white gate, and was watching her wistfully. Neither did she hear the light step on the walk till it was beside her, and a voice said—"Pardon me, but you so much resemble a dear friend I had long ago, and whom I am very anxious to meet again—Jessie Walsh was her name."

"It was mine formerly—but I am quite sure that I never had any such acquaintance," replied Mrs. Hampton, glancing at the card upon which was lightly graven "Lucilla Nye."

"Probably not," was the smiling answer, "you knew me as Lydia Pryne, the by-word of White Plains school, and that I am anything better than I then gave promise of I owe in a great measure to yourself."

"Lydia Pryne—is it possible!" cried the now thoroughly amazed Jessie. "Come in and tell me all about your fortunes since those days."

"It is not a long story," said the girl, "please come and ride with me while I tell it."

A ride being one of Mrs. Hampton's rare pleasures, she gladly went for her hat and shawl, her wonder making her pick them up two or three times each before she found them.

Seated in the pretty carriage, and dashing away after the sleek pony, she could scarcely believe herself awake. Soon her companion slackened the reins and began her story:

"I was sick when we left 'the Plains,' else I should never have gone without seeing you again. During the dreary, helpless days that ensued, I thought much of your kind words and advice, the first I had ever received, and the idea you implanted in my mind that last afternoon seemed to gain strength and stand before everything else. I was sure I need not always live in such a wretched way, and how to help it became my continual study. I recalled your words—'I hope you will never stop asking and trying,' and I never have. Night and morning I repeated the prayer you taught me, and after a time asked also in my own words, as you once told me, for what I seem to need most each day. It was always the same thing—that God would show me the way. Nothing seemed to be in my power but to try and tidy the house and myself a little, and with no one to help or teach me it was slow work; still I was able to

effect a slight improvement. When I grew strong enough I went to school steadily, and studied hard to make up for lost time. Often it was bitter work. Few know how keenly taunts and sneers may be felt by the poor, ragged children who seem not to heed them.

"The next year my father and eldest brother went into the army, among the first that enlisted, thinking, with many others, that there would be no fighting and, as they phrased it, plenty of sport. The discipline did them good; they improved, strange to say, where many, always considered respectable at home, deteriorated—re-enlisted for the war, and at its close came home—would you believe it?—sincere Christians. Surely a rich blessing waits those brave men who did not cease to be God's faithful soldiers when they took up earthly weapons, but even amid the horrors of war found time and sought opportunities to win souls.

"For the rest, mother seemed disposed to fold her hands and let us be taken care of by charity, but I had pride enough by that time to be ashamed of that, and tried in every way to get employment. Everything seemed against me—my youth, name, and appearance—and I began to despair, when Mrs. Nye, hearing how much I desired to get work, kindly employed me to wait upon an invalid niece then residing with her. I do not think you can understand the ecstasy of joy with which the news that she 'would try me' was received. I rushed straight home and to my little room, where I jumped and shouted, cried and laughed; then a sudden fear seizing me that mother would not consent, I hurried away to a neighbor's, where she had gone for her usual gossip, to ask her if I might go. She 'didn't care if I wanted to leave my own mother and go among strangers,' 'hoped she shouldn't see me back the first night,' said I needn't expect her to get me ready, but if I would just take the clothes I had and not ask her for any more I might go as soon as I liked.

"All of which was so much more reasonable than I had expected that I began to fear I was really ungrateful, and bade her good-by with many tears and assurances that I was only going so that she would have one less to care for, and maybe sometime I could help her.

"She seemed quite touched at this, bade me good-by very kindly, and I went home comforted, to find the other children; but they were all off at play, no one could tell where. I donned my least shabby garments and set forth. At the gate I paused a moment, and looked back at the dirty hovel with such feelings as I

fancy a prisoner must have when he is leaving his dungeon.

"'Good-by, old house,' said I. 'I hope I shall never have to live in you again, and sometime I may come and take mother and the children away from you.'

"But you must be wearied, Mrs. Hampton, and it is time this long story was closed. My new friends were very kind to me; the niece soon offered to help me on with my lessons, seeing how anxious I was to learn, and a gentle and faithful teacher she proved, leading me by sweet example and wise precept into the better way. She taught me to ask the *best* blessing for my dear ones, and I love often to think how those prayers have been answered.

"Mrs. Nye, in time, found good situations for the two other children who were old enough, and mother being left with Neddie only, and stirred by her children's example and entreaties, rented rooms in a decent cottage, gave up gossip, took in sewing, and became tidy and respectable. When Mrs. Nye's niece, having fully recovered, left her home for one of her own, the dear old lady said she could not give up Lucilla, too—she liked best to call me by my middle name—and proposed to adopt me as her daughter. She has been indeed a mother to me. Since our removal to this place I go home yearly. God be praised that it is now in *reality* a home, where loving parents and children meet, with honest pride in their success and earnest thanksgiving to Him who has so wonderfully ordered their ways."

Mrs. Hampton had not been too much absorbed in the subject to study the narrator. She saw that the dingy bud had found a fair blossoming. The face was softly white, with pink on cheeks and lips; the eyes charmed her with their changeful beauty from behind the heavy lashes, and the midnight hair, gathered back in a careless sweep of curls, seemed blacker than ever against the snow of the neck. She was at length reminded how close her scrutiny was growing by an embarrassed laugh, and the question "Am I like?"

"Pardon my rudeness," she replied, "you have learned to take care of your gifts, and the *soul* has awakened and grown. Ah! me, for the spirits that have not found their wings."

"Poor chrysalids!" sighed her companion, "we must do all we can for them."

So Jessie knew, at last, why on *that one day*, long ago, she should have borne care, and confinement, and vexation, while others were at ease. Did she regret it now? Was there any

hour of rest or pleasure for which she would have exchanged it?

And though it may not always please Him to show us what He doeth, yea, though we toil all the day long with no sign therefor, yet, let us not faint, neither grow weary, for the Lord of the harvest knoweth all.

WAITING.

BY S. JENNIE JONES.

Peeping over the garden gate,
Weesome, brown eyed May;
Peering under her dimpled hand,
Adown the dusty way;
A little frown, a joyous shout,
As day her glory furls,
At sight of the tasseled velvet cap
Over the golden curls.

Ah! little May, dost frown to wait
So short a time at the garden gate?

Looking over the garden gate,
Winsome, brown eyed May;
Tresses crowned with a rosebud wreath,
Glancing adown the way;
Timidly glancing with half-drawn sigh,
For the sunset fades apace;
But the golden smile and the roscate glow
See, now, on the maiden's face!
Ah! winsome May, dost sigh to wait
So short a time at the garden gate?

Looking over the garden gate,
Constant, love crowned May;
Holy light in the steady eyes
Watching adown the way;
Watching until the glories dim
And the twilight shadows pall;
But kissed away are the tear drops poised
Before they have time to fall.
Ah! love crowned May, dost weep to wait
So short a time at the garden gate?

Looking over the garden gate,
Pure browed, sad eyed May;
Dropping tears on a golden head
That came since he went away;
Seeing naught in the sunset glow
But a sanguine field afar!
Seeing naught in the dazzling sheen
But the blazonry of war!
Ah! pure browed May, 'tis sad to wait
Long, long in vain at the garden gate!

Looking over the Golden Gate,
Adown the star gemmed way
Angel thronged, and brighter far
Than the portals of closing day—
Waiting until a sun is set,
A day of sorrow o'er—
Severed the silver cord that binds
A soul to the far off shore!
Ah! weeping May, 'tis he doth wait
Thy coming now at the Golden Gate.

AN ACTING CHARADE.

BY S. ANNIE FROST.

MAGNETISM.

Characters:

JOHN JENKINS, an old sea captain.

JASPER JENKINS, his son.

MALVINA JENKINS, his sister, an old maid.

AMY KING, a young lady visiting Miss Jenkins.

MISS LUCRATIA LUDWIG,

MISS SOPHIA SNAPWELL,

MISS CORNELIA CRABAPPLE,

MISS DEBORAH DINGLE,

MISS BELINDA BATES,

MISS MARIA MUNROE,

ROBERT, the footman.

*Maiden ladies
of an
uncertain age.*

SCENE I.—MAGNET.

SCENE.—*The parlor of Mr. Jenkins's house. Curtain rises, discovering John Jenkins and Jasper, seated. John is putting a compass together, the pieces lying on a table before him. Jasper is leaning against the table, watching his father.*

JOHN.—Another good opportunity thrown away, Jasper? I cannot understand it. When I was your age I should have considered myself the luckiest dog alive to have gone first mate in such a vessel as the *Fleetwing*, and such a pleasant voyage, too.

JASPER.—I have been once to the Mediterranean.

JOHN (*sarcastically*).—Indeed! Well, of course, that entirely prevents your ever going again.

JASPER.—You seem very anxious to send me away.

JOHN.—I am very anxious to find out what keeps you at home. You cannot be in love, because I have expressly forbidden you to think of a wife before you are twenty-five, and that is three good years from now.

JASPER.—But, my dear sir—

JOHN.—I married young and —— well I would not, of course, say a word against your sainted mother, only—I went to sea a great deal after I was married.

JASPER (*sighing*).—I think you were fonder of the ocean than I am.

JOHN.—Nonsense! You let me know no rest nor peace until I allowed you to go to sea. But now some magnet more powerful than that guiding the compass keeps you ashore.

JASPER.—Supposing it was a pair of bright eyes, father, that proved the strongest magnet in the world. I would not be the first man so situated.

JOHN (*angrily*).—I won't listen to any such

stuff! I have positively forbidden you to fall in love, and I insist upon being obeyed.

JASPER.—Do you think such matters are within our own control?

JOHN.—You had better go to sea at once. I won't hear another word!

JASPER.—But if the young lady is perfectly unobjectionable, sir?

JOHN.—I tell you I won't listen to another word. You shall not marry *anybody* before you are twenty-five. Marry, indeed! (*gathering up his compass hastily*). If I stay here any longer I shall certainly lose my temper.

[*Exit John, in a rage.*]

JASPER.—Too late, my respected parent. It is too late to forbid my falling in love. Already Amy's bright eyes have proved a more powerful magnet than any of the pleasures of the ocean. My heart is fixed here now, and would follow her as the needle points to the North.

[*Enter Amy.*]

AMY.—You here, Jasper? Pray, what have you said or done to put your father in such a rage?

JASPER.—He has been speaking of my marriage, Amy. You know I promised you to tell him of my love for you, but he will not hear me. He positively forbids me to think of a wife.

AMY.—Shakspeare was surely right when he said "the course of true love never did run smooth," for I have had a letter from home forbidding me to think of any husband but my cousin Wilfred, a man I detest.

JASPER.—But who has the right to control your affections?

AMY.—My aunt takes that upon herself. The worst of all is that she has written to Miss Malvina to watch me closely, and not allow me to leave the house in your company, or indeed alone, for fear of an elopement.

JASPER.—An elopement! The very thing! Once married, I can easily coax my father to be reconciled, and you are not really under your aunt's control. [*Enter Miss Malvina.*]

MISS MALVINA.—Here's a pretty fuss about an old compass. Jasper, have you seen your father's magnet?

JASPER.—It was here this morning.

MISS MALVINA.—Well, look for it, do! He is making a terrible outcry over the loss of it.

AMY.—Why it is here, right on the table.

MISS MALVINA.—Give it to me. Are you dressed for the meeting this afternoon?

AMY.—I think this dress will do.

MISS MALVINA.—Will you sign the admission paper?

AMY (*hesitating*).—Not to-day.

JOHN (*behind the scenes*).—Malvina! Malvina! have you found that magnet?

MISS MALVINA.—Yes; I am coming.

[*Exit Miss Malvina.*]

JASPER.—You will consent, will you not, Amy?

AMY.—Consent to what?

JASPER.—An elopement.

AMY (*laughing*).—I thought you meant to signing your Aunt Malvina's paper.

JASPER.—By the way, what is that?

AMY.—You have been away, so you do not know that your aunt is the president of a society for the suppression of man's tyranny and the elevation of the other sex. Every woman belonging to the society signs a protest against the oppression of man, and avows to resist him in all his efforts to put down the "weaker vessels." This afternoon they will hold a meeting here, and every one is to adopt a mission to advocate and defend.

JASPER.—An idea strikes me!

AMY (*tenderly*).—Dear Jasper, you alarm me. Were you ever subject to such attacks?

JASPER (*laughing*).—You sarcastic little witch!

AMY.—I am admitted to the meeting as a spectator, in the hope that in time I may become an active member.

JASPER.—Amy! You a member!

AMY.—I will tell you all about it to-morrow. Oh! dear me, it is very provoking that I am forbidden to walk with you. It would be a perfect day for a stroll to the lake.

JASPER.—Amy, let me tell you my idea.

They walk back, as if conversing. Enter John, who advances to the front, not perceiving them.

JOHN.—I never heard anything so absurd in all my life! Malvina must be crazy! Amy King, a mere school-girl, the magnet so powerful that she keeps my boy here in spite of my advice and the favorable offers he has received. But I won't have it! Jasper goes to-morrow and accepts the position offered him in the Fleetwing! [*Exit John.*]

JASPER (*to Amy*).—You hear, Amy! To-morrow! We have no time to lose.

Curtain falls.

SCENE II.—ISM.

SCENE.—*Same as Scene I. Curtain rises, discovering Miss Malvina seated centre of background, with a small table before her. She faces the audience, Amy seated beside her. On either side, in two straight lines, profile to audience, but facing each other, are seated Lucretia Ludwig, Sophia Snapwell, Cornelia Crabapple, Deborah Dingle, Belinda Bates, and Maria Munroe, all in walking-dress; the more eccentric, the better.*

MISS MALVINA.—Ladies of the Society for the Suppression of Man's Tyranny and the Elevation of Woman's Rights, we are assembled this afternoon to advocate the cause of—

LUCRETIA.—Spiritualism!

SOPHIA.—Mormonism!

CORNELIA.—Mesmerism!

DEBORAH.—Abolitionism!

BELINDA.—Vegetarianism!

MARIA.—Fatalism!

AMY.—Gal-vanism!

MISS MALVINA.—Miss King, no levity if you please. Ladies, I repeat that we are here in the interest of womankind, each to advocate some great principle. The greatest of these principles is, we all know—

LUCRETIA.—Spiritualism!

SOPHIA.—Mormonism!

CORNELIA.—Mesmerism!

DEBORAH.—Abolitionism!

BELINDA.—Vegetarianism!

MARIA.—Fatalism!

AMY.—Paganism!

MISS MALVINA.—Miss King, may I again request you to abstain from levity? Ladies, we will now proceed to converse upon the object of the meeting. I shall be happy to hear from each of you your views upon—

LUCRETIA.—Spiritualism!

SOPHIA.—Mormonism!

CORNELIA.—Mesmerism!

DEBORAH.—Abolitionism!

BELINDA.—Vegetarianism!

MARIA.—Fatalism!

AMY (*through her nose, and drawling*).—Universal Snf-fragel!

MISS MALVINA.—Miss King, must I request you to retire?

AMY.—Oh! no, let me stay. I am deeply interested, I assure you.

MISS MALVINA.—Ladies, if you will favor me with your views, I—

LUCRETIA.—Having thoroughly investigated the subject of Spiritualism, I now—

SOPHIA.—In this enlightened age, no one can deny that Mormonism is the—

CORNELIA.—It is incredible that the advance of Mesmerism is at this day—

DEBORAH.—That any one can be blind to the great cause of Abolitionism in the West Indies, seems to me—

BELINDA.—Having had my attention called to Vegetarianism as the great moral lever by which—

MARIA.—In advocating the cause of Fatalism, I believe that—

AMY (*in a grandiloquent style*).—I maintain that catechism is the only—

MISS MALVINA.—Ladies! ladies! let me beg of you to restrain your natural ardor in the good cause, and allow each other to introduce her views, in order that we may work in harmony. Miss Lucretia, do I understand you that—

LCRETIA.—You do. Spiritualism is now the greatest, if not the only—

SOPHIA.—No! I wholly deny that statement. Mormonism is—

CORNELIA.—Not to be compared to Mesmerism. Mesmerism is, in fact—

DEBORAH.—A huge humbug! Away with theories. Let us grasp solid facts. In Abolitionism we find not only—

BELINDA.—Have I no voice in this meeting? I who have proved Vegetarianism to be—

MARIA.—My sisters, let us unite in investigating the proofs of Fatalism, in order that—

AMY (*in a loud, shrill voice*).—Had you read the history of Vandalism, you would all—

MISS MALVINA.—Silence! I beg of you. The meeting cannot proceed unless—

LCRETIA.—Of course it cannot. If nobody will listen, how can—

SOPHIA.—Nobody listen, indeed! I consider, ma'am, that I have as good a right to speak as—

CORNELIA.—Is that remark intended to be personal? Because, if it is—

DEBORAH.—Any insinuations of that kind I consider—

BELINDA.—If Miss Lucretia wishes to assert—

MARIA.—For my part, if I cannot speak—

AMY (*aside*).—Aint this fun!

MISS MALVINA.—Ladies! ladies!

ALL (*speaking at once*).—Spiritualism! Mormonism! Abolitionism! Fatalism! Mesmerism! Vegetarianism! (*All rise as they speak.*)

[Enter Robert with a letter.

ROBERT.—Miss Malvina, if you please—

LCRETIA.—A man!

CORNELIA.—Put him out!

SOPHIA.—How did the wretch get in?

DEBORAH.—Turn out the monster!

BELINDA.—Who are you, base intruder?

MARIA.—What fate sent you here?

AMY.—What do you want, Robert?

ROBERT.—If you please, Miss Amy, I was told to give this letter to Miss Malvina at once.

MISS MALVINA.—A letter for me?

ROBERT.—Yes, ma'am, if you please. The lady is waiting for an answer. (*Giving the letter.*)

MISS MALVINA (*opening the letter*).—Let me see. Miss Olivia Uppertop. (*Reads.*)

“*Madam: Having heard, upon my arrival in this city, of your philanthropic efforts in behalf of our downtrodden sex, I take the liberty of addressing you, to request admission as an humble spectator to one of your meetings. Trusting to your kindness for a favorable answer to my modest request, I am, madam,*

“Yours respectfully,

“OLIVIA UPPERTOP.”

Ladies, shall this applicant be admitted?

ALL.—Yes, let her come in!

MISS MALVINA.—Did you say, Robert, that she was waiting?

ROBERT.—Yes, ma'am, she is in the drawing-room.

MISS MALVINA.—Amy, will you invite Miss Uppertop to join us?

AMY.—Certainly.

[Exit Amy, followed by Robert.

MISS MALVINA.—Ladies, we will resume our seats, and be ready to receive this stranger, whom we may be the means of converting to a believer in the principles of (*all sit down*)—

LCRETIA.—Spiritualism!

SOPHIA.—Mormonism!

CORNELIA.—Mesmerism!

DEBORAH.—Abolitionism!

BELINDA.—Vegetarianism!

MARIA.—Fatalism!

Curtain falls.

SCENE III.—MAGNETISM.

SCENE.—Same as Scene II. All seated as before. Jasper, disguised as Miss Uppertop, in an old-fashioned walking dress, green spectacles, and a front of false curls, is seated beside Amy.

MISS MALVINA.—I believe, ladies, we are all agreed now upon allowing our distinguished guest, Miss Uppertop, to illustrate by experiment some of the principles of magnetism.

ALL.—We are agreed.

MISS MALVINA.—Miss Uppertop has informed us that she requires a subject willing to put herself entirely under her control.

JASPER.—Entirely!

MISS MALVINA.—Miss Lucretia, will you—
LUCRETIA.—You must excuse me. Any influence now operating upon my mind might interfere with the mysterious—

MISS MALVINA.—Miss Sophia, may I ask you—

SOPHIA.—Well, really, Miss President, I should prefer to see Miss Uppertop's experiments upon some of the others.

MISS MALVINA.—Miss Cornelia—

CORNELIA.—I! I give myself up to the absolute control of another mind? Never!

MISS MALVINA.—Miss Deborah, cannot I persuade you?

DEBORAH.—Well, really—I—I had rather not.

MISS MALVINA.—You are not afraid. Miss Belinda, are you?

BELINDA.—Afraid! I scorn the imputation. But I hope you will excuse me.

MISS MALVINA.—Then, Miss Maria, it rests with you.

MARIA.—Oh, really, I could not think of it.

MISS MALVINA (*desperately*).—Amy, dear, will not you allow Miss Uppertop to magnetize you?

AMY.—Oh, certainly, if it will afford you any gratification.

JASPER (*rising*).—May I request you then to move your chair to the front of the table?

AMY (*moving her chair to centre of stage*).—Anything to oblige the meeting.

JASPER (*standing so as to face Amy*).—You will be kind enough to look at my eyes.

AMY (*aside to Jasper*).—Now don't make me laugh.

JASPER (*making passes with his hands*).—You see, ladies, that as I pass my hands thus up and down before the face of this interesting subject she gradually drops into a gentle sleep. (*Amy appears to sleep.*) In this sleep she will be entirely subject to my will, and will obey implicitly any order I may give her. Miss Amy!

AMY (*dreamily*).—I hear you.

JASPER.—Are you prepared to do my bidding?

AMY.—I have no choice.

JASPER.—Rise then and walk to the table. (*Amy obeys each direction as it is given.*) Return to your seat. Stand up. Drop a courtesy. Dance. Sit on the floor. Rise. Stand on your chair. Kneel down.

AMY.—On the chair?

JASPER.—No, on the floor. Now rise and embrace me.

AMY (*aside to Jasper*).—Is that in the contract?

JASPER (*embracing her*).—Implicit obedience, remember.

AMY (*aloud*).—I am tired.

JASPER (*aloud*).—Sit down, then, and rest (*Amy sits down*). You see, ladies, something of the workings of this wonderful science, second, I think, to none in the world.

LUCRETIA.—Excuse me, Miss Uppertop, I think magnetism falls far short of spiritualism in its—

SOPHIA.—Who compares any science with the principles of Mormonism, as divulged by—

CORNELIA.—Miss Uppertop surely forgets the sister science of mesmerism when she—

DEBORAH.—Can you for an instant, Miss Uppertop—

BELINDA.—If I may be allowed to speak—

MARIA.—May I suggest—

MISS MALVINA.—Ladies! ladies! allow me to call the meeting to order, while Miss Uppertop proceeds with her experiments.

JASPER.—Thank you. Are you rested, Miss Amy?

AMY.—Perfectly.

JASPER.—If any of the ladies would like to question the subject, they are at liberty to do so. You must take her hand in your own before speaking to her. I warn you all, however, that you must expect perfect frankness, as the patient can speak in this state only what she actually believes.

LUCRETIA.—Allow me (*taking Amy's hand*)! Do you know me, Miss King?

AMY.—I know you. You are the most meddling old maid in the village, Miss Lucretia Ludwig.

LUCRETIA (*throwing down Amy's hand*).—I never heard such impertinence.

SOPHIA.—May I try? (*Takes Amy's hand.*) What is your opinion of Mormonism, Miss King?

AMY.—I think it is the disappointed old maid's last hope.

SOPHIA.—Pshaw! (*throws down Amy's hand.*)

CORNELIA.—I have some little experience in these things (*takes Amy's hand*). Shall I ever become as expert as Miss Uppertop, Miss King?

AMY.—You possess as much power.

CORNELIA (*delighted*).—I always said I should (*sits down*).

MISS MALVINA.—Do not some of the rest wish to try?

All sit silent.

JASPER.—I will close the experiments by leading the subject by the mere motion of my finger (*to Amy, who follows his directions*). Open your eyes.

Motions to different parts of the room, Amy following his finger.

JASPER (*standing to face Amy*).—I will now lead her by the eye. (*Walks slowly backward, Amy following him.*) Do you see me?

AMY (*dreamily*).—I see you.

JASPER.—Are you happy in obeying me?

AMY.—Perfectly happy.

Jasper walks backward to the door and goes out, Amy following him. All sit silent, looking at the door.

MISS MALVINA.—Why do they not return? Dear me, the woman may be an impostor and stealing all the spoons.

LCRETIA.—Where can they be?

BELINDA.—I hope Miss King is not in a swoon on the stairs.

MARIA.—Suppose we go and find them.

[Enter Robert with a note.]

ROBERT.—If you please, Miss Malvina, Miss Amy has gone away in a carriage with the strange lady, and she left this note for you. (*Gives the note.*)

MISS MALVINA (*reading*).—"Miss Malvina: Yielding to the magnetism of love, I have followed your nephew, *alias* Olivia Uppertop, as far as the nearest church, where we will soon be joined in the bonds of matrimony.

"Yours truly, AMY KING."

ALL.—A man! Miss Uppertop a man!

MISS MALVINA.—I am thunderstruck.

LCRETIA.—For my part I never believed in magnetism.

ALL.—Never! It don't compare to—(*each naming her own specialty*).

Curtain falls.

OUR RECORD.

BY ANNIE HERBERT.

WE built us grand, gorgeous towers,
Out toward the western sea,
And said, in a dream of the summer hours,
Thus fair should our record be.

We would strike the bravest chords
That ever rebuked the wrong,
And through them should tremble all loving words
That would make the weary strong.

Our sheaves should be golden grain,
From the harvests of many lands;

Our ermined robes should be kept from stain,
By charity's gentle hands.

Like the light of a calm, sweet star,
Our beacon, serene and high,
Should shine to the dwellers of earth afar,
And beckon them to the sky.

There entered not into our thought,
The dangers the way led through,
We saw but the gifts of the good we sought,
And the good we would strive to do.

Like one who with reverence cleaves
The moss from a head-stone gray,
We lift a mantle of fallen leaves,
And gaze on the past to-day.

The words that we would have said,
And the deeds we would fain have done,
Are changed, like the face of a friend long dead,
In the light of the noontide sun.

Here, trace we a hurried line—
There, blush for a blotted leaf;
And tears—vain tears—on the eyelids shine,
That the record is so brief.

Only a trembling prayer,
Forgotten, alas! too soon,
A breath that died on the summer air,
Like a rose on the heart of June.

Only a hope, that fain
Would blossom through change and blight,
A leaf on the bounding, billowy main,
Vanishing into the night.

Only a few brief words,
From a frail, inconstant pen,
Like the waking twitter of forest birds,
Afair in the dewy glen.

Only a few to hear,
For the world was full of thought,
And the buds of our hope were chilled by fear,
And the dreamer dreamed for naught.

Only a taper's glow,
That died on the gaze of men,
And a foolish flower that forgot to blow,
Till the frosts were white again.

Only a host of fears,
And griefs to be comforted,
And the falling of bitter, blinding tears,
On the faces of our dead.

The wealth of our fairy dreams,
And the towers we built so high,
Dissolve like the mists of the mountain streams,
That melt in the morning sky.

The glow of the highest thought
Is the glory that found no tongue,
And the sweetest song that the brain e'er wrought
Is the song that has been unsung.

THE GREAT WALL OF CHINA.

BY C.

THIS stupendous wall, which extends across the northern boundary of the Chinese Empire, and forms the barrier between China and Mongolia, is deservedly ranked among the grandest labors of art, and as one of the most remarkable of human structures, and is, perhaps, the most wonderful monument of human industry ever exhibited to the world. It was built during the reign of Tsin-Shee-Hwang-Tee, the founder of the Tsin dynasty. It was commenced two hundred and fourteen years before the Christian era, and finished in about ten years, several millions of men working unremittingly in its construction. This wall is carried over the summits of high mountains, some of which are a mile in height, across deep valleys, and over wide rivers, by means of arches. In many parts it is doubled or trebled, to command important passes, and is built in the most substantial manner, especially toward its eastern extremity, where it extends by a massive levee into the sea, in which portion the workmen were required, under penalty of death, to fit the stones so exactly that even a nail could nowhere be inserted between the joints. In some parts, where less danger was apprehended, it is not equally strong, and toward the northwest consists of a wall two feet thick on each side of the structure, the lower part of which is composed of hewn stone, and the upper part of brick, the intermediate space being filled with earth, forming a very firm rampart.

The Chinese wall is fifteen hundred miles long, twenty-five feet high, and twenty feet thick at the top. Six horsemen can easily ride abreast on its summit. Towers are placed along its whole extent every one hundred yards, which was considered twice the distance an arrow could be shot, so that every part of the wall might be within the reach of the archers stationed in the towers. These towers, or massive bastions, which are square, are forty-eight feet high and forty feet in width. The stone employed in the foundations, angles, and towers, is a strong, gray granite, but the upper part of the wall is made of bluish bricks and a remarkably pure and white mortar.

According to Sir George Staunton and Du Halde, this great barrier, which has been and will continue to be the wonder and admiration of ages, was constructed to protect China from the eruptions of the Tartars, 2,000 years ago.

It is estimated that the materials employed in this immense fortification would be sufficient to construct a wall six feet high and two feet thick twice around the world.

It is certain that civilization had made considerable progress among the Chinese when it was only dawning on the nations of Europe, but their early history is shrouded in fable. Their earliest existing records are the writings of Confucius, who lived five hundred and fifty years before Christ, and from that period they descend in an unbroken series to the present day. Under their earliest dynasty they attained such prosperity that the Mongols and Tartars invaded their territory for plunder, to prevent which they built the great wall which has ever been considered as a wonder in the world.

DELAFIELD, WIS.

FICTION.—There was a truth in the old Puritan feeling against the exaggerated use of romance as leading to relaxation of the fibre of the moral character. That was a wholesome restraint which I remember in my childhood kept us from indulging in fiction until the day's work was over, and thus impressed the reading of fiction as being the holiday of life, and not its business. It is this which, if it constitutes the danger of fictitious narratives, constitutes also their power. They come at a time when men are indisposed to take up anything else; they take up those moments of life which have a most important influence on our career. Poetry may be more elevating, science may be wiser, and philosophy may evoke a deeper spirit, but none are so tenacious, none reach so many homes, or engage so many readers, as the romances of modern times. Those who read nothing else read exciting tales. Those whom sermons never reach, whom history fails to arrest, are reached by fiction—by the works of successful novelists. It is this which makes a true novel, noble and elevated in sentiment, one of the foremost arrangements of home. We have thus a powerful element, mighty for advancement, for development. Mighty it is because of the interest it invites, mighty for edification and purification, for giving wholesome thoughts, for aspirations, and soul-stirring reflections.—*Dean Stanley.*

HOW PAUL'S DEBT WAS PAID.

CHAPTER I.

"O PAUL! PAUL! how could you," and the speaker, a pale, delicate-looking girl, wrung her hands, while the tears ran down her cheeks.

Paul Crossland, a handsome and rather dissipated looking youth of two or three and twenty, with bold black eyes and curling dark hair, looked a little ashamed and not a little defiant.

"Who was to know that he'd be home," he exclaimed, "and that things would be looked into as they are being looked into now! I tell you, Milly, after the old man's buried I shan't be safe from discovery for one more day; something must be done; but what? I don't see that there's anything left for me but to look it, and then what's to become of you?"

What, indeed! Paul's salary was all the two had to depend upon, for the few pupils Milly was able to procure were but a precarious provision for her own personal expenses. The two pounds a week had been sufficient for their living in those meagre little furnished rooms in a dingy suburb of London, to which they had been reduced since their father's death had plunged them into poverty and obscurity: but Paul, finding the tedium of his life insupportable, had been tempted into the society of gay youths of his own age. The enjoyment of that society necessitated increased expenditure, that expenditure induced debt, and to free himself from his liabilities he had been tempted to sin. The gentleman in whose office he was, was an old man; he had been his father's friend, and upon behalf of that friendship had given Paul the post he occupied.

When Paul Crossland had written his employer's name, securing an advantage to himself by doing so, I cannot say to what he had trusted most to preserve his sin from being found out; whether to the laxity of discipline in the office, to the failing health and consequent absenteeism of Mr. Newton, or to the proverbial assistance of that evil character who never fails to aid those who have set their feet upon the slippery downward path that leads to destruction. It is certain that for awhile he had been successful in maintaining his secret. Still, Mr. Newton had suspicions that all was not going on as it should be in the office, and he wrote urgently to his son in India, beseech-

ing his return. The result of this letter of entreaty was the return to England of Roland Newton, to the superintendence of his father's affairs.

The rumor was that Roland Newton was in truth a very nabob, and that in the event of his father dying, the business would be wound up. Already, so shortly after his return, things were more strictly looked into in the office than they had been before for many years. It was the dread and the probability of discovery that caused Paul Crossland to make his confession to his sister; but for that he might have kept her in ignorance while he sunk deeper into the mire. Milly's shame and distress were very great.

"That you should have done this, Paul! you a Crossland, and my dear, honorable-minded father's son! O Paul!" cried the poor girl, "it is dreadful, I can hardly believe it of you—that you should commit forgery!"

"Nonsense, Milly," he replied, endeavoring to assume a careless manner, though he was evidently touched by the way in which his confession had affected his sister. "It's only borrowing a part of the money which old Newton had lying by, that neither he nor his son were ever likely to want. What's a paltry fifty pounds to the like of them! I always meant to pay it back, too, if this fellow had not come bothering home. Why didn't he stay out there with his rupees, and not come ferreting out his father's pitiful savings!"

"But how could you ever have repaid it, Paul? You know it takes every bit of your salary to enable us to live in the very humble respectability that we are doing now."

"Surely," said he, "if I can lose as much at cards, I stand a chance to win as much any night."

"O Paul!" said Milly, with a cry of horror, "do you mean to say that you have learned to gamble? Then, indeed, we are ruined."

"Don't talk such nonsense, Milly, but do, like a sensible girl, think of some way of raising the money. Only let me once get clear of this debt and I will never touch a card again."

Milly's lovely face grew bright through her tears.

"Is that a promise, Paul?" she asked. "Will you give me your word of honor that if I help you to get quit of this incubus, you will never

permit yourself to be tempted into any kind of gambling again?"

Paul thought she must suddenly have conceived some means of helping him, and the relief was so great to his mind that he readily gave the required promise, sealing it with a kiss. But Milly's only idea was to get that promise; she had not the remotest notion how the debt was to be paid.

When Paul left his sister to go to his daily occupation, she sat a long time thinking, and she prayed for enlightenment in her difficulty; and a scheme presented itself, so wild, so utterly romantic, that at first she rejected it, but it returned again, as the only way out of her difficulty; and this was to go to Mr. Roland Newton—not to the old man, for he was too ill to be seen, but to the son—and confess to him what Paul had been led to do, and to ask indulgence from him until she and Paul could scrape together enough to repay what she looked upon as a debt. She thought of the Anglo-Indian as a middle-aged, iron-gray man; she did not know how long he had been in India, nor how old he was in reality, but she knew he was very rich, and that he was stern, severe, and uncompromising; so had Paul represented him. He might be fifty, for old Mr. Newton was more than seventy.

Milly could think of nothing else than the task she had set herself to accomplish for Paul's sake all day long, as she was engaged with her pupils, going through the wearisome drudgery of music lessons. If she could accomplish her object, she thought she might save Paul. He was not naturally bad, only he had been tempted into sharing the pleasures of a set of dissolute companions. This severe lesson would surely give him a distaste for associating with them any longer, and in the first flush of his gratitude she might surely persuade him to withdraw himself from them entirely.

"And how we will work to repay Mr. Newton!" thought Milly. "I will wear my old dresses all the year round, and I'll deprive myself of every luxury, and I'll try and get more pupils. We might, yes, I dare say we might go to humbler lodgings. And I wonder whether Mr. Roland has a wife and family? Paul did not say anything about them. If he has, perhaps Mrs. Roland will give me some plain work to do, when she knows why I want it. There is so much odd time I could fill up in that way."

Here Miss Belinda Peppercorn, a flourishing tradesman's eldest daughter, whom pretty, refined Milly Crossland (whose father had once

resided in a mansion at Wimbledon, and who had had ancestors and ancestresses innumerable), was reduced to instruct superficially in things she had no taste for, struck a discord that jarred through all the sensitive nerves of the governess's frame, and effectually aroused her from her reverie.

That evening Paul Crossland brought home to his lodgings news of old Mr. Newton's death.

CHAPTER II.

The day before Paul had conveyed that intelligence to his sister, a scene had taken place in a gloomy mansion in one of the gloomiest squares of our grand old city. A city merchant lay upon his death-bed. His gray hairs were spread over the pillows, his cheeks were sunken and cadaverous, and there was a film over the once bright blue eyes, that betokened the approach of the King of Terrors. His shaking hands grasped those of a younger man, and the dim eyes sought the loved features of the other, in anxious desire to communicate something ere his power to do so was taken from him. Let us give the substance of that communication, without the breaks in it that characterized the speech of the dying man:

"Roland, when you come to lie, as I do, at the gates of death, it will not be the many brilliant successes you have known in life that will occupy your mind, but the few mistakes that, in spite of your utmost endeavors, have occurred."

"Surely you can recall nothing of that kind to trouble you, father," said the son soothingly. "Your name has been one of the most respected upon 'Change, and your private character has fully borne out your public reputation."

"Nevertheless," replied the old man, "there have been duties neglected, or carelessly filled, and my conscience makes them prominent to me now. My son, you may carry out what I have failed to do. You remember, before you went to India, my intimacy with a fellow-merchant, for whom I had a great respect and liking."

"You mean Simon Crossland?" said the son.

"I do," was the reply. "Four or five years ago he died insolvent, and under circumstances that compelled all men to pity rather than to blame him. He left a family."

"And you wish me to seek out that family and provide for their wants?" said Roland Newton, soothingly. The family Simon Cross-

land had or had not left was of small account in his mind; its all-paramount desire just then was to remove the earthly anxieties of the dying man. "Never fear, father; if they are upon the face of the earth, I will find and relieve them."

"They are not lost," said Mr. Newton. "I have not utterly neglected them. Paul Crossland occupies the second stool in the office, but beyond giving him employment I have never interested myself to discover whether or no he had other wants. I fear things have not all been going on as they should do in the office; if when you come to examine matters you should find Paul Crossland in error, remember what his father was to me, and how upon my death-bed I reproached myself for not having taken a warmer interest in his welfare, and given him that assistance that might have lifted him above temptation."

"I promise you that Paul Crossland shall find as merciful a judge in me, and one as ready to overlook involuntary transgression as he would have done in you," said Roland.

"There are others of them, too, Roland—sisters or a sister; you have abundant means, don't let the wretched girls degrade themselves by hard work. I would have attended to this had I lived."

At seventy-five years of age a man's race is pretty high run, and seldom is further space granted him in which to perform duties he has neglected before that. None was granted to Joseph Newton. On the morrow he died, and Paul and Millicent Crossland were left a sacred legacy upon the hands of his only son and heir.

CHAPTER III.

Could this be the place? a dark, gloomy, five-storied house! Milly looked up to it deprecatingly and inquiringly. She had set herself to perform this duty, and the purpose had only grown greater in her mind through the delay consequent upon old Mr. Newton's death. The funeral took place in the morning; this was in the twilight of the chill March afternoon; but she knew to-morrow Mr. Newton would be at the office, and she wished to obtain an interview with him before that could happen. Her heart sunk within her; the twelve dark windows frowned down so gloomily upon her, and she thought of Paul's account of the Anglo-Indian, and she stood and trembled in her shoes. But this was the house; there was the single word "Newton" on a brass plate on the door. Twice

she spelt over the six letters, whispering to herself the name they formed, before she dared to ring. The porter was some time in replying to the timid summons.

"Can I see Mr. Roland Newton?" faltered Milly.

Milly's shabby dress did not warrant any necessity for particularly respectful behavior upon the porter's part, and he did not show it.

"Well, Miss, seeing as how he's just buried his father, it's most onbecoming o' you to ask such a thing, I should say, if I might be allowed an opinion."

"Oh! but I must see him," cried Milly, clasping her hands, "if it's only for a few minutes. It is business of importance—almost life and death. Won't you give him my name, and tell him I will not detain him long."

Now Milly Crossland was extremely beautiful; and ever since the world began beauty has won its way where merit, in ugliness, could not gain admission; and by virtue now of her pleading voice, her soft eyes, and pale, sweet face, the porter did what, under any other circumstances, he would hardly have been tempted to do—he offered her a seat in the hall very civilly, and went, at her request, to beg that Mr. Newton would see Miss Crossland.

It was full five minutes before he returned, and then his demeanor was considerably altered. The butler was with him, and he had orders to conduct Miss Crossland at once to his master's presence.

Millicent was shown into an apartment that had an air of sombre and oppressive grandeur; the funeral plumes of the mourning hearse had left their atmosphere behind, and their shadow upon the brow of the man who sat upon the hearth. When he arose, Milly did not recognize in him the Roland Newton of her brother's description.

"I—I—beg your pardon for my intrusion," said Milly nervously; "it is Mr. Roland Newton I wish to see."

This was a young man—at least one not much over thirty—with a spare figure, deeply bronzed but handsome face, and crisp, curling, dark hair.

"I am he," he replied, in quiet, grave tones.

Poor Milly became confused and trembling all at once. Last night she had dreamed of casting herself at his feet, and of refusing to rise, though he entreated her with never such calm benevolence, until she had obtained pardon for her brother. All at once a strange, sweet pride stole into her heart, that prevented her, even for Paul's sake, casting herself at the

feet of this man. Instead of behaving in such heroine-like fashion, she took the chair he placed for her, in the most ordinary manner imaginable. She tried to remember all she had prepared to say, but all at once the power of speech even deserted her. Mr. Newton saved her the trouble of recalling it.

"I am so glad to see you," he said simply; for in truth he felt very glad. "The name of Crossland was almost the last my dear father's lips uttered. He seemed to think that he had neglected to perform the duties toward you that his friendship for your father warranted, and he left the task for me to complete. What is there I can do for you?"

Then Milly forgot everything but the cause she had come to plead; forgot that the man she spoke to was young and handsome, and the owner of untold wealth; she remembered only that with him rested the power to ruin her dearly-loved brother for life, to expose him, to prosecute him, to remove her only friend and natural protector from her side, and for herself and him she pleaded, having made confession of his guilt.

"He is so young!" she cried; "and our lives have been so dull and hard since our poor father died, that he was sorely tempted to seek amusement where he should not have done. If you will only have pity, if you will give us time, Paul has promised never to touch cards again, and we will both work unceasingly until we have repaid you the debt."

She had thrown herself upon the floor, impelled, by the magnitude of the cause she pleaded, to that humble posture. She raised her streaming eyes, and the sight of so young a creature in such deep distress went straight to Roland Newton's heart, as no woman's loveliness had done yet. He raised her from the ground and placed her in the large easy chair he had occupied upon her entrance.

"You must think I am the hardest-hearted man that ever lived, Miss Crossland," said he.

Involuntarily she smiled through her tears, though that smile was immediately followed by an hysterical sob.

"You have made my task easier for me," he continued; "for it was my task, my dear father's legacy to me, to seek you out and learn in what way I could most benefit you. I am extremely sorry to hear that your brother has made himself amenable to the laws of his country, and I trust the fear and the pain he has suffered himself, and has caused you to suffer, may be a warning to him. I need

hardly say, after what I have told you, that I cannot entertain any idea of prosecuting him. If, as you say, it is in consequence of the acquaintance he has formed with dissipated young men, who have led him into temptations he could not withstand, the best thing we can do is to remove him from his tempters. But this is for future consideration. For the present, make yourself quite happy upon his account, believing in me as a friend. You shall hear from me very shortly."

Overcome with gratitude, Milly could but murmur a few broken words of thanks. Then Roland Newton conducted her to the hall, with a suddenly assumed and protecting care that was as full of promise for the future as it was of assurance in the present.

CHAPTER IV.

Mr. Newton saw Paul Crossland at the office the next day; he held private conversation with him for a short time, informing him of his knowledge of the forgery of his father's name—all of which, of course, Paul had in the meantime heard from Milly—and the forged bill was destroyed in Paul's presence, Mr. Newton only making it a condition that the young man should repeat to him the promise he had given his sister. Then Mr. Newton dismissed him with a severe caution as to his conduct in future. Mr. Newton had strict ideas with regard to crime and its punishment; it is hardly to be supposed he would have let Paul off so easily but for the remembrance of two tearful blue eyes and a mouth quivering as it told its agony.

After that, though Paul saw Mr. Newton frequently, when he passed through the outer office to his own private one, there was no further intercourse with him except upon business.

In as short a time as possible from the old gentleman's death, the clerks, with the exception of Paul, were paid off, obtaining other situations through Mr. Newton's recommendation. Paul dared not ask for that, remembering the history of the forged bill. He received his last week's salary from Mr. Newton with a heavy heart, and when he took leave of him, ventured to say, "Neither Milly nor I have forgotten the debt we owe you. Believe me, as soon as ever I succeed in obtaining employment it shall be paid."

"Don't allow another to share the burden you have placed upon your own shoulders," said Mr. Newton. "Your aim should be to

spare your sister; she did none of the wrong, and deserves none of the consequences."

Paul colored up to the eyes. Milly had taken her share of the burden so completely upon herself that Paul never saw his own unmanliness in letting her do so until it was thus placed before him.

Mr. Newton dismissed him, saying no more, and Paul walked home mortified and indignant that he could not moderate those feelings, because in his heart he felt that Mr. Newton treated him with more than justice.

"Well, there's good-by to him forever," he soliloquized, as he mounted the stairs to their little sitting-room. "I must get along as best I can now."

But there was not good-by to him forever. Milly jumped up from her low seat to prepare tea for him, with radiant face.

"O Paul! guess whom I had a visit from to-day," she said. "But you never will unless I tell you."

Paul was not affected by her radiant spirits; he sat down in dejection upon the hearth.

"I wish to Heaven, Milly, that I could get away out of this horrid country," he said. "When a fellow has the misfortune to make a slip, and do something wrong, there's nothing but throwing it in his teeth at every turn."

Milly had filled the teapot, and put the cozy over it. She came now to her brother's side.

"Dear Paul, we have so much to be thankful for. What is causing you to be so desponding to-night?"

"Isn't there cause enough to be desponding? There's no more work for me at Newton's, and goodness knows how I am to get another situation without a character."

"Still it doesn't weigh down my spirits, Paul. Mr. Newton has been so kind to us that I seem to think all sorts of goodnesses will come to us from him. Now guess who was my visitor, Paul?"

"I don't know, and I don't care to-night," said Paul. "Is tea ready?"

"Not quite," said Milly; "but I am sure you would care, Paul. It was that very Mr. Newton you are so angry against."

"Mr. Newton here!" cried Paul, in amazement.

"Yes, he came to see me," said Milly. "And, O Paul! he has invited both you and me to dine with him to-morrow; I promised for you, because I guessed you would have nothing better to do. He says I need not be afraid about entering a bachelor's establish-

ment, for that he has a lady housekeeper who is indeed very nice. I am sure he intends to do you some great good, from the way in which he talked about you."

This altered the aspect of affairs, and Paul's face brightened as he drew up to the tea-table.

"Perhaps," said Paul, "he is going to suggest some way in which my debt may be paid."

"Perhaps," said Milly, as she handed him his tea with careful attention.

Upon the following day the rain poured down in torrents, and just as Milly and Paul were beginning to speculate as to whether their future expectations and their present resources would warrant the extravagance of calling a cab to convey them to their destination, Mr. Newton's carriage drove up to the door, and their difficulty was removed.

The gloomy rooms in the large, empty house put on a more cheerful aspect to-day, for there was the gleam of firelight upon walls, and hangings, and picture frames.

Mrs. Hayward did not always take her meals with her master, but to-day she did, to countenance Milly. Mr. Newton treated his young guests with the utmost courtesy and kindness. Paul was astonished at the difference there was in him in the respective capacities of a host and a master. Nothing was said that had the remotest reference to business matters, until Milly and Mrs. Hayward had retired, and Paul and Mr. Newton sat alone together; then Roland Newton spoke.

"You must have thought I dismissed you very summarily yesterday," said he; "but the truth is, I was anxious to test your independence of mind and firmness of purpose. I know that since your sister Millicent made her appeal to me in this room, you have successfully withstood all temptations to break your promise to her and to me, and this when all your inclinations were against your keeping it. There is the right stuff in you for the making of a man, and I am anxious, for your own sake, to aid you in becoming prosperous and successful. What do you say to an entirely new field of action—India, for instance?"

Paul's face was a study when this proposition was made; for, to tell the truth, to go abroad had been his day-dream ever since the necessity for toiling had come to him. Mr. Newton read the young man's delight at his proposition, and his inability to express his thanks, in his face.

"I see that you are delighted at the idea," said he; "the matter is settled then. I had thought to go back again myself; but now, if

ever, is the time for me to settle in England. You shall fill the berth that was mine when first my father sent me out. I hope you may meet with the same success."

Much conversation passed between the two upon the subject, and then Mr. Newton exclaimed—"What do you think Millicent will say to all this? It is hardly fair that the matter should be so decided without her counsel."

In the first flush of delight at the gratification of his wishes, Paul had quite forgotten his sister. He looked blank for an instant, when she was thus recalled to his mind.

"I suppose it would not do for Milly to go with me?" he said.

"Certainly not," replied Mr. Newton. "The fewer encumbrances you have the better."

"But Milly is no encumbrance, sir," said Paul; "she has been to me a most valuable assistant; and the poor little girl is so fond of me that it would break her heart to be left behind. I believe I'm a coward; but I don't think I dare even hint to her such a thing."

"Leave it to me to inform her, then," said Mr. Newton. "Don't say a word to her upon the subject to-night, and I'll drop in at your lodgings about five o'clock to-morrow afternoon. I trust to you to take care that she is alone."

This Paul promised; but for Milly's sake, none the less he was very uneasy in his mind; then Mr. Newton proposed their adjournment to the drawing-room.

CHAPTER V.

Paul absented himself from Milly nearly the whole of the afternoon on the morrow, hardly daring to trust himself to look into her face, remembering as he did how he was withholding from her a secret that was about to transform their lives entirely. She asked in the morning what he and Mr. Roland Newton talked about when they remained so long a time in the dining-room, and Paul hardly knew how to put her off without betraying his secret.

Milly prepared tea, and sat down to wait for Paul's coming as usual on her low seat before the fire, picturing to herself scenes in the bright coals as she waited. A step upon the stairs caused Milly's heart to beat quickly within her bosom, but something whispering to her that it was not Paul, she kept her seat before the fire. This person, whoever he might be, paused outside the door and rapped.

"Come in," said Milly, and Mr. Roland Newton entered.

They shook hands, and both sat down; then there was an awkward pause.

"Paul is out," said Milly, feeling that something ought to be said, for every instant that the silence continued it became more awkward, and she felt that Mr. Roland Newton's eyes never left her face; "I am very sorry, Mr. Newton, if you want to see him."

"I do not want to see him particularly," he replied; "I am come purposely to see you, and to ask if you reached home safely last night."

"Oh! yes, thank you," she replied.

Milly knew both question and answer were quite unnecessary, as she and Paul had returned in Mr. Newton's carriage.

"I am also come to find out whether Paul has behaved honorably concerning a matter which he and I talked over last evening, and which he promised to leave for me to communicate to you."

"Paul told me nothing," said Milly in astonishment.

Mr. Newton left his seat, and came and stood over against her, leaning his arm upon the mantelpiece; he seemed to talk more freely in that attitude.

"You and I, I believe, were agreed some time ago that the best thing that could happen to Paul would be removing him entirely out of the way of those companions who led him into evil, and from whom he will never be quite safe as long as he remains in London."

"Yes," assented Milly.

"Now, suppose some one offered to him a situation, say in India, should you have the courage to let him go?" asked Mr. Newton.

Rapidly, in a few seconds, passed through Milly's mind all the arguments for and against this proposition. It was much the best for Paul, it would be dreadful for herself. But there would be advantages even in her own liberty; and so, with her wonted abnegation, she put self aside. Mr. Newton noted the change in her voice.

"It would be well for both Paul and me if he were away," she replied; "I could take a situation, and then every penny I earned might go to help Paul discharge that debt to you."

"There is another way in which that debt may be paid," said Mr. Newton. "Milly, will you pay it as I wish you?"

He took both of her hands in his as he put this question, and Milly felt his earnest gaze call up the color into her cheeks.

"I pay it?" she said; "I alone?"

"Yes, you; for from no one else will I take the payment," said Mr. Newton.

"But I have not a farthing in the world," said Milly, "and I can only get it by earning it. If Paul goes, I will get a situation as governess. Perhaps in one year we may be able to make it up between us."

"But I will not take repayment from Paul; it is you only who can give me what I require."

"I have nothing," she said.

Milly's head drooped, but she did not resist the strength with which he was drawing her toward him.

"You have yourself, Milly; and it is yourself I ask in payment. You alone can cancel Paul's debt to me. Say, my darling, are you willing to do so?"

When Paul returned, full an hour later (for he had been anxious to give Mr. Newton plenty of time in which to explain all the circumstances to Milly), he found Mr. Roland sitting upon the hearth in the little sitting-room as though he were quite at home. His arm was round Milly's slender waist, and her head lay upon his shoulder. Milly raised it, coloring gloriously when Paul came in. But Mr. Newton did not remove his arm; instead of that he drew Milly closer to him, while he told Paul she had promised not to break her heart at his departure, but to bear it as cheerfully as she could. And, more than that, she had promised that before Paul's departure he should see her installed in a certain country mansion which he, Mr. Roland Newton, had purchased, as its mistress, and that she would become Mrs. Roland Newton before her brother sailed for India.

Paul learned so much with intense satisfaction; and from that day to this Milly Newton has never regretted for one instant how she paid Paul's debt.

MISERIES OF HOUSEKEEPING.—*Jones:* I thought I warned you particularly, cook, against boiling my eggs hard. Now how is this? Here they are boiled fit for a salad, in spite of every direction. What did I tell you?

Cook: Oh! sir, I remember exactly what you told me, and acted accordingly. The eggs were in the water, to a moment, precisely nine minutes.

Jones: Nine! I told you three.

Cook: Yes, sir, but there's three eggs. Of course, if one takes three minutes boiling, three must take nine.

THE HERMIT AND THE ROBBER.

BY ROSNA MARSH.

AN aged hermit once dwelt by a pleasant stream, whose placid murmurings seemed a fitting emblem of his peaceful life. In prayer and good works his days flowed on apace, and his name was loved and revered by all.

One morning as he was setting out upon some mission of love, the chief of a band of robbers, who had long been the terror of that neighborhood, met him, and throwing himself at his feet with many tears, begged him to say if he thought there was any hope of God's mercy for so great a sinner.

Pausing in his walk, he looked upon the robber, and a feeling of pride and self-righteousness filled his heart as he contrasted the blood-stained, lawless life led by that wretch with his own blameless and peaceful one. Thinking in this manner, he exclaimed—"Vile wretch! sooner shall roses grow upon this staff" (striking it as he spoke upon the ground), "than God's mercy be extended to such as thee!" and passed on, leaving the poor sinner almost in despair.

A very short distance had he gone, when his staff seemed to take fast hold of the ground, resisting his efforts to draw it out. But his astonishment may be imagined when the staff, putting forth leaves, in a few moments was covered with the most beautiful roses, and a voice said—"Sooner shall roses bloom on the barren staff, than God's mercy fail the repentant sinner."

Falling upon his knees in deep humility, the hermit confessed his fault; and, retracing his steps, he soon was again beside the poor robber, who had continued his prayers. Showing him the rose-burdened staff, he related what had passed, and taking the repentant brother by the hand, he led him to his own humble home, where they two dwelt in peace and friendship till death parted them. They planted the staff before the door, and as it grew to a beautiful shrub, it was a sweet reminder that "Sooner will the barren staff bring forth roses than God's mercy fail the repentant sinner."

A COUNTRY clergyman, paying a professional visit to a dying neighbor, who was a very churlish and universally unpopular man, put the usual question, "Are you willing to go, my friend?" "Oh! yes," said the sick man, "I am." "Well," said the simple-minded minister, "I am glad you are, for the neighbors are willing."

AMY'S HERO.

BY M. F. BURLINGAME.

A DISSATISFIED expression was on Amy Carroll's countenance as she sat listening to her lover, John Wentworth. She had been indolently dreaming over Tennyson's poems all the afternoon, and her real seemed prosaic compared with her ideals. The shimmering moonlight and the soft zephyrs, perfumed with the breath of June roses and lilies, failed to cast their usual glamour.

There was an upheaval in her soul. Her nature clamored for a life removed from the common-place, untarnished by the actualities of labor, and filled with romance and luxury. The babble and childish laughter floating up from the miners' cottages struck discordantly upon her ear. What romance and poetry was there among those women absorbed in household cares, and those grimy, hard-handed men? True, those men sometimes met terrors in the mines, but they meditated no more upon them than oxen, and stolidly plodded on in the race for bread. Why could not she have been born a princess, instead of the daughter of the mine superintendent, without rank, and without wealth, though comfortably circumstanced?

And what was her lover but an honest, hard-working, mining engineer? He looked quite picturesque fanning himself in the moonlight, but he had never performed a heroic deed, never went on chivalrous quests, nor battled for the fair. She wanted a hero-lover, chivalrous, knightly, daring; and he was only a neatly-dressed, intelligent, every-day-sort man, whose greatest ambition was to succeed in his business and to make a cosey home for his Amy. How could she listen patiently to his relation of his plans and of the prospects of the mine, while visions of Sir Launcelot and Sir Galahad haunted her?

She was a sensible little girl, and did not trouble her lover with her dissatisfied thoughts; but there was an indifference in her manner and a petulance in her tone that he noticed and felt.

"Amy, what is the matter?" he asked anxiously.

"Nothing," she answered freezingly.

At that moment Mr. Carroll called in an excited tone, "Wentworth, come quickly, there's a fire in the miners' row!"

Wentworth hastily ran down the steps, and the two men strode toward the fire. Amy went to an opposite room, where she found her mother gazing at the rapidly increasing flames. "Amy, let us go there," she said, "perhaps we may be of some aid to the sufferers."

They found nearly all the villagers gathered around the fire a few squares distant. Men were carrying furniture out of the burning building and dashing water upon the neighboring houses. Mrs. Carroll and Amy hastened to join the group standing around the mistress of the cottage, sitting with a babe in her arms and two frightened children clinging to her skirts.

"They can't save the house," explained the woman to Mrs. Carroll, "but they're getting 'most the things out. They carried mammy out first of all," glancing affectionately at her old bed-ridden mother.

"Yes," chimed the invalid, "my boy and Mr. Wentworth carried me out easy as a baby."

Amy's eyes kindled, but something mockingly whispered, "no heroism in that, for there was not the least danger." Nevertheless, she watched her lover's cool and energetic movements with admiration, and gave little heed to the disjointed chat around her.

At length the building was pronounced unsafe to enter, and the men slowly edged toward the group of women.

"Amy, you here?" exclaimed Wentworth, seeing her there for the first time.

"I came with mother," she replied cordially.

"We've got 'most the things out," cried the owner cheerily to his wife. "'Tisn't much matter 'bout the old shanty, I'll have to build a new house a leetle sooner is all." A sudden pallor flashed over his swarthy face, and he shouted—"My God! there's half a hundred cask of powder in the pantry I clear forgot! Run for your lives!"

A shriek of terror sounded; men and women snatched up their children or some household treasure and ran in all directions, frightened and bewildered, seeking a place of safety.

Amy felt John Wentworth wring her hand, heard him whisper huskily—"Amy, go quickly, God bless you, my darling," and saw him darting toward the burning house.

"Amy, come, come!" cried her mother.

"Yes," she answered mechanically, but stood still, watching John enter the house. He disappeared—the roof seemed ready to fall—Amy thought him lost and reproached herself. "I was so wayward and grieved him. O John! my darling, I cannot live without you," and her soul wrestled in an agony of prayer. It seemed hours to her before John emerged carrying the cask. Some of the fugitives glancing back, like Lot's wife, saw him, and raising a wild huzza, heartily returned to aid him. The moment the powder was out of danger, John sunk exhausted, and the crowd rushed up, overflowing with curiosity and gratitude; but Amy was first at his side.

"Are you hurt?" she asked, supporting his head.

"I believe not," he gasped, "the excitement makes me weak. In five minutes more the powder would have caught fire."

A shudder ran through the crowd at the thought of the devastation they had escaped.

"Oh! your hands!" exclaimed Amy pityingly.

He held them up, horribly burned, but he only said, "the cask was hot."

In a few minutes John recovered sufficiently to walk to Mr. Carroll's, where Amy bandaged the poor, blistered hands.

"John, did you know how much you risked?"

"Yes, I realized it all in a second, but I determined to give up my chance for escape for the small possibility of saving the others. Amy, why did you not go with the rest?"

"I could not seek safety while you were in peril."

The next day she told him all her dreaming and discontent of the evening before, adding—"I am prouder of my hero than I would be of Sir Galahad."

"Why, Amy?"

"Sir Galahad gave his life to a phantom quest, but you offered yours on behalf of humanity."

SPECULATORS generally die poor. If they make ten thousand dollars to-day on a coal mine, they must try to make twenty thousand to-morrow by dabbling in the Do-Em-Brown Railroad. Like the boy who undertook to steal figs through a knot-hole, they get their hands so full of sweets that they can't pull them back again.

THREE YEARS.

BY HESTER A. BENEDICT.

THIS is the place where she lay,

Three little years ago;

The perfectest blossom of May

That ever a May will know.

Three years! and the winds came sweet

As they came that day from the pines

But, hark! for her pretty white feet

They moan in the jasmine vines.

We kneel, and with finger tips

Touching, as rose leaves may,

After a wreck of ships,

Some still, sweet wave of the bay

The tiny white pillow of down,

With never a tress inlaid,

Try, vainly, to think of the crown,

Forgetting the marble's shade!

Ah! me, for her roseate palms,

To the rain of our kisses given,

We would barter the happiest psalms

That ever were heard in Heaven.

* * * * *

This is the place where she lay

Three little years ago;

But the perfectest blossom of May,

Never the May will know—

Never again! and the winds

From the southland sunny and sweet,

Cry low in the jasmine vines,

Missing the sound of her feet!

THE SWEETEST MOMENT IN LOVE-MAKING.

—"Perhaps there is no period," says Anthony Trollope, "so pleasant among all the pleasant periods of love-making as that in which the intimacy between lovers is so assured, and the coming event so near, as to produce and endure conversation about the ordinary little matters of life; what can be done with the limited means at their disposal; how that life shall be begun which they shall lead together; what idea each has of the other's duties; what each can do for the other. There was a true sense of the delight of intimacy in the girl who declared that she never loved her lover so well as when she told him how many pairs of stockings she had got. It is very sweet to gaze at the stars, and it is sweet to sit out among the haycocks. The reading of poetry together, out of the same book, with brows all close, and arms all mingled, is very sweet; the pouring out of whole hearts in writing words, which the writer knows would be held to be ridiculous by anybody but the dear one to whom they are sent, is very sweet; but for the girl who has made a shirt for the man she loves, there has come a moment in the last stitch of it sweeter than any stars, haycock, poetry, or superlative epithets have produced."

JACQUELINE.

BY VIRGINIA F. TOWNSEND.

CHAPTER XXIII.

ON receiving the telegram which announced his father's sudden illness, Sydney Weymouth had set out at once for home. He reached it to find his mother well nigh frantic with the terrible shock she had undergone.

His father recognized Sydney, but his mind wandered more or less, and although the physicians were unanimous in their opinion regarding the sick man's ultimate recovery, they insisted on the absence of all excitement for their patient.

After his interview with his father the young man went into his mother's room and sat down there. However luxurious the apartment might be, the thoughts of the occupant were very little to be envied at that juncture.

Outside, the wind was like trumpets that summoned legions to battle, while it tossed the rain in blinding waves against the windows, yet the man did not heed it.

In a few words his mother had explained to Sydney the circumstances which had preceded his father's stroke, and placed the officer's letter in his hands.

So Philip Draper was an innocent man, and Sydney Weymouth had lent his ear and sympathy to the base falsehoods of a criminal fresh from State's prison, skulking that moment from the officers of justice on his track!

This was not certainly a pleasant reflection for any man, especially when he was conscious that he had in covert ways used all his own influence, which, of course, was not small, to promote the factory disaffection toward the superintendent.

I do not pretend that Sydney Weymouth hated Philip Draper now a whit less than he had been doing for months past, but he certainly felt himself meaner and more like a coward than he had ever done in his life.

Then, too, this sudden stroke of his father's had a look unpleasantly like the judgment of the gods.

Sydney Weymouth was not superstitious, certainly, but you must remember that he had just come from the sick bed of his father, and his mother's words left small room for doubt as to what had laid the old man there.

In a few moments Mrs. Weymouth came into the room, looking ten years older than when Sydney had left Hedgerows.

He started up. "Poor mother! It must

have been terrible to go through this all alone." Wherever he failed, it was not in being an affectionate son.

Mrs. Weymouth tried to answer and burst into tears. It was a good while before Sydney could quiet her. When he had succeeded partially, she broke out with what her son had been knowing must come all the while—with what, too, he had been dreading to hear. "It's all come of that dreadful business. It's nearly cost the life of your father, Sydney! It's been a wretched affair from beginning to end."

Hardly knowing what he did say, he could not help feeling there was a certain reproach in his mother's tones.

"I've seen for a week that the affair was wearing dreadfully on your father, and I've been anxious and troubled, but I never supposed it could come to this."

"Nobody could have supposed it," answered the lady's son.

"It was a dreadful thing—your father's having to go through with getting rid of his superintendent. He's gone about the house with his hands in his pockets, shaking his head, and muttering to himself—'Strange! I never made a mistake in a man before; and then there's Draper's face, too.'"

Young Weymouth set his teeth hard under his handsome mustache. Perhaps he was cursing Philip Draper's face down deep in his heart, but he took care at least that his mother should not hear him.

She went on, too excited herself to notice her son's silence: "I have done nothing but attend to your father since yesterday. I knew you would take matters into your own hands as soon as you reached home."

"Where's Draper? Has he left town?" asked Sydney, with a sudden hope.

"I sent down for him at once, but learned that he would not be home until late at night. I presume the storm has kept him."

"No doubt," thinking it was the luckiest storm that ever fell into his own life. "Have you made up your mind what to do?"

"I was too nearly frantic to make up my mind about anything, but I should certainly have shown Draper the officer's letter, and told him the whole story—how that wretch had been going about to work his ruin with you and your father."

"There, no doubt, it seems he was a rascal."

"He's the deepest and the blackest villain on the face of the earth," exclaimed Mrs. Weymouth. "Hanging is too good for him. I hope, at least, he will go to State's prison for life."

Sydney got up and moved about uneasily. "It's dreadful," he said again.

"There's only one way to remedy it. You must do it at once, Sydney."

"What is that, mother?"

"I thought you would see it, too," said the mother, and for the first time in her life Mrs. Weymouth looked at her son with some doubt regarding the soundness of his judgment. "We must settle up this matter somehow with Mr. Draper. We must get him back in his place at the mills."

"I don't see how that is to be managed. I doubt, indeed, whether Draper will wish to return."

"But we must leave no stone unturned to induce him to come back," continued Mrs. Weymouth eagerly. "I know your father, and there is nothing in the whole world that would go so far toward setting him up again as having this matter all settled as it was before that wretch interfered. For my own part, I'm ready to go down on my knees to Draper, if that will do any good."

"O mother! you talk like a woman," exclaimed Sydney. "Business is never done in that way."

He did not know it; but there was some scorn or impatience in his voice. He began to feel that he was driven to bay, and must turn and fight the fate that was closing around him.

If Sydney was Mrs. Weymouth's idol, she had not less adored his father. All the heart of the wife had been stirred in her by the scenes of the last twenty-four hours, and even her mother-love could not blind her to the fact that Sydney had been thoroughly deceived by a man straight from the cell of a prison, and that had her son been less obstinate on Reynolds's side, her husband would never have taken the course which had cost him so dearly.

All this Mrs. Weymouth could see clearly with what knowledge of the facts she possessed. She knew how Sydney's father had been driven by his son's statements to act against his true convictions from the beginning; and even in the mother's eyes the son's conduct seemed precipitate and headstrong.

Added to all the rest, there seemed something almost unfeeling in his tones, if not in his last words, and some sudden indignation overswept

Mrs. Weymouth, which she would not have imagined possible she could ever feel toward her son.

Under its influence she spoke—"If I am a woman, Sydney, I have sense enough to see where the truth is, and that if you had never been wheedled by that wretched Reynolds into swallowing his lies, this whole thing would never have happened, and your father would not lie where he does to day."

Words from his mother's lips bitter as blows; so bitter because of the terrible truth in them. If a man had spoken them there would have been some relief in knocking him down. He would have done it, too.

As it was, Sydney rose up and stood before his mother. He was very white.

"I have no reply now to make to your reproaches, mother," he said in a hard, dry voice. "I want to know simply what you intend to do in this matter."

Mrs. Weymouth was not just herself on this morning. Grief and excitement had aroused some latent force in her, which, after all, was more like desperation than anything else. Weak natures have that, you know; not that Mrs. Stephen Weymouth was exactly a weak woman; but she spoke now in a way that left no doubt she meant to do precisely what she said. "I know what your father's wish would be. He would have justice done to Philip Draper. If you do not show him the letter, and tell him who has been at the bottom of all this miserable business, I shall, Sydney."

"You will, mother?" His face was fairly livid.

Her eyes were dim with weeping and watching, or she must have seen it.

"I will, Sydney."

He turned and walked up and down the room two or three times. He went to the window and looked out on the bleared, dreary sky and the sheets of rain, scourged and twisted by the dreadful winds.

He wished he was dead; wild, fierce impulses hurried through him of running away; of rushing out and throwing himself into the river down below, whose swollen rapids were thundering and tossing madly toward the sea; but Sydney Weymouth had neither those faults or virtues which plunge some natures into desperation and suicide.

Yet it was the bitterest hour—the sharpest humiliation of his life; but the thing must be done, even though he would give his right hand to avoid the doing.

He turned away from the window and came

and stood before Mrs. Weymouth. "Mother," he said, "I have a story to tell you."

She was on the point of returning to his father, but something in her son's manner struck her now, and she sat back in her chair, only saying—"You must be quick, Sydney."

But during the next half hour she forgot all about the time—forgot even about the invalid in the next room.

Sydney Weymouth had to make a clean breast to his mother. If he did not tell his story precisely as I have told it to you along these pages, I would not accuse him of intentionally distorting the facts.

So they might have looked in his eyes, it being a fact well worth remembering that one's own wrong-doing never appears to himself precisely what it does to others.

After all, the main features of my story and Sydney's are the same. He had proposed to Jacqueline Thayne. Here his mother started horror-struck. He had been refused. His father's superintendent had, or Sydney believed that he had, come between him and all which he coveted most on earth.

No doubt this fact had unconsciously predisposed Sydney to listen to Reynolds's story favorably. He had believed he was doing the woman of his love the greatest of services to prevent her union with a hypocrite and a scoundrel.

After all, it seemed he had been deceived. Reynolds was the villain, and Draper an innocent man. Sydney would to the end of his days deplore the precipitation with which he had acted.

This, in substance, was his story, and the woman who listened to it was Sydney Weymouth's mother. Yet, disguise them as her affection would naturally seek to do, there were ugly features in the tale which she had heard. Although, of course, they looked to Mrs. Weymouth very different from what they have all along been looking to you.

She would henceforth bear a grudge toward Philip Draper, although he had spared her the misery of seeing her son the husband of Jacqueline Thayne. But Mrs. Weymouth was not without instincts of justice and honor, which her partiality could not wholly blind.

"O Sydney!" she cried out, "it is a terrible business! How will it all look to your father?"

For the last twenty-four hours Sydney Weymouth had been asking himself this question. His father had some old-fashioned notions of truth and honor. He could be inflexible enough, too, when his mind was once made up.

He might insist on the superintendent's return at any price, and on installing him in his old place at the office. Spite of all which had passed, Sydney could not yet believe that Philip Draper had willingly resigned his position.

Young Weymouth walked up and down the room; a cold sweat came out on him.

"To feel that he is my rival; to see him every day; to be certain that he suspects the secret cause which made me give what he at least will think such easy credence to Reynolds's story! If Draper goes back, I will give up my position, and will never set foot in the works again, mother."

Mrs. Weymouth wrung her hands. "Your poor father! What will he say?"

"At least he will not forget that I am his son. There is some humiliation he cannot demand of me."

Then it struck Sydney of a sudden that his father would have to know, too; and how the whole would look when brought fairly before the old gentleman. He groaned out sharply.

The groan went to his mother's heart. She knew what it meant. She rose up and went to her son; she laid her hand on his head.

"Sydney, I will tell your father," she said.

She could at least spare her son the pain of going over his story a second time; and it must be several days before his father would be able to take in the whole bearings of the case. Meanwhile, they must do the best they could. When it came to losing his son or his superintendent, Mrs. Weymouth believed there could be no doubt that her husband's affections would incline the scale; but it was a miserable business, and Sydney's share in it must be an awful shock to his father.

But what was done could not be helped. If Philip Draper and Jacqueline Thayne would only go off to the ends of the earth, where their faces could never be seen, their names heard of again!

Suddenly Mrs. Weymouth turned to her son with a start. "He will be sure to come up here as soon as he reaches home and gets the message of your father's illness."

There was no need she should mention any name now; and the sound of Philip Draper was not pleasant in the ears of either mother or son. Sydney came and stood by her.

"Mother," he said, "I could face an army of spectres, but I can't see that man to day."

No need to repent here all that followed. Suffice it that it was arranged betwixt the two that Philip Draper should not be admitted to

Mr. Weymouth's bedside. There were plausible reasons for keeping him away from the patient; neither would Mrs. Weymouth acquaint the superintendent with her son's arrival, or the contents of the letter which had precipitated her husband's illness.

It could not serve the young man now to learn of the wool-sorter's villany, and the share the latter had had in undermining the superintendent at the factories was Weymouth's secret, and there was every reason why the latter should conceal it.

Somehow, all the time they were talking, both mother and son had a miserable feeling of guilt clinging to them. At the close of it all, the mother burst out with a woman's vehemence—"O Sydney! I feel as though I could not go back and look your father in the face."

The son did not answer, but his heart echoed the words so loudly that he fancied his lips spoke them without volition on his part.

CHAPTER XXIV.

The Thaynes, uncle and niece, awoke next morning to find the storm had not abated over night. The rain still rattled its volleys against the casement, and the winds held their triumphant race course through the air.

As for Blue River, that was a spectacle to appal the eyes of the stoutest. Its great tides overflowed the high banks at Hedgerows, and the wide meadows and pasture lands lay drowned under the flood.

But that was not the worst. Borne helplessly along with the rush and thunder of the currents, were the wide, terrible witnesses of the destruction which had been wrought in the land over night. All along the banks, for miles above Hedgerows, mills and barns and storehouses had been carried away, while the wreck and debris tossed and struggled above the drowned lands at Hedgerows.

The freshet had rushed in also upon the low country roads, and swept them off in a single night. With awful hiss and roar, the floods had burst in upon the lowlands for miles along the river, and where, the day before, had stretched green meadows unscorched of frosts, and broad orchards in the laughter of autumn sunlight, there was now only one dreadful scene of havoc and devastation. Trees torn from their roots, bridges hurled away in the frenzy of the torrents, granaries with the stored harvests of the year—all the wide plunder of the flood was heaped together on its bosom,

while every small mountain stream, swollen suddenly into a mad torrent, had swooped up its trophies on the way, and shot them triumphantly into the river.

The thunder of the dam was awful. It almost drowned the bellowing of the tempest when Squire Thayne and his niece met that morning in the breakfast-room and looked at each other.

"It's awful!" said Jacqueline, with a shudder.

"Yes; I never knew a storm like it in my whole life. God take pity on the victims!" answered the squire, glancing out of the windows.

"It hardly seems as though we had any right to take our breakfast comfortably while all this is going on," said Jacqueline.

"Oh! yes we have, bringing to it hearts a little more thankful for ourselves, a little more pitiful for our human kin," answered the squire, seating her at the table with his unvarying courtesy, which was beautiful, because it was an instinct with him.

What a pleasant, attractive scene it was, that warm, cosy breakfast-room, and the meal that old Deborah had prepared with her usual success. The contrast, too, of all that home peace and comfort with the mad storm outside, was something to strike the coarsest imagination. There was not, perhaps, as much wit and humor as usually flashed and glimmered about Squire Thayne's coffee-urn; but I doubt whether, after all, the two had ever had a pleasanter breakfast together than that one.

"Did you sleep last night through all that storm?" asked Jacqueline.

"Sound as a hunter after a week's campaign. What in the world is there in the wind's blowing or the rain's falling, to prevent a man's sleeping who is at peace with God and his neighbor, and has sound nerves and a good digestion?"

Jacqueline laughed. "I suppose all that applies to a woman also, for, though the wind did wake me up two or three times, I dropped right off to sleep again."

"Whew!" exclaimed her uncle, as the wind shook the house again. "What a blast of artillery that was! Let us go up into the Round Tower and take an observation."

They went together. Just as they reached the lower landing her uncle laid playfully both hands on Jacqueline's shoulders and half lifted her up the stairs. There was nothing unusual in the act, only something happened not long afterward which made Jacqueline re-

member just how they two went up-stairs together that morning.

From the upper windows of the Round Tower a terrible scene spread before them. There ran sunny Blue River over the submerged land, with its dreadful heaps of wreck. For awhile the two could not find voice to speak for pity and grief.

Even Huckleberry Hill was gone. Jacqueline looked for it, and remembered the talk of last summer; but there was only a black waste of waters where the old hill had lifted its broad shoulder to be warmed in the sunlight.

"The destruction is wider than I expected. I never dreamed my eyes would behold a scene like this," said the squire, going from one window to another. "And this is one night's work. Pitiful! pitiful!" and he shook his fine old gray head sadly enough.

So they stood there awhile, gazing with all their might on the woful scene. At last Jacqueline came to the window out of which she had walked one winter day—walked so nearly to her death. She never stood there without remembering that time. Her uncle she fancied must have thoughts of it too, for he came over and stood by her side and said—"Well, my little girl, you've seen enough of this scene of horrors. Let us go down." Before they reached the lower landing, there were voices in the hall. Two or three townsmen had come over in a hurry to solicit aid of Squire Thayne's workpeople.

Some warehouses, stocked with merchandise, on the other side of the river, a mile below, were in imminent peril. The buildings had been regarded as quite out of danger, as they occupied a comparatively high point some distance back from the river, but the flood had already spread into the lower apartments, and without prompt measures at this juncture it was feared the foundations would give way.

The squire's workmen were off duty that day, with the exception of the gardener, but the gentleman promptly offered his services to his neighbors.

Jacqueline helped him on with his great coat, and then said—"O Uncle Alger! do take care of yourself. What if anything should happen to you?" It was not just like her to speak in that way.

"What in the world, child, do you suppose would be likely to happen to me?" Then he turned back and looked at her. "You don't feel afraid, do you, to stay here alone in the storm?"

"Afraid! Uncle Alger!" and her face answered for her.

And Squire Thayne went.

Drawing up his horse on the edge of the "railroad bridge," Philip Draper saw a sight which a man would not be likely to behold more than once in a life-time. He beheld the old, tall, narrow warehouse, with its three stories, totter and shiver like a human thing all through its gaunt-looking frame, then slip from its foundations, while the current seized it, and it went with a slow, stately motion, like the gliding movement of a spectre, down the black whirl of the river, until, at last, it bore suddenly toward an island in the centre, the tops of the small trees barely visible, and the old building was shivered to pieces in one moment, like some tower of sand which a child builds and a breath of air sweeps over.

Philip Draper had been on horseback for the last three hours. He was drenched to the skin, numbed and exhausted with beating against the wind. He had been overtaken by the storm, and had made his way back to Hedgerows by slow stages, as he could, the business which had taken him out of town not lying on the line of railroads.

A small crowd of men on the other bank had also witnessed the strange spectacle of the house sailing down the river. They had not so good a standpoint for the whole effect as Philip Draper had, just above the railroad bridge; but the sight was sufficiently impressive to make them stand rooted and silent to the spot.

When they turned to the other warehouse, that too was rocking to its foundations.

Two men rushed out of the lower story in panting haste. "The timbers are giving way," they shouted. "Everything is going to pieces!"

Then a face appeared at the upper window, with some surprise or apprehension in it, like that of a man suddenly awakened out of sleep. There was a shout of alarm among the men. "It's Squire Thayne! Come down for your life!"

The face disappeared. But the next moment there was a sharp creaking and rending of timbers, as though the soul bound up in the old beams and rafters found a voice in that last death wrench, and then in a moment the whole building went to pieces with a crash like thunder, and the whole mass choked the currents that seized with him and roar upon it.

The crowd of white, horrified faces looked at each other.

Philip Draper on his horse, up at the rail-

road bridge, does not know to this day whether he heard the voices of the men shouting Squire Thayne's name the moment before the warehouse went to pieces, but a conviction flashed across him like lightning that the man was inside the building. He was off his horse, leaving the creature to take care of itself; he was down the road, his feet swashing the water, a few inches deep, which was creeping up the high bank; he was among the group of horrified, staring men.

"Oh, my God! my God! what shall we do?" cried Philip Draper.

In the black whirl of the waves and the choking mass of the timbers a face suddenly appeared. The figure seemed struggling with the current; but of a sudden a huge rafter floated against the man, struck him, and he went down. Philip Draper did not know that he had thrown off his overcoat; but he had, and plunged into the river. It seemed certain suicide. Surely no human strength could breast those fierce currents that would toss him about and suck him down, and drown the life out of him in a few moments; but Philip Draper never once thought of his own life—only of his friend's. How he did it he cannot tell to this day; neither can the men who stood on the bank in stark, silent horror—neither can I. I only know that Draper held his own in the black, swift currents; that among the floating wrecks he saw the gray head drift once more; that he seized it, and that with superhuman strength, and with one arm, he fought the tide.

It was well that he had been a splendid swimmer from his boyhood. He did not let go his grasp of his unconscious burden. He bore it out of the sweep of the main current, and then the men on the shore came to their senses and shot planks within his reach, and by the aid of these he still made headway toward the banks, until at last the nearly drowned men were dragged on shore by those who ventured farthest into the river to their aid.

Yet Philip Draper never quite lost consciousness through all that dreadful time. He knew when they forced brandy down his lips, and when the crowd parted and they carried the squire to the nearest house. Philip Draper knew, too, when they were bearing himself away, and when, a little while afterward, he was in a wide, warm room, and then he lost consciousness for a time.

Jacqueline Thayne started of a sudden, for there was a loud knock at the door breaking in upon her thoughts. For the hour after her

uncle went away she had been restless enough, unable to set herself about anything, going from one window to another, watching the storm outside, and thinking of all the dreadful havoc it was making over the land.

But after awhile the story of Ruth Benson came up, and the talk of last night followed hard on that, and she had forgotten all about the storm, and had been sitting still as a mouse before the fire for a half hour when that loud, sharp knock sent her thoughts flying.

She went straight to the front door, the wind and rain rushing in as she opened it.

Two or three men stood there. She recognized the doctor at once, and knew by his look that something was the matter.

"Oh, what has happened?" she cried out, not thinking for the moment of her uncle.

The old doctor had known the girl from childhood. There was a dreadful pity in his eyes as he looked at her. "Try and be brave, Miss Jacqueline," he said, "it is your uncle."

She gave a little cry, then stumbled backward, and would have fallen, perhaps, if Deborah had not put her arms around the girl, who did not even know that the old woman had come out and stood by her side, her face turning white as her mistress's.

Suddenly Jacqueline staggered forward and caught the doctor's arm. She could not speak, but her eyes asked for her lips, and he understood.

"Oh, no, my child, he is not dead. He was in the warehouse, working like a beaver to save things, and didn't observe the danger, when the old shell suddenly went to pieces, and he was thrown into the river and dreadfully knocked about in the currents and the wreck. But we will hope for the best. Try and be a woman for your uncle's sake. He will need you now, Miss Jacqueline."

That was the one appeal to reach her. Jacqueline roused out of her stupor. They were lifting something carefully from a covered wagon outside. She had no need to ask what it was. When they brought him in and laid him on the bed she was at the head.

The squire was still unconscious; but after a hasty examination and consultation, they had thought it best to bring him home; and the physicians—for two had accompanied him—had meanwhile sent for a surgeon.

Neighbors and friends hurried over with offers of help; and the quiet house at Blue River was full of awed, anxious faces; but no face was like the face of the girl who kept watch at the bedside, white and still, with all

the life in the dreadful anguish of her eyes. Yet she seemed to understand everything they said to her, and was ready with service.

Somebody asked if the young fellow was hurt; and another said "it was the grandest deed he had ever witnessed in his life, and that it was a miracle they'd either got to shore with a breath of life in them." And then Jacqueline had started and inquired what they all meant. She got the story in fragments, for one and another took it up and told her what Philip Draper had done.

Just as they had finished, her uncle opened his eyes; he knew the touch of the little soft fingers on his forehead.

"Jacqueline, Jacqueline," he said very feebly.

At sound of the dear voice she put her face down to his. "O Uncle Alger! Uncle Alger!" she said; and somebody who heard her speak then, said he kept wondering all that day whether the dead who loved each other here did not speak in just that way when they first met in another world.

At that moment the surgeon came in; and for a little while Squire Thayne and his physicians had to be left alone together, even Jacqueline dragging herself into the next room, only saying to the doctors—"You won't keep me away long?"

The examination corroborated all the doctors' worst fears. The blow of the beam as he lay in the water had struck Squire Thayne on the back. It had paralyzed the spine. One side of him was utterly helpless, and the hurt had been fatal.

The physicians looked at each other. Squire Thayne had full possession of his senses by this time. He understood the look and what it meant.

"My friends, I am not afraid to hear it," he said. "Tell me how long the old hulk can hold out."

"A few hours—until midnight, probably."

There was no need of disguising the truth with such a man.

He closed his eyes a moment, and then they heard him speak. "O my bairn! my bairn!" and his voice had a real human anguish in it that it would never have had for himself.

There was nothing to be done; and now the time was so short, it was cruel to keep her away from his side any longer.

She came back from the next room, out of which Deborah had carefully shut everybody and kept guard herself. Ever since she had been away a hope had been glowing in Jac-

queline's heart that it was not so bad as she had feared. Her uncle was alive; he had known her. He would recover in a little while.

She came forward eagerly, the first livid terror having passed away from her face.

"Dear Uncle Alger! we will have you well in a little while," she said; and how that girl loved him was in her face.

He looked up and saw it. "Yes, dear, I shall be well in a little while," he answered with a smile, and a bright solemnity all through it.

Whether the smile or the tones struck her, I cannot tell. The intimacy had been so long and close betwixt them that many words on either side were never needed. She darted a glance at him; her face grew awfully livid, the white lips stood fixed apart. He saw it all; but it must come, and better from him than from another.

"Yes, my bairn, I must go away from you a little while—such a very little while—remember that."

She was mercifully half stunned for a moment. She stood there, staring at him in a ghastly way, her face fallen, her jaw dropped; then, as his meaning grew slowly upon her, she dropped down on her knees, with a little, low, exhausted cry. "I shall go with you, Uncle Alger," she said. "I cannot live in the world all alone without you, and my heart will break, and we shall go together," and a spasm of gladness actually shone across the whiteness of her face.

He saw it. With a great effort he put up his right hand, for his left one would never move again, and stroked the face over which that old dreadful pallor had grown.

"I should not want to break your heart, my darling. I should not want you to come with me in that way."

"Don't say that; I can't be left here all alone without you. O Uncle Alger! you were never cruel to me in life. Don't be so now—don't say at the last that I may not come with you!"

In her great anguish she hardly knew what she was saying. I think at that moment it seemed to her that her fate for life or death rested with the dying man.

"But you are coming, dear, only not just yet. You must remember that, and the time between is so very short that it does not seem worth grieving about, only as I see what it costs my little girl; not more, really, than it did when I used to bid her good-by in the morning to be

gone all day, knowing I should come back at night."

"But, oh, uncle! there will be days and days and days—never to see you, never to hear your voice," she cried out sharply, waving her hands, as though she would wave off those dreadful spectres of the future days.

"Don't think about that. You have nothing to do with those days now, my child. But I have a good deal to say, and you will want to hear it, Jacqueline."

There was all the quiet power of his old strong voice through his words. It had its influence even in the agony of that hour.

One by one the people had gone out and left the two quite alone.

It was the last talk, and in life they had loved each other so!

I cannot tell whether it was the effort which she made to listen to his words, or whether it was in her case, as in all others, that nature had its limit of capacity of suffering, but she grew still and torpid, and listened with her sharp, frozen face while her uncle went on talking.

"You must bear that in mind always, darling, that it is only a little while that you are coming to me, and every morning and every night you must remember that we are so much nearer the meeting, just as you used to look at the clock and say, when I was gone, to yourself, 'in an hour at farthest he will be home again!'"

"So let the thought be always with you that you are coming to me, and never that you are away from me, or that the grave lies dark between us."

Still she did not speak. She only sat looking at him with that frozen, hopeless face of hers.

"And take comfort, dear, from the thought that every time you tell over to yourself the words that you are coming to me, you will be a little nearer when you have finished than when you commenced speaking; and then I shall certainly not love my little girl less, but more, because I am in Heaven and she upon earth; and, dear heart! she has always been so thoughtful for my comfort and happiness she will be glad sometimes to think I am gone away to fuller life and blessedness."

It seemed that then some faint feeling came into the hard, stony look of Jacqueline's eyes. Her uncle went on again.

"And then there is so much to comfort you in the way I am leaving you; without any pain, to speak of. I've always looked forward with a cowardly dread to suffering; to the slow breaking down of vital forces, day after day,

before disease; to the growing old, sense and memory failing under the gathering burden of the years—you know how we've talked about all that."

She bowed her head, her lips moved and fairly writhed with their effort to speak, but not a word came out of them.

"Such a good life as I've had in the world; such an easy way of getting out of it at the last; not a pang except that of leaving my bairnie!"

At that old familiar word her face broke up suddenly with a kind of gasp; she put it down on the pillow by the dying man's, and he felt the slow tears oozing upon his cheek, yet she lay quite still.

He did not speak for awhile, and when he did the energy of his voice had failed a little. He had left everything in order he said. His will was made and he could trust her to carry out all his wishes. She would live on in the old home—she and Deborah. It would be lonely at first, but then, though she might not believe it now, God would certainly find some way to comfort her. And again he was still, and the hot, hopeless tears trickled upon his cheeks.

After awhile he spoke again. "Jacqueline, you will take my last words to him—I should never have been able to send them if he had not put his life at stake to save mine."

She knew he must mean Philip Draper. The doctors had told the squire all that had happened after he fell into the river.

"Yes, uncle."

"Tell Philip Draper that I loved him above all other men!"

Even at that moment such words startled her. She lifted her head and looked at her uncle.

There was a movement at the door just then, and Philip Draper came in. Weak and bruised with the morning's work the man dragged himself across the room to the bedside. An hour or two before he had awakened from the stupor in which they had carried him up from the river to a house at hand. Familiar faces were all about him; his first inquiry was for the fate of Squire Thayne.

They broke the dreadful tidings carefully, for by this time it was known in every household throughout Hedgerows.

Then the young man had insisted on coming out to Squire Thayne's. Everybody thought it was madness. The storm was, if possible, fiercer than ever, but Philip Draper was resolute.

He looked at the squire; he looked at the

white, worn woman, on whose face age seemed suddenly to have crept.

And the squire said—"Oh, my friend, I am glad to thank you before I die!"

"I was ready to give my life to save you, but I was too late." The words choked out from his heart to Philip Draper's lips.

Jacqueline heard them. She looked in his face. The sense of all he had done that day came suddenly upon her. "You tried to save him for me. You did your best; but he is going to leave me all alone. Oh, my God! all alone!"

It was the cry of her heart. Philip Draper turned and looked at her. She was the woman of his love, bowed unto death with her awful sorrow. Then his soul stirred itself within him and cried out, and he could not help it—"Oh, Jacqueline! I would to God, for your sake, that I lay there in his stead."

Perhaps through all her grief that cry made itself felt.

But it was Squire Thayne who spoke now. "Philip, I have known it all along and kept your secret well. Let me tell her now."

Philip Draper understood. He must have answered with voice or sign, although he did not know it and Jacqueline did not hear.

"Jacqueline, he loves you, and God let him spare my life long enough to tell you."

She started back; she put her hand to her face; even then there came no flush across the deadly pallor, and the stoniness was all gone, and it was quick with life as she gazed at Philip Draper, and when his gaze answered hers she could not doubt that her uncle had spoken the truth.

Something swelled in Jacqueline's heart which she thought could never move it for man again. With a blind kind of instinct she put her hand in her uncle's, and when he laid it in Philip Draper's she knew what that meant and did not withdraw it.

"My children!" he said, and he thanked God and he blessed them.

So they were betrothed.

It was almost midnight. Outside the long vengeance of wind and rain had well nigh spent themselves. Since the sun went down the squire's strength had failed. Before that time he had said many things to his niece and to Philip Draper which only they two of all the world will ever know. But his voice gradually grew fainter and a stupor grew upon him. He was restless at times, but he seemed to suffer very little pain. It was just before midnight

when he roused himself and his eyes opened. Jacqueline put her face down to his. She heard him murmur "I cannot see you, my child."

"Here I am, Uncle Alger."

"He is the only man to whom I could ever have given you. I shall not leave you alone my bairnie! my bairnie!"

She lay quite still, listening, but no more words came, and his lips grew very cold when her cheek lay close to them. At last Philip Draper's voice called softly: "Jacqueline!" and he lifted her up. She turned and looked at the face on the pillow and then she knew!

She put out her arms to Philip Draper. "Philip, Philip, take me away," she said, and then he knew for the first time that she loved him—that with her heart she gave herself to him!

Overhead, out of a gray, watery stripe of cloud, the young moon rode suddenly and looked on the faces of the man and woman, and on the face of the dead which smiled beneath them.

THE END.

CHILDREN'S PARTIES.—A contemporary has these excellent remarks on children's parties: "Doubtless children have always had their parties, but the scale and style of them at the present day are quite peculiar. The little guests are summoned two or three weeks beforehand, probably by gilt-edged circulars, and in terms formal and complimentary. They assemble in the evening and stay well on toward midnight. We shall leave to others the consideration of the moral consequences to the juvenile mind of this early acquaintance with all the forms of fashionable society, and shall confine ourselves to a consideration of the physical consequences which we take to be injurious and undesirable. Children are excited beforehand, and still more at the time. They are dressed insufficiently; they dance themselves into great fatigue; they eat and drink at late hours what would try their digestion badly enough in its midday vigor, and, worst of all, they lose from two to six hours' sleep. The ulterior consequences of this entire disarrangement of their habits and their functions are paleness, languor, and the development of various other ailments, according to the constitutional peculiarities of the children.

By all means let children have their own gatherings, but let them be within reasonable hours. Let food be simple, dress sufficient and warm, and, above all, let not the precious hours of sleep be curtailed.

TURNING OVER A NEW LEAF.

(See Engraving.)

"IT'S a shame!" said Mrs. Fogg, as she hurried away, after the funeral of Mrs. Grant, escaping from the poor, desolate room where two children, almost babes, were sleeping, unconscious that they were motherless. "It's a shame that nobody'll take them."

"Yes—a bitter shame!" replied a neighbor, who was also getting off as fast as she could, so as to shift responsibility on some other shoulders.

"There's Mrs. Grove; she might take them as well as not. But they'll go to the poor-house, for all she cares."

"Well, somebody'll have to answer for it," said Mrs. Fogg. "As for me, I've got young ones enough of my own."

"We left Mrs. Cole in the room. She has only one child, and her husband is well-to-do. I can't believe she'll have the heart to turn away from them."

"She's got the heart for anything. But we'll see."

Mrs. Cole did turn away from the sleeping babes, sighing aloud, with a forced sigh that others might hear, and give her credit for a sympathy and concern she did not feel.

At last all were gone—all but a man named Wheaton, and a poor woman, not able to take care of herself.

"What's to become of these children?" said Wheaton.

"Don't know. Poor-house, I s'pose," answered the woman.

"Poor-house!"

"Yes. Nobody wants 'em, and there's no place else for 'em."

"Mamma! mamma!" cried a plaintive voice, and a flaxen-haired child, not much over a year old, rose up in the bed and looked piteously about the room. "I want mamma."

A great, choking sob came into the man's throat.

Then the other child awoke and said—"Don't cry, Sissy. Mamma's gone away." At this the little one began crying bitterly.

"I can't stand this nohow," said the man, speaking in a kind of desperate way; and, going to the bed, he gathered the two children in his arms, hushing and comforting them with soothing words.

"What on earth have you got there?" ex-

claimed Mrs. Wheaton as her husband came striding into the room where she sat mending one of his well-worn garments.

"Two babies!" he answered, in a voice so unusual that Mrs. Wheaton dropped her work on the floor and rose up in amazement.

"What?"

"Mrs. Cole's two babies. I've been over to the funeral, and I tell you, Jane, it wasn't in me to see these little things carted off to the almshouse. There wasn't a woman to look after them—no, not one. Every soul sneaked off but Polly Jones, and she's of no account, you know. Just look at their dear little faces!" And he held them up in his arms, and let their tender, tearful, half-frighted, half-wondering eyes plead their cause with his wife, and they did not plead in vain.

Surprised as she was, and with an instant protest in her heart, Mrs. Wheaton could not, in the presence of these motherless little ones, utter a word of remonstrance. She took the youngest one from the arms of her husband and spoke to it tenderly. The child sobbed two or three times, and then laid its head against her bosom. There was an influx of mother-love into the heart of this woman, who had never been a mother, the instant her breast felt the pressure of the baby's head, and the arm that drew it closer with an involuntary impulse was moved by this new love.

Not many words passed between the husband and wife—at least not then, though thought was very busy with both of them. Mrs. Wheaton's manner toward the children was kind even to tenderness, and this manner won their confidence, and drew from them such looks, and ways, and little expressions of satisfaction, as touched her heart and filled it with a loving interest.

After night-fall, when supper was over, and the children asleep, Mr. and Mrs. Wheaton sat down together, each showing a little reserve and embarrassment. Mrs. Wheaton was first to speak.

"What were you thinking about, John?" said she, almost sharply. "I can't have these children."

Wheaton did not lift his eyes, nor answer, but there was a certain dogged and resolute air about him that his wife noticed as unusual.

"Somebody else must take them," she said.

"The county will do it," Wheaton replied.

"The county?"

"Yes. There's room for them at the almshouse, and nowhere else that I know of, unless they stay here."

"Unless they stay here!" Mrs. Wheaton's voice rose a little. "It's easy enough to say that; but who's to take the care of them?"

"It's a great undertaking, I know," answered the husband, meekly, yet with a new quality in his voice that did not escape the quick ear of his wife, "and the burden must fall on you."

"I wouldn't mind that so much, but——"

She kept back the sentence that was on her tongue.

"But what?" asked her husband.

"John," said Mrs. Wheaton, drawing herself up in a resolute manner, and looking steadily into her husband's face, "as things are going on——"

"Things shall go on differently," interrupted Wheaton. "I've thought that all over."

"How differently, John?"

"Oh! in every way. I'll turn over a new leaf."

Wheaton saw a light flash into his wife's face.

"First and foremost, I'm not going to lose any more days. Last month I had six days docked from my wages."

"Why, John?"

"It's true—more's the shame for me. That was eighteen dollars, you see, not counting the money I fooled away in idle company—enough to pay for all these babies would eat and wear twice over."

"O John!" There was something eager and hopeful in his wife's face as she leaned toward him.

"I'm in downright earnest, Jane," he answered. "If you'll take the babies, I'll do my part. I'll turn over a new leaf. There shall be no more lost days; no more foolish wasting of money; no spending of evenings at McBride's."

"O John!" In her surprise and delight she could only repeat the exclamation. As she did so this time, she rose, and putting her hands on his shoulders, bent and kissed him on the forehead.

"You'll take the babies?" said he.

"Yes, and twenty more, if you keep to this and say so," answered Jane, laughing through tears.

"All right, then. It's a bargain." And Wheaton caught his wife's hand and shook it by way of confirmation.

From that time Wheaton turned over a new leaf. Neighbors expressed surprise when it was told that Jane Wheaton had adopted the two orphan children. Fellow-workmen taunted John, calling him soft-hearted, and a fool, for "taking other men's brats."

One said to him—"Are four months easier to fill than two?" Another—

"You'll be sick of all this before the year's out." And another—

"I'll see you sold out by the constable in less than six months."

But John had little to say in reply—only maintaining an air of quiet good humor, and exhibiting more interest in his work.

For three weeks John Wheaton had not lost a day—something very unusual; and not one evening during that time had he spent at McBride's drinking saloon. His poor little home, which had come to have a neglected look, was putting on a new appearance. The gate that for months had hobbled on one hinge, now swung smoothly, and the mended latch held it shut. Rank weeds no longer filled the doorway; the broken steps were mended, and clean panes of glass filled many a place in the sashes where had been unsightly rags and sheets of paper. A neglected running rose was trimmed and trained to its proper place over the doorway, and was now pushing out young, green leaves and buds.

Within, pleasant changes were also apparent. Various new but inexpensive articles of furniture were to be found. Old things were mended, polished up, and wonderfully improved. With all this, marvellous to relate, Wheaton's earnings had not only been equal to the increased expenditure, but there was an actual surplus of ten dollars in hand.

"I never would have believed it," said John, as he and his wife sat one evening talking over their improved condition after the babies—loved now almost as if their own—were asleep. "It's just as old Brown used to say—'Waste takes more than want.' I declare I've got heart in me again. I thought we should have to let the place go; that I'd never be able to pay off the mortgage. But here we are, ten dollars ahead in less than a month; and going on at this rate, we'll have all clear in eighteen months."

Next day a fellow workman said to Wheaton, half in banter—"Didn't I see the constable down your way yesterday?"

"I shouldn't wonder," replied Wheaton, with more gravity of manner than his questioner had expected.

"I thought I saw him looking around after things, and counting his fees on his fingers."

"Likely as not," said Wheaton. "I know of a good many rents not paid up last quarter. Money gone to McBride's, instead of to the landlord—eh?"

The man winced a little.

"How are the babies?" he asked.

"First-rate," Wheaton answered, and with a smile so real that his fellow-workman could not pursue his banter.

Time went on, and, to the surprise of all, Wheaton's circumstances kept improving. The babies had brought a blessing to his house. In less than eighteen months he had paid off the light mortgage that for years rested on his little home; and not only this, had improved it in various ways, even to the putting up of a small addition, so as to give them a neat breakfast-room.

The children grew finely—there were three of them now, for their hearts and home had opened to another orphan baby—and, being carefully trained by Mrs. Wheaton, were a light and joy to the house.

At the end of five years we will introduce them briefly to the reader. Wheaton is a master workman, and employs ten men. He has enlarged his house, and made it one of the neatest in the village. Among his men is the very one who bantered him most about the children, and prophesied that he would soon be sold out by the constable. Poor man! it was not long before the constable had him in charge. He had wasted his money at McBride's, instead of paying it to the landlord.

Walking homeward, one evening after work was over, Wheaton and his journeyman took the same way. They were silent until they came near the former's pretty dwelling, when the journeyman said, half in jest, yet with undisguised bitterness—"I guess we'll have to take a baby or two."

"Why?" asked Wheaton, not perceiving what was in the man's thought.

"For good luck," said the journeyman.

"Oh!"

"You've had nothing but good luck since you took poor Mrs. Grant's orphan children."

"Only such good luck as every one may have if he will," answered Wheaton.

"I can't see it," returned the man. "Your wages were no better than mine. I had one child, and you saddled yourself with two, and not long after added a third. And how is it to-day? You have a nice house, and your

wife and children are well dressed, while I have never been able to make both ends meet, and my boy looks like a ragamuffin half the time."

"Do you see that house over there—the largest and the handsomest in the place?" said Wheaton.

"Yes."

"Who owns it?"

"Jimmy McBride."

"How much did you pay toward building it?"

"Me?"—in surprise.

"Yes, you? How much did you pay toward building it?"

"Why, nothing. Why should I help pay for his house?"

"Sure enough! Why should your hard earnings go to build and furnish an elegant house for a man who would rather sell liquor, and so ruin his neighbors, body and soul, than support himself in a useful calling, as you and I are trying to do?"

"I can't see what you're driving at?" said the journeyman.

"How much a week do you spend at McBride's saloon?"

The man stood still, with a blank look on his face.

"A dollar a week?" asked Wheaton.

"Yes."

"Say a dollar and a half."

"Well, say as much."

"Do you know what that amounts to in a year?"

"Never counted it up."

"Seventy-eight dollars."

"No!"

"Yes, to a dollar. So, in five years, at this rate, you have contributed nearly four hundred dollars toward McBride's handsome house, without getting anything but harm in return, and haven't a shingle over your head that you can call your own. Now, it's my advice, in a friendly way, that you stop helping McBride, and begin to help yourself. He's comfortable enough, and can do without your dollar and a half a week. Take a baby, if you will, for good luck. You'll find one over at the poor-house; it won't cost you half as much as helping McBride, and I don't think he needs your aid any longer. But here we are at home, and I see wife and children waiting for me. Come in, won't you?"

"No, thank you. I'll go home and talk to Ellen about taking a baby for good luck." And he tried to smile, but it was in anything

but a cheerful way. He passed onward, but called back after going a few steps:

"If you see anything of my Jack about your place, just send him home, will you?"

Jack was there, meanly dressed and dirty, and in striking contrast with Wheaton's three adopted children, who, with the only mother they knew, gave the happy man a joyful welcome home.

"I've turned over a new leaf," said the journeyman when he came to work on the next morning.

"Indeed! I'm glad to hear it," returned Wheaton.

"Ellen and I talked it all over last night. I'm done helping saloon-keepers build fine houses. Glad you put it to me just in that way. Never looked at it so before. But it's just the hard truth. What fools we are!"

"Going to take a baby?" said Wheaton smiling.

"Well, we haven't just settled that. But Ellen heard yesterday of a poor little thing that'll have to go on the county if some one don't take it; and I shouldn't wonder, now, if she opened her heart, for she's a motherly body."

"Where is it?" asked Mr. Wheaton.

"Down at the Woodbury Mills."

Wheaton reflected a few moments, and then said—"Look here, Frank; take my advice, and put this baby between you and McBride's—between you and lost days—between you and idle thriftlessness, and my word for it, in less than two years you'll have your own roof over your head."

Only for a little while did the man hesitate, then, with an emphatic manner, he exclaimed—"I'll do it."

"Do it at once, then," said Wheaton. "Put on your coat, and go over to the Mills and get the baby. It will be an angel in your house that will help and bless you in every hour of temptation. Go at once. God has opened for you this way of safety, and if you walk therein all will be well."

He did walk therein, and all was well. Wheaton's prophecy was fulfilled. In less than two years the journeyman had his own roof over his head, and it covered a happy home.

It is not pomp or pretension, but the adaption of the expression to the idea that clinches a writer's meaning—as it is not the size or glossiness of the materials, but their being fitted each to its place, that gives strength to the arch.

HINTS TO WEARERS OF KID GLOVES.

IT is not generally known, or does not appear to be known, even by those who wear kids almost exclusively, that the durability and set of these articles depend very much upon how they are put on the first time. Two pairs may be taken from one box, of exactly the same cut and quality, and by giving different treatment when first putting the hands into them, one pair will be made to set much better, and to wear doubly, or nearly that length of time, longer than the other. When purchasing gloves, people are usually in too much of a hurry; they carelessly put them on, and let them go in that way then, thinking to do the work more completely at another time. When this is the case a person is sure to meet with disappointment, for as the glove is made to fit the hand the first time it is worn, so it will fit ever after, and no amount of effort will make a satisfactory change. Never allow a stretcher to be used, for the gloves will not be likely to fit as well for it. All the expansion should be made by the hands; if the kids are so small as to require the aid of a stretcher, they should not be purchased, as they will prove too small for durability, comfort, or beauty. When selecting gloves choose those with fingers to correspond with your own in length; take time to put them on, working in the fingers first, until ends meet ends, and then put in the thumb, and smooth them down until they are made to fit nicely. A glove that sets well will usually wear well; at least, will wear better than one of the same kind that does not fit well. When the ends of the fingers do not come down right, or when they are so long as to form wrinkles upon the sides of the fingers, they will chafe out easily; where the stretcher has to be used to make the fingers large enough, the body part will be so small as to cramp the hand so that it cannot be shut without bursting the seams of the kids. Some recommend putting new kid gloves into a damp cloth before they are put on, and allowing them to remain until moistened. With this treatment they can be put on much easier than otherwise, and will fit very nicely until they get dry; but on second wearing there will be an unnatural harshness about them, wrinkling in spots, and they will not set so perfectly as at first. I have tried the damping process and do not approve of it.

THOU canst not joke an enemy into a friend,
but thou mayst a friend into an enemy.

EVENINGS WITH THE POETS.

AN ANGEL BY THE HEARTH.

BY FANNY FALES.

THEY tell me unseen spirits
Around about us glide;
Beside the stilly waters
Our erring footsteps guide:
'Tis pleasant, thus believing
Their ministry on earth:
I *know* an angel sitteth
This moment by my hearth.

If false lights on life's waters,
To wreck my soul appear,
With finger upward pointing
She turns me with a tear:
'Twere base to slight the warning,
And count it little worth,
Of her, the loving angel,
That sitteth by my hearth.

She wins me with caresses
From passions dark defies;
She guides me when I falter,
And strengthens me with smiles;
It may be, unseen angels
Beside me journey forth,
I *know* that one is sitting
This moment by my hearth

A loving wife. O brothers!
An angel here below;
Alas! your eyes are holden
Too often 'till they go;
Ye upward look while grieving,
When they have pass'd from earth;—
Oh! cherish well those sitting
This moment by the hearth!

I SHALL BE SATISFIED.

"I shall be satisfied when I awake in Thy likeness."

THERE is a country just beyond life's river,
Whose beauties far exceed our wildest dreams,
And yet sometimes in fancy we can picture
Its golden streets, bright flowers and crystal streams.
We hear rare birds chaunting their glad "Te Deum,"
We see the loved who've crossed life's stormy tide,
And in our heart we feel the blessed promise
That in that home we shall be satisfied.

Sometimes our hearts grow sad with weary waiting,
Earth's petty trials weigh our spirits down,
And we forget that to the valiant only
Our Father promises a starry crown.
With eager eyes we view life's narrow river,
And long to plunge into its rushing tide,
To join our loved ones in the land supernal,
Where, free from sin, we shall be satisfied.

No more unrest, no vague, unquiet longings,
No reaching for the bliss we may not find,
No looking forward to some happier future,
Or sighing over joys we leave behind.

Ah! no, in that bright land there is no sorrow,
Within the pearly gates no tears abide,
No fleeting cloud obscures the starry brightness,
For God is there, and all are satisfied.

Together we are nearing Death's dark river,
And sometime we must cross it—thou and I;
In vain we tremble as we hear the rushing,
And view the angry waters leaping high.
There falls upon our ear the joyful singing,
The choir of angels from the other side;
Such glorious music through Heaven's arches ringing,
Tell us that all within are satisfied.

And while thy road lies on along Life's rugged path
way,

There is a friend who holds thee by the hand;
His arm shall keep thy timid feet from faltering,
And lead thee onward to the "better land."
And when at last thou nearest the dark river,
He'll guide thee safely to the other side;
There thou shalt join the choir who sing forever
And, safe in Heaven, thou shalt be satisfied.

I am alone, I know not thy Conductor,
From His long proffered help I've turned away,
Now I can almost hear Death's raging torrent,
And feel the waters as they round me play.
Help me to know and honor thy Redeemer,
That I may walk life's journey by his side,
And, safe in Heaven—thou and I together—
Then—then—dear friend, I shall be satisfied!

THE FUTURE.

WHAT may we take into the vast forever?
That marble door
Admits no fruit of all our long endeavor,
No fame-wreathed crown we wore,
No garnered lore.

What can we bear beyond the unknown portal?
No gold, no gains
Of all our toiling; in the life immortal
No hoarded wealth remains,
Nor gilds, nor stains.

Naked from out that far abyss behind us
We entered here.
No word came with our coming, to remind us
What wondrous world was near,
No hope, no fear.

Into the silent, starless night before us,
Naked we glide;
No hand has mapped the constellations o'er us,
No comrade at our side,
No chart, no guide.

Yet fearless toward that midnight, black and hollow
Our footsteps fare;
The beckoning of a Father's hand we follow—
His love alone is there;
No curse, no care.

THERE'S NAE ROOM FOR TWA.

IT was in simmer time o' year,
 An' simmer leaves were sheen;
 When I and Kitty walked abraid,
 An' Jamie walked atween.
 We reached the brig o'er yon wee linn,
 Our burnie's brig sae sma';
 "Jenny," said Jem, "maun walk behin,
 There's nae room for twa."
 "There's nae room for twa," said he,
 "There's nae room for twa,"
 O, Jamie's words went to my heart,
 "There's nae room for twa."

A weel a day! my heart leaped high
 When walkin by his side;
 Sic thoughts, alas! are idle now,
 For Kitty is his bride.
 He cou'd na, an he wad hae baith,
 For that's forbid by law;
 In wedded life, an' wedded love
 There's nae room for twa.
 There's nae room for twa, ye ken,
 There's nae room for twa;
 Sae I hae gang'd my gait alane,
 There's nae room for twa.

The creepin years hae slowly pass'd,
 An' I have struggled strang,
 Wi' a broken hope, an' broken heart,
 But it's nae now for lang.
 My thread o' life is a' but span,
 An' I maun gang awa,
 An' moulder in the clay caud' ground
 Where's nae room for twa.
 There's nae room for twa, ye ken,
 There's nae room for twa;
 The narrow bed, where a' maun lie,
 Has nae room for twa.

Dear Kitty! on thy bonnie brow
 The simmer sun shall shine;
 While wintry clouds, and winter's gloom
 Are gatherin dark o'er mine.
 I'll gie to God my lingering hours,
 An' Jamie drive awa;
 For in this weary, wasted heart
 There's nae room for twa.
 There's nae room for twa, ye ken,
 There's nae room for twa;
 The heart that's given to God an' Heaven
 Has nae room for twa.

OF ONE DYING.

BY ALICE CAREY.

IN the blue middle heavens of June
 The sun was burning bright,
 What time we parted—now! alas,
 'Tis winter-time and night.
 The swart November long ago,
 With troops of gloomy hours,
 Went folding the October's tents
 Of misty gold, like flowers.

The wind hangs moaning on the pane,
 The cricket tries to sing,
 And a voice tells me all the while,
 It never will be spring;

It never will be spring to her,
 For in the west wind's flow,
 I hear a sound that seems to me
 Like digging in the snow.

She will not have to lay away,
 The baby from her knees—
 The wild birds sung his lullaby,
 Last summer in the trees;
 The cedars and the cypresses,
 That in the churchyard grow—
 But little Alice will be left—
 How shall we make her know,

When she shall see the pallid brow,
 The shroud about the dead,
 That the beloved one is in
 The azure overhead?
 For scarcely by the open grave,
 Have we of larger light
 And clearer faith, the strength to shape
 The spirit's upward flight.

My friend, I know not as the sands
 Of life are almost run,
 If thou hast any power to say,
 Thy will, not mine, be done.
 But pray thee, Holy Comforter,
 To make her weary eyes,
 To see from out the clouds of death,
 The star of promise rise.

INVITATION TO THE YOUNG.

BY WILLIS G. CLARK.

"They that seek me early shall find me."—Prov. viii. 17.

COME while the blossoms of thy years are brightest,
 Thou youthful-wanderer in a flowery maze;
 Come while the restless heart is bounding lightest,
 And joy's pure sunbeams tremble in thy ways;
 Come while sweet thoughts, like summer buds unfold-
 ing,

Waken rich feelings in the careless breast,
 While yet thy hand the ephemeral wreath is holding
 Come and secure interminable rest.

Soon will the freshness of thy days be over,
 And thy free buoyancy of soul be flown;
 Pleasure will fold her wings, and friend and lover
 Will to the embraces of the world have gone;
 Those who now love thee will have passed forever;
 Their looks of kindness will be lost to thee;
 Thou wilt need balm to heal thy spirit's fever,
 As thy sick heart broods over years to be.

Come, while the morning of thy life is glowing:
 Ere the dim phantoms thou art chasing die;
 Ere the gay spell which earth is round thee throwing
 Fades like the sunset of a summer's sky.
 Life has but shadows, save a promise given,
 Which lights the future with a fadeless ray;
 Oh, touch the sceptre; win a hope in Heaven;
 Come, turn thy spirit from the world away.

Then will the crosses of thy brief existence
 Seem airy nothings to thine ardent soul;
 And, shining brightly in the forward distance,
 Will of thy patient race appear the goal:
 Home of the weary! where, in peace reposing,
 The spirit lingers in unclouded bliss,
 Though o'er its dust the curtained grave is closing,
 Who would not early choose a lot like this?

THE HOME CIRCLE.

EDITED BY A LADY.

MY SALLY AND THE "COLD WATER SOAP."

BY A HOUSEKEEPER.

"WHAT is that?" I asked, as my husband laid a small parcel on the table.

"A piece of new fangled soap that Lukens gave me. He's all agog over it. Nothing would do but I must take it home for you to try. If one is to believe all he says, it will cleanse anything, from dirty linen to a soiled conscience; and this, too, in cold water!"

"Lukens is always going wild over some new thing," I answered.

"Yes, I know. But if half he tells me about this soap be true, it is the most wonderful thing of the age."

"Oh!" said I, with a little banter in my voice, "he's made a convert of you, then?"

"No. But seeing is believing," he replied. "The proof of the pudding is in the eating. Here's a piece of the soap, and it won't be hard to make a trial of its virtues."

And he opened the parcel he had brought in, producing a piece of soap in all appearance like common laundry soap.

"Nothing remarkable in its appearance," I said. "Ordinary rosin soap, I should call it."

"But very uncommon in its virtues," answered my husband. "According to Lukens's testimony, the result of actual experiment, he declares that used only in cold water, it will wash in a few minutes the dirtiest clothes you can bring, making them clean and white. Grease, and even paint, vanish as if by magic at its touch."

"Pshaw!" said I, a little impatiently. "The thing is simply impossible."

My husband took off a collar which he had worn two days. The weather had been hot, dry, and dusty, and the collar was badly soiled—actually black along the band and seams.

"Let us try this," he said.

I laughed incredulously; but he poured about a pint of water into a wash-bowl.

"Scrape some of the soap into this, and make a good lather."

I did so, and in a little while had the suds ready.

"Let the collar soak four or five minutes," said my husband. "Lukens says that little or no rubbing will be required, as the soap is self-washing; that is, by virtue of its own action, it discharges the grease and dirt, and leaves the garment clean."

I was amused but incredulous. The thing seemed too absurd. But I laid the collar into the basin, and waited five minutes. Then putting in my hands, I lifted the collar. As I did so, my fingers touched the black-looking seams, when, to my amazement, the dirt dissolved away under my touch, floating as if it had been a colored paste. In some excitement I dashed the collar back into the suds, squeezed it hard in my clinched hands, swished it in the water, and then held it up to the light. Wonder of wonders! There was scarcely a dirt mark anywhere upon it; but the water was almost black. I gave it two or three turns more in the suds, rubbing and squeezing it, then rinsed it in clear water. It was milk white! And all this in a few minutes, and with cold water!

"Well," said my husband coolly, and with an air of triumph, "what do you think of that?"

"I don't know what to think of it," I replied. As yet I could hardly believe what I had seen. "Some hocus pocus, I'll be bound."

"No hocus pocus there," answered my husband, pointing to the collar.

"I'm not so sure," I answered, turning the article over and over in my hands, and looking at it sharply. The fact was not to be gainsaid. The collar was faultlessly clean, and the water in the basin dark with dirt.

"Anything that will cut the dirt out like that will eat up the garments," said I, with a positive air.

"Do your hands feel as if they had been in anything caustic or irritating?" asked my husband.

I looked at them, rubbed them together, felt the tips of my fingers, but could find nothing wrong. Indeed, they felt unusually soft and smooth.

"Nothing in it to hurt a baby's skin, or the most delicate lace, I am assured by Lukens," said my husband.

"How does Lukens know? He doesn't make the soap."

"He happens to know Mr. Warfield, the inventor, or patentee," replied my husband. "Indeed, they are old friends. He told me that he has examined the patent, and knows, in consequence, every article that enters into the composition of this soap."

"You can't make people believe this," said I. "They're been humbugged too often."

"A thing that is right and good in itself, and a public benefaction into the bargain, is bound to make its way, in spite of prejudice and incredulity," returned my husband. "But let us give this wonderful soap some further trial. Have you a soiled hair-ribbon?"

"Yes, lots of 'em. But you can't wash ribbons."

"Lukens says it will wash silk, woollen, cotton, or linen equally well."

"Lukens don't know what he is talking about," I declared a little warmly.

"Bring out your hair-ribbons," said my husband.

And, at the word, I drew from a box a handful of greasy ribbons that had been lying there for months, useless and worthless. These were put into the basin where the collar had been washed. I wanted to throw out the dirty suds and make a new supply. But my husband said no, that was good enough. We only added a trifle more water and soap. After five minutes, I took up the ribbons and squeezed the suds out of them. Not a grease spot was to be seen!

"Why, John!" I exclaimed, almost trembling with surprise and pleasure, "isn't this wonderful?"

"Yes, it is wonderful," he replied, in his quiet way.

I rinsed the ribbons thoroughly in clean water, and then ironed them under a damp cloth. They were as bright and glossy almost as when new.

"Here's a saving of a good many dollars every year in the item of hair-ribbons," said I, with quite a glow of pleasure in my voice.

We were thus far in our experiments when the dinner-bell rang.

The whole afternoon I spent in testing the virtues of this wonderful soap. I had a white nubia, the gift of a friend, which had been worn for two winters; but

It had become so badly soiled that it was thrown aside. The work was very fine and beautiful, and I had abandoned it with regret.

"I'll try that nubia," said I, and forthwith got a large basin, into which I poured half a gallon of water, and dissolved a few ounces of the new soap. The light, flossy garment was placed in this, where it remained six or seven minutes. Then I squeezed out the suds two or three times, and afterward rinsed the nubia in two clean waters and hung it up to dry. What a transformation! My beautiful nubia was restored to me as white and fresh as when I received it from the hands of my friend. And at what a trifling cost of time and effort!

Soiled laces, cambric handkerchiefs, tidies, gloves, collars, and I can't tell you what all, were submitted to the new washing process, out of which they emerged guiltless of grease or dirt.

Two or three times I was on the eve of calling Sally up from the kitchen, and so overwhelming her with evidences in favor of this "Cold Water Soap," as to deprive her at once of all opposition. But sober second thought caused me to hesitate, and defer my advances toward this personage, who had shown herself on two or three occasions dead set against new things.

In the evening I talked the matter over with my husband. Like most men, he was for being master in his own house.

"Just tell her that she's got to use it," said he, speaking in a positive way. "It's our affair, not hers. Washed with this soap, our clothes will wear twice as long, as there is no hard rubbing, and washing-boards are wholly dispensed with. Then the saving of fuel is an item, to say nothing of the heat through the house in summer, and the fumes of soap and steam in winter. She's got to use it."

"Better leave that to me," said I, seeing that he was growing warm, and talking so loudly that Sally could hear him in the kitchen.

Well, not to make my story too long, I got a few pounds of the cold water soap, and on the next morning, after breakfast, took a bar in my hand and made a visit to the kitchen.

"Sally," said I, in as quiet a voice as I could assume, "here's a new soap that I want you to try."

I saw an instant flash of opposition in her eyes.

"Dade, mim, and there's no good in any of them new things at all," she answered.

"But this can be used without hot water, and will wash out grease and the worst kinds of dirt in a few minutes," I said, growing earnest in spite of myself.

"And ye don't believe all that stuff and nonsense, mim!" said Sally, with a cool, provoking laugh.

I took from my pocket a white handkerchief, and, to Sally's amazement, rubbed it on a greasy, iron pot, and in other ways made it black and dirty.

"How long would it take you to get that white with boiling and bleaching?" I asked.

"Wouldn't like to say," answered Sally. "Don't know that it could ever be done." Her face was sober, and she looked at me as though she half feared I was losing my senses.

"Very well," said I. "Now let us see what 'Warfield's' soap will do." And I shaved off a few ounces into a pan of cold water, and soon had a good lather. Sally stood looking on as I put in the white handkerchief.

"Ye'll have a good time on it getting that clane," was her only remark.

I stood for a few minutes, and then squeezed the

handkerchief tightly in my hands. The water that ran from it was badly soiled. I put it back in the suds, let it soak a minute, and then squeezed it out again, lightly rubbing two or three places where the black grease had been thickest. Holding it up before Sally, I said—"Well! what do you say to that?"

She didn't utter a word for some moments. Then, with a jerk in her voice, she said—"If it'll ate dirt out after that fashion, it'll ate y'r clothes up, and y'r hands intil the bargain."

I held up my hands, and she eyed them sharply.

"No harm done, you see."

"Well, mim, I can't believe it, though I see it wid my own eyes. It don't stand to rason."

"Put in that greasy dishcloth," said I, "and see how clean you will have it in a few minutes."

Sally did as I directed, and, sure enough, in three or four minutes she held up her dishcloth as free from dirt and grease as it had ever been.

"Now, Sally," said I, determined to follow up the advantage, "let us see what else it will do. Go and bring down all the towels, and stockings, and handkerchiefs that are in the clothes-basket, and I'll help you to wash them."

"Och, mim! But it isn't washin' day."

"I know that, Sally; but I'm going to have a play day, you see. So run up and get the towels, and stockings, and handkerchiefs."

Sally went, but not with much spirit. While she was gone, I got a tub and put into it a bucket of cold water, and by the time she returned was scraping in the soap and swashing the water about to make a suds. She brought down about two dozen pieces.

"Get another tub, Sally, and pour in two buckets of water."

She did as directed, but with a protest in every movement.

When I had a pretty strong suds, I put into it half the clothes Sally had brought down, and let them remain nearly ten minutes.

"Now, Sally," said I, "rub these clothes lightly, then wring them out and throw them into the tub of clean rinsing water."

After this was done, I put the remainder of the clothes into the first tub and let them soak a few minutes. Sally rubbed and squeezed them out, and then rinsed them all in clean water. They were as white as milk!

After rinsing them a second time, they were wrung out and hung up to dry. There were, as I said, two dozen pieces, and it wasn't over half an hour from the time Sally brought them down until they were on the lines as beautifully washed as I had ever seen garments in all my life.

"I can't believe it, mim," was Sally's exclamation after the clothes were out. "There's some hocus in it."

"Seeing is believing," I replied.

"Dade an' that's true. But I can't make it out. If it will always do that, washin' will be next to playin'."

"Of course it will. You can get through in half the time, and with half the work. No stewing yourself over hot kettles and steaming tubs. No shaking yourself to pieces over rubbing-boards. Nothing to do but make a good strong suds with cold water and put your clothes in to soak. If there are dirty places on any of them, rub the soap well over these places. The soap does the washing, and all you have to do is to squeeze out the dirt and suds, and then rinse thoroughly in two or three clean waters."

"An' thot's all, mim."

"That's all, Sally."

"No bluin'!"

"None."

"I'm draming jist," exclaimed Sally.

"No, you are wide awake."

"An' y'r sure it won't ate up the clothes!"

"Not a bit of it, Sally. I'll run all that risk. In fact, clothes washed with this soap will wear twice as long. It stands to reason you see. Why, the way you rub a garment over the ribs of a washing-board is enough of itself to wear it out in a few months. My very flesh creeps sometimes when I hear the sound it makes."

"There's something in that," assented Sally.

"Now," said I, "you can try anything for yourself. Here's a good strong suds in the tub."

"What shall I try?" she asked, beginning to catch some of my enthusiasm.

"Your apron isn't the cleanest in the world," said I.

"Faith, and ye may well say that. It's as black as the back." And she took it off quickly.

"That will do. Put it in the tub."

In it went. After soaking for some minutes, Sally took it up and began squeezing out the suds. The water ran from the apron in dark, muddy streams. She put it back and let it soak three or four minutes longer; then squeezed the water out again, and held the garment open. It was clean, with the exception of two or three spots where it had been greasiest and blackest.

"Rub soap on these spots," said I, "and let it soak again."

Sally did so. A few minutes more and the apron was rinsed through clear water, out of which it came as clean as when it left the store.

I had no trouble with Sally after that. She recognized in the new soap a friend indeed; and said to me, after two or three weeks' trial—"Why, you see mimm, it's the grandest thing in the world; an' if ye wouldn't buy it for me, I'd lave ye in a jiffy, an' I wud!"

Not long after this I overheard a conversation between Sally and a friend who had called in to sit an evening with her in the kitchen.

"I'm going to lave, so I am," I heard the visitor say.

"What for?" asked Sally.

"There's too much interfarence, there is."

"Who by?"

"The lady herself. Only this afternoon she came into the kitchen, and says she—'Kate, I've bought some of this new cold water soap; and want you to use it.' Humph! I just riled up, I did. Cold water soap! 'I don't want any of it,' I said as sharp as I could speak. 'But I do,' she answered as cool as a judge; and you must use it or—' 'I give notice, mimm,' said I, firing up. 'O very well. Your week's out on Tuesday.' And she turned away looking as quiet and easy as if she owned the town."

"Well, you are a precious fool!" I heard Sally respond. "I'd lave in a minute if Mrs. R.—didn't buy this very soap you flare up about. It's the grandest thing that iver was made! If ye'll believe me, it saves jist half the wark on washin' days."

"Hoot! Y'r jist funning, ye are!"

"I'm in dead earnest," replied Sally. "Ye knows Biddy Coyle, ye does?"

"Of course I do."

"Well, ye see, Biddy was going to give up her place, an' it was a good place, only she isn't very strong, and the washin' came too hard on her. When she told me about it, I said—'Do they have Warfield's Cold Water

Soap at your house?' But she'd niver heard on it. So I told her all about it. How there was no stewin' over bilin' water; nor toillin' like a galley slave over washboards, rubbin' y'r heart out, or shakin' y'rself to pieces; but jist a soakin' of the clothes in suds, and a wringing of 'em out, and then a good resain', and that they came out as white as curds, and in half the time. I tell ye, Biddy did brighten up at this. And she went straight to the lady and told her about it, and the lady got the soap, and Biddy says her washin' days are play days to what they were."

"And y'r not just a foolin' ov me!" I heard Sally's visitor say.

"Niver a hate. It's all as I tell yea. There niver was such soap made since the world began. An' it's good for everything—for cleaning, and scouring, and takin' out grease. Look at my tables and dresser. Ye'd think I'd wrought at 'em wid soap and sand for an hour. Niver a bit on't! 'Twas all done as aisey as wipin' up the floor—jist rubbed on the soap-suds for a minute, and let it wark its way intil the dirt, and then everything washed off as clane as you see. I'm jist set up wid the thing. It's turned wark into play, it has. And would ye belave it, Kate; I washed that old striped silk skirt of mine, that was grease and spots, and dirt all over, an it came out like new. I've pressed it, and it'll make over again splendid. I wouldn't a given a ha'penny for it; and now it's illigant."

I heard no more, but that was enough. Kate, as I learned afterward from Sally, went back to her place and withdrew her notice to quit.

"Warfield's Cold Water Soap" I have now used in my family for several months, and I cannot speak too highly of its remarkable qualities. I would not be without it if I had to pay fifty cents a pound; and I know of many housekeepers whose experience runs parallel with mine.

COLD BATHING.

BY MRS. M. O. JOHNSON.

A RECENT article in the "*Mother at Home*" advocates for children cold water bathing all the year round as preventive of colds and greatly conducive to health. But cold water, like all hobbies, may be ridden to excess. Some doctors may recommend it—I do not know how that is—but certainly there are physicians of long experience and high standing who cordially disapprove it, especially for children.

There is little danger, either for children or adults, of too frequent bathings and rubbings, provided tepid or warm water be used; the hot bath, unless taken at night, does, as most people are aware, open the way for colds; not so, tepid or warm water.

A strong, athletic, stout man, who never knew a day's sickness, may use a cold water bath and enjoy it—perhaps one in ten thousand. But for women and children it is another thing. Scarcely one in fifty thousand can bear it. Unless the system be so vigorous as to cause a *glime* to follow directly, more harm than good results from the cold bath. But to be, from one to four hours afterward, pale, blue, shaky, and thoroughly uncomfortable, is, to say the least, a remedy worse than most diseases, and seems in itself a sufficient argument. Serious and even fatal results have followed the cold bathing of little children. Better to be prudent! They are of too great value and responsibility to admit of any risk or doubtful practises.

BOYS' AND GIRLS' TREASURY

MORE ABOUT OUR DOG PADDY.

BY ROSILLA RICE.

I DON'T like to talk about him now as I did in the summer time, when, in great glee, I told you little fellows what a cunning puppy he was when he was first brought home in Rube's coat pocket, no bigger than a pair of woollen stockings folded up.

But I feel it to be my duty, painful though it may be, to tell you the whole story. As I look from my window this pleasant morning in the early autumn, I see the maple boughs that lean against the panes are beginning to show red and yellow tints, the harbingers of the mellow October, and this makes me sadder too, as I take up my pen to tell the rest of the story that in the glad summer I began in joy, and now, in the autumn, I end it in sorrow.

Some little boys are very sweet tempered in babyhood, and as they grow older become ill-natured and cross, and ready to find fault with everybody and everything. I am sorry to say that this was just the way with our dog Paddy.

As he grew older he grew morose, and crabbed, and hardly ever smiled.

Our dear sister came to visit us from the far West, and brought home with her a little grandson and nephew, whom none of us had ever seen. He was such a funny, little, round-bodied, chubby boy, with white hair and twinkling black eyes, and little legs that looked like sticks stuck into a pumpkin. Oh, he was so fat! He had lived on the broad prairies, and had never seen big trees like ours, and he was so amazed at their wonderful growth that he could not find language to express his feelings.

His name was Otto. Paddy did not like Otto a bit. I guess it was jealousy, because he was afraid we would love Otto better than we did him.

I am quite sure it was jealousy, for if I was playing with Otto, and smoothing his white hair, and patting his fat shoulders, and saying—"he is auntie's little man, so he is," don't you think that Paddy would turn his head over, and roll up his eyes, and catch a long, tremulous breath, and look down at his white breast as much as to say—"Ah, woe is me." Then he would walk right in between us, and crowd Otto away from me, so my hand would rest on his head, and the small talk fall to him.

One day papa brought to the house a half-dozen pumpkins and squashes, and piled them in a corner of the porch. Otto bounced in among them and called them horses, and commenced riding them. Every time he would get fairly to riding them they would roll over and throw him off. If one of the horses rolled near Paddy he would growl out—"Regh-h-h! Regh-h-h!" and tuck up the sides of his mouth and show his sharp, snow-white fangs threateningly.

Otto sat astride one of the horses and looked at Paddy awhile, and said—"Why, Patrick Henry, you wouldn't bite your dear little nephew; the little man who came all the way here to visit at his grandpa's, and see the trees, and eat apples, and gather nuts. I love you!" and here he reached out and patted the dog's head softly, letting his hand slide down over his ears. "Why, your ears are cold, you poor fellow," he said. "Why didn't you tell your nephew, and let him warm 'em. Otto will take good care of Patrick,"

and the child went and got his mother's shawl and warmed it and put it over the dog's head.

All this while Paddy was threatening and whirling, like the sound of a wheel, an ominous "Regh-h-h." "His ears are soft, like the moles that live in the ground and make their own railroads, and don't have any eyes to do it with, either," said Otto, feeling in under the shawl and letting the sicken ears droop and slide softly in the palms of his pretty hands. "Yet, and yet, they are cold," said the child, caressing them, while the dog kept his quivering lip tucked up, persistently showing his cruel, white teeth, and an unusual breadth of white in his eyes.

I knew by the expression of his sullen face that inwardly he was calling Otto hard names. He looked as if he were saying—"I just wish this little pursey Swede, or whatever he may be, would keep his claws my little claws away from my head. I hate the very touch of them. All the family, except myself, think he is rosy, and chubby, and dimpled, and all such nonsense, but he looks to me as if all the bees on the prairie had stung him, and if I could only get him away from their sight I'd bite him right royally! I'm no plaything for babies. I'm a citizen and have my rights."

Just then I went to see if the cookies were done, and I left Otto saying "the blessed ears, they shall be made nice and warm now!" The cookies were done, and I was laying them on a newspaper by the pantry window to cool, when a sharp, piercing yell from the dog rent the air, followed by a sharper shriek from the boy. I dropped the pan and ran. The dog stood out in the yard under the elm, with his tail tucked down closely, his head sideways, and one leg raised, and the foot pressing against his right ear, just as one would hold his jaw if suffering great pain.

Otto stood on the porch, crying bitterly, and looking at one pretty, fat, little arm, that was blue, and gashed, and bleeding.

"Oh, auntie, he bit me," he cried, "when I was just trying to warm his cold ears for him."

"How did you try to warm them, dear?" I said, kissing the little arm and holding it to my bosom.

"Oh, I just struck a match and stuck it in the ear of him, and as soon as he began to get warm he just bit me," cried the child, pitching his voice higher and higher until it reached a scream. Poor baby Otto! I tied up the hurt, and wet it with arnica, and it soon grew better, but he will never forget his first visit to his grandpa's.

Well, I lectured the dog soundly, but I must confess that I put my arms around his neck, and my face down beside the one warm ear, and took the keen edge off the lecture with my sympathy and charity.

Oh, I did love Paddy with all his faults! But from the time of Otto's visit he always manifested a jealous, suspicious disposition. He did not want any little boy to come in between him and the members of his family.

Every time the students would walk home with the girls, from lecture or society, the dog would stand at the stile, or along the path leading thereto, and bite them on their way back. And he would always bite the arm that had lent assistance to his girl-friends. That was all the place he wanted to bite. There is more than one fine cloth coat that will carry the

marks of his nipping-teeth as long as it remains a coat.

Paddy had strong likes and dislikes. He was somewhat aristocratic. A beggar, or a roughly-clad man, with a bundle or a sack on his back, was his special hatred. He liked finely dressed people. The gloss of fine cloth and the rustle and lustre of silks delighted him.

The principal of the academy, who lives with us, sent abroad for a German professor, and when he came, for the children's sake, and that they might acquire correct German pronunciation, we let him board with us. He was an excellent young man and we all loved him very much. That made Paddy jealous again. Rudolph tried to be good friends, and always invited him to accompany him when he went out to shoot ducks or rabbits. Before they would start I would take one of Rudolph's old collars and put it on the dog and fasten a soiled bit of ribbon in front, and try to make him think that he was as important a person as Rudolph himself.

I always observed if Paddy could do anything to show Rudolph off to a disadvantage, he would do so. In case I would be carrying in wood from the shed for the night, and Rudolph would be sitting anywhere in sight, every load I would carry in, the dog would walk behind me and carry one stick in his mouth and lay it down with mine. Then he would look at Rudolph, as much as to say, "You great, two-handed professor, you can sit there, dawdling over your useless books, and see this toil-worn woman work and carry in the wood, and never offer to help her, while I, with no hands at all, but with a hearty good will, can show an honest expression of my feelings by assisting her all that lies in my power," and then he would walk off and look back sneeringly over his shoulder, and wrinkle up his nose, and sniff scornfully, as though German professors were of little account compared with good dogs.

One day a box of nice things came by express to Rudolph from his far away home. We were all kindly remembered when the box was opened. Paddy stood by as though expecting something, but of course there was nothing for the dog. I have often regretted that I did not have tact or forethought enough to have taken a knot of ribbon that the girls had worn long enough, and pretend that it was Paddy's gift from the kind family in the East.

A very fine suit of clothing was sent to Rudolph, small-checked, dark stuff, that we all admired very much. The clothes fitted him admirably, and we turned him round and looked at him, and thought he never was so becomingly dressed before. The dog peeped out of the corner of his eye, as his head lay on his white paws. His glance seemed to be fiery and full of threats. He looked as though that kind of cloth was his aversion; that nothing was fit to make suits of but soft, gray hair, just like his.

A few weeks afterward there was public society in the evening at the academy, and Rudolph was on for debate. He dressed up in his new suit of clothes, after supper, and went out into the shadiest corner of the orchard to look over his performance. The dog glared after him angrily, as much as to say: "It is astonishing how conceited a young German professor can be!"

After Rudolph had arranged and committed his part of the performance to his satisfaction, he came toward the house, folding his papers as he walked along.

Paddy lay under a cherry tree, on one of the low limbs of which papa had thrown his coat when he

came in from work. As Rudolph walked in under the tree, bareheaded, his pretty brown hair curling in rings about his forehead, and his lips parted in an unconscious smile, the dog could stand it no longer, and sprang up behind him with an angry, prolonged yell, and bit him on the arm, and then on the leg, and, as he came down, tore a wide strip the full length of the new pantaloons. Then he sprang up again and tore down another strip, just as a man would hurriedly peel bark from an elm tree.

Rudolph screamed, and the dog yelped out sharply and seized him again, biting him every time, and carrying down a strip of fine, new pantaloons with every bite he gave. The combat was short and fierce and noisy, and Rudolph got away as soon as he could, all in tatters and bitten in little nips nearly over his whole body.

Poor boy! I forgot that he was not in trim to receive visitors. I was so scared that I hurried right up to his room and pushed open the door and gasped out: "Oh, Rudolph, are you hurt much?"

There he stood, as purple as a plum, shaking all over, his hair standing up like the quills of a porcupine, and really I almost have to laugh a little bit when I think how ragged he was. He made me think of a horse that has those leather strings all over it to keep flies off. He was so stringy and dilapidated, and woebegone in appearance, that his own mother would not have known him.

"Now," I said, "Rudolph, just as soon as your hands are steady enough that you can fire Rube's revolver, I want Paddy killed."

"Oh, no, you would be so sorry after it was done. I don't want to shoot him," said he, and he looked savage enough to want to kill him with his own teeth.

"He made an unprovoked, unmanly attack upon you when you were not expecting it," said I, "and I want no such an unprincipled man or animal about, and I ask you to shoot him, and that as soon as you can."

I came down stairs, and, contrary to his usual habits, the dog walked in and met me, and his countenance was the meanest and saddest and most hopeless that I ever saw. His eyes were red, and glowed like living coals, and he made the attempt to lick my hand imploringly. His face looked just as though he would try to justify himself by saying, "Rudolph, he—Rudolph, why, I wouldn't have done it at all only Rudolph, he." "No apologies," I said, sternly, "hush right up; you're mean; you're no dog of mine to tear down a poor boy who is far away from home and friends; tear him down as though he were a brute, deserving of blows. Not one word will I hear. Go right away from me!"

He walked out into the shade of the ash tree, by the pump, and I followed after. His red eyes looked up appealingly, and he began whining out piteously: "Oh, dear! Rudolph, he—" "Silence! not one word!" I said, and shut the door, and so shut that fair dog-face, that had been mine for years, out of my sight forever.

Rudolph stood there with the revolver. He was in his shirt sleeves, and his keen, gray eyes searched and probed into my face, as he tremblingly said: "Shall I?"

I couldn't trust my voice. Every pair of eyes in the family looked up at me sadly, but I nodded "yes!"

The boys went out. The dog had crept closely up to the house, in under the tangles of the wild rose and the jasmine vine. It was a fit place in which to hide his downcast head and his sorrowing heart.

I heard the low hum of voices, and they sounded like words spoken in the death-chamber at midnight, low and restrained, and very sad. They ceased, and then came the discharge of Rube's revolver, and it was all over.

They said a bright crimson stream trickled down over his snow-white breast and upon his velvety paws, and that he never looked so peaceful and pretty, and good, as when he lay dead. They buried

him immediately, out in the orchard, under one of the finest trees.

Rudolph rounded up his grave smoothly and placed the green sod all over it carefully. I knew by the tender touch of his hands, and the care he took while performing this last sad service, that he forgave all, and only cherished the virtues and remembered the many good qualities and the shrewd tricks and cunning ways of our poor dog Paddy.

GARDENING FOR LADIES.

BY MRS. E. B. DUFFEY.

DECEMBER should find all the outdoor work of a garden finished, for the weather will sometimes prevent anything further being done. This is the month for doing what you have neglected in November.

See that all tender shrubs, rose bushes, vines, and herbaceous perennials are protected from the cold by a covering of manure, straw, leaves, or evergreen boughs. Bulbs will also do better if the ground is covered with coarse manure. The beds planted with seeds in the fall for spring blooming are also better for protection.

A writer in the *American Agriculturist* suggests laying monthly roses and covering with sod to preserve them. He says: "A shallow trench is dug, in which the plant is laid by bending over; it is pegged down, and covered with sods placed grassy side up. Some litter should previously be put around the bushes to keep the soil from freezing, so that the operation can be postponed until the ground freezes. Covering too early will lead to decay."

Trellises and garden ornaments of all kinds will last much longer if put under cover during the winter.

Snow must not be allowed to remain on the tops of evergreens, trees, or shrubs, as it is liable to break them.

The grounds must all be cleared of dead leaves, dead and decaying plants, and litter of all sorts, and be made to look as neat as possible.

If the weather is favorable new beds may be dug up, walks laid out, and the garden be prepared for spring planting. There is, however, no hurry about this, as January, February, and March, all give time for this work.

In the house the plants must be kept at as even temperature as possible, as high as sixty-five degrees during the day, and not less than forty-five degrees or fifty degrees at night.

Water when the plants require it, but not often. Hanging-baskets are better for being watered every day. Frequently sprinkle the leaves to remove dust.

The green fly or aphid may be got rid of by tobacco smoke, and frequent showerings will dispose of the red spider.

Bulbs that have been potted or placed in glasses for winter flowering can now be brought to the light if they have formed good roots. These should be kept in a light cool place.

Air is necessary for plants, and should be given whenever it is safe. The pleasures arising from the culture of flowers are harmless and pure; a streak, a tint, a shade, becomes a triumph, which, though often obtained by chance, is secured alone by morning care, by evening caution, and the vigilance of days. It is an employment which, in its various grades, excludes neither the opulent nor the indig-

gent; teems with boundless variety, and affords an unceasing excitement and emulation without contention and ill-will.

THE WINTER SNOWS.

OVER the mountains the snow-wreaths are drifting.

Hanging their garlands on laurel and pine,

Robbing the fields with an exquisite beauty,

Bending the feathery sprays of the vine,

Falling like down on the breast of the river,

Crowning the maple-trees over the way,

Drifting along on the winds to the southward,

Hiding the vessels far out in the bay.

In the red sunset the snow-flakes are shining.

Snow drift on snow-drift, and curl upon curl,

Flashing back colors of exquisite brightness,

Diamonds and rose-leaves, and mother-of-pearl;

Softly, ye snow-wreaths, drop over the hillside,

Where in still slumbers the weary ones rest;

Where by the pine-tree my mother is sleeping,

Tenderly lay your white folds on her breast.

Soon shall the spring-time break over the mountains,

Over its beauty no cold wind shall blow;

Frost shall not breathe there to wither the flowers,

Never again shall they hide in the snow;

Eye hath not looked on that spring in its beauty,

Songs of the seraphs shall welcome its birth,

Come in the beauty and glow of the morning:

Spring-time eternal! dawn over the earth.

FLOWERS AS DISINFECTANTS.

WE have heard so much of late years, says the *London Pall Mall Gazette*, about the beneficial influence exerted by the presence of ozone in the atmosphere, that even non-scientific readers may like to know how it can be artificially produced. Hitherto electricity, phosphorus, and permanganate of potash have been the recognized sources of production, but Professor Mantegazza has discovered that it is developed by certain odorous flowers in a still greater amount. A writer in *Nature* states that most of the strong-smelling vegetable essences, such as mint, cloves, lavender, lemon, and cherry laurel, develop a very large quantity of ozone when in contact with atmospheric oxygen in light. Flowers destitute of perfume do not develop it, and generally the amount of ozone seems to be in proportion to the strength of the perfume emanated. Professor Mantegazza recommends that in marshy districts and in places infested with noxious exhalations, strong-smelling flowers should be planted around the houses, in order that the ozone emitted from them may exert its powerful oxidizing influence. So pleasant a plan for making a malarious district salubrious only requires to be known to be put in practice.

OUR NEW COOK-BOOK.

DISHES FOR INVALIDS.

RICE GRUEL.—Wash and thoroughly rub two tablespoonfuls of rice. Pour upon it a pint of cold water and let it boil for about two hours, filling it up with water so that the quantity may not diminish. Season it with salt. In cases of dysentery it is very useful, and then black pepper must be plentifully added to it.

CREAM SOUP.—Cut some thin slices of bread and toast or dry them out thoroughly. Put them into a bowl, pour about three tablespoonfuls of rich cream over them, and add to it a pint of boiling water. Season with salt. This forms a very delicate and nourishing dish for invalids.

OATMEAL GRUEL.—Put four tablespoonfuls of the best coarsely ground oatmeal into a pint of boiling water. Put it over the fire and let it boil gently, stirring it continually until it becomes as thick as you wish it. Strain it and add a small portion of nutmeg or whatever you prefer to flavor it with.

MOSS JELLY.—Steep some Irish moss in cold water for a few minutes, to extract the bitter taste, and then drain off the water. To half an ounce of moss add a quart of fresh water and a stick of cinnamon. Boil it until it becomes a thick jelly. Strain it and season to your taste. For invalids this is a useful receipt.

To make a blanc-mange with the Irish moss, use milk for boiling instead of water.

THE BEST SORT OF BEEF TEA.—Take one pound of beef, take off all the skin and fat and put it in a pint and a half of cold water. Let it boil five minutes, then take the beef out and cut in small pieces. Put it again in the same liquor and let it boil ten minutes longer, with a pinch of salt (and a few cloves if you please). Then pour it into a fine cloth and press all the juice from it.

PICKLES.

PICKLED AND SPICED FRUITS, &c.

PICKLED CHERRIES.—Four quarts of cherries, two quarts of vinegar, one pound of sugar, one tablespoonful of cloves, and the same quantity of allspice. Boil the vinegar, sugar, and spices together and pour the liquor hot over the cherries.

TOMATO CATSUP.—Skin a gallon of tomatoes; to this quantity take one tablespoonful of allspice, three tablespoonfuls of mustard, four tablespoonfuls each of salt and pepper and eight pods of red pepper. The ingredients must be made fine and then simmer slowly in a pewter or tin vessel for three or four hours. They must then be strained through a wire sieve and be bottled close. Use enough vinegar to have half a gallon of catsup when made. It may be used after two weeks, but it improves by age. The beauty of this article is its thickness. Your sieve should not be too fine.

PEACHES.—Seven pounds of peaches, three and a half pounds of sugar, one ounce of cinnamon, half an ounce of cloves, and one quart of vinegar. Let the vinegar and sugar come to a boil and then add in

the peaches, letting them boil twenty minutes. Then take out the peaches and add the spice to the vinegar and let boil five minutes. Pour it boiling hot over the peaches.

SAVOY CABBAGE.—Cut the leaves the right size, taking out the large stems. Wipe the leaves if they are soiled, but do not wash them. Pack them in a jar, sprinkling some salt over them occasionally. Boil your vinegar and pour it over the cabbage, standing the jar in a bucket of hot water. Let it remain thus till the water cools. The jar should be covered immediately after the vinegar is poured into it, so as to keep in the steam, and that will cook the cabbage sufficiently.

SPICED PLUMS.—Procure a pound of firm plums, place them in a suitable kettle and add to them half a pound of sugar, half a pint of good vinegar, half an ounce of cloves (ground), and half an ounce of ground cinnamon. Simmer them over a slow fire for two hours.

CANTELOPE PICKLE.—To seven pounds of fruit add three pounds of sugar. Use as much mace, cinnamon, cloves, and allspice as suits your taste. Pare and cut your fruit into tolerably thick slices and pour enough vinegar over it to cover it. Let it stand over night. Then take the same quantity of fresh vinegar, adding to it the spices and sugar and boil them well. Pour the mixture into a jar over the fruit and cover it tight. Do this for three mornings, but the third morning, when the mixture comes to a boil, put the fruit into the kettle and let it boil for about ten minutes.

PICKLED TOMATOES.—Wipe clean a half peck of ripe tomatoes. Prick them and lay them in strong salt and water for eight days. Then soak them in clear water. Skin ten white onions, cut them into pieces, and lay them in salt and water for an hour. Put into a jar alternately with layers of the tomatoes, layers of cloves, pepper, allspice, and mustard, and sprinkle the onions among the tomatoes. Fill up the jar with cold vinegar.

PICKLED ONIONS.—Skin the onions and let them lay in salt water over night, then take them from out the water and sprinkle them with salt. Dry them in the sun until they look white and then put them in vinegar.

PICKLED PEACHES.—Pour boiling water over half a peck of peaches, rub them with a coarse cloth and stick about four cloves into each peach. Put your peaches into a jar and pour two quarts of boiling vinegar over them, adding one and a half pounds of brown sugar. Tie the jar up tightly for ten days, and then boil the liquor again and pour it over the fruit.

PICKLE-LILLY.—Procure one peck of green tomatoes and a quarter of a peck of onions. Slice them, lay them in deep dishes, salt them, and let them stand thus for twenty-four hours. Drain off the liquor, put the ingredients into a kettle and cover them with good, strong vinegar, adding some cinnamon, mace, allspice, cloves, nutmeg, and whole black pepper; also, some ground mustard seed and mustard flour. Let the whole simmer in a nice bell-metal kettle until quite clear—say for about half a day. Put the pickle into crocks and cover them tight.

CATSUP.—Half peck tomatoes, half gallon vinegar, one teacup salt, one of mustard seed, four pods of red pepper, three tablespoons black pepper, one handful celery seed, two pieces horseradish, one cup nasturtium seed. All mixed cold; bottled tight.

PICKLED CUCUMBERS.—Let your cucumbers soak in salt water for a week or ten days, then take them out of the brine and soak them for a day in clear, cold water. To what you consider a sufficient quantity of nice strong vinegar (which must be determined by

the number of the cucumbers), add mace, cinnamon, cloves, allspice, whole pepper, and root ginger. Put these articles into a kettle and boil them well. Place your cucumbers in stone jars and cover them with the vinegar, etc., whilst it is hot.

WALNUT PICKLES.—Walnuts may be pickled according to the foregoing receipt, except that the walnuts must be scraped and soaked in salt and water for two weeks. The vinegar to be poured over them hot.

NEW PUBLICATIONS.

We find on our table this month quite a goodly pile of books for the young folks—all neatly printed, handsomely bound, and liberally illustrated books, forming a dainty, tasteful-looking little library, that would gladden the heart and brighten the eyes of any boy or girl with the slightest turn for reading. Here, for instance, is *The Little Maid of Oxbow*, by May Manning—the sixth and last of the "Helping Hand" series—a charmingly romantic story of the adventures of a little book-peddling girl in a New England village. Then we have the third in the "Charley Robert" series—*Charley and Eva Roberts' Home in the West*—the scene of which is laid principally in Chicago. Boys and girls in their teens, and even older readers, will take an interest in this very pleasant series. And here is *The Pinks and Blues*, a graphic picture of life in an orphan asylum, with a romantic plot and a very pretty moral, by Rosa Abbott, of whose charming series of juvenile stories it forms the concluding volume. Next, in a neat box, we find the three volumes making up the second set of the "Proverb Series." 'This is an admirable series, and comprises *A Wrong Confessed is Half Redressed*, by Mrs. Bradley, and *Actions Speak Louder than Words*, and *One Good Turn Deserves Another*, by Kate J. Neely. And last, but not the least in attractiveness, we have, also in a tastefully illuminated box, the six volumes of Mrs. Samuels' entertaining and instructive "Springdale Stories," which cannot fail to delight the younger class of juvenile readers. The stories included in this series are severally entitled *Adela*, *Eric*, *Herbert*, *Nettie's Trial*, *Johnstone's Farm*, and *Ennisfellen*.

Light at Eventide is a choice collection of religious hymns and poems, made with unusual care. We cannot have too many books of this class. The editor has done a good work in giving us in a single volume so many poems that breathe the soul of religious trust, tenderness, and consolation.

All the above are from Lee & Shepard, of Boston, a firm which, unless we are greatly mistaken, does a larger business in issuing children's books than any other house in the country. Their selections are, in the main, of the best character, and they spare neither pains nor expense in giving to their books that exterior attractiveness without which even the best written works often fail to invite readers. The publications whose titles we have given above are for sale in Philadelphia by Turner Brothers & Co., and by E. H. Butler & Co.

Almost a Priest is a tale that professes to "deal in facts." It is from the pen of Mrs. Julia McNair Wright, author of "Priest and Nun," "Almost a Nun," and other books of a kindred character. The story is one of considerable interest, though the effect is sadly marred by a certain crudeness of style, and by the

author's frequent ill-judged personal appeals to the reader.

The numerous readers of the *Lady's Book*, as well as the race of housewives in general, will be gratified to learn that S. Annie Frost has made a collection of the excellent household receipts which have for a number of years past appeared in the pages of that established favorite. As these receipts are from the practical experience of old housekeepers, and have all been carefully tested, their value may easily be appreciated. The whole forms a complete and reliable cook-book, with a full table of contents and an alphabetical index. The book is entitled *The Godley's Lady's Book Receipts and Household Hints*. Evans, Stoddard & Co., of Philadelphia, are the publishers.

William White & Co., of Boston, have favored us with a copy of *The Faithless Guardian; or, Out of the Darkness into Light*. A story of struggles, trials, doubts, and triumphs. By J. William Van Namee. Mr. Van Namee is pretty widely known among a certain class of readers as the author of quite a number of novels and novellettes of various degrees of merit, most of them, however, showing good intentions rather than positive literary excellence. The present story is, perhaps, above the average of its author's productions, and is not without a certain interest, from the fact that it is in some sort a medium for setting forth the doctrines of spiritualism.

One of the best arranged books of its class that we have ever seen, and, in the character of its contents, certainly the most attractive, is *The American Popular Speaker*, just published by Porter & Coates, 822 Chestnut street, Philadelphia. It is designed for the use of schools, lyceums, temperance societies, etc., and gives evidence of commendable care and judgment in its preparation. By J. R. Sypher, author of a "School History of Pennsylvania," "History of New Jersey," etc., etc.

Claxton, Remsen & Haffelfinger have published *Workday Christianity; or, The Gospel in the Trades*. By Alexander Clark, author of "The Gospel in the Trees." In an introductory note to the author, W. C. Bryant, the poet, says: "I have read 'Workday Christianity,' and have been pleased with the ingenuity with which the author illustrates religious truths by things which correspond with them in the material world, especially by the methods and processes of the mechanic arts. . . . I particularly like the Catholic spirit which pervades those pages."

Mr. Clark's style is clear, forcible, and often eloquent, and he has rare felicity of illustration. He has evidently studied his subjects with great care, and the result is a volume that will interest every thoughtful mind. There is scarcely a page that does not hold the reader's attention and give him food for thought.

In every reform there seems certain periods when progress is made more rapidly and more definitely than at others. Thus, in this reform, there has been taken almost simultaneously in England, and in a remote section of the United States, a similar advance step. In England, women possessing real estate have been accorded the right of voting at municipal elections, and many women availed themselves of this right during the last municipal elections. While in Wyoming Territory women have been admitted to an exercise of all the rights, privileges, and duties of citizenship; and in consequence, there are not only women voters, but women jurors and justices.

There are editors who, in discussing the matter, have expressed the belief that there is a certain class of cases in which it would be not only unpleasant, but highly improper for women to take any official part, and be obliged to listen to all their "disgusting details." But it seems to us that in any cases in which women are included either as plaintiffs, defendants, or witnesses, there can be no real harm or impropriety in women jurors, justices, or lawyers; and it is possible that were our courts subjected to the restraining presence and influence of pure women, it would be discovered that many of the "disgusting details" might be omitted altogether, as having no bearing whatever upon justice, and as only serving to pander to a prurient taste.

Whether this Wyoming experiment shall prove successful remains to be seen. There has been already one good effect at least from the induction of women into the jury-room. Witness the *Laramie Sentinel* of March 7th: "Those who, like ourselves, were so unfortunate as to be on the last grand jury, will carry to their graves a recollection of the cold, smoky, and filthy place in which, for our sins, we were compelled to spend a couple of long, weary weeks. But, presto! now, behold! a neat, snug, well-furnished room, with a carpet under foot, and the walls neatly and tastefully ornamented with pictures and every preparation for the comfort of the occupants; and score one for the refining influence of female associations, even in a jury-room."

We have also on authority that the way of the transgressor is found to be especially hard since the appointment of women justices. We read: "If a man is up for drunkenness, he is given the full extent of the law, and no amount of pleading or promises will soften the judicial heart."

A writer in one of our exchanges says: "Whatever other women may do, the first women voters have used their new power on the side of sobriety and good order. The Secretary of State was given to the use of intoxicating drink to such an extent, as to render him unfit for the discharge of his duties. The women of Wyoming quietly sent a petition to General Grant, setting forth the facts with great particularity, and asked for his removal, and he was removed. This done, they are now taking the same steps to remove the marshal for the same cause."

It is to be hoped the women of Wyoming fully realize their responsibilities, and remember that the whole world is watching them, and ready to sit in judgment upon them: and will not allow the thing to be pronounced a failure through individual folly or incompetence.

Meanwhile those who are so fearful of women becoming "unsexed," should remember that men were created men, and women, women, with all their especial traits, attributes, and capabilities; and that no circumstances nor occupation can ever alter or change one sex to the other. God does His work

better than that. Whatever is really unsuited to their capacities and contrary to their natures, women will be the first to find out. Indeed, they are the only proper judges in the matter.

In our present transitional state, it can do no harm that woman should have full opportunity to test her capabilities in all fields; and whatever she desires to do, and can do, without detriment to herself or others, the world will be the better for her doing.

HOW TO IMPROVE.

The following admirable letter from a student at college to his sister at home, is furnished us by a correspondent:

DEAR —: You have asked me to advise you about studying, and I'll do it, although "I am but nineteen." There are some things which you can always be studying. You don't need to go to school for them; you can study them everywhere. One of these is the study of "being a lady;" that is, a true one. You can't possibly be a lady in one place unless you are the same in another. Whatever you want to be you must be always, or you will never feel at ease. A lady is one who is always kind and gentle, never boisterous—one who strives to read every character to see how she can please—and then she pleases all.

You are forming your character now. Be careful to see your faults. Hate them, and fight them. Aim especially to form a ladylike character.

You ask me if you shall study Latin? Most assuredly, no—at least not now. You are out of school, and have a grand chance to study the art of conversation. Whenever you read a conversation, a good one, in a book, take care to watch it; see how it was brought up, and carried out. Then practise.

Now as to how you are to study. Be sure in every study that you take up that you have an object, and a good one. Now I want you to understand this especially, as you never can improve without it. In music, pick out a fault, and let your object be to conquer it, until you have done so. Then take another fault, and so on. When you have formed your style of playing, then let your object be to go on and make it as perfect (as a whole) as possible. First, however, take the faults separately, and whenever you practise keep your object before you. When you read a French book be sure to first pick out your object, and then keep it before you. When you draw, do it with an object, and keep it before you.

Now you don't need one minute more than eight hours sleep. I don't need more than seven, and I know your temperament resembles mine. So there are sixteen hours a day for you to be doing something. Now I am sure you can employ half that time in study. You say you are always being called away to do something. Well, pick out your hours when you are not likely to be called away. You would never be during the two hours before breakfast; and that is the best time in the day for study. You must put yourself under regular military discipline. Never allow your own feelings to stand in the way of your study, or you need never hope to succeed. Tell the other folks your hours, and make all promise not to disturb you.

If they call you don't get angry; just let them call, and pity them. You owe a duty to yourself as well as to them, and the duty of study is as well for the sake of others as for yourself. Finally, be sure to read. It is the true way for a young lady to educate herself, namely, reading. Read carefully, and be careful what you read.

Look at that article in the August number of the *Young Folks* which I got you, and follow the advice there given. Now this is the most important point of my whole letter. Any one can get a good education by reading; but it must be done systematically and with an object.

Let the great object of your life be *perfection*, and don't mind what anybody says about its being impossible to be perfect. Moreover, keep this idea before you, that a person can make of himself anything he wishes to. A person with an object can always gain it, if it is a good one; but his motto must always be "Conquer," and he must never forget it, or despair.

WOMEN'S EDUCATIONAL ASSOCIATION.

A meeting of the American Women's Educational Association was recently held in New York. A paper was read from Miss C. E. Beecher, on the subject of the education of women. It spoke of the ample means furnished for the instruction of young men throughout the country, but none for young women, and claimed that every State should have a woman's university. After the reading was concluded, it was resolved unanimously, "That the best interests of women demand the establishment of institutions for scientific and practical training, to prepare women for the arduous and difficult duties of the family state, and which shall be as liberally endowed as are the colleges and professional schools for men."

WOMEN'S CO-OPERATIVE MANUFACTORY.

The women of Troy, New York, who were formerly employed in the "Troy Linen Collar and Cuff Manufactory," and the "Collar Laundries," have combined and organized for the establishment of a co-operative manufactory of their own. Their capital stock is fixed at \$25,000, and the shares at \$5 each, while any one person is prohibited from owning more than two hundred shares.

B. K. BLISS & SON'S ILLUSTRATED SPRING CATALOGUE AND AMATEUR'S GUIDE TO THE FLOWER AND KITCHEN GARDEN FOR 1870.—One of the best catalogues we have seen for beauty of illustration, and for plainness and completeness of directions to the florist and gardener, is that of B. K. Bliss & Son, of New York. It includes all the varieties of flowers and vegetables of established merit, and all the novelties of the season. There are also illustrations of garden implements, rustic and wire baskets, trellises, vases, window boxes, etc. Receipts for the destruction of insects, and hints as to the use of the different kinds of manures and fertilizers, add to the value of the book. In fact, there are few subjects of interest to the florist, gardener, or horticulturist, that are not touched upon. This catalogue bound in paper, 25 cents; in cloth, 80 cents.

CANVASSERS WANTED.—Canvassers, *males and females*, wanted everywhere to get subscribers for *The Workingman*. The cheapness, attractiveness, and growing popularity of this new and elegantly illustrated paper, make canvassing easy and profitable, especially in manufacturing towns and districts.

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We call attention to the list of about forty practical and scientific books, the publications of Henry Carey Baird, of this city, which are offered as premiums for subscribers to our new illustrated paper, *The Workingman*. Mechanics, engineers, manufacturers, and others desirous of obtaining the latest and best books on their particular art or trade, are particularly referred to this list. For a club of ten subscribers to *The Workingman* at 50 cents each, we will send as a premium a book worth \$1; and in the same ratio for larger clubs. (See advertising pages.)

MRS. EMMA WILLARD, the founder and principal of the first school for the scientific education of women, died at Troy, New York, on the 15th of April, at the advanced age of eighty-four years. As a teacher she ranked among the very best that this country has ever seen. As an author her name is best known by her "Journal and Letters," and two works on anatomy and physiology, besides several school-books which gained a wide and well-deserved popularity.

FACTS FOR THE LADIES.—I purchased my Wheeler & Wilson Sewing Machine, in May, 1858, and have used it constantly ever since in making all kinds of garments worn in the family, with no repairs of any sort whatever. *I have never broken but one needle, and that not until I had used the machine more than seven years, and the eleven needles remaining of the original dozen are all in good working order. I cannot see why my machine will not last ten years longer without repairs.*

MRS. C. A. ROGERS.

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